

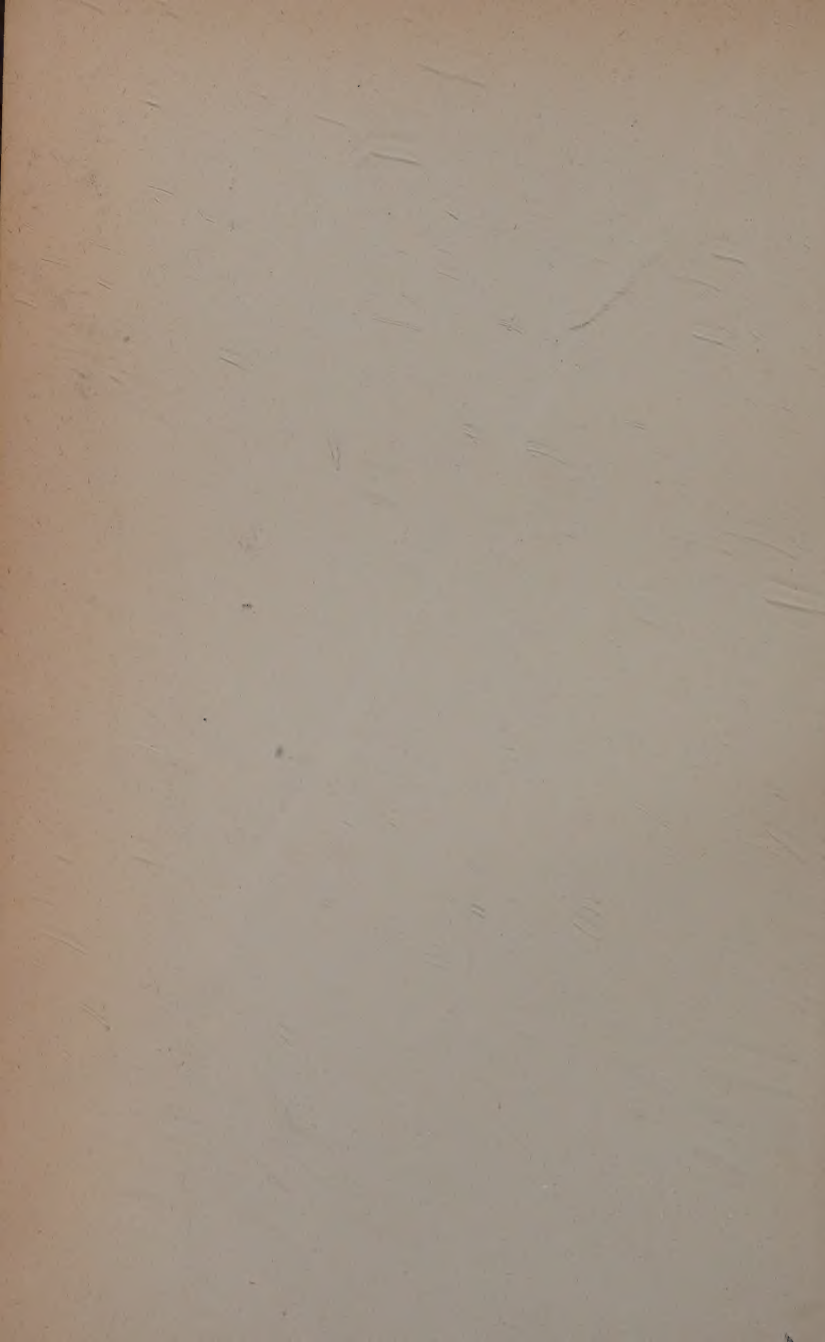
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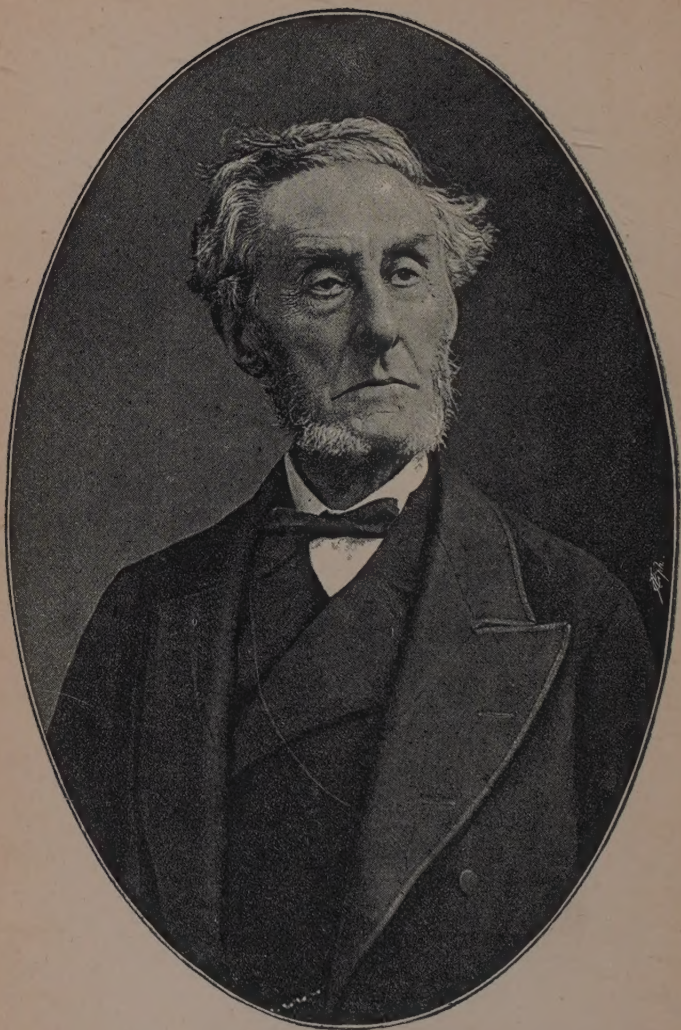
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THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

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THE
LIFE AND WORK
OF THE SEVENTH
EARL OF SHAFTESBURY K.G.

BY
EDWIN HODDER

POPULAR EDITION
WITH EIGHT FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE TO THE ORIGINAL EDITION.

FOR many years Lord Shaftesbury resisted every appeal that was made to him to allow his biography to be written. "No one can do that satisfactorily but myself," he said, "and I have neither the time nor the inclination." Towards the close of his life, however, it became apparent to him that a biography was, to use his own word, "inevitable," and it was then his wish that it should be written with his co-operation. "If the story, such as it is, must be told," he said, "I should like it to be told accurately. That cannot be done unless I furnish the means."

He accordingly placed at my disposal a mass of material, and, in addition, he was good enough to allow me for many months to be in frequent personal communication with him, when, pen in hand, I took down the record of his life as he narrated it. His memory to the very last was surprising, and as the scenes of his earlier life passed before him, he would recall facts and figures, dates and words, with such accuracy that although, at his request, I subsequently verified them, it was almost unnecessary to do so.

The conditions imposed upon me were simple and explicit, and were expressed as nearly as possible in these words:—

"I will give you every assistance in my power; place letters, books, and documents, in your hands; give you introductions to those who know most about me; and tell you, from time to time, what I can remember of my past history. I will answer any questions and indicate all the sources of information available to you. But I will not read a word of your manuscript, nor pass a sheet for the press. When the book is issued to the public I will, if I am alive, read it, but not till then. All I ask is, that the story of my life be told in its entirety—political, social, domestic, philanthropic, and religious."

I was aware that Lord Shaftesbury had kept voluminous Diaries, and from the first was anxious that these should be placed in my hands. "They are of no value to any one but myself," was his reply; "they have never been seen by anybody, and they never will be. They are a mass of contradictions; thoughts jotted down as they passed through my mind, and contradicted perhaps on the next page—records of passing events written on the spur of the moment, and private details which no one could understand but myself."

In these circumstances I felt that I could not urge Lord Shaftesbury to

entrust them to me, but he promised that he would, if possible, go through them and furnish me with some extracts if he found any that were "worth putting into print." But neither time nor opportunity came for this; the busy life was busy to the last, and increasing weakness made any effort of this kind impossible.

For six months I continued my work, and in many long and intensely interesting interviews gained much information and many important details of his personal life. But I was conscious that without the aid of the Diaries I stood only on the threshold of the subject, and he was conscious of this too. I therefore lost no opportunity of urging him to let me have access to them.

In June, 1885, warned by continued failure in health that the end was not far off, Lord Shaftesbury yielded to these entreaties, and placed the first volume of his Journals in my hands, promising to let me have the remainder in succession.

"It was never my intention that a page or a line should ever be published," he said to me; "but I have been looking through them again, and I think it is possible that there are some portions of them that may do good. At all events, I do not see how you can perform your task without them, for I cannot give you the personal assistance I could have wished. Besides, all that I could tell you, and much more, is written here, and I must leave it to your discretion to make what use of them you like. You will find they were written in hurried moments, just as thoughts or events arose. They were true at the time, but I may have changed my opinions, or have found afterwards that I had taken a wrong view of things. You are at liberty, of course, to take any view you like of my actions, and to praise or blame them as you will, but do not attempt to represent me as always in the right, or you will inevitably break down in your task. You will find that the movements in which I was engaged brought me at times into opposition with all classes, even with those who were working with me, oftentimes with men I loved dearly and greatly admired. I did not seek this opposition; I could not help it; but do not represent me as having been always a man of a cantankerous disposition because of this, unless you find the evidence overwhelming that such was the case. Above all things—and this is one of my strongest motives for placing these volumes in your hands—try to do justice to those who laboured with me. I could never have done the few things I have, had I not been supported by true, zealous, earnest men, who gave me their time and their brains to help forward the different movements. My religious views are not popular, but they are the views that have sustained and comforted me all through my life. They have never been disguised, nor have I ever sought to disguise them. I think a man's religion, if it is worth anything, should enter into every sphere of life, and rule his conduct in every relation. I have always been—and, please God, always shall be—an Evan-

gelical of the Evangelicals, and no biography can represent me that does not fully and emphatically represent my religious views."

For the selection of the quotations from Lord Shaftesbury's Diaries I am alone responsible. My object has been to make them illustrate, as much as possible, every phase of life and opinion. If it should appear that, in some instances, I have inserted passages which are of too purely a domestic character, I can only plead that I have acted in the spirit of the instructions given to me by Lord Shaftesbury. For example, on one occasion he had been narrating to me some incidents in the life of the late Countess of Shaftesbury in connection with his factory labours, and lamented how little the factory people knew the extent to which they were indebted to "that blessed woman," as he called her. Then he spoke of her death. "But you will find it all recorded in the Diaries," he said. "Those entries would be far too private and personal to put into print, would they not?" I asked. "Not at all," he answered; "I should like you to use them. I should wish you to use them. Her memory is far better worth preserving than mine." And then taking down from a shelf in the library the "Shaftesbury Papers," edited by Mr. Christie, he turned to a page in which the First Earl pays a tribute of affection to the wife whose loss he mourns. "There," said he, "that, in my opinion, is the best thing in the book."

In his Diaries Lord Shaftesbury has unconsciously done what he so often said no one but himself could do satisfactorily—he has "written his own life." It was by a mere accident, however, that the whole of these valuable records were not destroyed. About the year 1880 he was suffering from illness, which confined him to the house, and he determined to occupy his enforced leisure in looking through and burning old papers. The Diaries were consigned to a heap, awaiting destruction; but in the meantime health returned, the usual daily duties were resumed, and the books and papers were put away to await another pause, and so escaped the threatened fate.

Only a few of the bulky quarto Diaries of Lord Shaftesbury, and four of his Journals of Travels, had been placed in my hands, when the news came from Folkestone of the alarming illness which terminated in his death. For the privilege of perusing and making extracts from the remaining volumes, for information supplying the defects of my own personal knowledge, for access to his correspondence, for reading the proofs and examining the extracts from the Diaries with the originals, and for other invaluable aid, I am indebted to the great kindness and courtesy of his son, the Hon. Evelyn Ashley.

Before Lord Shaftesbury gave me the first volume of his Diaries to peruse, he intimated that it would, in his opinion, be of special advantage to me in my labours to have the assistance of some one who, apart from his own family, had known him for many years, and in whose judgment he could repose the fullest confidence. To this end he asked me to place myself in

communication with Mrs. Corsbie, the daughter of the late Mr. Alexander Haldane, one of his most intimate friends, with whom for thirty years he had been in almost daily correspondence. To her careful and valuable assistance in reading the proofs for the press, and for the kindness which placed at my disposal the voluminous letters of Lord Shaftesbury to her father, I am under the deepest obligation.

The sources from which much of the information in this work has been drawn have been extremely various, and I have to express my hearty thanks to the Secretaries of Societies with which Lord Shaftesbury was connected; to co-workers with him in various departments of labour; to personal friends and others, who have given me ready access to whole libraries of reports, minutes, pamphlets, and other records, and have rendered me important service in many ways.

It has been my endeavour to let the record of Lord Shaftesbury's whole life-work be told, as much as possible, in his own words; and in doing so I have not added to his opinions or founded conjectures upon his plans. My aim has been to present him as he was: a Christian gentleman first, then a patriot, a statesman, a social reformer, and all that is implied in the word he liked so little—a philanthropist.

"I have no desire whatever to be recorded," he wrote shortly before his death; "but if I must, sooner or later, appear before the public, I should like the *reality* to be told—be it good, or be it bad—and not a sham."

I have made no endeavour, therefore, to tone down his strong Protestantism, or his unshaken and unshakable belief in Scripture, in dogma, and in prayer.

He was a man with a single aim; his labours in the field of politics sprang from his philanthropy; his philanthropy sprang from his deep and earnest religious convictions; and every labour—political, benevolent, and religious—was begun, continued, and ended, in one and the same spirit.

E. H.

21, CRAVEN PARK, WILLESDEN, N.W.,

October, 1886.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.—ANCESTRY AND HOME.

PAGE

The Coopers and the Ashleys—Anthony Ashley Cooper—His College Days and Marriage—Sketch of His Career—Raised to the Peerage—Made Lord High Chancellor—Committed to the Tower—The Habeas Corpus Act—Indicts the Duke of York as a Popish Recusant—Flies to Holland—Death—Various Estimates of his Character—The Second Earl—Education entrusted to John Locke—Letter from his Son—The Third Earl—Author of the "Characteristics"—Nature of his Philosophy—The Fourth Earl—Handel—Fifth and Sixth Earls—St. Giles's House, the Hereditary Seat of the Ashleys—The Park and Pleasure Grounds—St. Giles's Church—Its Monuments—Almshouses—Village of Wimborne St. Giles . . .	9
--	---

CHAPTER II.—CHILDHOOD AND EARLY YEARS.

Birth—Home Influences—Maria Millis—The First Prayer—Dawn of Religious Life—Manor-House School, Chiswick—Harsh Treatment—His First Great Grief—Mistaken Views of Education—A Sad Childhood—Removed to Harrow—New Influences—State of his Mind on Religious Questions—First Visit to St. Giles's House—Love of Country Scenes—Cranborne Chase—A Strange Scene at Harrow—Determines to Espouse the Cause of the Poor—An Autobiographical Fragment—Oxford—Takes First-Class in Classics—Extracts from an Early Diary—"Fugitive and Desultory Notes"—Elected Member for Woodstock at age of Twenty-five—Birthday Thoughts—Supports the King's Government—Canning's Eloquence—Letter from Mrs. Canning—Friendship with the Duke of Wellington—Early Labours in Parliament—"Cursed with Honourable Desires"—Diary—Self-depreciation—Change of Ministry—Canning, Premier—Place Offered—Office Declined—Grounds of Refusal—State of Political Affairs—At Strathfieldsaye—Letter from Duke of Wellington—Death of Canning—In Wales—Studies Welsh—Misgivings as to Public Career—Letter from Lord Bathurst—Wellington, Head of New Administration—Appointed Commissioner of India Board of Control—Suttee—Schemes for the Welfare of India—Catholic Emancipation—Desires to Devote his Life to Science—Called to Another Career . . .	19
--	----

CHAPTER III.—1828—1833.

Treatment of Lunatics—State of the Lunacy Laws—Mr. Robert Gordon—First Important Speech in Parliament—Diary—Letter from Lord Bathurst—Appointed Commissioner in Lunacy—Investigation into State of Asylums—Efforts in Literature—Work for India—Bishop Heber—With the King—Works of Charity—Forgiveness—Scientific Pursuits—Family Affairs—Astronomy and Sir James South—Catholic Disabilities—Foreshadowings of Future Career—Self-depreciation and Despondency—Robert Southey—Elected Member for Dorchester—Marries Emily, Daughter of the Fifth Earl Cowper—Successfully Contests Dorset—Election Expenses in 1831—Correspondence with Duke of Wellington—Petition Against the Dorset Election—Pecuniary Embarrassments—Letter from Ernest Duke of Cumberland—A Second Triumph—Letters from Southey—Condition of the Working Classes—State of the Times—Sir Robert Peel's Policy—Cotton Supply and Manufacture—Progress of Inventions—Condition of the Lancashire Operatives—Child-Jobbers and Child Labour—The Apprentice System—Outline of Early Factory Legislation—Michael Thomas Sadler, M.P. for Newark—Mr. Sadler Loses his Seat in Parliament—Lord Ashley becomes Leader in the Factory Agitation—The Parting of the Ways—Pays Tribute to Mr. Sadler and Other Labourers—States his Views on the Factory System—Explains Principles on which the Agitation shall be Conducted—Letter from Mr. J. R. McCulloch—Opposition of Master Manufacturers—Address of the Operatives of England and Scotland—Report of Commission of Inquiry—Introduces Bill to Limit Hours of Labour "for Women and Young Persons" to Ten Hours a Day—Opposition of Lord Althorp—Bill Defeated, but Principle Established that Labour and Education should be Combined . . .	50
--	----

CHAPTER IV.—ITALY—1833.

	PAGE
First Travel-Diary—Plains of Burgundy—Jura Mountains—Geneva—Protestant and Papal Switzerland—Brieg—The Simplon—Milan—High Mass in Cathedral—A Retrospect—Venice—Her Sun Set—Bologna—A Wayside Accident—Rome—St. Peter's—The Forum and Coliseum—St. John Lateran—Guido's Aurora—The Shortest Day—Christmas Eve—Ceremonies at St. Peter's—Te Deum at the Gesù—St. Agostino—Catacombs—Pusey and Bunsen—Viterbo—Siena—Florence—Sardinia—Nice—A "Kingdom of Italy"—Home	91

CHAPTER V.—1834—1838.

Diary Resumed—Letter from Southey—A Stormy Political Horizon—Alma Mater—Installation of Duke of Wellington as Chancellor—Introspection—Change of Ministry—A Note-Book of Passing Events—Correspondence with Sir Robert Peel—Appointed a Lord of the Admiralty—Painstaking Diligence—A Short-lived Ministry—The Church Pastoral Aid Society Founded—Difficulties Concerning it—Factory Act of 1833 in Operation—Trials from Friends—Harassed by Fruitless Correspondence—The Ten Hours Agitation Grows—Mr. Poulett Thompson's Bill—Opposed and Withdrawn—Mr. Charles Hindley's Bill—A Pledge from the Government—Richard Cobden and Factory Legislation—"De-luded and Mocked" by the Government—Factory Question Actively Resumed—An Able Speech—Letter from Charles Dickens—Word-Portrait of Lord Ashley in 1838	104
--	-----

CHAPTER VI.—1838—1839.

Commencement of Diaries—Lord Melbourne—Lockhart's Life of Scott—Appointment of Vice-Consul at Jerusalem—Lord Lindsay's Travels—A Case in Lunacy—Success of Pastoral Aid Society—At Windsor Castle—Progress of Science—The State and Prospects of the Jews—Religious and Political Action in Jerusalem—Letter from Sir Robert Peel—Fall of the Melbourne Administration—Sir Robert Peel Sent for—The "Bedchamber Question"—Appointment in Royal Household offered to Lord Ashley—Peel urges its Acceptance—Attempt to Form a Ministry Fails—Lord Melbourne Recalled—Board of Education, consisting of a Committee of the Privy Council, Appointed—Letter from Duke of Wellington—Lord Stanley's Motion to Revoke the Order in Council—Supported by Lord Ashley—The Measure Attacked as Adverse to the Constitution, and as Hostile to the Church and to Revealed Religion—Lord Stanley's Amendment Lost—The Establishment of the Committee of Council on Education	122
---	-----

CHAPTER VII.—SCOTLAND—1839.

The Bull Ring, Birmingham—Poverty and Luxury in Liverpool—Boldness—The Slave Trade—Southey—Carlisle—Afternoon Service—Sir Walter Scott—Architecture of Kirks—Churches, Ancient and Modern—Extempore Prayer—Edinburgh Castle—Annals of Scotland—In the Trossachs—Melancholy without Despondency—Charm of Scott's Genius—Rossie—The Curse of Gowrie—Dunkeld—Fanaticism of Early Reformers—Gaelic Life—The System of Gleaning—Oban—Scotch Architects—Glasgow Factories—Dr. Macleod—Rev. Robert Montgomery—Blindness—In Courts and Alleys—Sir Archibald Alison—Cora Linn—Chillingham—Red Deer and Wild Cattle—The Duchess of Northumberland—Ravensworth—Van Mildert, Bishop of Durham—Fountains Abbey—Ripon Cathedral—Newby—York—Cathedral Services—Castle Howard—Chatsworth—Haddon Hall—Home—Letter from Daniel Webster—An Estrangement—Marriage of Lord Palmerston to Lady Cowper—Happy Close of the Year	133
---	-----

CHAPTER VIII.—1840.

Announcement of the Queen's Marriage—A Magistrate—The Old Story Renewed—The only Conservative Principle—Marriage of the Queen—Letter from Daniel Webster—Attempt upon the Queen's Life—Church Extension—Chimney Sweeps—Early Legislation—Various Acts for Protection of Climbing Boys—Lord Ashley Takes up the Question—Mr. Steven—Labours In and Out of the House—Law Suits as "Test" Cases—A Rescued Boy—Progress of the Factory Movement—Mr. Oastler—Appointment of a Select Committee—Children not Protected by the Factory Acts—Commission Granted to Inquire into the Employment of Children—The Syrian Question—Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim Pasha—Prospects of the Jewish People—Efforts for their Protection—Return to their Own Land—Conflict with France Anticipated—Memorandum to Lord Palmerston—The "Bear" Ellice—Thiers and Guizot—Fall of Acre—At Broadlands—Article in <i>Quarterly</i> on "Infant Labour"—Socialism and Chartism	154
---	-----

CHAPTER IX.—1841.

	PAGE
Indifference of the Clergy—Sympathy with the Poor—Practical Christianity—Progress of Children's Employment Commission—The Second Chamber—Lord Morpeth's Registration Bill (Ireland)—Admissibility of Jews to Municipal Offices—The Duke of Wellington—Anecdotes—A Dissolution Threatened—Sir Robert Peel's "No Confidence" Motion—Ascot—Oxford Commemoration—Parliament Dissolved—General Election—Speech to Electors of Dorset—Letter to Sir R. Peel—Tour of Inspection in Lancashire—A Mill-Hand at Stockport—Sir Robert Peel Offers an Appointment in Royal Household—The Offer Declined—Middle Courses Proposed—Letter to Central Short-time Committee—Offer of Appointment in Prince Albert's Household—Declined—The New Ministry—Illness of Bickersteth—Drainage and Ventilation Bills—Letter from Colonel Napier—M. Cornelius—The Jerusalem Bishopric—Frederick William IV. of Prussia—Dr. Bunsen—Outline of his Special Mission—Progress of the Negotiations—The Bill for Creating the Bishopric Passes—Enthusiasm and Opposition—The Druses—Consecration of Bishop Alexander—The Episcopal Benediction—Lord Ashley's Power of Reading Men—Anecdote of First Earl of Shaftesbury—The Cripple Dodds	175

CHAPTER X.—1842.

Tractarianism—Oxford Professorship of Poetry—Letter to Mr. Roundell Palmer—Rev. Isaac Williams and Rev. James Garbett—Letters from Hon. William Cowper, Rev. E. Bickersteth, and "Charlotte Elizabeth"—A Suggested Compromise—Correspondence with Rev. Dr. Pusey and Rev. John Keble—Letter from Archdeacon Wilberforce—Result of the Contest—The King of Prussia in England—Correspondence with Sir Robert Peel—His Hostility to Factory Bill—Announcement to Short-time Committees—Principle in Government and Opposition—A Socialist Ally—Bishop Alexander's Entry into Jerusalem—Report on Mines and Collieries—Public Indignation Aroused—Terrible Disclosures—The System Exposed—A Great Speech—Richard Cobden and the Philanthropists—Cobden alters his Estimate of Lord Ashley's Character—Lord Palmerston's Support—Letter from Prince Albert—No Peer to take Charge of Bill—Victory—Trade Depression and Riots—Tour through Manufacturing Districts—The Duchess of Beaufort and Sir Robert Peel—China and Afghanistan	206
---	-----

CHAPTER XI.—1843.

Apprehensions—The "Repeal Year"—Daniel O'Connell—Afghanistan—The Gates of Somnauth—Lord Ellenborough's Proclamation—Pious Slave-holders—Assassination of Mr. Edward Drummond—Correspondence with Sir Robert Peel thereon—Troubled State of Country—Second Report of Children's Employment Commission—Nature of its Revelations—Need of Education among the Working Classes—An Address to the Crown thereon—A Remarkable Speech—Factory Education Bill Proposed by Government—Opposition of Dissenters—The Bill Amended and ultimately Withdrawn—The Opium Question—The Indo-Chinese Opium Trade—First Great Indictment of the Opium Trade in Parliament—Arguments Used—Motion Withdrawn—Opinions upon the Speech—Estimate of Characters of Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, and Sir James Graham—State of the Poor of London—Field Lane Ragged School—A Disreputable Locality and its Traditions—A Novel Practice in the Church—Pews and Pew-rents—Birthday Reflections—Opposition to Collieries Bill—At Bocket—Movements in the Churches—Pusey Interdicted from Preaching—Letter from Elizabeth Fry—A Foreign Tour—Antwerp—Aix-la-Chapelle—Bavaria—Carlsbad—Prague—Vienna—Visits to Philanthropic Institutions—Continental Sundays—Linz—Ratisbon—Nuremberg—Wurtemberg—Heidelberg—Frankfort—Domestic Life—Russia—Lord Ashley's Philanthropy Attacked—Miss Harriet Martineau—Speech at Sturminster on Condition of Agricultural Labourer—Consequences—The Nestorian Christians—Correspondence with Lord Aberdeen	238
--	-----

CHAPTER XII.—1844.

Hatred of Oppression—Distressed Needlewomen—The Ameers of Scinde—Motion for their Release from Imprisonment—Result of the Motion—Tahiti—Queen Pomare—Pritchard the Missionary—War with France Imminent—Sir James Graham's Bill for Regulation of Labour in Factories—Agitation—"The Ten Hours and No Surrender!"—Distance Traversed by Children in Daily Work—A Masterly Speech—Attack by Mr. John Bright—A Scene in the House—Peel in a Dilemma—Government Stratagems to Rescind Votes—"Jack Cade" Legislation—Unpopularity of Sir James Graham—New Factory Bill brought in—Motion for Introduction of New Clause—The Ten Hours Bill Argued on Commercial Grounds—Sir James Graham Threatens Resignation—Sir Robert Peel Follows Suit—A Signal Defeat—Mr. C. Greville's View of the Situation—Second Threatened Resignation of the Ministry—Correspondence with Sir Robert Peel—	
---	--

Dissenters' Chapels Bill—Report of Metropolitan Commissioners' in Lunacy— Motion Thereon—Public and Private Asylums—Lunacy in its Early Stages— Middle-class Patients—Motion Withdrawn—Mr. Sheil's Eulogy—Placing a Son at School—Mrs. Fry—Visit of Emperor of Russia—Tour through Factory Districts —Receives Addresses—Fresh Schemes—Beset by Bulls of Bashan	285
---	-----

CHAPTER XIII.—1845.

Retrospect and Forecast—The Irish Secretaryship—State of Calico Print-Works Bill to Regulate Labour of Children Therein—At St. Giles's—Defenceless State of Dockyards and Coast—Tractarian Movement—Mr. Ward Censured and Deprived of his Degree—Converts to Rome—Maynooth—Sir Robert Peel's Bill for In- creased Grant—Excitement in the Country—The Bill Carried—Speech on May- nooth—The Evangelical Fathers—Jews' Society—Death of Bishop Alexander— The Railway Mania—Two Bills on the Lunacy Question—The Regulation of Lunatic Asylums—The Better Treatment of Lunatics—Both Bills Carried—Ap- pointment of Permanent Lunacy Commission—Insanity of the Poet Cowper— The Society of Friends—A Coming Storm—The Potato Disease—Commission of Inquiry Appointed—Changes of View on Corn Laws—Letter from Lord John Russell—Resignation and Re-appointment of Sir Robert Peel—A Painful Alter- native	318
---	-----

CHAPTER XIV.—1846.

Repeal of the Corn Laws—The Ten Hours Bill—Mr. John Bright—Seat for Dorset Resigned—Hard Work in Factory Districts—Care of Ten Hours Bill devolves on Mr. Fielden—Out of Parliament—In the Lobby—Fall of the Peel Ministry—Lord John Russell, Prime Minister—The Colonies—Indian Successes—Letter from Sir Henry Hardinge—Gloomy Views—The Ragged School Union—Curious Coin- cidence of Names—Labour for the Poor—The London City Mission—The Labourers' Friend Society—Housing of the Poor—Perambulations in Low Haunts of London —Speaking to the Outcasts—With Little Children—The Model Lodging-House System Inaugurated—Article in <i>Quarterly Review</i> —Poverty and Riches—Dreams of Future Work—Activity in Religious Circles—Young Men's Christian Associa- tion—Early Closing Movement—Bishop Gobat—A Foreign Tour—Belgium, Ger- many, Switzerland, Holland—"The Cells where Memory Slept"—Invited to Stand for Bath—Famine in Ireland—Pope Pius IX.—A Talk with Lord John Russell—Unsuitable Education—Poverty	333
--	-----

CHAPTER XV.—1847—1850. THE TEN HOURS BILL.

In Lancashire—Mr. Fielden's Ten Hours Bill—Debate thereon in the Lords—Lord Brougham—The Bishop of Oxford—The Bill Carried—Rejoicings—Letter to the Short-Time Committees—A Check to the Rejoicings—The System of "Relays" and "Shifts"—A Test Case—The Bill in Jeopardy—Mr. Baron Parkes's Adverse Decision in the Test Case—An Appeal to the House—The Work of Agitation Re- newed—Sir George Grey's Proposal—Acceded to by Lord Ashley—A Split in the Camp—The Government Bill becomes Law—The Principle Established by the Ten Hours Bill—Recantation of Mr. Roebuck and Sir James Graham—Letter from Mr. Roebuck—Mr. Gladstone on Factory Legislation—Tributes—Summary of whole Subject	367
---	-----

CHAPTER XVI.—1847.

Famine in Ireland—Day of Humiliation—National Education and Wesleyan Support —Letter from Lord John Russell—Election Speech at Bath—Incidents of the Election—Returned Head of the Poll—Ragged School Business—Broadwall Ragged School—Roger Miller, City Missionary—His Death—Article on Mrs. Elizabeth Fry—Article on Lodging-Houses—A Round of Visits—Leader of the Conservative Party—Missionaries—Miss Strickland—Highland Scenery—A Pre- sentation at Bradford—Party Spirit—Labours in Lunacy Cases—Baron Lionel Rothschild and Jewish Disabilities—At Windsor—Dr. Hampden—Faith	380
---	-----

CHAPTER XVII.—1848.

A Coming Storm—Revolution in France—Flight of Louis Philippe—A Revolutionary Epidemic—State of England—Louis Philippe Lands in Sussex—Panic among English Residents in France—Efforts for their Relief—Metternich Deposed— "Revolutions go off like Pop-guns!"—The Chartist Demonstration—Ends in a Fiasco—The Prince Consort—A Conversation at Osborne—Letter from the Prince Consort—Letter from Lord John Russell—The Prince Visits Homes of the Poor— Presides at Labourers' Friend Society—May Meetings—State of Sanitary Science —Chairmanship of Board of Health—Ragged Schools and Emigration—Condition of the Poor—Emigration Scheme Expounded—Farewell Address to Emigrants— Anecdotes of Thieves—A Strange Experience—A Thieves' Conference—Lord Hardinge—In Scotland Again—Special Providences—With the Queen Dowager —With the Queen at Harrow—Death of Lord Melbourne	389
--	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.—1849.

	PAGE
Habeas Corpus Act Suspended—Distress in Ireland—Plans and Projects—Illness—Scheme for Subdivision of Parishes—Good Friday—Idle Ecclesiastics—Attendance at Court—Capital Punishment—A Sorrowful Narrative—Death of Son at Harrow—Effect on Lord Ashley—Ragged School Emigration Scheme—A Very Precious Letter—Approach of Cholera—Labours on the Board of Health—The City of the Plague—Public Prayers—Cholera Statistics—Lord Hardinge—Sunday Labour at the Post-Office—Collection and Delivery of Sunday Letters Suspended—The most Unpopular Man in the Kingdom—The Order Prohibiting Sunday Labour at Post-Office Rescinded	408

CHAPTER XIX.—1850—1851.

Trusteeship of Money—Miss Portal—Death of Rev. E. Bickersteth—Mediation—Ash Wednesday—In Paris—Adolph Monod—Low Haunts of Paris—At Madame Pozzo's—The President's Reception at the Elysée—Lamartine—Theatres—Board of Health—Extra-mural Interment Bill—Death of Sir Robert Peel—Memories—In Scotland—The Papal Aggression—Dr. Wiseman—The "Durham Letter"—Great Meeting at Freemasons' Hall—Letter from the Bishop of Oxford—Speech on Progress of Popery—Action of English Catholics—The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill—Archdeacon Manning Joins the Church of Rome—Roman Catholics and Roman Catholicism—Christian Fellowship—The Great Exhibition—The Shoe-black Brigade—Bible Stand in Exhibition—President of British and Foreign Bible Society—Speech at Anniversary Meeting—Model Lodging-House Bill—Common Lodging-House Bill—Death of Lord Shaftesbury—Lord Ashley Reviews his Career	421
---	-----

CHAPTER XX.—1851 (JUNE)—1852.

Farewell to House of Commons—In the House of Lords—Speech on Common Lodging-House Bill—Model Lodging-House Bill—Early Impressions of House of Lords—First Acts of Power—St. Giles's—Sweeping Reforms—The Truck System—Cottage Accommodation—Kossuth—Socialism—Thomas Wright, the Prison Philanthropist—A <i>Coup d'état</i> —The Militia Bill—Brook Street, Grosvenor Square—May Meetings—At Ems—Death of the Duke of Wellington—Chancellorship of Oxford—Lying in State—The Story of the Madiai—An Amusing Letter—"Uncle Tom's Cabin"—Slavery—Address from Women of England—The Fugitive Slave Law—Friendships—The Rev. E. Bickersteth—Mr. Alexander Haldane—Revival of Convocation—Auricular Confession—Resignation of Lord Derby—Lord Aberdeen, Premier	445
--	-----

CHAPTER XXI.—1853.

The Poor of London—Progress of Ragged School Work—Advice to Teachers—Inspiring Zeal—Refuges and Industrial Classes—Emigration—The Poor Displaced by Building Improvements—A further Common Lodging-Houses Bill—Juvenile Mendicancy—Juvenile Delinquency—A Curious Episode—Challenged to Fight a Duel—Correspondence with Lord Mornington—Youthful Offenders Bill—The Waldensian Christians—Pasteur Meille—Peripatetic Schoolmasters—Foreign Taste—Protestantism Abroad—Anti-Slavery Agitation—Stafford House—Reply from the Women of America—An Editor's Mistake—China—London Missionary Society—Sanitary Reform—"Unpardonable Activity"—The Board of Health Abolished—Democracy—English Radicals—The Career of a Philanthropist—Financial Difficulties—Family Affairs—Rewards to Agricultural Labourers—Palmerston's Reply to Scotch Memorialists	456
--	-----

CHAPTER XXII.—1854—1855.

A Cloud in the East—Rumours of War with Russia—War Declared—Christians in Turkey—Russian Intolerance—Religious Liberty in France—Correspondence with Emperor of the French—Offer of Order of the Garter—Reasons for Declining the Honour—Colonisation of Syria—Chimney Sweepers Bill Thrown Out—A Mothers' Meeting—Harrow—Death of Lord Jocelyn—Death of Duchess of Beaufort—Wild Court—War in a Christian Spirit—Lord Raglan's Despatches—Letter to Mr. Haldane—Mismanagement in the Crimea—Change of Ministry—Palmerston, Premier—Offer of Duchy of Lancaster—Correspondence thereon with Lord Palmerston—Letter from Lady Palmerston—Organisation of Sanitary Commission for Crimea—Letter to Lord Panmure—Instructions to the Sanitary Commissioners—Letter from Miss Florence Nightingale—Death of the Czar—Visit of Emperor of the French—Letter to Mr. Evelyn Ashley—Offer of Duchy of Lancaster Renewed—Letters from Lady Palmerston—In Perplexity—Interposition of Providence—Religious Worship Bill—Opposition of Lord Derby and the Bishop of Oxford—Success of the Bill—Sardinia—National Education—Death of Sir Robert Inglis—Milliners and Dressmakers—Death of his Son Maurice—Letter to Mr. Evelyn Ashley—Woburn Abbey—Life Peerages	486
--	-----

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE INNER LIFE.

PAGE

- Unpopular Religious Views—An Evangelical of the Evangelicals—Disclaims Leadership of the Evangelical Party—The Old School—Justification by Faith—Inspiration of the Scriptures—Dogmatic Truth—Simple Preaching—How to Meet Opponents—Divine Providence—The Second Advent—Collected Passages from the Diary on Religious Themes—The “Sortes Biblicæ”—The “Little Flock”—The Incarnation—Prayer—Sins of Omission—Distraction the Order of the Day—The Highest Point of Christian Life—The Religion of the Future—Neology—“Schools of Thought”—Evangelical Union—The Vicarious Sacrifice—Intellect and Heart—Merit—Limiting the Almighty—Calvin’s Commentaries—“It is Finished”—“It is I”—A Good Friday Meditation—Preaching Smooth Things—Easter Day—Fears—The Song of Moses 519

CHAPTER XXIV.—1856—1858.

- A Ten Years’ Diary—The Sabbath Day—A Parisian Sunday—The Crystal Palace—Sunday Bands—A Packed Meeting—Threatened Riots—21, Grosvenor Square in a State of Siege—Early Closing Movement—Saturday Half-Holidays—At Windsor—Peace Rejoicings—Life Peerages—Peers from the Ranks of Commercial Men—Death of Lord Cowper—Harvest Home—Chinese Difficulties—The *Lorch Arrow*—The Opium Trade—Motion on its Legality—Dissolution of Parliament—General Election—Return of Lord Ashley for Hull—Exeter Hall Special Services—Opposition—Motion to Amend Religious Worship Act of 1855—Speech on Religious Worship Act Amendment Bill—Action of Bishop Wilberforce and the High Church Party—Bill Withdrawn in Favour of Archbishop of Canterbury’s Bill—Indian Mutinies—A Special Prayer—Letter to Mr. Evelyn Ashley—Speech at Wimborne—Comment in the *Times*—A Statement Questioned—Letter from Lady Canning—Fifteen Years Later—Missionary Zeal—Sir Henry Havelock—Sir Henry Lawrence—Vote of Censure on the Government—Indian Affairs—Ceaseless Correspondence—Religious Meetings—The People’s Park, Halifax—Elevation of Mr. Macaulay to the Peerage—Correspondence with Lord Macaulay—His Death—Letter from Mr. Charles Sumner—Admission of Jews to Parliament—Social Science Congress at Liverpool 531

CHAPTER XXV.—1859—1860.

- Dawn of Italian Freedom—The Men and the Hour—Events Leading to the Struggle—Sympathy with Sardinia—The Reform Bill—Ministerial Crisis—Palmerston’s Cabinet—A Proposed Italian Committee—Correspondence with Garibaldi—Annexation of Savoy and Nice to France—Letter to Count Cavour—Speech in House of Lords on Savoy—Affairs in Syria—Druses and Maronites—Sunday Services in Theatres—The Victoria Theatre—A Strange Scene—Effective Reading—Lord Duncannon’s Motion against Theatre Services—A Graphic Speech—Letter from Lord Stanhope—Christianity in India—Testimonials—Great Meeting in Free Trade Hall, Manchester—Presentation to Countess of Shaftesbury—Social Science Congress, Bradford—Preparation of Speeches—Nervous Susceptibility . . . 556

CHAPTER XXVI.—1861—1863.

- Metropolitan Improvements—Displacement of Labourers—Criminal Lunatics—Appointment of Select Committee—Lord Shaftesbury gives Evidence—Proposed Benevolent Asylum for Insane of Middle Classes—Meeting at Freemasons’ Hall—Speech—Mr. Thomas Holloway—Letter from Mr. Bowen May—The Holloway Sanatorium—Headstrong Zeal—Death of Count Cavour—Civil War in America—Indian Irrigation and Inland Navigation—Famine in India—Cotton Supply—Illness and Death of a Daughter—A Mother’s Devotion—Letter from Lord Palmerston—The Order of the Garter—A Word of Warning—A Generous Offer—Illness of the Prince Consort—His Death—“Journal of Passing Events” Renewed—American War—Obituary for 1861—Order of the Garter Accepted—Lancashire Cotton Famine—Lancashire People—Address to Cotton Operatives—Pauper Lunatics—Insurrection in Poland—Causes leading to the Insurrection—Great Meeting in Guildhall—Speech in House of Lords on Poland—Letter from Miss Florence Nightingale—Friendship with Lord Palmerston—A Delicate Matter—Letter from Lord Palmerston—His Generous Nature—Financial Difficulties—A Fraudulent Bailiff 570

CHAPTER XXVII.—1864—1865.

- Climbing Boys—Cruelties Practised upon Them—Their Work and Rest—Slow Progress of Legislation—The “Cant of Pseudo-Philanthropy”—The Chimney-Sweepers Regulation Act—Fails to Answer its Intended Purpose—Ten Years Later—Suffocated in a Flue—Manslaughter—The Chimney Sweepers’ Emancipation Day—Forcible Language—Rapid Speaking—A Stern Rebuke—Justification of Strong Language—Theological Discussions—Neology—“Essays and Reviews”—Colenso on the Pentateuch—Renan’s “*Vie de Jésus*”—“*Ecce Homo*”

—The Creed of Neologians—The Worship of Intellect—Correspondence with Dr. Pusey—Letter from Bishop Wilberforce—Endowment of the Greek Chair, Oxford—Correspondence with Archdeacon Denison—In the Grisons—Letter to Mr. Haldane—Law Suits—Position of Parties in Church and State—English Liberty—With General Garibaldi—Friendship—Death of Rector of Wimborne St. Giles—Bishop of London's Fund—Illness of Lord Palmerston—The Political Outlook—Mr. John Stuart Mill—The Malta Protestant College—Death of Dowager Countess of Shaftesbury—Protestantism in Paris—Close of American War—Cattle Plague—Form of Prayer by Bishop of Oxford—A Pending Calamity 535

CHAPTER XXVIII.—LORD PALMERSTON AND CHURCH APPOINTMENTS.

1855—1865.

Career of Lord Palmerston—His Approaching End—Letter to Mr. Haldane—Closing Scenes—Death of Lord Palmerston—His Friends and Enemies—Funeral in Westminster Abbey—Estimate of His Character—Gaps in Many Lives—The Parties at Cambridge House—Bounty Money—Honours—The Centre of all Action in Politics—Review of Church Appointments—The "Shaftesbury Bishops"—Principle governing Lord Palmerston's Church Patronage—List of Ecclesiastical Preferments—The "Bishop Maker"—His Advice to the Premier—Care in Selecting Practical Men—Politics Disregarded in the Nominations—Tribute to Mr. Haldane—Prospect of Vast and Irrevocable Changes 601

CHAPTER XXIX.—1866—1867.

A. Gloomy Prospect—Homeless Boys—The *Chichester* and *Arethusa* Training-Ships—Loss of Early Friends—Dr. Pusey on the Prophet Daniel—The Victoria Institute—The Reform Bill—Correspondence with the Earl of Derby—Office of the Duchy of Lancaster Declined—Controversy on Ritualism—Visit to St. Alban's Church, Holborn—Social Science Congress, Manchester—The Reform Bill in the House of Lords—A Remarkable Speech—Tendencies towards Democracy—Socialism—Conservative Working Men—A Conservative Democracy—Agricultural Gangs—Bill for Regulating the Labour of Juveniles in Workshops—Clerical Vestments Bill—Proposed Abolition of the Fifty-eighth Canon—Sacerdotal Dominion—A Ritual Commission Appointed—Letter from Right Hon. Spencer Walpole—In Paris—Opening of the Salle Evangélique—Theatre Services—Sir James South—Deputation to Napoleon III. 613

CHAPTER XXX.—1868—1869.

The Opening of Parliament—Urged to bring forward Ecclesiastical Courts Bill—Mr. Disraeli, Prime Minister—Debate on Disestablishment of Irish Church—May Meetings—Publication of "Speeches, 1838—1867"—Report of Ritual Commission—Uniformity of Public Worship Bill—Winthrop and Longfellow—Statue to Lord Palmerston—Death of Duchess of Sutherland—Letter from Mr. Robert Lowe—Letter to Mr. Gladstone—Sir Moses Montefiore—Special Diaries on Movements of the Times—Fear of Debt—Self-imposed Tasks—Ecclesiastical Courts Bill—An Old Friend in the Almswalk—Uncovering Oastler's Statue—Ovation at Bradford—Houses and Glebes to Roman Catholic Priests—Debate on Irish Church Bill—Death of Lady Palmerston—The Political Horizon—Lord Ashley's Son and Heir—Professor Seeley—Dr. Temple and the Bishopric of Exeter—Intolerance of Evangelicals—Religious Controversy—Report on St. Giles's Estate by Government Commissioner 629

CHAPTER XXXI.—1870—1871.

Bible Revision—Judge Payne—Religious Education in Schools—Demonstration in St. James's Hall—Letter from Mr. W. E. Forster—Deputation to Mr. Gladstone—Letter from Mr. Gladstone—Education Bill in House of Lords—Mr. Orsman and the Golden Lane Mission—Coster-mongers—The Barrow and Donkey Club—"K.G. and Coster"—Presentation of a Donkey—Deceased Wife's Sister Bill—Greek Brigandage—Church Congresses—At Pegli—Italian Honours—Leyvès—Female Suffrage—Letter thereon—Wedding Day—Murder of Archbishop of Paris—Correspondence with Archbishop Manning—Children Employed in Brickfields—Domestic Anxieties—The Ballot—Daniel Webster's Opinion—Speech in House of Lords—A Further Speech on the Ballot—In Scotland—Forster's "Life of Dickens"—Self-Analysis—Past, Present, and Future 611

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE SHADOW OF DEATH. 1872.

The Veiled Future—An Annual Exile—Sir Henry Holland—Athanasian Creed—Ecclesiastical Courts Bills—Letters to Lady Shaftesbury—Thanksgiving for Recovery of Prince of Wales—Religious Clauses of Education Bill—Levee at Buckingham Palace—A Patriotic Meeting—Social Reforms—Conference on Church Reform—Foreshadowings of Evil—At Panshanger—Illness of Lady Shaftesbury—Coster-mongers' Prayers—Death of Lady Shaftesbury—Letter to Lady Gainsborough—At Mentone—A Terrible Week—Death of Lady Constance Ashley—A Gleam of Sunshine 660

CHAPTER XXXIII.—1873—1875.

PAGE

The Discipline of Suffering—Watercress and Flower Girls' Mission—"Emily" Loan Fund—Temperance Movement—A Moderate Drinker—A good old Custom—Evils of Intemperance—Charity Organisation Society—Mr. Plimsoll and British Seamen—A Scene in the House—Letter to Mr. Plimsoll—Dr. McIlvaine, Bishop of Ohio—Church Reform—Window Gardening and Flower Shows for the Poor—Lines by Dean Stanley—Facilities of Worship Bill—The Confessional in the Church of England—Great Meeting in Exeter Hall—Death of Bishop Wilberforce—In the Twilight—Scotland—State of the Church—Public Worship Regulation Bill—Strauss—Among the Costers—Return of Mr. Evelyn Ashley for Poole—Church Congress at Brighton—Sanitary and Social Questions—Weary of Controversy—Messrs. Moody and Sankey—At the Agricultural Hall—Shaftesbury Park Estate—Artisans' Dwellings Company—Urged to Visit America—Master and Servant—Factory System in India	670
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXIV.—1876—1878.

John Forster—The Royal Titles Bill—Visit to Windsor—Moves Amendment on Royal Titles Bill—A Brilliant House—Vivisection—Bill for Restricting Cruelty to Animals—The Bulgarian Atrocities—Meeting at Willis's Rooms—Official Report on the Atrocities—Indignation Meetings—George Moore—A Separation—Mr. Dillwyn and the Lunacy Laws—Select Committee Appointed—Portrait by Sir John Millais—The Hon. William Ashley—Bosnian and Herzegovinian Refugees—Tribute by Lord Hartington—"S.P.C.K." Controversy—Isolation—Touching Memories—Factory Consolidation Bill—Freedom of the City of Edinburgh—Death of Earl Russell—A Meteoric Course—Roseneath—Sensitiveness—Rev. Canon Reeve—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon—Correspondence with Mr. Spurgeon—Mr. George Holland—Mr. Joseph Gent—Mr. T. B. Smithies—"And many more"	693
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXV.—1879—1882.

Bill for Regulation of Mills and Factories in India—An Old Theme—Habitual Drunkards Bill—Vivisection—Scenes of the Past—Manor House, Chiswick—Wales—A Congeries of Troubles—Political Prospects—Centenary of Sunday Schools—At Gloucester—Coming Changes—State of Ireland—Letter to Mr. Evelyn Ashley—Diary of Political Events—The Snapping of Old Ties—Lord Beaconsfield—80th Birthday—Celebration in Guildhall—Letters—Lines by Miss F. P. Cobbe—Open-Air Preaching—In Whitechapel—General Garfield—Correspondence with Mr. Russell Lowell—The Opium Trade—Among the Costers—Reverence, the Basis of all True Religion—The Salvation Army—Letters to Admiral Fishbourne—Letter from Dean Law—Persecution of Jews in Russia—The Oath of Allegiance—Studying the Scriptures—"One Tun" Ragged School—A Christmas Gathering—Death of Mr. Haldane—At Willesden Cemetery—A Thirty Years' Correspondence—Some Gems of Thought and Expression	712
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXVI.—WORD AND WORK. 1874—1884.

Speeches—Church Pastoral Aid Society—Church Reform—Blue Books—State of the Pulpit—Burial of Nonconformists—Anecdotes of Contemporaries—Evening Communion—Schism—The Church not Apostate—British and Foreign Bible Society—That Book—Young Men's Christian Association—Stimulating and Inspiring Speeches—Baron of Hyde Park—Ecumenical Council—Temptation of Young Men—Amusements—A Coincidence—Gymnastic Exercises—Ambition—Religious Tract Society—Pernicious Juvenile Literature—Reminiscences of Labour—At George Yard—Two Portraits—Dan Liddle—Punch, the Casual—Tribute to a Woman's Influence—Letters to Children—Shoeblacks—Among the Poor	740
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXVII.—LAST YEARS. 1883—1885.

The Evening of Life—Memory—A Curious Study—In a Dilemma—Holland House—"Let me die in Harness"—Summary of Labours—Acrobats—Luther Commemoration—Donkey Show—The Housing of the Poor—Articles thereon—Royal Commission—Lord Salisbury's Act—Public Honours—Banquet at Mansion House—Freedom of the City—At Brighton—A Goodly Record—Letter from Rev. C. H. Spurgeon—Last Visit to Scotland—Letter to Canon Wilberforce—The House of Lords—Correspondence with Lord Rosebery—Home Rule—Public and Private Morality—Inquiry into Lunacy Laws—Lord Selborne's Lunacy Amendment Bill—Miss Marsh—Mr. Weyland—Gifts and Legacies—Distribution of £60,000 in Charities—The Sunday Question—Earl Cairns—Eighty-fourth Birthday—Failing Strength—Last Visits—Protection of Young Girls—Last Entries in the Diary—Folkestone—A Sacred Chamber—Into the Light—Memorial Service in Westminster Abbey—In St. Giles's Church—Conclusion	751
---	-----

APPENDIX	777
INDEX	780

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.



	PAGE
THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY	<i>Frontis.</i>
ST. GILES'S HOUSE	16
ALMSHOUSE WALK, AND CHURCH, ST. GILES'S, DORSET	18
HARROW CHURCH AND SCHOOL ROOM	22
HORRORS OF THE COAL MINE	221
"JACK CADE'S INSURRECTION"	298
THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY, OLD PYE STREET	467
LORD SHAFTESBURY INSPECTING THE COSTERS' DONKEYS	647

THE LIFE AND WORK

OF

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

IN one of the most depraved quarters of London, not far northward from the foot of Holborn Hill, in a neighbourhood with a network of disreputable courts and alleys, the resort of notorious ill-doers, the dread of timid wayfarers, and the despair of the police, there sit, in an ill-furnished room, two or three men, waiting anxiously. They are men belonging to humble but respectable walks of life, and have, it would seem, nothing in common with the people who pass along the uneven pavement of what is called by courtesy the "street"—the crop-headed jail-birds, the cunning-faced cadgers, the sickly, ill-clad women—hurrying away to creep into holes and corners for the night. The wind is in the east, and, although the spring of the year is approaching, it is as cold as in the depth of winter.

The street grows quieter; the great clock of St. Paul's has some time since boomed out the hour of midnight, and there is silence, broken only by snatches of discordant song from some straggling reveller. Presently there is heard the firm, steady tread of one who walks as with a purpose. The step is recognised; the door is thrown open, and the watchers grasp the hand of the stranger—a tall, slight, pale-faced man, with a grave and thoughtful expression of countenance. He returns the salutation cordially—although it is obvious that he belongs to a different rank from those with whom he is associated—and without delay proceeds to the business that has brought him to this strange place at this strange hour. A hurried conference is held, certain plans are discussed, there is a still and solemn silence for a few minutes, and then all the party rise, button up their stout overcoats, and sally forth, one of the number bearing in his hand a small parcel of candles! They walk in silence until they reach their destination—the Victoria Arches under Holborn Hill, known as the Vagrants' Hiding Place—where they light their candles and enter the dark, dismal vaults. As they enter, a few poor, miserable, hunted wretches brush hastily past and make their escape into the street, or plunge into the recesses of the Hiding-Place, conscience making cowards of them all. It is some time before the visitors can distinguish objects distinctly—the darkness is intense, and some of the arches are vast. As their eyes become more accustomed to the gloom, they see sights which

cannot now, thank God, be seen, and will never more be seen in the great city where vice and misery are rampant still in the midst of luxury and high civilisation. There, spread on the dank floor, on layers of rotten straw filled with vermin of all kinds, lie wretched human beings whose poverty, occasioned by the wrong-doing or misfortune of themselves or others, has deprived them of every other resting-place. As the light falls upon their faces some of them start up with the keen, cunning look of those who know that they have broken the laws and must depend upon their wits to escape the penalty; others turn over with a sigh of weariness, and draw around them the scanty garments that scarcely cover them; while others break out into foul imprecations upon the intruders. Everywhere, in holes and corners, some almost burrowing into the soil, others lying closely side by side for the sake of warmth, are to be seen these poor outcasts, sheltering in the only place on earth where they can rest—this hiding-place of sin and misery, of filth and rags. Terrible are the faces that meet the gaze of the visitors, faces that bear indelible marks made by vice, disease, or sorrow; faces that haunt the imagination long afterwards, and re-appear as spectres in the visions of the night.

Not to gaze and moralise, but to work, is the object of the visitors; not to pity only, but to help; and by two o'clock in the morning they have taken thirty of these wretched outcasts, and have brought them from the cold and darkness of the arches into the light and warmth of a comparatively cheerful room used as a Ragged School. Among the rescued are two boys—mere skin and bone in bundles of rags—whose sunken jaws and sparkling eyes tell the story of their sickness, and want, and premature decay. They are seated on either side of the tall, slight man, whose sorrowful eyes have grown more sorrowful, as he looks upon them through the mist of his tears. His heart has been torn by the revelation made to him of the hapless lot of those boys. They are brothers in affliction, who have been drawn together by mutual need, for both are orphans. One of them has seen better days, and can remember a bright and cheerful home; but “when father died” and the home was broken up, he was left friendless and destitute, and in his misery found a shelter in the dark arches, where his companion had slept alone every night for a whole year, until this comrade in misfortune came to share the straw and the rags that made his bed. But the dawning of this day has brought with it the dawning of hope; the “kind gentleman,” beside whom they sit, has spoken to them words of tenderness and pity which seem like the echoes of words spoken in childhood, when happiness had a meaning; and when they learn from him that they need no more go back to the arches, but may find comfort, and help, and home in a Refuge for the Homeless, the floodgates of their tears, closed since their young hearts had grown hard and cold with the world’s neglect, are opened, and they weep for very joy.

As their rescuer returned towards his home that morning, his head was bowed, and his heart was heavy. He knew that there were hundreds, and it

might be, thousands, of boys in the great city in as hopeless a case, who were drifting from bad to worse until they should be past hope—sunk into irremediable depravity; and he knew not how they were to be reached. By day and night the wailing of the world's sorrow haunted him; the cry of the children rang ceaselessly in his ears; and it was no figure of speech he used when those who saw his cheeks grow paler, and his face more sad, asked him of the cause, and he answered with choking voice: "I have been in a perfect agony of mind about my poor boys!"

Turn now to another scene. It is the House of Lords. There is a stillness approaching to solemnity, broken only by the voice of a noble lord who is speaking, in a strain not often heard in that august Assembly, upon a subject which has never been discussed there before. Every sentence he utters increases the spell by which he holds the House, and every development of his argument tends to move that stately assembly to a demonstration of feeling it is not wont to exhibit. For more than thirty years the speaker has been exposing the evils which beset operatives—especially children, young persons, and women—engaged in the manufacturing industries. He has carried measure after measure for their relief; inhuman hours of labour have been shortened; excess of physical toil has been abridged; oppression and cruelty, resulting in premature death, have been checked; and the means of education and mental improvement made possible. There are millions in the land who thank God for the voice that is now ringing in that august chamber; for it is the voice of one who has pleaded the cause of the poor and the oppressed as none other has done in the world's history. Rarely, however, has it been raised with greater effect than on this night, albeit his speech consists mainly of extracts from a Bluebook. For years he has been waiting until the set time should come when, strengthened by the success of former efforts, he may introduce that part of the great question of Protection which presented the gravest difficulties in the way of legislation; and now he is informing the House that the evils which were supposed to be peculiar to manufactures exist, even in a more aggravated form, in connection with the cultivation of the soil. He speaks of organisations of rural labour in many counties, known as "agricultural gangs," a system of revolting cruelty under which the maximum of labour is obtained for the minimum of remuneration, by extortionate gang-masters who monopolise all the children in a district, in order that they may not be independently employed. The gangs are collected in the morning, marshalled by the gangsmen, and driven off into the fields to clear them of weeds, to spread manure, to "thin" the turnips and mangel-wurzel, to pick off stones from the land, or to gather in certain root crops. At a rapid pace they are driven long distances to the scene of their labour; the little footsore and weary children, not more than six or seven years of age, being dragged by their elders and goaded on by the brutal gangsmen. Year in, year out; in summer heat and winter cold; in sickness and in health; with backs warped and aching from constant stooping; with hands cracked

and swollen at the back by the wind, and cold, and wet ; with palms blistered from pulling turnips, and fingers lacerated from weeding among the stones ; these English slaves, with education neglected, with morals corrupted, degraded and brutalised, labour from early morning till late at night, and, by the loss of all things, gain the miserable pittance that barely keeps them from starvation.

The plain, unvarnished tale is told, and the sigh of relief is followed by a burst of genuine and unusual applause. Then, when the outlines of a Bill to remedy these frightful wrongs, and to affect the entire agricultural population of every county, have been sketched, the speaker closes with this appeal :—

My Lords, in attempting to grapple with this evil I hope your Lordships will kindly aid me by your sympathy and support. In this way you will give the crowning stroke to the various efforts made for many years past to bring all the industrial occupations of the young and the defenceless under the protection of the law ; and that, whether they are employed in trade, in manufactures, or in any handicraft whatever, every child under a certain age may be subjected only to a limited amount of labour, and be certain to receive an adequate amount of education. All that remains for your lordships now to do, as representing the landowners of the kingdom, is to embrace within the scope of your beneficent legislation the whole mass of the agricultural population. Then, I believe, we shall be able to say that no country upon the earth surpasses us in the care we take of the physical, the moral, and the educational well-being of the myriads of our humbler fellow-creatures. My Lords, the object you have in view is well worthy of all the time, the anxiety, the zeal, and the talents which can be bestowed upon it ; and I am satisfied that your lordships will earnestly desire to see it accomplished.

The appeal was not in vain, the “crowning stroke” was given—and there was swept away from the face of the land the last of the long series of evils which could be dealt with by industrial legislation.

Change the scene once more. It is the month of May. The busy Strand is unusually crowded ; men and boys are distributing handbills concerning every philanthropic and Christian organisation under the sun. Multitudes are pressing in at the open doors of Exeter Hall. A group of foreigners, on the opposite pavement, are looking on in blank astonishment ; they are gazing at a sight which is more characteristic of English life and feeling than can be seen at any other place, or at any other season. It is the Festival time of England's great Religious Societies. There are assembling, from all parts of the earth, those who have been fighting throughout the year a hard battle with the world's sin, and misery, and want, and who have come to tell of their victories or defeats, to hear of the conquests of others, and to gather up strength for further conflict. From this centre will issue forth mighty waves of influence that will reach to the uttermost parts of the earth, and affect the condition of the ignorant, the needy, and the oppressed, from the rising to the going down of the sun.

Enter the building. It is thronged in every part. The vast area of the hall presents at the first glance a motley, indistinguishable mass; examine more closely, and there will be seen a larger proportion of earnest-looking faces than is commonly met with in so great an audience. There is an air of soberness and sedateness—perhaps of demureness—over the many, although scattered here and there are groups of friends who are exchanging cordial greetings. The vast orchestra, with the exception of the two front rows, is packed, for the most part with men, many of whom are attired in clerical garb.

Presently the organ ceases to play, and there is a stir and a flutter in the audience, as divines, philanthropists, and social or religious leaders drop in by twos or threes, and take up their position on the platform. But the signal for a spontaneous burst of enthusiastic greeting is given when the secretary precedes a tall, slender, pale-faced man, who gazes for a moment with cold, passionless eyes upon the sea of heads and the waving handkerchiefs, as he holds the rail of the platform nervously, and then, after a formal bow, buries himself in the depths of a huge arm-chair. Every person in that hall has recognised him; every person claims to know and revere him, and every person represents a constituency of some kind, each member of which would greet him as heartily on the ground of knowing and revering him.

The preliminaries of the meeting over, the chairman rises to speak, and again the hall rings with repeated cheers. He stands unmoved—still as a statue: there is a far-away look in his eyes; he seems almost unconscious that he is the object of attention. As the cheering continues, he seems almost displeased at the demonstration, for no shadow of a smile passes over the strongly-marked lines of his face. Then, when the echoes of the thunderings have died away, he draws his slight, but graceful form to its full height, grasps firmly the rail of the platform, and in a loud, but rather indistinct, voice, commences his speech.

It proceeds on a somewhat dead level, although uttered with great dignity, until he adverts to certain philosophical works that have recently issued from the press, and have disturbed men's minds by their tendency to teach that the Bible is unsuited to the present times. Then the whole manner of the man is changed; the pale face kindles; the voice becomes clear and ringing; the slender frame is all alive with strength and energy; the whole man is transfigured.

Good Heavens! (he exclaims) were the truths of the Book prevalent in the hearts of men, should we be disturbed and frightened, as we are day by day, by those gigantic frauds that are bursting out in every community, and which lead us to believe that all honesty in trade, all honesty in public life, all honesty in private life, have left the world for ever? Is it unsuited to the times in which we live, when, if its holy precepts and its Divine commands had been listened to, we should not have before us these gigantic evils. . . Ah! but now they come and tell us that the Bible is effete; that it is worn out; that it can do nothing; and that we must now have some new influence, some new principle

by which to regenerate and guide man. Effete! Indeed, I should like to know whether it is effete at this moment in India. Is it effete in the effect lately begun to be produced in China? Is it effete in the islands of the Pacific Ocean? Is it effete in Madagascar? Is it effete in Italy? You see what a country Italy is now become; you see how the Italians are now grasping at the Word of God; and, although they have not thrown off the trammels of the Church of Rome, they have imbibed the first principles whereby their conduct in public and private life should be guided. The Bible lies at the root of their freedom, and they know it well enough to make it the basis of their hopes and fears. That is the Book that will guide them. That Book, so far from being effete, possesses at this moment a greater force—a greater power of giving life, if I may so say—than in any antecedent period of its history. I should like to know who are they who say it is effete? Do the priests in Spain think it is effete? If they think so, why do they prohibit it under such fearful penalties? Why do they incarcerate, or confiscate the property of, or send into exile, those men who devote their energy and their time to the study of God's Word? Does his Holiness the Pope of Rome think it effete? Does he think it a harmless plaything, that may lie upon the tables of his subjects? Do the Neologists themselves think it effete? If so, why do they pass their nights, why do they sweat and toil over the midnight lamp, for the sole purpose of destroying a book that is so effete—that if left to itself, would soon die, or become an object of general contempt? They do not think it effete. They know its power upon the heart and the conscience. They know that if left to itself, that good old Book must work its own way, and what they deny with their lips they confess with their fears. Effete? It is effete as Abraham was effete when he became the father of many nations, when there sprang of one, and him as good as dead, as many as the stars for multitude and the sand upon the sea-shore innumerable. It is effete as eternity, past, present, and future, is effete. It is effete—and in no other sense—as God Himself is effete, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

Last scene of all. The bright autumn sunshine is streaming in through the window-panes of a little village church, plain almost to meanness. Beside the entrance to a vault, made beautiful by evergreens, stands a coffin, covered and surrounded with floral tributes from princes and peasants, from nobles and costermongers. An aged man, of over four-score years, is being laid to rest in the burial-place of his fathers. Only his sons and daughters, his relatives, friends, and tenants, stand around the bier, yet the whole nation mourns. But yesterday that bier had rested, on its way to this simple village church, in Westminster Abbey, and then all England stood around and wept. Each man, woman, and child of the thousands who had gathered there, felt that a personal loss had been sustained; every class in society, every section in the Church, every institution in the land, and been influenced by him. For sixty years he had been the champion in every battle on behalf of the poor and the oppressed; the friend and helper of all who were afflicted in mind, body, or estate; and, especially, the leader in every movement having relation to the claims and interests of the labouring classes. And while those who thronged the Abbey shed their tears, ten thousand times ten

thousand of operatives whose labour he had lightened, of orphans he had sheltered, of outcasts he had rescued, of the oppressed he had set free, of ragged children he had clothed, of emigrants he had transplanted to new spheres, of Christian labourers whose zeal he had fostered, of young men he had warned of spiritual and fleshly dangers, paused in their daily tasks to share in the expression of universal grief, and to pray that "though God buries His workman He will yet carry on His work."

To tell the story of that life, in all its relations, religious, philanthropic, political, social, and domestic, is the task before us in these pages.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY AND HOME.

IN the reign of James I., John Cooper, a descendant of an old and honoured family, dwelt in the picturesque manor house in the village of Rockborne, Hampshire, close to the borders of Wiltshire and Dorsetshire. His father, Sir John Cooper, had been member of Parliament for Whitechurch, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and had inherited and amassed considerable wealth. Dying in 1619, he was succeeded by his son, John Cooper, who has been described as "very lovely and graceful both in face and person, of a moderate stature, neither too high nor too low, of an easy and affable nature, fair and just in all affairs."

At no great distance from Rockborne, there dwelt, at St. Giles's House, Cranborne, in the county of Dorset, Sir Anthony Ashley, who was knighted at the taking of Cadiz, in 1597, where he served as Secretary-at-War, and was sent home to give to Queen Elizabeth an account of the battle. He was a man who "had been for wisdom, courage, experience, skill in weapon, agility and strength of body, scarce paralleled in his age; of a large mind in all his actions, his person of the lowest." The Ashleys were a younger branch of an ancient family which came originally out of Wiltshire, where they were lords of a manor named Ashley. They had been planted at Wimborne St. Giles since the reign of Henry VI.; and their ancestors, traced through heirs female, had been lords of that manor from before the reign of Edward I.* To Sir Anthony Ashley, the estate of Wimborne St. Giles came, when he was advanced in life, by virtue of the entail in his grandfather's will. He had an only child, a daughter, sole heiress. She was of small stature, "a modest and virtuous woman, of a weaker mould and not so stirring a mind as her father."

John Cooper, the Hampshire squire, married this daughter and heiress of Sir Anthony Ashley, and the pair took up their residence at St. Giles's House.

Their son was the first Earl of Shaftesbury.

In an autobiographical fragment he says:—

"My birth was at Wimborn St. Gyles, in the county of Dorsett, on the 22nd day of July, 1621, early in the morning; my parents on both sides of a noble stock, being of the first rank of gentry in those counties where they lived. My mother's name was Anne, the sole daughter and heir of Sir Anthony

* Hutchin's "History of Dorsetshire,"

Ashley, knight and baronet, lord of the manor and place where I was born; my father, Sir John Cooper, knight and baronet, son of Sir John Cooper, of Rockborn, in the county Hamshyre. I was christened by the name of Anthony Ashley, for, notwithstanding my grandfather had articted with my father and his guardians that he should change his name to Ashley, yet, to make all sure in the eldest, he resolved to add his name, so that it should not be parted with."

In his ninth year he was left an orphan. He was precocious, however, and was so well able to take care of himself, that at the age of thirteen he undertook the management of his property, which had been allowed to get into confusion, and successfully carried a law-suit against his grand-uncle, Sir Francis Ashley, who had dealt unfairly by him. He was short in stature, and weak in body, but he managed to distinguish himself at Exeter College, Oxford, as the "leader of all the rough young men of that college, famous for the courage and strength of tall, raw-boned Cornish and Devonshire gentlemen, which in great numbers yearly came to that college, and did there maintain in the schools coursing against Christ Church, the largest and most numerous college in the University." "Coursing" was at one time a trial of learning, but in Ashley's day it had degenerated into a trial of physical strength and annoyance. He succeeded also in causing "that ill-custom of tucking freshmen to be left off," a custom of great antiquity, but of great unpleasantness. It was, it seems, the custom for the seniors to call up the freshmen and make them hold out their chins, "and they (the seniors) with the nail of the right thumb, left long for that purpose, grate off all the skin from the lip to the chin, and then cause them to drink a beer-glass of water and salt."

At the age of eighteen he married Margaret, a daughter of the Lord Keeper Coventry, and in his nineteenth year he was elected Member of Parliament for Tewkesbury.

Henceforth his career was brilliant but erratic. During the great Rebellion he was a Royalist and a Parliamentarian by turns; "a kind of half Cromwellian, with monarchical leanings, under the Commonwealth; a courtier, a patriot, a member of the Cabal, and a fierce Exclusionist under the Restoration. He changed sides with an audacity, a rapidity, and an adroitness, that made it difficult, almost impossible, to decide whether he was corrupt or incorrupt, whether he acted upon principle or no principle, whether he adopted expediency, broad enlightened expediency, for the rule of his public conduct, or, in each successive crisis, simply waited for the tide, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."* His biographer, who dedicates to the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury the life "of his celebrated and much maligned ancestor," † says that "he lived in times of violent party fury; and calumny, which

* *Quarterly Review*, No. 260.

† "Life of Anthony Ashley Cooper, First Earl of Shaftesbury." By W. D. Christie, M.A., Formerly her Majesty's Minister to the Argentine Confederation and to Brazil. 2 vols., 1871.

fiercely assailed him living, pursued him in his grave, and still darkens his name. He lived in times when the public had little or no authentic information about the proceedings of members of the Government or of Parliament, when errors in judging public men were more easy than now, and when venal pamphleteers, poets, and play-writers drove a profitable trade in libels on public men."

He played a very prominent and important part in the age in which he lived, and his vigilance in watching and taking advantage of every turn in the progress of events materially assisted in bringing about the Restoration. Honours were showered thick upon him; he was made, soon after Charles had come over, Governor of the Isle of Wight, Colonel of a regiment of horse, Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Dorset, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a Privy Councillor. He was raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Ashley of Wimborne St. Giles, in 1661; and in 1672 he was advanced to an earldom by the titles of Baron Cooper of Paulett, in the county of Somerset, and Earl of Shaftesbury. In the same year he was made Lord High Chancellor; and it was with reference to his integrity and ability as a judge that Dryden, who elsewhere in his "Absalom and Achitophel" has scathed him with severe and bitter satire, wrote:—

"Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress;
Swift of despatch, and easy of access."

Shaftesbury only retained the seals until November 1673, when, through the influence of the Duke of York and the Romish party in the Cabinet, he was required to relinquish them. Immediately on his dismissal from office he openly joined the ranks of the opposition; and by raising the cry of "No Popery," soon regained his popularity among them. For declaring that a Parliament which had been prorogued for a year and three months was tantamount to a dissolution, and that there was no lawful Parliament in existence, he was committed to the Tower, where he remained for twelve months, and was only released upon submitting to the humiliation of begging pardon, on his knees, of the House of Lords and the King. After this he stood forth as the champion of Protestantism; and took an eager part in maintaining the truth of the story of Titus Oates and the alleged Popish Plot.

Among the many matters by which the first Earl of Shaftesbury has made himself to be remembered are his opposition to the Corporation and Uniformity Acts; his denunciation of the transfer of Dunkirk to the French; his counsel to Charles II. to suspend the execution of the penal laws against the Nonconformists and Recusants; and, especially, the introduction of the Habeas Corpus Act, the keystone of British liberty. It was with great difficulty he succeeded in passing the Bill; and its third reading "is said to have

been carried by an accident, though strongly opposed by the Court of King Charles and by the House of Lords. Bishop Burnet says Lords Grey and Norris were named to be tellers. Lord Norris, being a man subject to vapours, was not at all times attentive to what he was doing. So, a very fat lord coming in, Lord Grey counted him for ten, as a jest, at first; but, seeing Lord Norris had not observed it, he went on with his mis-reckoning of ten. So it was reported to the House, and decided, that they who were for the Bill were the majority, though it indeed went on the other side." *

Later on, Shaftesbury took the hazardous step of appearing at Westminster Hall to present to the Grand Jury, then sitting in the Court of King's Bench, an indictment of the Duke of York as a Popish Recusant. Shaftesbury's action on this occasion, and his subsequent efforts to exclude the Duke of York from the throne, resulted in his being seized on the 2nd of July, 1681, at his residence, Thanet House, Aldersgate Street, and carried to Whitehall, where he was brought before the King and Council, and committed to the Tower on a charge of high treason in conspiring for the death of the King and the subversion of the Government.

When, however, the bill of indictment was preferred against him at the Old Bailey on the 24th November, the Grand Jury ignored it, to the great joy of the people, with whom he was highly popular, and who celebrated his acquittal "by halloaing and shouting, by bell-ringing and bonfires, and such public rejoicing in the city," that, as the Duke of York is reported to have said, "never such an insolent defiance of authority before was seen."

After this Shaftesbury contemplated an armed insurrection, but not receiving the support he had anticipated, and feeling that there was no longer safety for him in England, he determined, as he was broken in health, and weary with incessant toil, to make his escape to Holland. Disguised as a Presbyterian minister, he left Harwich on November 28th, 1682, and soon after reached Amsterdam, where he took up his residence. But he had not been there many weeks before he was taken ill with gout; the malady flew to his stomach, and he died on the 21st January, 1683.

There are many opinions as to the character of the first Earl of Shaftesbury; there is only one opinion as to his genius and ability.

Hallam describes him as "a man destitute of all honest principle." † Macaulay says of him that "he had served and betrayed a succession of governments;" ‡ and, when speaking of his death in Holland, adds that "he had escaped the fate which his manifold perfidy had deserved." Elsewhere he says, with intense bitterness, "Every part of his life reflected infamy on the other."

Hume recognises in him one of the most remarkable characters of his age, and acknowledges that whatever party Shaftesbury joined, his great capacity and singular talents soon gained him their confidence, and enabled

* "Lives of Lord Chancellors," vol. iii., p. 276.

† "Constitutional History of England," vol. ii.

‡ "History of England," vol. i., 213.

him to take the lead amongst them; at the same time, he alleges that Shaftesbury's "eminent abilities, by reason of his insatiable desires, were equally dangerous to himself, to the prince, and to the people."

Much of the calumny that has lingered round the name of the first Earl of Shaftesbury is due to inaccurate statements, that have been weighed in the balances of more just criticism, and found to be wanting.

John Locke, who lived in confidential intimacy with Shaftesbury for nearly twenty years, and left a memoir of him full of glowing praise, admired in him "that penetration, that presence of mind, which always prompted him with the best expedients in the most desperate cases; that noble boldness which appeared in all his public discourses, always guided by a solid judgment, which, never allowing him to say anything but what was proper, regulated his least word, and left no hold to the vigilance of his enemies." * Even Dryden acknowledged him to be "incorruptible;" and Lady Russell bore witness to the perfect charity of "the great faulty human being in whom the faults are indissolubly blended with the greatness."

His biographer says: "He was a man of eager temperament, great ability, and high mental cultivation; he was a man of the world, and free from hypocrisy and cant; he was outspoken, courageous, and honest. Honesty is a bad card in public life, where tact is more valued than truth, and servility than independence. Shaftesbury was fond of a simile from Sir Walter Raleigh's writings, that 'whosoever shall follow truth too near the heels it may haply strike out his teeth.' † Raleigh had applied this to the writing of contemporary history; Shaftesbury transferred it to a politician seeking truth and pursuing it, in opposition to power, and amid the hypocrisies, self-seekings, meannesses, and falsehoods of public men."

He was three times married, and, by his second wife, Frances, daughter of David Cecil, third Earl of Exeter, left a son, who succeeded him. Lady Frances Cecil was a direct descendant, through the Cecils, from Thomas of Woodstock, fifth son of Edward III., while "on her maternal side she was of kin, through the Egertons, the peerages of Derby and Cumberland, and the ducal house of Suffolk, to John of Gaunt. So that the descendants of the first Earl of Shaftesbury have Plantagenet blood in their veins, and are of the lineage of William the Conqueror himself."

The second Earl appears not to have been strong either in body or in mind. Although of singularly handsome features, his physical and mental powers were below the average, and it was with reference to these infirmities that Dryden wrote of the inheritance of the first Earl:—

"And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeather'd two-legged thing, a son,
Got while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy."

* Locke's Works, vol. x., p. 167.

† In the preface to Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World."

At the age of seventeen he married Dorothy, third daughter of John Manners, first Duke of Rutland, the marriage negotiations having been entrusted to John Locke.

"My father," says his son, the third Earl, "was an only child, and of no firm health, which induced my grandfather, in concern for his family, to think of marrying him as soon as possible. He was too young and inexperienced to choose a wife for himself, and my grandfather too much in business to choose one for him. The affair was nice, for, though my grandfather required not a great fortune, he insisted on good blood, good person and constitution, and, above all, good education and a character as remote as possible from that of Court, or town-bred lady. All this was thrown upon Mr. Locke, who, being already so good a judge of men, my grandfather doubted not of his equal judgment in women. He departed from him, entrusted and sworn, as Abraham's head servant that ruled over all that he had, and went into a far country (the North of England) to seek for his son a wife, whom he as successfully found." *

There were seven children born of this marriage, and the eldest son, as third Earl of Shaftesbury, was destined to exercise a considerable influence in the world, and to hand down his name to posterity as the author of the "Characteristics." He was a great favourite with his grandfather, to whose guardianship he was formally made over when he was only three years old. It was arranged that his education should be under the absolute direction of John Locke; and, although the actual instruction was given, in the first instance, by a Mrs. Elizabeth Birch, a lady of great ability, Locke superintended everything. "To whom," his pupil confessed, "next my immediate parents, as I must own the greatest obligation, so I have ever preserved the highest gratitude and duty." Elsewhere he styles him his "friend and foster-father."

In November 1683, at the age of thirteen, Shaftesbury was sent to Winchester; but he did not remain there long, and completed his education by a few years of foreign travel in company with Sir John Cropley, to whom, throughout his life, he was warmly attached. He entered Parliament in 1693 as one of the members for Poole; but his political career was brief—cut short by serious ill-health consequent upon his assiduous attention to parliamentary duties, in which he signally distinguished himself. Owing to the failure of his health, he resigned his seat in 1698, and, assuming the character of a medical student, settled for a time in Holland, where he fell into the company of many distinguished literary men, and had a full opportunity of developing his own taste for literature.

With the exception of a short period towards the close of the reign of King William and the accession of Queen Anne, when he made himself conspicuous by his zeal in the House of Lords, he never again took any part in public life, but devoted himself exclusively to literature.

* Letter from the third Earl of Shaftesbury to Le Clerc.

He published in quick succession for those times, his "Letter on Enthusiasm;" "Moralists, a Philosophical Rhapsody;" "Sensus Communis, or Essay on Wit and Humour;" "Soliloquy, or Advice to an Author," and other works, all of which, with one exception, were republished, shortly after his death at Naples in 1713, in three volumes, under the title of "Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times."

His treatises created considerable public interest on their first appearance, and won for him a large circle of enthusiastic admirers, notwithstanding the fact that they were written in a pompous, pedantic, and affected style—intolerable to the taste of the present day.

The letter which provoked the greatest amount of controversy was his "Sensus Communis," in which he promulgated his famous doctrine that ridicule is the test of truth.

In Ethics he maintained that everything is for the best, and that man is governed by a "moral-sense"—a natural sense of right and wrong, "as natural to us as natural affection itself, and a first principle in our constitution and make." In Religion the articles of his creed were few and simple. They may, says Mr. Fowler,* briefly be summed up as a belief in one God, whose most characteristic attribute is universal benevolence in the moral government of the universe, and in the future state of man making up for the imperfections, and repairing the inequalities of this present life.

The "Characteristics" provoked much controversy, and Shaftesbury's "system" became the object of severe attacks from Bernard de Mandeville, Butler, Berkeley, Warburton, and others. On the other hand, Pope borrowed from him; Leibnitz, Diderot, and Lessing acknowledged their indebtedness to him, and Voltaire lauded him as "the boldest English Philosopher."

Blair, in his "Lectures on Rhetoric," considers the author of the "Characteristics" as worthy of admiration for the beauty of his language, for the construction of his sentences, for cadence, for delicacy, and for refinement; while Warburton, who could not tolerate Shaftesbury's philosophy, bears this testimony to the man and his works: "The noble author of the 'Characteristics' had many excellent qualities both as a man and a writer. He was temperate, chaste, honest, and a lover of his country. In his writings he has shown how much he has imbibed the deep sense, and how naturally he could copy the gracious manner of Plato."

His only son, the fourth Earl, took very little part in public life. His delights were in literature, and art, and society. Handel was his intimate friend; and a complete set of the musician's oratorios in MS., bequeathed to him by the great composer, is still preserved at St. Giles's. He was married first to Susannah Noel, daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough, and, on her decease, to Mary, daughter of Viscount Folkestone, by whom he had two sons and one daughter.

Antony Ashley Cooper, the fifth Earl, succeeded to the title when he

* "Shaftesbury and Hutcheson." By Thomas Fowler, M.A., LL.D.

was ten years old. He does not appear to have made any mark in the world, and his name does not occur in Hansard, except as a signatory, with others, to a protest in the House of Lords. Samuel Jackson Pratt, a voluminous *littérateur*, dedicated to him "upon his return from a long residence in France," a poem entitled "The Contrast," and the *Gentleman's Magazine*, October 1808, in reviewing it, quotes, without giving the authority, a description of Lord Shaftesbury's seat, and of the "humble dwellings, whether situated in the adjacent towns and villages, or embosomed in the shades where the inhabitants are clothed, fed, or comforted by a benevolence that is hereditary in the Shaftesburys, and which has lost nothing of its genial glow by time or by descent."

The fifth Earl died without male issue on May 14, 1811, and the honours of the family devolved upon his only brother, Cropley Ashley (of whom we shall speak more hereafter), the father of the seventh Earl. He, for forty years, was "Chairman of Committees" in the House of Lords; and, during the great railway mania, his authority and impartiality in handling Bills which were brought before him were of great service to the State.

"After the third Earl," says a writer in the *Quarterly Review*; "occurs a long interval, during which no lineal descendant rose to celebrity. But let not those who maintain the hereditary quality of genius or character despair; for in this instance we are reminded of the river which, after running many miles underground, emerges clearer, purer, and less turbid than at its source. After a noiseless descent of nearly two centuries, the name and honours of the Earls of Shaftesbury have devolved upon one who inherits all the domestic virtues with much of the capacity, intellectual vigour, high courage, and eager, animated eloquence of their founder—one in whom ambition is chastened by the pure aims which make ambition virtue—who has uniformly employed his advantages of rank, wealth, and station to alleviate human misery, to improve the moral and material condition of the poor—who stands pre-eminent amongst British nobles for elevated, disinterested, untiring benevolence and philanthropy." *

Before proceeding to tell the story of the life of the seventh Earl it will be well, perhaps, having glanced at his ancestry, to introduce the reader to the ancestral home of the Ashleys.

The hereditary seat of the Ashleys is St. Giles's House, near Wimborne, in Dorsetshire, where, from the reign of Henry VI. the family has been planted, their ancestors, the Pleecys, having been lords of the manor from before the reign of Edward I.

St. Giles is reached from London by the Exeter line of the South Western Railway as far as Salisbury, and thence by the branch line to Verwood or Wimborne. The village of St. Giles—or Wimborne St. Giles—is two miles west of Cranborne, and nine miles north from Wimborne, or Wimborne Minster, the market and union town and polling place for the county.

* *Quarterly Review*, No. 260, p. 327.

St. Giles's House was once strongly fortified and surrounded by a moat, but all traces of what it was in the troublous times of the Wars of the Roses have long since disappeared, except the curious existence of a stream which passes right under the building. This water, diverted from the neighbouring river and returning to it again at a point lower down its course, served evidently to fill the ancient moat. When the latter was disused and filled up, the stream, instead of being cut off, was carelessly allowed to flow away by a central channel which still remains. The house is now a handsome mansion, approaching in form to a parallelogram, and built principally in the Elizabethan style. The towers, in the Italian style, surmounted by Renaissance turrets, were added by the seventh Earl.

The apartments are worthy of a great English nobleman's house. Their contents are full of interest. We can only refer to them briefly in passing. In the large entrance hall is the round table on which Thomson wrote his "Seasons." The dining-room is admirably proportioned, at once so compact and spacious, that forty guests will not crowd it, nor will half a dozen seem lost in it. It was Lord Shaftesbury's favourite room, of which he was especially proud, and, indeed, it would be difficult to find anywhere an apartment in which comfort and beauty are better united, and in which every detail combines to produce a more perfect harmony. The library, in which much of Lord Shaftesbury's time was spent, overlooks the park and garden, and is one of the most cheerful and beautiful rooms in the house. It is between sixty and seventy feet long, though low in height, like most ancient rooms, and the bookshelves, rising from floor to ceiling on all sides, are filled with a choice selection of ancient and modern works, many of them rare and valuable.

The most remarkable room in the house is the saloon or great hall. St. Giles's House was originally quadrangular in shape, and the central part was open to the sky. Now it is covered over and lighted by an oval lantern, and forms a large and splendid hall or saloon, with a gallery on three sides. The walls are hung with family portraits, while antiques and works of art are tastefully displayed on every hand. In this saloon there are an organ and a grand piano, and it was here that on Sunday evenings the family, the visitors, the servants, and many of the village folk assembled for a "service of song"—a pleasant homely service at which the Earl presided, and generally concluded by reading a chapter from the Bible and offering up a simple prayer.

St. Giles's House stands in a beautifully wooded park of 423 acres. A fine avenue of trees extends from the centre of the east front to one of the entrance lodges, a distance of about a mile; and another remarkably beautiful avenue of beeches, locally known as Brockington, was once one of the main approaches to the house. The clear sparkling stream, the Wim, or Allen, runs through the park, and forms, on the south side of the house, a lake of seven acres in extent, overlooking which is a summer-house, adorned with memorials of the poet Thomson, who died in a house at Richmond afterwards bought and inhabited by the sixth Earl. They were brought here when that house was pulled down.



ST. GILES'S HOUSE.

In the pleasure grounds on the south-east of the house is a remarkable grotto, probably the finest in England. It consists of two parts, the innermost and largest being composed principally of Indian shells, and the outer grotto of shells, ores, and minerals, collected from various parts of the world. The collecting of shells and minerals was a hobby of the fourth Earl, and when he had amassed an enormous number of specimens he had them arranged in their present form. The work was begun in 1757, and took two years to complete. The cost of collecting, building, and arranging has been variously estimated; but it is believed that at least £10,000 was spent upon it.

There are many fine old trees in the park; one, a magnificent yew, is said to be over two thousand years old.

The parish church of Wimborne St. Giles is on the north side of the village, close beside the gates of St. Giles's House. It is by no means a picturesque church, and the interior, consisting of a chancel and nave, is extremely plain. It was rebuilt and enlarged in 1732 by the fourth Earl of Shaftesbury; repaired and altered by his son about half a century later; and entirely remodelled and beautified by the seventh Earl in the year 1852.

Although the register dates only from 1652, the church is of much greater antiquity, and was probably the burial-place of the Malnaynes, the Pleceys, and other lords of the manor, long before it became the family burial-place of the Shaftesburys. In the chancel there is an effigy believed to represent Sir John de Plecy, a Crusader, who died in 1313.

On the north side of the chancel there is a fine monument, with full-length figures of Sir Anthony Ashley and his wife; the former in armour and bare-headed, the latter in her state gown; and both have the starched ruff round the neck.

At the side of this tomb is the monument of Anne Ashley, their daughter and only child—she who married Sir John Cooper of Rockborne (whence, as already stated, the double name in the Shaftesbury family of Ashley-Cooper is derived). The body of their son, the first Earl of Shaftesbury, who died in Holland, was conveyed across the Channel in a vessel hung with black and adorned with streamers and escutcheons. It was met at Poole by the principal gentlemen of the county, who formed a guard of honour for the funeral, which took place in this church.

There is a tablet on the north wall to the third Earl, who is described as "a celebrated author;" and on the south side is a beautiful marble monument to the fourth Earl, "who, from a consistency of virtuous conduct in public and private, had as many friends and as few enemies as ever fell to the lot of man." A simple slab of Caen stone to the memory of the father of the seventh Earl bears the inscription, "Cropley, Earl of Shaftesbury, born Dec. 21, 1768; died June 2, 1851. His own recorded wishes demanded the simplicity of this memorial."

In addition to these are many other memorials, to some of which reference will be made later on, as they are more immediately connected with the family of the seventh Earl.

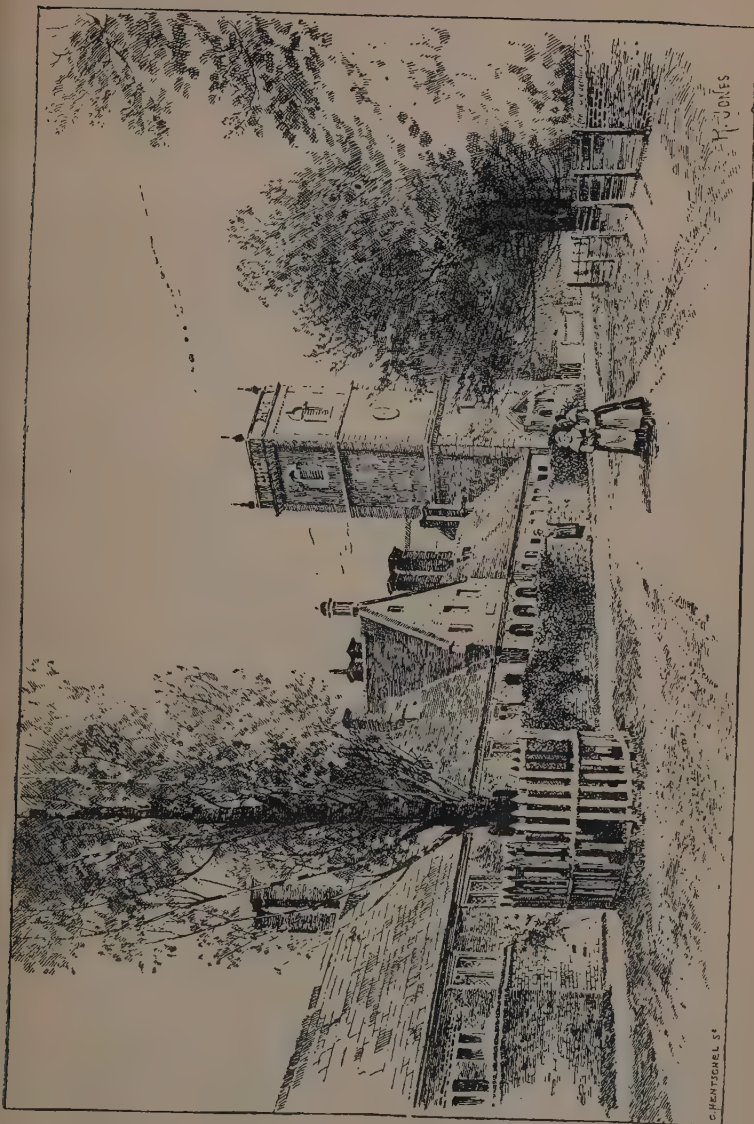
Close to the church is a row of ten almshouses erected by Sir Anthony Ashley about the year 1624. A stone in the centre of the row bears the inscription, "Liberasti me, Domine, in Maxima Tribulatione." While Ashley was serving abroad in 1596 at the siege of Cadiz, he was accused of having, previously to his departure, compassed the death of one of his dependants. He was, on his return, tried but acquitted by the Star Chamber; and this building, thus inscribed as a mark of gratitude to God, and dedicated to the poor, is supposed to have been meant by him to commemorate his deliverance.

Opposite the almshouses, protected by an iron railing, is a poplar tree which Lord Shaftesbury took pleasure in pointing out to his visitors, as it was planted by Dr. Livingstone, the famous African explorer and missionary, when on a visit at St. Giles's House in 1854.

The village is pleasantly situated, and has a population of about 500, an increase of 150 from the year 1801, the year in which Lord Shaftesbury was born, and in which the first census was taken. The cottages are mostly semi-detached and surrounded by pleasant little gardens, neatly kept, and abounding in fruit trees, vegetables, and flowers. These cottages, admirable in their construction, and each consisting of five or six rooms, well planned for comfort, for convenience, and for health, are let at the low rent of one shilling a week, or one-sixteenth of the average wages of the labouring men who occupy them.

The school-house stands in the middle of the village, and is the centre of many activities. The average school attendance in 1880 was one in four of the whole population.

Not only in this village, but in the villages round about, the care and kindness of Lord Shaftesbury were manifested, and the charge which is often brought against philanthropists, of caring for those afar off while neglecting those close at hand, could never be brought against him by any one who had paid a visit to Wimborne St. Giles.



ALMSHOUSE WALK, AND CHURCH, ST. GILES'S, DORSET.

CHAPTER II.

CHILDHOOD AND EARLY YEARS.

ANTONY ASHLEY-COOPER was born at 24, Grosvenor Square, on the 28th of April, 1801. His mother was the daughter of George, fourth Duke of Marlborough, and his father, as we have seen, was Cropley Ashley, who, in 1811, on the death of his brother, Antony Ashley, the fifth Earl of Shaftesbury, without male issue, succeeded to the title. The early home influences surrounding young Ashley were not in themselves favourable to the development of his character. His father was a man of considerable ability—of keen sense, and of quick discernment; but he was engrossed in the cares and duties of public life. His mother was a fascinating woman, attached, after a certain manner, to her children; but too much occupied with the claims of fashion and of pleasure to be very mindful of their religious training or of their general warfare. It followed that the tone, the conversation, the amusements, the opinions, the spirit of the home, were all opposed to the early bent of his mind which, from his earliest years, was in the direction of the career he ultimately made for himself. He received no help from his parents in his religious life. His mother did not attempt to influence him in such matters; his father, on one or two occasions, asked him a question from the Catechism, and the answer would meet with approval or displeasure, according to the verbal accuracy with which it was given. For the rest, the boy was left to grow up in the old “high-and-dry school”—in the cold, lifeless, formal orthodoxy of the times.

But, although there was little in the home to foster, while there was much to discourage, the growth of that piety which was to characterise so signally his after-life, one source of helpful and tender influence was preserved to him.

There was in the household a faithful old servant, Maria Millis, who had been maid to young Ashley’s mother, when she was a girl at Blenheim, and who was now retained as housekeeper. She was a simple-hearted, loving, Christian woman, faithful in her duties to her earthly master, and faithful in her higher duties to her heavenly Master. She formed a strong attachment to the gentle, serious child, and would take him on her knees and tell him Bible stories, especially the sweet story of the Manger of Bethlehem and the Cross of Calvary. It was her hand that touched the chords and awakened the first music of his spiritual life. Although not yet seven years of age, there was in his heart a distinct yearning for God; and to her he was indebted for the guidance and the training under which the longing of his heart was ultimately developed into a settled and intelligent faith.

She taught him a prayer—the first prayer he ever learnt; a prayer which he never omitted to use through all the trying days that were soon to come upon him. And in his old age, especially in times of sickness, he very frequently found himself in his prayers repeating those simple words.

It would have been interesting to have read the words of that prayer; it would, perchance, have been helpful to those who have the care and oversight of young lives, to know what simple words may be made instrumental in leading a life towards its highest aims. Almost the last promise made to the writer by Lord Shaftesbury prior to his fatal illness was that he would endeavour to find time to put down the words of that prayer in writing, but the intention was frustrated.

At the age of seven, young Ashley went to school. There were, at the beginning of this century, certain schools to which children of the aristocracy were sent, such as, happily, would not be tolerated now under any circumstances. They were hot-beds of every kind of evil and mischief, where bullying, and many other forms of cruelty, were permitted, if not encouraged; where might was right, and the lives of weak and timid boys were made almost intolerable.

To such a school, at the Manor House, Chiswick, now an asylum for the insane, young Ashley was sent. It had a reputation, and a good one in some respects; it was eminently respectable, and the sons of noble families were sent to it. It was formerly a place of retirement for sick scholars from Westminster School; and in 1657 the famous Dr. Busby was living there with some of his pupils; but at the time of which we write it was in the occupation of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Horne. Dr. Horne was a good classical scholar, capable of imparting to his pupils plenty of Latin and Greek; but the art of education, in its wider sense, the training of character and disposition, the formation of principles, the cultivation of good habits—these were things neglected or ignored. Evil of every kind was rampant; there was neither proper supervision nor proper food; cruel punishments were inflicted for slight offences; and great offences, such as bullying, foul language, or blackguardism generally—not coming within the range of school discipline—were left unchecked.

Says Crabbe, in his "Tales of the School":—

"Oh! there's a wicked little world in schools,
Where mischief's suffered and oppression rules;
Where mild, quiescent children oft endure
What a long, placid life shall fail to cure."

It was so in young Ashley's case. He lived in a state of constant terror from the cruelty of the elder boys, and suffered exquisite misery for years through the neglect and inhumanity of the principal of the school in failing to provide sufficiently even the necessities of life.

The young days of his life, instead of being full of brightness and sunshine and merriment, were made utterly wretched. Even in old age he

would say:—"The memory of that place makes me shudder; it is repulsive to me even now. I think there never was such a wicked school before or since. The place was bad, wicked, filthy; and the treatment was starvation and cruelty."

Young Ashley had not been long at the Manor House School when a great trouble befell him. Maria Millis, the faithful servant and friend, the one who alone in all the world had sympathised with his simple child-faith, and had been the means of giving it increased vitality, was called to her rest.

It was his first great grief, and it came at a time when he was least able to bear it. Boyish sorrow, although often very real and passionate, is commonly resisted and overcome by a nature full of life and of life's fresh and vivid interests. But Ashley was feeling deeply the loneliness of a school life amidst uncongenial associates and under a system that offered no alleviation to one so tender and sensitive. He clung to his old friend, for she was the only grown-up person in the world he really loved; the only one to whom he had dared to speak of the misery of his school life; the only one with whom bright and beautiful memories of his earlier years were associated. And now that she was gone, there was no one to whom he could unbosom the great sorrow her loss had brought to him; his parents were not cast in a tender mould, they ruled by fear and not by love, and his three sisters were too young, and lacked the opportunity, to give him help. He felt that with his old nurse his last chance of happiness had gone; he mourned for her "with a grievous mourning," for she was more to him than all the world beside, and he felt a terrible loneliness which sent a chill through his life. Without a soul on earth to whom he could go for comfort, he turned with a child's simple faith to the old Book that she had loved, and spread his sorrows before the Heavenly Friend whom she had taught him to regard as full of pity and tenderness.

In her will she left him her watch—a handsome gold one—and until the day of his death he never wore any other. He was fond even to the last of showing it, and would say, "That was given to me by the best friend I ever had in the world."

In one less earnest and resolute, the spiritual life, thus deprived of its accustomed support, and left to be lived apart, might have been in danger of decline. But, throughout the five years during which he remained at the Manor House, he persevered in his habit of praying and reading the Bible, despite the sneers and opposition of his fellows; and he never forgot the lessons he had learned from Maria Millis.

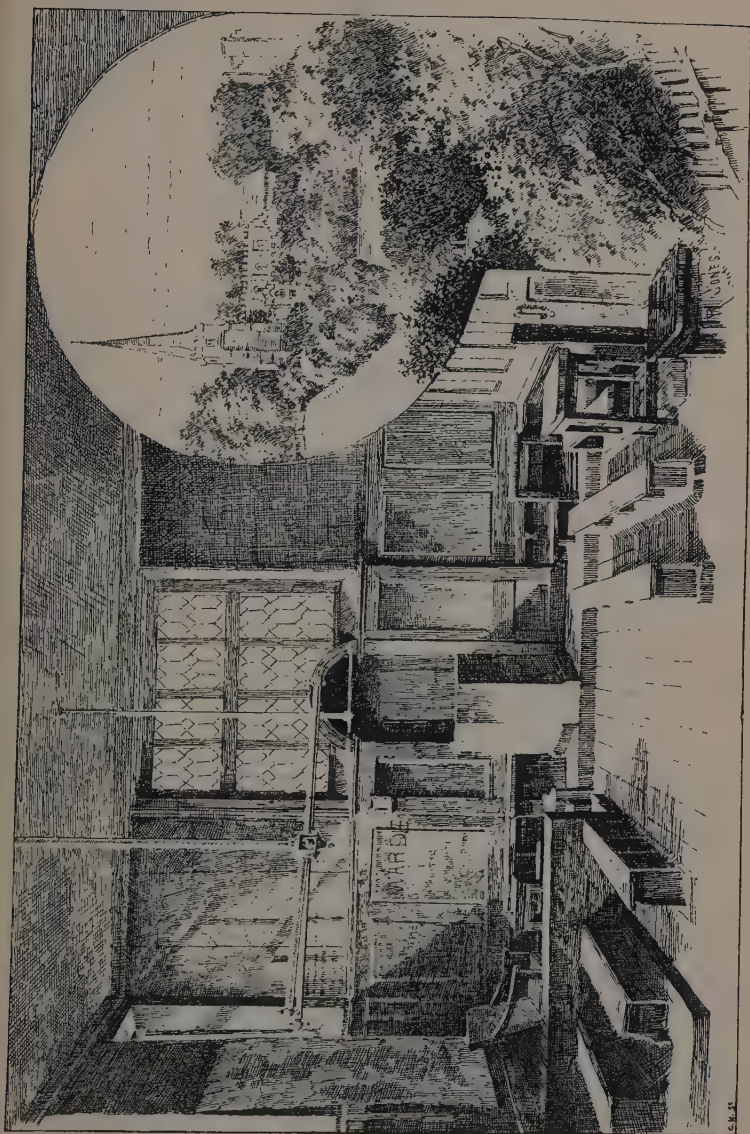
Of all the social changes of this century of change, perhaps there is none more remarkable than that which has come over the relationship of parents and children. It was once the almost universal practice for parents to rule their children by severity and fear, now the opposite extreme prevails; respect and reverence for parents have perhaps decreased, but affection has undoubtedly increased. In the case of many, the severity of home was bearable,

inasmuch as it was of short duration, and the return to school was hailed with delight as a welcome relief. In young Ashley's case there was neither joy in going back to school, nor joy in coming home. His parents had a mistaken idea of education, of parental authority, rights, and obligations; and the fear with which Ashley regarded his schoolmaster and the bullies of the school was less than the fear with which he regarded his parents. There was no sympathy of any kind between them; no exhibition, in any way, of affection. His heart sank within him when the day came for him to go home for the holidays, and it sank within him when he had to return to school. Nor was it only the presence of his parents in the home that made life oppressive; their absence had exactly the same effect, for then he was left with his sisters, to the tender mercies of the servants, and he knew, times without number, what it was to be kept for days without sufficient food until he was pinched with starvation; and could recall many weary nights in winter when he lay awake all through the long hours, suffering from cold.

It is not well to dwell upon these details—it may be considered unwise to have referred to them at all. But they are necessary to the right appreciation of his subsequent career. No one who knew Lord Shaftesbury could fail to observe in him an air of melancholy, a certain sombreness and sadness, which habitually surrounded him like an atmosphere. It was no doubt to be attributed, in great measure, to the scenes of suffering and sorrow which were continually before him; but it was also largely due to the fact that there had been no light-heartedness in his childhood, and that the days to which most men look back with the keenest delight were only recalled by him with a shrinking sense of horror. But it is important to the understanding of his life in another aspect that this record of his unhappy childhood should be given. Those early years of sorrow were the years in which he was graduating for his great life-work. He had suffered oppression; henceforth his life would be devoted to fighting the battles of the oppressed. He had known loneliness, and cold, and hunger; henceforth he would plead the cause of the poor, the lonely, the suffering, and the hungry. He had known the loss of a happy childhood; henceforth he would labour, as long as life should last, to bring joy and gladness to the hearts and homes of little children.

At the age of twelve there came a change, a welcome change, in the life of young Ashley. He was removed from the Manor House School, sent straight to Harrow, and placed under the care, and in the house, of Dr. Butler, the Head Master. He soon found himself associated with a gentlemanly set of fellows, among whom was Sir Harry Verney, who, as is well known, has greatly distinguished himself by his large-hearted philanthropy.

No freed slave ever rejoiced in his emancipation, no over-worked factory hand ever hailed his "protection," no rescued outcast ever delighted in a newly-found "Home" more heartily than did young Ashley rejoice in his transfer to Harrow. It was the beginning of a new life to him; whatever



HARROW CHURCH AND SCHOOL-ROOM.

might happen now in vacation-time he would at least be able to look forward with pleasure to his return to school.

He was still, however, without those influences which are sometimes thought to be of first importance in the formation of a religious character; his conduct was regulated by Christian instincts, but not by any settled principles; he had floating impressions of good, but no fixed and steadfast purpose. Yet his eyes and his heart were opening gradually, and meanwhile he could say, as regarded the letter of the moral law, "all these things have I kept."

In speaking of these times to the present writer he said:—"I distinctly remember how often it was impressed upon my mind that the Bible Society, which was founded when I was three years old, was an evil and a revolutionary institution, opposed alike to Church and State. I was brought up in the old 'high-and-dry' school, and believed it to be a meritorious thing to hate Dissenters. As to their doing any good in the world, the very idea seemed to be monstrous, if, indeed, it ever occurred to me. As to their having any views of their own worthy of consideration, it never crossed my mind, until one day I got hold of a copy of some Commentary, and after reading for a while with great interest, it suddenly struck me, 'The writer must have been a rank Dissenter!'" and I instantly shut up the book, recoiling from it as I would from poison. One of the first things that opened my eyes was reading of Doddridge being condemned as a Dissenter, and I remember exclaiming, 'Good heavens! how will he stand in the judgment, at the bar of God, as compared with Pope Alexander VI.?' It was not till I was twenty-five years old, or thereabouts, that I got hold of 'Scott's Commentary on the Bible,' and, struck with the enormous difference between his views and those to which I had been accustomed, I began to think for myself."

Vast as was the improvement in his comfort at Harrow, the state of things was not in those days to be compared with these.

"A strange reminiscence of Harrow in the first thirty years of the nineteenth century was recounted by Lord Shaftesbury, when presiding at the Harrow Triennial Dinner, on June 18th, 1884. 'He recalled the case of a master who, being himself a bad sleeper, frequently called up his form—the Shell—at four o'clock on a winter's morning, and relieved the tedium of the night by this very early first school.' The venerable philanthropist also spoke with horror of the unpleasant state of Duck Puddle in his time, when it swarmed with insects, reform having been brought about by the Earl's own ingenuity in selecting the subject for Latin verse composition."*

Although his father had succeeded to the Shaftesbury title and estates in 1811, it was not until some few years after that young Ashley paid his first visit to St. Giles's House. He went there from Harrow, to pass the summer holidays, and singularly happy days they were for him in comparison with those he had spent at the Richmond house, in summer, and the house in

* "Harrow School and its Surroundings," by Percy M. Thornton, p. 364.

Grosvenor Square, in winter, when he had come home for his holidays from the Manor House School.

Even as a boy he was always an ardent lover of the country; and was never so happy as when rambling in the midst of forest scenery, or in rural haunts, where, to a contemplative mind, every sight and sound is full of suggestion. Harrow and its beautiful surroundings had done much to dissipate the gloom which had gathered over his childhood; and St. Giles's helped to finish what Harrow had begun. His mind was braced up and invigorated; new hopes and aspirations were kindled, old perturbations of spirit were allayed, and the prospects of life looked brighter than they had ever done before as he viewed them under the influence of these country scenes.

He was a great lover, too, of natural history and the various sciences which reveal the wonders of the world around; and his rambles brought him every day in contact with these unwritten books of God, which he read with infinite delight. He explored every nook and corner of Cranborne Chase, an immense sylvan region, at one time comprising an area of eighteen square miles. As late as 1828 it contained 12,000 deer and as many as six lodges, each of which had its "walk" and was under the management of a ranger. "Nothing," says the poet Bowles, "can be more wild than this leafy labyrinth, opening at times and showing through the hollies, and thorns, and hazels some distant wooded hamlet in sunshine. On the bordering downs no object meets the eye except here and there, at a distance, a small round clump of trees on summits called by the people of the country appropriately *a hat of trees*." It was in Cranborne Chase that, after the battle of Sedgemoor, the Duke of Monmouth, disguised in rustic attire, was taken prisoner under the ash tree which is still pointed out. The tree stands on the Shaftesbury estate.

Nor were the surroundings of St. Giles's deficient in objects of interest of all kinds. There was the old town of Cranborne—from which the Salisbury family take their second title—with its ancient church, one of the oldest and largest in the county, near which Edward Stillingfleet, the famous Bishop of Worcester, was born; and its picturesque Manor House, belonging to the Marquis of Salisbury, with interesting historical memorials of kings and queens who used it as a hunting lodge when visiting the Chase.

A few miles further afield is the market town of Wimborne, or Wimborne Minster, with its exquisite and venerable collegiate church, where lie the remains of royal and noble personages.

But dearer than all was the "great house" which was now his home, with its treasures of art and literature, and its sumptuous and pleasant apartments. And dear, too, was the little village just outside the gates, where dwelt the simple country folk, in whose society, even as a boy, he found gratification.

Throughout his life Lord Shaftesbury had never the least hesitation in tracing the time when his spiritual history had a beginning. He unhesitatingly affirmed that it was when he was seven years of age under the influence of his nurse Maria Millis.

In like manner he used to say that he could remember the day and the hour in which he made his first start in a philanthropic career.

It was while he was at Harrow, and when he was between fourteen and fifteen years of age, that an incident occurred which, simple as it was in itself, influenced his whole after-life. He was one day walking alone down Harrow Hill when he was startled by hearing a great shouting and yelling in a side street, and the singing of a low Bacchanalian song. Presently the noisy party turned the corner of the street, and to his horror he saw that four or five drunken men were carrying a roughly-made coffin, containing the mortal remains of one of their fellows, for burial. Staggering as they turned the corner, they let their burden fall, and then they broke out into foul and horrible language. It was a sickening spectacle. No solitary soul was there as a mourner. A fellow-creature was about to be consigned to the tomb with indignities to which not even a dog should be subjected. Young Ashley was horrified, and stood gazing on the scene spell-bound. Then he exclaimed, "Good Heavens! can this be permitted, simply because the man was poor and friendless?"

Before the sound of the drunken songs had died away in the distance he had faced the future of his life, and had determined that, with the help of God, he would from that time forth devote his life to pleading the cause of the poor and friendless.

It is a curious circumstance, that nearly seventy years after that day, Lord Shaftesbury was walking down Harrow Hill with Dr. Butler, the son of his old master, at that time the head master of Harrow School, and subsequently Dean of Gloucester.

"Can your Lordship remember any particular incident or occasion which induced you to dedicate your life, as you have done, to the cause of the poor and wretched?" asked Dr. Butler, in total ignorance of the circumstances of the case.

"It is a most extraordinary coincidence that you should ask me that question here," answered Lord Shaftesbury, "for it was within ten yards of the spot where we are now standing that I first resolved to make the cause of the poor my own," and he then told him the above recorded incident.

In the beautiful park at Holwood, a few miles from Bromley, in Kent, there is a solid stone seat beside an old tree, just above the steep descent into the vale of Keston. It was on that spot that Wilberforce stood in earnest conversation with Pitt, and determined, on the recommendation of his friend, to give notice on a fit occasion in the House of Commons, of his intention to bring forward the question of the Abolition of Slavery.

It would be well that some day there should be erected on Harrow Hill a suitable monument—perhaps a similar one—to mark the spot where the freedom of countless thousands of poor factory children, chimney sweeps, agricultural labourers, and others, had its origin.

But the work of life had not yet commenced—he was still a mere boy,

with a great many floating impressions, and only a few determinations. It is no uncommon thing for earnest people to paint their own demerits in exceedingly dark colours, and in looking back across the many years of his life to this period, and on to the time when he took up the factory question, Lord Shaftesbury was wont to charge himself with "the besetting sin of idleness."

"Many excellent persons," says Lord Macaulay, "whose moral character from boyhood to old age has been free from any stain discernible to their fellow-creatures, have, in their autobiographies and diaries, applied to themselves, and doubtless with sincerity, epithets as severe as could be applied to Titus Oates or Mrs. Brownrigg."*

It is not difficult to understand why it was that Lord Ashley was wont to charge himself with the sin of idleness, and bemoan, what he sometimes calls, by a pardonable exaggeration, his misspent time. When once he was launched out into the full stream of labour, and was carried away with it so that he had to economise every moment of every day, he begrudged the years which he might, as he thought, have given to the help of his fellow-creatures.

But those years were not really idle; he was laying in a store of knowledge on which he could hereafter draw; he was drinking in influences which were to mould and discipline his future; and his character was forming, not by violent and abnormal means, but by the gradual, steady development which culminates in true and abiding strength.

A fragment written by Lord Shaftesbury towards the close of his life, and given to the writer merely as a memorandum, is partly an epitome of what has been already told:†—

Born 28th April, 1801, at 24, Grosvenor Square. Very little or no recollection of my earliest years. Remember that I soon passed under the special care of the housekeeper, who had been my mother's maid before her marriage. She was an affectionate, pious woman. She taught me many things, directing my thoughts to highest subjects; and I can even now call to my mind many sentences of prayer she made me repeat at her knees. To her I trace, under God, my first impressions.

I and my sisters—all three of them older than myself—were brought up with great severity, moral and physical, in respect both of mind and body, the opinion of our parents being that, to render a child obedient, it should be in a constant fear of its father and mother.

At seven went to school—a very large one at Chiswick. Nothing could have surpassed it for filth, bullying, neglect, and hard treatment of every sort; nor had it in any respect any one compensating advantage, except, perhaps, it may have given me an early horror of oppression and cruelty. It was very similar to Dotheboys Hall.

Remained for five years, and then sent to Harrow and became the pupil and

* Macaulay's "Biographies." (John Bunyan.)

† This fragment Lord Shaftesbury took with him to Folkestone just before his last illness, intending to amplify the account of his early years.

lived, with others, in the house of Dr. Butler, the Head Master of the school. Things were there on a very different footing compared with Chiswick.

Left Harrow soon after fifteen years of age. Had reached the Sixth Form and had learned very little. But that was my own fault. Though I obtained some prizes, I was, on the whole, idle and fond of amusements, and I neglected most opportunities of acquiring knowledge.

At about sixteen I went to reside with a clergyman in Derbyshire who had married my first cousin. I was sent there, in fact, to be got out of the way, for the clergyman never professed that he was able to teach me anything, nor, indeed, did my father require of him any such services. I had a horse, and there were dogs belonging to the house that constituted my great amusement; and a family in the neighbourhood showed me abundant hospitality.

I remained there about two years, and perhaps no two years were ever so misspent. I hardly ever opened a book, and seldom heard anything that was worth hearing; nevertheless, there were constantly floating in my mind all sorts of aspirations, though I never took a step to make their fulfilment possible.

My father had resolved to put me in the army, but he was dissuaded from that purpose by the influence, I believe, of a friend, of whose kind act I shall always think with the deepest gratitude.

My father then resolved to place me at Christ Church, Oxford, to which place he took me in 1819. The Rev. T. V. Short, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, was appointed to be my tutor: a kind man and a worthy, and a good one taken altogether. I remember well his first question, "Do you intend to take a degree?" This was a strong demand upon one who had lost so many years in idleness and amusements, yet I answered at once, "I cannot say, but I will try."

He did try, and the result was that in 1822 he took a first class in classics. Referring to this in after-life, he said, modestly, "I have had a great many surprises in my life, but I do not think I was ever more surprised than when I took honours at Oxford." It was not a matter of surprise, however, to others, for he had entered upon his studies with the determination to succeed, and had worked with the vigour and concentration which characterised him in many other efforts in which he was similarly resolved.

A year or two before his death he met, on the platform of the Victoria Institute, Bishop Short, of Adelaide, who had not seen him since they were students together sixty years before. There were cordial greetings, and in his speech the Bishop referred to their college days. "I well remember," he said, "watching Lord Ashley day after day walking up the great hall of that ancient house on his way to lecture, assiduous in his duties, diligent in his studies; and I remember thinking, 'If that is a specimen of the English aristocracy, we have in the House of Lords an institution which has no rival throughout the world.'"

What were the thoughts and hopes and purposes, the plans and aspirations of Lord Ashley in this critical period between his college days and his entry upon his political career, have been told, as no one else could tell them,

by himself in a Journal of what he terms "fugitive and desultory notes," from which we make the following extracts :—

Aug. 13th, 1825.—First discourse of Chalmers in Tron Church. (The power of man's reason and the bounty of God in the advance of his knowledge will be manifested even in this world towards end of existence. Monarchy is the great principle in physics ; close relation of physics to morality. Solar system typical of government on earth. Argue that the circle or elliptic form is the most complete (being the most celestial figure). Form of bodies, course of bodies, &c., all round infer that morals will follow physics. Mankind began with monarchy and simplicity. It will return to the point from whence it started by a different route, which in morals is equivalent to a circle. Monarchy is the most perfect form, and will prevail again when man, as the planets, can perform his functions as simply and as truly.)

Aug. 24th.—Finished Chalmers ; "Bravo of Venice ;" "The Monk ;" "Lindley Murray's Grammar." He seems in everything inclined to destroy peculiarities of English idiom.

Aug. 25th.—Versified half of the 27th Psalm.

Aug. 31st.—Read a French novel, "Baron de Felsheim." Walter Scott has taken his *Caleb* from the *Brandt* of that book. I remember observing when I read Fenelon's "Existence de Dieu" that he could claim the original conception of the trope used by Canning, "The sea which divides other nations," &c., &c., &c.

Sept. 8th.—London. Talked about Woodstock with Forster.

To end of September at Stapleton and Chatsworth ; no thinking or reading.

Oct. 8th.—Ossington. Macgregor comes from *μακρηγορεῖν*, from some rascally bore who talked at great length.

Oct. 10th, Sunday.—Feelings of a warm and generous nature may be oftentimes wounded on earth ; nay, they may appear a curse, but they are not so ; these sentiments shall be purified in Heaven ; Divine intensity shall be added to their virtue, and their Lord shall be God. God possessing all happiness Himself, has shown by His creation that it consists in the communication of happiness to others.

Oct. 12th.—It may be argued that, even by moral institutions, giving is more noble than lending. To be sure one reasons upon the vices of one's nature, but regard the effects of each : lend to a friend, and you lose both friend and money ; is it so when you give ? Sometimes (for one benefited is occasionally humiliated), but not so frequently.

Oct. 13th.—I have a great mind to found a policy upon the Bible ; in public life observing the strictest justice, and not only cold justice, but active benevolence. That is good towards individuals : is it so towards nations ? It is certainly less practicable. Generosity in private affairs is strength to the giver with little hazard ; in empires it confers the discreditable charge of imprudence with great danger, through the increased force of the rival nation, and no gratitude. But justice—raw justice—is the *Shekinah* of governments.

Oct. 14th.—People talk of being misunderstood, not known, little valued, or rewarded according to their merits. Is not God in every one of the cases a greater sufferer, if one may say so ? He is absolutely forgotten. This has

endured since the creation; nay, even in His own family, the Jews, He was as nothing. Can we not hold up, then, for the short space of some forty years?

1826, April 5th.—People talk of the divine right of kings. No man has a divine right to anything except salvation, and that he may lose by his own negligence.

At the age of twenty-five Lord Ashley did what at that time was considered proper for a young man to do who had finished his college course, obtained a good degree, and, as eldest son of a peer, was possessed of influence and position—he entered Parliament.

On the day he attained his twenty-fifth year he wrote in his Diary:—

1826, 28th April.—My birthday, and now I am twenty-five years old—a great age for one who is neither wise, nor good, nor useful, nor endowed with capability of becoming so. People would answer me, “Why, you have not lost your time; you have always been engaged;” quite true, but always upon trifles; indeed, since my quitting Oxford, a space now of three years, I have absolutely done harm to my intellects, by false reasoning which, however rare it may have been, is the only exercise which has disturbed my mental indolence. What might have been performed in three years? but not a study commenced, not an object pursued; not a good deed done, not a good thought generated; for my thoughts are too unsteady for the honour of that title. Visions without end, but, God be praised, all of a noble character. I fancy myself in wealth and power, exerting my influence for the ends that I sought it for, for the increase of religion and true happiness. No man had ever more ambition, and probably my seeming earnestness for great and good purposes was merely a proof of hotter ambition and deeper self-deception than exists in others. That I am not completely in despair must come from God who knows, “*quæ sint, quæ fuerint, quæ mox ventura trahantur*,” and who, if He wanted me, or knew that I could be useful, would doubtless call me forward. All that I can remark then is, that I will entreat Him to raise up for Old Britain young and aged saints and sinners, high and low, rich and poor, who may act as well for her interests as I always fancied I wished to do; but as I said before, that was likely to be a self-error. Nor did I leave the world out of my calculations. England was to have been the fountain, and our globe the soil to have been watered by her; may she do it yet, though I fear, unless God administer the healing branch, the stream will be very corrupt! But he has perhaps other nations in view for the honour of vicegerency; let us hope “not;” nay, I may say, “let us try not:” for His blessings are still here, and as God is never capricious, He will not remove them without a cause. But, happen what may between now and the fulfilment of all things, He will eventually restore happiness to the world, and may He do it by the services of our country! Latterly I have taken to hard study. It amuses me and prevents mischief. Occasionally the question “*cui bono?*” sours my spirit of application; but, generally speaking, I have stilled the passions. An attachment during my residence at Vienna commenced a course of self-knowledge for me. Man never has loved more furiously or more imprudently. The object was, and is, an angel, but she was surrounded by, and would have brought with her, a halo of hell.

On the 11th June, 1826, the excitement among the electors of Woodstock—the pocket borough of the house of Marlborough—ran high. The candidates were the Marquis of Blandford, Lord Ashley, Mr. J. H. Langstane, and Mr. R. McWilliam. Lord Ashley put up for Woodstock for family reasons, and to restore the family interests. He was the grandson of the old Duke of Marlborough, and was put forward with Lord Blandford, the son of the existing Duke.

John Bull, in reporting the state of the poll on that date, after commenting on the excitement in the borough, owing to the “nearly equal strength and high respectability of the candidates,” said, “The several candidates addressed the crowd, and the speech of Lord Ashley was distinguished by eloquence and sound judgment, and breathed a spirit of regard for our glorious Constitution which should animate the hearts of all electors and elected at this crisis, when the demon of Popery is struggling to raise its accursed head.”

The election resulted in the triumphant return of Lord Ashley.

Nov. 16th.—Took the oaths of Parliament with great good-will; a slight prayer for assistance in my thoughts and deeds.

When he entered Parliament his future had assumed no definite shape. One thing, however, seemed to be clear to him, which was that, although he had joined the Conservatives—then led by Lord Liverpool and Mr. Canning—and was prepared as far as possible to support the King’s Government, he would not be the servile follower of a party. Thus we find him in 1828 voting with the Ministers against the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and in 1829 voting with them again for the Removal of Roman Catholic Disabilities. At the same time he held an attitude of independence, and from the first the support he gave to the Government was general, not constant. One of his earliest speeches was delivered in connection with the proposed provision for Canning’s family, which he cordially supported, although he was careful to put it on record that he did so on private grounds.

Of Canning’s genius he had a high appreciation:—

Dec. 12th.—Canning’s speech—the finest historical recollection of my life. Except the loftier flights of the Bible I have never heard nor read such rousing eloquence, such sentiments, such language, such a moment; they almost maddened me with delight and enthusiasm—could not sleep for agitation—feverishly and indistinctly recollecting what I had heard. 13th.—Wrote to Mrs. C., and received a most amiable answer.

Lord Ashley’s letter to Mrs. Canning is not forthcoming, but the tenor of it may be gathered from her reply:—

Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Canning to Lord Ashley.

DOWNING STREET, Wednesday, Dec. 13th, 1826.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—Next to the speech of last night your note is the most eloquent and beautiful effusion of feeling I ever met with. It confirms

my opinion of you and of the merits of the speech itself, which I feel so strongly was calculated to be fully appreciated by a mind like yours, that the first question I asked was whether Lord Ashley was in the House during the last speech.

The true test of the real merits of such a speech is the effect which it produces upon a strong, highly cultivated, classical, and youthful mind. Your testimony is, therefore, doubly gratifying—as a friend and as a judge. Perhaps the most satisfactory proof that I can give you that the expression of such warm and kind feelings is not thrown away upon ungrateful or uncongenial minds, is, that on reading your note both Mr. C. and myself found our eyes in that state of overflow which you describe your own to have nearly been on hearing the speech. I long to see you and talk it over with you.

Ever yours most sincerely,

J. CANNING.

When Lord Ashley was a boy at Harrow, he, in common with every thoughtful boy in the land, had shared the enthusiasm with which the brilliant exploits of the great Duke of Wellington were greeted. The daring deeds, the grandeur and simplicity of the man who wrought them; the perils to the country that were averted; the “special Providences,” as it seemed, that gave victory to our arms; these, and other things, combined to make him the hero of heroes in the eyes of young Ashley. To him the Iron Duke became the Ideal Man. His bravery and gentleness, his honesty and consistency, his career as a man, a soldier, and a statesman, all were admired.

The impressions thus formed in boyhood were by no means lessened when he came to years of manhood.

How it came about there is no record to show, but there sprang up between the veteran soldier and the young member of Parliament a strong personal friendship, which grew as the years went on. Among the many letters from the Duke of Wellington found among Lord Shaftesbury’s papers, there is one, in which the date of the year is not given, written in a cold and formal way: “The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Lord Ashley and hopes he will call at Apsley House to-morrow at eleven.”

Whether in the interview that ensued, the friendship began, cannot now be stated, but the following letter shows that as early as 1826 all coldness and formality had passed:—

The Duke of Wellington to Lord Ashley.

LONDON, *October 20th*, 1826.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—Will you come and pass a few days at S. Saye on the 8th of November? I hope you will meet some of your friends.

Ever yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.

After this date we find Lord Ashley frequently at Strathfieldsaye, and the recollections of those pleasant visits were fresh and green in his memory to the end of his days.

Jan. 22nd, 1827.—How we change! Now I think Canning's speech a little imprudent.

Feb. 14th.—In House of Commons. I am too bilious for public life. What I suffer from the brazen faces and low insults of that Radical party! I am not fit for their accursed effrontery, which sneers at every sentiment of a gentleman, and is backed by the applause of those who pretend to education!

Hume's conduct to-night was over-disgusting, and so was that of his civilised friends. I should have stormed in madness had it been against myself. I am not fit for the House of Commons.

Feb. 17th.—Ill and worn by this Ilchester Election Committee—displeased with Fazakerley; I don't like being so, but he talks too indifferently about Brogden's behaviour. Angry with Wortley also; however, my feelings are always over-strong. Sorry that Sharpe is petitioned against, and I on the Committee; he is a good-natured, kind-hearted, and well-informed creature, but it can't be helped. Got quieter in my political feelings. Lord Liverpool taken dangerously ill—poor man! beloved, trusted, and looked up to by every mind in England! What has he not done for the character of the Church? God's ways are not our ways—may He give us another like unto him! Denison disappoints me; neither sound Ministerial nor true Whig, he rather cants for reputation. If Canning be present, he is for Canning; if not, he seems for Abercromby. Perhaps I am still weaker, but as yet I have not found it out, lynx-eyed to another's faults!

Feb. 22nd.—Voted for old Sharpe to be M.P. for Ilchester. He and his colleague against me in politics, but I gave them the benefit of my doubts, according to custom of Parliament. Had I, or had I not, any feeling of kindness towards old Conversation? * I do business well and am attentive. Put on Northampton Committee and Emigration ditto. What am I fit for? I want nothing but usefulness to God and my country.

Feb. 25th.—I am certainly more for the Catholics than I was before, but wholly as a matter of policy, because it does not seem that danger any longer exists. This is the result of private reason, uninfluenced by speeches or conversation; but as so little turns upon me I must and may conceal it; my father otherwise would go mad. I am inclined to believe that, were this Bill carried, every man who has upheld its principle would prove an Argus of jealousy towards those he had befriended; the warmest supporters would be the keenest spies.

April 1st.—Lady Carlisle wrote me word the other day that Brougham had been loud in my praises; he has since set Warburton and John Smith to work, I think, upon my vanity, and make me thereby a member of his "Useful Knowledge Club." Now I cannot feel indifferent to the encomiums of a man like Brougham, but in bottoming this question I must consider whether they be real or merely calculated to beguile a young man whose vote, or name, is far better than his talents. He is afraid of my adopting illiberal principles, at least, he says so. I have often sneered at Normanby because he fell into the power of these Whig sirens, who had charmed his ears with smooth and specious flattery. But long before I knew that Brougham was even informed of my existence, I had ceased to confine my views within the narrow circle of hand-to-mouth politics. As for praises, they make me unhappy; the time will come, and that

* Mr. Sharpe was called "Conversation" Sharpe.

right soon, when I shall be found not only wanting, but contemptible in abilities. I should be far happier if I were indifferent to knowledge; the pursuit of it has engrossed my whole mind and attention, and much have I thrown away of calm ease and unruffled contentedness to arrive at that which, after a long chase, I find to be more distant from me than it is from others who are mere dabblers or beginners. Would to Heaven I could quit public life and sink down into an ambition proportionate to my capacity! But I am cursed with honourable desires (they are so) and by predestined failure. This keeps spurring me on to desperation. What a happy fate to lose all hope, all aspiring sentiment, all nobleness of thought, all daring of mind, all wish for greater things! I had rather be creeping and contented than aspiring and inefficient. It is a curse of rathalisation; *vide* all my thoughts throughout this book.

April 8th, Sunday.—Locke has been greatly extolled for his simile of a child's mind to a sheet of paper; it is not original; *vide* Hooker's "Eccl. Pol.," Lib. I., sec. 6. "The soul of man is like a book," &c., &c.

April 14th.—What a job in all these resignations! The whole run of Radicals, Whigs, and Canning's Party, is at the Duke of Wellington. Will this political intrigue triumph?

April 17th.—I care for Peel and Wellington: were they again in the Cabinet I should be satisfied. What will become of the army? But what of the navy, with that Bedlamite Duke of Clarence at the head, and Canning to dispose of Church Preferment! We shall see. I have decided in my own heart that no one should be Prime Minister of this great country, unless deeply imbued with religion; a spirit which will reflect and weigh all propositions, examine each duty, and decide upon the highest; be content to do good in secret, and hold display as a bauble compared with the true interests of God and the kingdom; have energy to withstand political jobbing, and refuse what is holy as a sacrifice to faction. He must calculate advantages to arise in a century, and not shows to glitter at the moment; he must appoint that which is best, and not that which is most capable of appearing so. He must leaven every deed with the feeling of religion. All things must be done to edifying, and if he do not call in Scripture and holy aid to assist him in the discharge of each office, be it important or be it trifling, he must do it in that frame of mind and heart which is caused by long and genuine delight in the lessons derived from the truths of wisdom and Christianity. Now Canning will do none of this, and, therefore, I dread his elevation. The Catholic affair is secondary; we might live under that.

Saw Jephson, doctor, of Leamington. He assured me he had never met a person with a more deranged system. Knew by my symptoms that my brain must be sadly loaded; enough to bring on any excess of bad spirits. I have suffered dreadfully for many years with headaches, low spirits, and most wearisome sensations, attended by great weakness of limbs. Perhaps I shall improve henceforward.

April 18th.—Increasing in anger about the conduct of Canning's Party towards Duke of Wellington. Entertained yesterday strong opinion that I ought not to give up public business, or rather the endeavour to qualify myself for it. The State may want me, wretched ass as I am!

Poor as Lord Ashley's opinion was of himself, there is abundant evidence on every hand that no one else entertained a similar opinion of him. It was

curious that he should have closed his entry on that page of the Diary with the words: "The State may want me," for the next entry shows that his services were required in the government of the country.

This was a perilous time in the inner life of Lord Ashley. The habit was growing upon him, and, as a matter of fact, had already taken such a hold that he never completely freed himself from it—of analysing his own motives, principles, and actions; of indulging in morbid self-depreciation, and of cherishing a nervous dread of failure. This was mischievous in itself, and mischievous inasmuch as "happy occasions oft by self-distrust were forfeited."

Many circumstances were combining, however, to check the growth of the habit, and to show to him that there were wide spheres of usefulness lying open to him.

On the 16th of February, the premier—the Earl of Liverpool—had been stricken with a terrible illness, and, though he lingered nearly two years, he never regained his full consciousness. On the 12th April, Mr. Canning was appointed his successor, and a place was offered to Lord Ashley in the Administration.

His father held at that time, and retained until just before his death, the office of Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords.

Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Canning to Lord Ashley.

DOWNING STREET, April 18th, 1827.

DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—The newspapers are full of your father's resignation, of which, however, Mr. Canning has not heard anything in any other way. Whether the report be true or not, it makes no difference in Mr. Canning's feelings towards you, but if true, it would prevent him from making a direct offer to you, at the risk of a direct refusal.

He has, therefore, desired me to ascertain, before he proceeds to his arrangements, whether a seat at one of the Boards would be agreeable to you?

Yours very sincerely,

J. CANNING.

Lord Ashley to Mrs. Canning.

Wednesday Evening, April 18th, 1827.

MY DEAR MRS. CANNING,—My father has certainly not, as yet, resigned; nor, even supposing him to have such an intention, could he do it before the meeting of Parliament, because the office is held of the House of Lords.

That Mr. Canning should think that I could either assist or grace his Administration is, indeed, a very high compliment. Pray thank him warmly for this mark of kindness and esteem, and although I decline the acceptance of his flattering offer, do not believe yourself, and do not let him believe, that I have any feelings of ill-will or opposition. You know how sincerely I admire his policy in the late affairs upon the Continent, and I should have great

satisfaction in supporting, with my best endeavours, so enlarged and so national a system.

But there is a concurrence of circumstances which will not allow me to embrace his friendly proposal; and, indeed, I feel so unqualified that I almost rejoice in the difficulty. I must again entreat you to thank him for this recollection of me, to assure him how ardently I hope that, whatever he shall undertake, may prove as beneficial as his foreign scheme to the interests and honour of our country.

I am, dear Mrs. Canning,

Yours very truly,

ASHLEY.

April 18th (*Diary continued*).—Found on my return—after writing foregoing—a note from Mrs. Canning to make me, in Mr. Canning's name, the offer of a place. It was delicately done. I declined in a letter as civil and as grateful as I could compose. My own mind reasoned thus: 1st. Catholic question has nothing to do with it. I should have just the same feelings were it already carried. Political opinions neither, for I agree with Canning in nine-tenths of his system. I distrust him somewhat. I think him dangerous at the head of Government, injudicious, hasty, loving show more than substance, aspiring anxious to keep his situation, and yet so weak that he will not be able to do so unless he gratify the powerful by jobs and improprieties; fiery and domineering, with flippancy in foreign matters, he must place us oftentimes in ticklish circumstances. 2nd. With all these dangers, Peel and the D. of W. have retired from the Cabinet—men who might have checked his extravagance—and as they are those with whom I feel and think, an immediate acceptance of office would have seemed a declaration of contrary sentiments. 3rd. Canning is a friend, and so is the D. of W., there has been a personal dispute between them, and, if I went into place, I should apparently espouse the part of Canning, and I am entirely in favour of the Duke. 4th. I have here and there made known my sentiments, and it would be inconsistent to declaim against him and receive his largesses. Now, time may effect alterations. I may gain more confidence in Canning, there may be a reconciliation and a general amnesty. I am pledged to nothing. This violent language of the papers, if not authorised by Canning, remains unchecked by him, and I, a supporter of the Duke, hold him responsible. But with me the D. is the chief consideration. As an underling in office, I can labour for the country prospectively only; were I a great man, the granting or withholding of my personal services might be duly weighed, but a place now would be simply a school of education for future services. It is a great loss to me, but I have done rightly. We must not always sneer at inferior persons having high notions. I do not pretend to any merit whatever, nor can my name or services be considered as of a moment's value; but every one must have a principle of conduct, and my thoughts have run in this line. I have no regrets except that of having given way to my feelings in speaking with censure against Canning. Silence would have been better. I shall keep all secret, and by no means take credit for my magnanimity. Many, I know, would sneer at him because, unimportant as I am in reality, I stood peculiar,

owing to my father's opinions. My refusal, if known, might annoy him, and the great must not be humiliated by the dignity of whipper-snappers like myself.

April 19th.—Leamington. Saw Jephson. How one improves by fancy even ! I am better for having spoken to him. Sorry to have said so openly things against Canning ; but, however, it was in defence of Dukey. I have towards him a patriotic gratitude, as well as private respect.

April 22nd, Sunday.—Time was when I could not sleep for ambition. I thought of nothing but fame and immortality. I could not bear the idea of dying and being forgotten. But now I am much changed. Immortality has ceased to be a longing with me. I desire to be useful in my generation, and die in the knowledge of having advanced happiness by having advanced true religion. Massillon's "Petit Carême" is the best book for a young sovereign—it is truth so adorned by eloquence as to seem inspired.

The hostility shown to the new premier, Mr. Canning, was marked in a very decided manner. No sooner was his appointment made known, than the Lord Chancellor (Eldon), the Duke of Wellington, Earl Bathurst, the Earl of Westmoreland, Viscount Melville, Lord Bexley, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Robert Peel, and others, resigned. For support Mr. Canning had to turn to the Whigs, some of whom took office with him ; and others, including Mr. Brougham and Sir Francis Burdett, promised their co-operation.

April 23rd.—The state of affairs distresses me. The Whigs will come down on a divided party, and we shall be lost.

April 24th.—True enough. The Philistines are to join the Cabinet—is it possible that the Whigs can turn round and uphold the measures which, in this very session, I have heard them denounce as flagitious ? Can they have agreed to lay aside all their principles of reform, of Catholic emancipation, of civil and religious liberty, and solely for place ? Oh, honesty, honesty, thou art indeed but a name, if those who have so long worshipped thee be now degraded, if those who have so long scorned thee be now exalted ! I am almost sorry not to have accepted office : I might have had the satisfaction of giving it up in honourable disgust.

April 25th.—At Guy's Cliff. Surely there is a natural feeling to be buried with one's fathers ; yet yesterday I heard it termed contrary to the decrees of Providence. It is one of those things that Providence cannot care about, unless by so doing we show a kind of idolatry towards the deceased. How I revolt at anything like religious sentiment merely to catch admiration ! It may be felt, but the display infuses an alloy. Yesterday a man took the opportunity of my presence to teach his child points of religious instruction, &c. He sought my applause, I could perceive. No doubt he means well towards the child, but the pretension displeased me.

April 26th.—So at Brooks's the language is, "Get in, no matter how." Are these principles to succeed ? If morality be real, certainly not.

April 28th.—My birthday again ; and God be praised that I have arrived at it without any intolerable calamity of mind or body. It has been a year of study and exertion, but I have neither learnt nor done anything. Yet look at the

history of all men who have obtained a degree of efficiency. They began much earlier to signalise their merits. Cicero opened his Pleadings at twenty-six, my age, (*yet quantum distat*) ; Scipio was consul at twenty-four ; Pitt Prime Minister at twenty-three. All the men at the present day started while still of supple years. Peel, Canning, Robinson, were all younger than I am now, who have not done one thing, nor acquired the power of doing one thing, which might be serviceable to my country or an honour to myself. And yet I cannot keep down an aspiring sentiment—a sentiment which, God knows, aims at all virtue, and through that, aiming at all greatness. I cannot understand why my time is less profitably employed than the time of others. I read, think, make every endeavour, but no good result comes of it, and this year has found me as unprepared as the last, and the next year will find me no better than this has done. To be sure my weak stomach has a sad effect upon the head, but this is not all, I must confess painful deficiency, and in humbleness make the best of it.

May 3rd.—Duke spoke last night. Whatever is open, manly, and noble in simplicity, shone forth in the speech. Truth and honour were never more conspicuous, and while the great hero was defending himself in the full assembly of the British Peers, a halo of glory and merit seemed to enwrap his whole form and visage. God be thanked, I had rather have heard him thus successful than have made a thousand eloquent harangues to my own renown. How happy I am that in feeling thus towards him I refused office !

An uncommon show of violence in House of Commons last night. Peel spoke out about the Coalition, and I agree with him. Every one looked upon these symptoms as prelude of good party fun. I cannot understand how the Whigs have founded the principles of Coalition ; but they have a justification, and so it ever is. Interest is far more eloquent and plausible than reason. They will end by turning out Canning, and I shall rejoice in his downfall, because I hear each day worse instances of his low political intrigue and treachery to the Duke of Wellington. I deprecate this fierceness of party, but shall not shrink from the struggle. It will be the cause of quarrel with all my friends, but I cannot help that.

May 20th, Sunday.—Dined yesterday and met Peel. He told me every syllable relating to Canning's intrigues. I had met him before at his town house, where our talk was confidential. Read Canning's letter to the D. of W. ; a mixture of apology and accusation, alternately fierceness and truckling, which do no honour to his principles. I like Peel. I love honesty and truth. I hear that he and Dukey speak most highly of me. I never shall want more than the praises of true gentlemen.

Heathen morality did not enjoin great respect to the mother. She was merely the *ἀρουρα*, or soil of production, *vide* Eccles., chap. iii., and 4th Comm., for difference between views of God and man.

May 27th.—They seem desirous to humiliate the D. of W. as much as they can, but no man is humiliated except by himself. Will God suffer this lying and deceit to prosper ? Why am I so weak and useless ? Why cannot I utter one word of eloquence or manliness ?

July 19th.—What a gap in one's notes. I am at Strathfieldsaye. Duke gone to Windsor by special message of the King, brought yesterday by Lord Maryborough.

July 20th.—It is a great study to be in the society of this wonderful man.

He seems to be thoroughly ignorant of his greatness, and has all the simplicity of a good-natured man who has done nothing but the mere routine duty of common life. How grateful I feel to God who guided my judgment when decision was necessary!

July 27th.—It is very odd. I have become a poet, and write verses just good enough to show that I might have been a better rhymers were my latent genius more cultivated.

August 7th.—St. Giles's. Canning is fearfully ill. Now all my compassion is roused. I feel keenly for him.

Lord Ashley's brother was about to enter the army, and was in need of advice before proceeding to Gibraltar to spend some time in study. Lord Ashley, always a believer in getting information from the fountain-head, wrote to the Duke of Wellington on the subject, and received the following characteristic reply:—

The Duke of Wellington to Lord Ashley.

STRATHFIELDSAYE, August 8th, 1827.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—It is very difficult to answer your question respecting the best military work for your brother to study.

The answer would depend very much upon the previous education, habits, and disposition of the reader.

Does he know anything of his profession? If not, let him study Dundas, and Torrens' alterations of Dundas' "Rules and Regulations." There is a work upon the French Regulations by Macdonell or Macdonald, explaining the reasons of each, which is a very useful one; and the perusal of it might accustom the reader to consider of our own, with a view to discover the reason for them.

In the first volume of the "Life of King James II.," by himself, there are some admirable accounts of skirmishes, &c., which convey the truest notions of the reality that I have seen yet.

The Histories of the Sieges of Gibraltar would be very interesting to anybody on the spot, as he might examine the place to which every story related. If he has not forgotten his Latin, let him never be without a Cæsar.

I think I have given you enough for the present.

Mr. Canning died this morning at four o'clock.

Ever yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.

August 9th.—Canning died yesterday morning at four o'clock. I am really quite agitated, and can be alive to nothing but pity and almost horror. We can lament his fate in charity. He has died before anything has been done which we might regard as injurious to the country, and should execrate therefore, as the work of a selfish, ambitious statesman. But such a lesson was never submitted to the study of politicians. He had aspired exceedingly to the first post of honour; he gained it after years of toil—God alone knows thoroughly how. But the possession was short, as pitiful, in its duration. For three months he lay on a burning

rack, and then died almost without having exercised one nerve of his power. I do feel true compassion, and pray sincerely God rest his soul.

Offered a slight prayer for His support in case of trial—convinced that unless religion be our guide, religion our beginning, religion our end, there is neither happiness in power, nor utility in its influence.

Aug. 11th.—Arrived in town yesterday. Felt sure that Peel would be Minister, but found that poor creature, Lord Goderich, at the head of affairs. How the Whigs will bully and cajole! If they could manage Canning and all his sharpness, what will they do with Goderich's whimpering docility? The King is evidently averse to any trouble, and took this step as giving him the least. There is defeat in store for them yet.

Aug. 13th.—I have passed a pleasant time at Boyle Farm. It is great humbug to be prating about intellects, yet there is a pleasure in finding persons—and women especially—of cultivated minds and rational pursuits. Henrietta and Olivia are good girls—God bless them both, and shower down his choicest happiness. It is very odd—I can stand a compliment without growing conceited. I have had a good many this year. Somehow or other I like them, and so does every one. They call me and William * the sublime and beautiful—very flattering!

Aug. 20th.—Cirencester. D. Commander-in-Chief. There was no other measure left for him. As I foresaw, the Whigs have, I think, begun their pranks, else how interpret their anxiety to have Lord Palmerston instead of Herries, and their frightening Robinson into it? This will soon break up. Yesterday (Sunday) read "Watson's Apology;" very glad to have done it; think more highly of the book than of most; an everlasting composer for busy Deists and wounded faith.

Aug. 23rd.—Lost my pet terrier, Paste, by an inflammation in the head—almost ashamed to feel so touched—could cry outright. We may draw a moral lesson from everything. She was perfectly well five minutes before the attack, but died in twenty-four hours. Not three weeks ago I was fancying she might be my companion for some years. Whether a monarch dies or a puppy, there is almost the same uncertainty. Buried her in Lady Bathurst's garden, with an epitaph.

Leaving Lord Bathurst's, at Cirencester, Lord Ashley proceeded to Strathfieldsaye, in response to the following invitation from the Duke of Wellington:—

The Duke of Wellington to Lord Ashley.

STRATHFIELDSAYE, August 12th, 1827. .

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—I write one line to tell you that I am going to Bankes' to-morrow for the Blandford races, where I shall be happy to meet you. Lady Charlotte Greville and Lady Francis Leveson have promised to come here on the 30th of August, and I shall be very happy if you will come and meet them.

Ever yours most sincerely,

Bring your gun if you should like to shoot.

WELLINGTON.

* His brother.

The work of his life came slowly to Lord Ashley. It was characteristic of him to deal somewhat listlessly with any matter into which he could not throw his whole heart. Parliament had not yet presented to him a prospect which opened up the future; and he had not yet settled down into his place in life. Nevertheless, whenever he took up any subject which really interested him, he brought to bear on it the same indomitable resolution and dogged pertinacity that had marked his career at Oxford.

In September of this year his sister, Lady Charlotte, who had married Mr. Henry Lyster, invited him to spend some time with them at their place in Shropshire, Rowton Castle, close to the borders of North Wales. One day, while on this visit, he journeyed to Aberystwith, and there fell into the company of a genial companion, a Welsh clergyman. The conversation turned upon the Welsh language, and Lord Ashley determined then and there to study it. He took up his quarters in Aberystwith and began at once, and in a short time had sufficiently mastered it to enable him to read with some degree of fluency. Any one who knows anything of the Welsh language, its intricacies and permutations, will know that the task he set himself was no easy one; but he had determined to learn Welsh, and he learnt it!

The Welsh people never forget a compliment paid to them, and they never forgot the fact that young Lord Ashley had studied their language. He was ever afterwards their friend, and when, in 1851, he became President of the Bible Society, he rose still higher in their estimation, for that Society is the object of Welsh adoration. Nor did their regard for him ever decline. Many years later he went on a visit to Carnarvon, where he was received with a wonderful ovation; deputations from all parts of Wales being sent to welcome him. Frequently in after life he took pleasure in referring to this early experience. On one occasion, when addressing the Christian Vernacular Education Society for India on the benefits of being able to hold intercourse with the people in their own language, he said:—

If people go among the Irish and the Welsh they will see how inherent the love is of the mother tongue. When I was about twenty-five years of age I went to stay in Wales for about two months. It became known that I was studying the Welsh language, and the people regarded me with positive reverence. They held a great gathering, and invited me to attend, and at that meeting I was, by common consent, promoted to the dignity of a Druid, and then immediately afterwards I was appointed a Bard. And at this present moment I have the great honour of being both a Bard and a Druid.

Soon after his visit to Wales a project was set on foot to establish a *Cambrian Quarterly*, the first number of which was to be published in January, 1829. The sympathy and assistance of Lord Ashley were enlisted in starting the enterprise, and a deputation of Welshmen waited upon him to request that he would write the prospectus for the new magazine. To this he readily assented, and, writing as a Welshman, delighted all the Principality

by his efforts. It was written in haste, and with some bombast, but every line exhibited the enthusiasm of his regard for the people and the land and the language. "Inhabiting a land which came a virgin to the arms of our ancestors, unmixed in our race, uncorrupted in our language, civilised, though not adulterated by foreign intercourse . . . we can vie with every nation in examples of honour, courage, and dignified obedience." One of the main objects of the *Quarterly* was to embalm in its pages the ancient writings in prose and verse of the most learned veterans of the language, and thus "to save our name from oblivion, our antiquities from dust and the worm, our poets from night, our manuscripts from the flames, and our venerable tongue from contempt."

Oct. 22nd.—Aberystwith. Physics and metaphysics are indivisible from each other. They are a body and soul which on this earth must be co-existent and reciprocal. It is absurd, as the Abbé Condilac remarks, to judge them separable, because we cannot see the place in which they are united into a whole. We should always recollect that there is but one science—the science of nature.

October 28th, Sunday.—There is a text about lawful swearing. Isaiah lxx. 16.

November 4th.—Patriotism, the cause of so many actions, is but a secondary virtue, though none seem more beautiful when we read of its doings. It could not, therefore, be enjoined directly by the Gospel. It is allowed to the passions and difficulties of our race.

Engaged in my treatise on the Evidences of the Heart. How much is opened by the least meditation of the Bible!

Sunday.—Finished introductory chapter to the Evidences of the Heart. It is all very well—by God's help.

November 12th.—It seems to me that philosophers of all ages have been led into their fanciful errors about God's power and proceedings, by having taken for granted that the Almighty had spent His utmost strength and wisdom in the formation of man and the world we inhabit; else why so limit His methods of acting, and define modes by which He must have been governed? All these reasonings are formed from the belief that we see all that He has done, and view the laws as the full effort of His power. Why does Leibnitz otherwise talk such trash as that "God must come into time and space" before He can perform a miracle? Has He no means of suspending His laws but by becoming subject to them?

December 2nd, Sunday.—I have spent some time with the Welsh clergy. They are full of primitive hospitality and kindness. My week at Llangynyw with Mr. Richards was most profitable and happy. Oh, how accursed is a busy life of politics and passions! Nothing has ever given me more delight and satisfaction than my study of the Welsh language.

December 7th.—St. Giles's. There is a gap here. I left Rowton in a hurry to see Denison* before he departed for India. London all in an uproar about this Navarino business—shocking!

Lord Ashley received the following letter from the Duke of Wellington:—

* Evelyn Denison, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons, and created Lord Ossington.

*The Duke of Wellington to Lord Ashley.*WOOTTON, *December 13th, 1827.*

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—I have observed that since I quitted the Government in April last I have been the *bête noire* of Mr. Canning, his friends, the existing Government, and their friends and adherents. At times I am deemed a *stupid fool*; and, moreover, everything that is bad. At other times when the gentlemen find themselves in a scrape they discover that they have acted exactly as I advised they should act, and therefore that they must be right!!! This is the case at present. My opinion is that neither Parliament nor the public will be satisfied respecting that *unfortunate* affair, the Battle of Navarino* (as all now agree that it is), till they will have examined all that preceded it and would have occasioned it. The share which the late Government, and, above all, I, had in these transactions, will then appear; and till then I will not say a word. But if any gentleman tells you that any private letter from me to Mr. Canning will be produced, you may say that I have copies as well as Mr. Canning's friends; and that not one alone, but all must be produced if one is.

Believe me, ever yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.

December 14th.—Late at night. I took leave of Denison. I was deeply affected. God knows it is a heavy matter to separate one's self from an old and tried friend, and that for so long a term of years.

From Lord and Lady Bathurst Lord Ashley had received many acts of kindness which, in his Diary, he gratefully acknowledges. He was at home in their company, and felt sure at all times of their sympathy and consideration. In writing to Lady Bathurst he had confided to her some of his hopes, fears, and misgivings with regard to a public career generally, and speaking in Parliament in particular.

To this letter Lord Bathurst replied as follows:—

*Earl Bathurst to Lord Ashley.*GIRENCESTER, *December 14th, 1827.*

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—My lady has shown me your letter in which you express your alarm lest, in speaking in the House of Commons, you should disappoint the expectations of the House, and injure the cause of your political friends. Forgive me if I tell you that these apprehensions have been the bane of many young men who would otherwise have distinguished themselves. If nothing will satisfy you but attempting to make a speech of great display, on

* The Battle of Navarino was fought on the 20th Oct., 1827, between the French, English, and Russian fleets on the one side, and the Turco-Egyptian fleet on the other. The Turco-Egyptians were signally defeated, and eventually Ibrahim Pasha evacuated the Morea, and the battle decided the independence of Greece. At the time, however, there was a great conflict of opinion with regard to the whole affair, which was the proximate cause of the break up of the Goderich Administration.

the first occasion you speak, it is not impossible that you may fail; but even if you did, that is no reason why you should not go on. Mr. Sheridan, Lord Grenville (when Mr. Grenville), and Mr. Canning, failed at first; but they none of them injured their party by doing so, or gave up trying. Mr. Sheridan used to say, "I am sure I have it in me, and will not give in." Mr. Fox used to say of Mr. Grenville, "D—— the fellow, I see he *will* go on speaking until he will be a great speaker!" It certainly requires stout nerves to go on after a first failure, and there are many (Lord Wellesley for example) who shrink at the idea of not always succeeding, but it may be doubted whether it be not less a proof of diffidence than of a love of distinction, to be thinking more of what others may think of your speech, than of speaking what you think.

I am speaking of the possibility of your failing, if you attempt to make a speech of display on the first day of your speaking. But if, on some day of no great expectation (not on what is called a field-day), you satisfy yourself with speaking without making, or intending to make, a speech, I am as satisfied as I am that I am now hearing a novel read by my son Charles to his mother, that you will speak well, and will go on improving.

Again I must beg you to excuse the liberty I am taking in writing this to you; but I cannot but be interested that one, who I know to have good abilities, and what I value much more, who has sound principles and a high sense of honour, should be building up a wall between himself and that political influence which ought, in the process of time, to belong to him.

I am, my dear Lord Ashley,

BATHURST.

December 17th.—Attended Parkes' funeral. The old man died very rich, and left me nothing save one hundred as his executor. I never trusted to it, for notwithstanding his hints to myself, and positive declarations to others of making me a monied man, I did not rely upon him, and if I had what a fool I should have looked now! But fearing that Denison might leave town, I wrote and informed him of my expectations, as authorised by much testimony, and offered him the cash without interest or security. He declined it and was very grateful. Whether I shall ever be well off or not, God alone knows; but this I pray, that never asking for wealth, should it be sent me, I may receive at the same time a heart and spirit to lay it out for man's happiness and God's glory. But a serious epoch is approaching, and I must deliberate thereon. First, I must now choose my line of life, and stand to it manfully. After some thought, I see nothing but a political career, for every one must take that in which his various circumstances will give him the best means of doing good. Where can I be so useful as in the public service? This question could be easily answered did it require but zeal, patriotism, honesty; but there is likewise a need of talent and knowledge. Yet, perhaps, my success in earlier life has made me a debtor, and I am bound to try what God has put into me for the benefit of old England. My second session is fast approaching, and an attempt must be made, now or never. Each year passed over in silence will add to my difficulty, and increase the demand for sense and ability which the House has a right to make from those who address it. I did well in remaining quiet during the past session, but now

the Tories want young plants to shoot up and prepare their branches against the day when death shall lop off the more ancient oaks. The country is in danger of its existence. Its honour is already tarnished, and who shall defend her? He whom God shall think fit, and, perhaps, I may be he. I have had much encouragement from old and young; but encouragement falls short of courage, and I despair. But there is no just means of escape. I must make an essay, not merely for party's sake and earthly power and place, but for the resuscitation of honour and British principle, with their handmaids, dignity and virtue; and if I fall, I shall fall in no ignoble cause; but may I, as I have ever endeavoured to do, begin in God, and, having throughout desired nothing but His glory and the consummation of His word, conclude in the same, to the advancement of religion and the increase of human happiness.

January 17th, Hatfield.—What endless surmises—Who will form the Administration? How I flutter here and there in sentiments. I am half anxious for office—half not. Half inclined to expect an Under-Secretaryship, and half inclined to think myself too despicable. Private life is better for me. I hear Lord Dudley will remain. Can the Great Duke sit in Cabinet with the man who signed that prodigy of injustice, the Treaty? Must the whole question be smothered? What shall I do myself if they offer me a place? Can I submit, all insignificant as I am, to such a compromise? Is it possible now to change our policy? Will Lord Dudley eat his own words, or must we go on in our wickedness? Can the Government propose an indemnification *now*? and yet ought we not to wash out by apology so infamous a treachery? I have no one with whom I can consult, and my discomfort is at its height. What is it that passes in my mind? I cannot read it, so warm are my feelings.

1828, Jan. 24th.—We have been growing quieter of late. Received note from the Duke to-day desiring my attendance to-morrow morning. What can he want? To give me office—then Heaven help me through it. Perhaps to move the Address. Any fate would be preferable.

Jan. 25th.—To put me in office; how my impetuosity leads me away. A few moments' reflection and I judge rightly. What a deal I learned between 17th and 24th. I regret deeply the necessity of our re-union with the Canning party; but the Duke has, according to his usual style, done that which is the best. Lord Dudley, I hear, is most repentant about the Navarino business. Can one be too guarded in the expression of one's thoughts? At the first moment of surprise, while yet in doubt as to the conditions granted to Mr. Canning's party, I vented some indignation against the admitting of Lord Dudley. A few hours convinced me of my error, but it was too late. I had vented it before Agar Ellis, who yesterday threw it in my teeth. This silly, childish ebullition of sentiment may give some one the power of calling me a dishonest man. How unpleasant, but I must steel my heart against such trifles, and learn caution in studying philosophy, not that of the schools, but the philosophy of men, and of a life of passions. God protect me and encourage me in a career of honour and right-mindedness, and may He give me also discretion and calmness to reflect; and now that office can no longer be avoided, I pray the Heavenly Father to give me the will to discharge my duty, and the strength to perform it; to found all in His glory, and by seeking the welfare of mankind to render my public and my private thoughts a means of furthering the love of his Religion.

A few days after his interview with the Duke of Wellington, the head of the new administration, Lord Ashley received the following letter:—

The Duke of Wellington to Lord Ashley.

LONDON, Jan. 29th, 1828.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—I told you that I must make use of you for the public service at one or other of the Boards I mentioned. Uncertainties in another quarter prevent me from deciding at this moment at which of the Boards I will employ your services.

You shall know the instant I can decide.

In the meantime, unless you should hear from me, and should have accepted what I shall offer, you may safely go into the House of Commons this day.

Ever yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.

The office to which Lord Ashley was appointed was that of a Commissioner of the India Board of Control, which office he held until Earl Grey assumed the reins of Government, two years later.

Feb. 6th.—Woodstock. All has been going well, too well; my whole condition is so bettered that I fear reverse of fortune. First, I must make the needy taste of the wealth that God has showered upon me. I shall send a large sum to Moore.* Last night I dined with Duke of Marlborough. Never did I feel so touched as by the sight of his daughter, Susan—his natural daughter. She is Charlotte, our dear Charlotte, over again, in voice, in manner, in complexion, in feature, in countenance. I could hardly refrain from calling her *Sister*. O Great God, have compassion upon her forlorn state! What will become of this poor girl? What danger is she beset with? May I have the means of doing her some real lasting service! Father of mercies, grant Thy protection and keep her from the awful perils which are on every side.

Feb. 15th.—All is well over at Woodstock, and I am installed a man of office. I dread my duty, not my work. So much is now crowding upon me, and my difficulties appear so much greater, that I almost repent of the acceptance of this charge. But God be with me if I am honest.

From the time of his appointment may be dated his interest in the teeming myriads of our Indian fellow-subjects, and in general missionary work. “Do right, whatever may come of it,” was the principle which governed all his life, and governed him, therefore, in relation to Indian politics. He insisted at all times, and in the most unmistakable manner, that it was the best policy of the English nation to declare emphatically that its conduct was based upon Christian principles, that everything to be done

* Rev. Robert Moore, the Rector of St. Giles's, Dorsetshire, who would distribute the money among the poor of the parish.

should be done in a Christian character to a Christian end, and that nothing would be gained by a time-serving forbearance of this principle.

I recollect perfectly well, when I was at the India Board, in 1828, on the question of Sutteeism (that is, the burning of widows on the death of their husbands) coming before us, thinking it a matter of the most outrageous cruelty and wrong. On saying so I was put down at once as if I was a madman; I was wondered at for ever daring to mention such a thing. Well, my Lord William Bentinck was appointed to the command in India. My Lord William Bentinck thereupon, with a stroke of his pen, put the unnatural practice down,* and the whole of India was satisfied that it was right, because his Lordship appealed to those great principles of the human heart, which are implanted by the hand of God, and which may be overcome by abominable incrustations; but conscience is still there, the mistress of truth, and does its work; and if you appeal to the conscience, depend upon it the millions will go along with you.†

That Lord Ashley's impression was a true one, and his theory correct, was proved by the events. As those who really understood the natives had predicted, there was neither riot nor disaffection. No Sepoy shot his colonel, nowhere were magistrates or missionaries mobbed, treasures plundered, or bungalows fired. The good example long ago set, has been followed by the tributary princes of India, moved by the influence of Residents and Agents, and Suttee is now unknown in any part of the great peninsula.

Among the many schemes that Lord Ashley projected for the welfare of India during his short term of office on the India Board, was one for the establishment of Scientific Corporations for the institution and improvement of Horticulture and Husbandry throughout the Provinces of India. The draft memorandum to Mr. Lock, setting forth the principles, and demonstrating the utility, of the scheme, was found among Lord Shaftesbury's papers, with the following endorsement in his own hand:—"Feb., 1880. Paper written in 1829. Read it after an interval of fifty-one years. Thankful to find that I had, then, begun to think of such things. Was at that time a Commissioner of the India Board."

A Society was already in existence in Calcutta, and Lord Ashley's memorandum to Mr. Lock was intended to show the value of that Society, and to point out that, as Bengal was benefited by it, similar Societies should be established in Madras and Bombay. His argument was based on the defective state of agricultural knowledge among the natives of India, the listlessness of the people, and the consequent duty of increasing their knowledge and stimulating their faculties by inciting and encouraging them to endeavours which, in a free and civilised country, give birth to generous and lucrative enterprise. The establishment of Agricultural Societies, the cultivation of choice vegetables and fancy fruits and flowers, were not unworthy

* Sutteeism was declared illegal, December 14th, 1829.

† Speech at Wimborne, Oct. 30th, 1857.

the care of Asiatic sovereigns. "Take the article, potato," says the memorandum; "it will give to Hindostan a second article of food; it will furnish them with a cheap and agreeable sustenance to relieve the monotonous insipidity of their rice (there is wisdom, I think, in creating a taste for simple luxuries derived from increased labour), and it will become a resource in calamitous times when the season may have proved unfavourable to the staple subsistence of India."

But in this, as in all things, the moral results were the higher consideration to Lord Ashley. "Among the various good results," he continues, in his memorandum, "from a system like this, I think there will arise a more friendly intercourse between the European and the native; our kind intentions will be perceived, and community of pursuits will soften the rigid characteristics of English demeanour; they will, perhaps, become more sensible of our benevolent policy, and we more alive to their various capabilities."

Lord Ashley did not, as we have seen, make his mark immediately on entering Parliament; in fact, it was nearly two years before he delivered his first important speech. There were several measures under discussion during this interval on which public opinion and party feeling ran high, and in which he showed a considerable interest. The question of all others that had the deepest hold on men's minds at that time was the question of Roman Catholic Emancipation. For many Sessions the subject had been discussed, the country had been agitated, and the fiery vehemence of the various parties had been growing in intensity.

It was in March, 1827, that a motion was made by Sir Francis Burdett, affirming the necessity for taking into immediate consideration the laws imposing civil disabilities on his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects, with a view to their relief; and within a year of that date it was evident that the settlement of those claims could no longer be delayed. Session after Session the Government majorities on the question were lessened, and on May 12, 1828, the House of Commons carried, by a majority of six, the resolution of Sir Francis Burdett, affirming the expediency of "considering the state of the laws affecting his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects in Great Britain and Ireland, with a view to such a final and conciliatory adjustment as may be conducive to the peace and strength of the United Kingdom, to the stability of the Protestant Establishment, and to the general satisfaction and concord of all classes of his Majesty's subjects."

Another year passed, and still this was the unsettled but absorbing question, when, on the 5th of March, 1829, Peel, in a four hours' speech, moved—"That the House do resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House, to consider the laws" by which these disabilities were imposed. This motion was carried, after two nights' debate, by a majority of 348 to 160, and shortly afterwards the Committee of the whole House passed a resolution to the effect that it was expedient to provide for the repeal of the disabling laws. To that end a Bill was forthwith introduced for the purpose, which reached

its third reading on the 30th March, when it was carried by a majority of 320 to 142.

Lord Ashley took no active part in this question, although he watched it with great interest.

"I was very young in Parliament, and younger still in office," he said to the writer, when referring to those days. "I only entered Parliament in 1826, and the Bill was passed in 1829. At first I voted against it, but when Peel and Wellington took it up, and showed the necessity for it, I saw that resistance was impossible. It was a subject that was always coming up, and was always leading to endless machinations. If a Lord Lieutenant favoured the Roman Catholics, a Secretary was put to counteract his influence; if a Roman Catholic was appointed to one place, a Protestant was appointed to impede him. It stood in the way of everything. So, although I voted against it at first, when Peel and Wellington changed, I changed, and recorded my vote for Emancipation as a member of the Commons and of the Government. But I thought then, and I have never had reason to alter my opinion, that, good as the measure was, they were not the proper men to carry it. They held office on it, instead of handing it over to those who had been its advocates. They should have said boldly to the Crown: 'It is a measure that must be passed, but it should be passed by those who agree with it. We are not the men to do it.' And I have often thought, in subsequent years, that their action inflicted such a deadly blow on confidence in public men that there has never since been a complete recovery."

After completing his study of Welsh, Lord Ashley turned his attention to Hebrew. The two languages are alike in many peculiarities of construction, in the paucity and confusion of tenses, in the conjugation of verbs, and in the binding together in one word of some prepositions and pronouns.

It was not, however, on this ground that he took up the study. From early childhood he had loved and revered the Holy Scriptures, and he was ambitious to be able to read them in the Hebrew; moreover, he loved and venerated the Jews, and was interested in everything that concerned them, and not least, therefore, in their language. But he was not destined to make great progress in this new study—other matters were ripening which were to engage all his time and energy.

It is interesting to watch him at this period of his life, and to see his mind stretching itself out towards objects which should satisfy him;—to mark the aptitude and capacity of the man, and the pent-up energy which must spend itself at times. No answer had come to the problem as to what he was to do with his life; he was sailing quietly on the current of the stream, and it had not yet shown any indication of widening towards the ocean.

It was about this time that there revived in him the desire to devote his life to science. From an early age he had taken pleasure in chemistry and botany, and allied sciences, and had always made scientific inquiries the hobby of his leisure. It was not, however, until the beginning of the year

1829 that he had ever seriously considered whether or not it would be worth while to give himself up wholly to scientific pursuits. He had then become acquainted with Sir James South, the eminent astronomer, whose indefatigable ardour in the cause of astronomy inspired Lord Ashley to diligence in the same pursuits. For a time he was completely absorbed in this study, spending day after day in close application to books and instruments, and night after night in the observatory with Sir James South. It seemed that at last his object in life had been found.

But at that same time he was just getting a hold of the Lunacy question; a little later, the Factory question was taking form; and by degrees he found that there were duties pressing upon him, which his conscience would not allow him to shake off—duties that could only be carried on effectually by complete devotion to them. So it was that his visits to the observatory became only occasional, then still less frequent, until at last they ceased altogether.

Referring, in his old age, to this period, he said—

In early life I was passionately devoted to science, so much so, that I was almost disposed to pursue science to the exclusion of everything else. It passed away and I betook myself to literature, hoping that I should not only equal, but that I should rival many in mental accomplishments. Other things were before me, and other things passed away, because, do what I would, I was called to another career, and now I find myself at the end of a long life, not a philosopher, not an author, but simply an old man who has endeavoured to do his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him.

The first of the “other things” before him was an inquiry into the Treatment of Lunatics.

CHAPTER III.

1828—1833.

THE treatment, or rather the maltreatment of lunatics, was one of the pre-eminently bad features of the bad times in the early part of the present century. In the Middle Ages the insane had been canonised as saints, burnt as heretics, or hanged as criminals, according to the particular bias of their mental disorder. At a later date harmless madmen roamed the country and made sport for the people; but if only suspected of being dangerous, society, in terror, took the most cruel precautions for its own safety, with an utter disregard for the feelings of the unfortunates, or for their chances of recovery. Londoners out for a holiday paid their twopences to stroll through Bedlam and laugh at the poor lunatics; at another time the town was panic-stricken because the Lord George Gordon rioters threatened to let the madmen out of Bedlam.*

"In the early part of the present century," says one of the pioneers of enlightened treatment, "lunatics were kept constantly chained to walls in dark cells, and had nothing to lie upon but straw. The keepers visited them, whip in hand, and lashed them into obedience; they were also half-drowned in 'baths of surprise,' and in some cases semi-strangulation was resorted to. The 'baths of surprise' were so constructed that the patients in passing over a trap-door fell in; some patients were chained in wells, and the water made to rise until it reached their chins. One horrible contrivance was a rotatory chair in which patients were made to sit and were revolved at a frightful speed. The chair was in common use. Patients, women as well as men, were flogged at particular periods, chained and fastened to iron bars, and even confined in iron cages."†

Before describing the labours of Lord Ashley during a long series of years on behalf of these poor creatures, it will be well to set forth, very briefly, the state of the law at the time of his first connection with the subject, and the main features of antecedent legislation. Prior to the year 1808 the only Act of Parliament providing for the care of pauper lunatics was passed in 1744; it authorised any two Justices to apprehend them, and have them locked up and chained.‡ To protect society was the only aim of this Act; it provided for those who "are so far disordered in their senses that they may be too dangerous to be permitted to go abroad." In 1774, as the result of a Committee of Inquiry upon which Pitt and Fox, Lord North and

* Letters of Horace Walpole.

† "Lunacy; its Past and its Present," by Robert Gardiner Hill, F.S.A., p. 1.

‡ "Hist. of Insane in the British Isles," by D. Hack Tuke, M.D., p. 98.

Wilkes, and others had sat *ten years before*, an Act was passed to regulate private asylums, in which frightful abuses were prevalent. But this Act was so framed that it could accomplish nothing. Any one who chose could get a licence to keep an asylum, but though the College of Physicians could receive reports of abuses, they could do nothing further. In 1808, the accommodation for pauper lunatics received some attention from Parliament, and an Act was passed for the building of County Asylums, but during the ensuing twenty years only nine English counties did thus provide themselves.*

Meanwhile circumstances had arisen leading to important changes, both as regards public opinion and legislation. The Society of Friends had started, and successfully carried on, a "Retreat" at York, on humane principles, for insane members of their society.† Attention was drawn to this enlightened experiment, and at the same time to the frightful abuses at a large asylum in the same city.‡ These two antagonistic examples, thus shown side by side, led to beneficial results.§ After one or two futile attempts at legislation, the friends of reform procured a Committee of Inquiry, which sat during 1814 and 1815, and placed before the public a vast amount of information as to the course of practice in English madhouses. In the review just referred to, the writer (Sydney Smith) apologises for the disgust he must cause his readers by the horrible details he is compelled to quote. The result of the investigation at York was, that every officer in the place was dismissed, and a flood of light poured in upon the bars and chains and handcuffs, the filth and nakedness and misery that seemed to be regarded throughout the country as matters of course. The Committee reported in July, 1815, and in the following year the Commons passed a Bill for periodical inspections of asylums by magistrates, for the appointment of eight Lunacy Commissioners by the Secretary of State, and for the establishment of other safeguards against abuses.|| This Bill the Lords saw fit to throw out, only fourteen voting for it. In 1819 an Act was allowed to pass "For the better care of Pauper Lunatics," but its best clauses were simply permissive.¶ A few scattered efforts were made in subsequent years to bring the state of English madhouses—which, through impunity, had again developed many of their worst features—under the notice of Parliament. But nothing effectual was done until 1828, the year in which Lord Ashley first took part in the movement, and when the inadequate Act of 1774 was still on the Statute Book as the only English law relating to the regulation of private madhouses.

The apathy with which our forefathers permitted proved abuses, of so glaring a character, to flourish, is matter now for astonishment and indignation.

* "Hist. of Insane in the British Isles," by D. Hack Tuke, M.D., p. 165.

† See "Early Hist. of the Retreat." S. Tuke, 1846.

‡ "Hist. of York Lunatic Asylum." J. Gray.

§ *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxviii., p. 433.

|| Hansard, vol. xxxix., 1874.

¶ Tuke's "Hist. of Insane," p. 163.

But deeply-rooted evils die hard. The old idea that connected madness with evil spirits, and made the safety of the community the first and almost the only matter of consideration, was long in giving place to sounder views. The unfortunate lunatic was treated as in a hopeless case, and beyond the reach of mental influence. Keepers—whose very appellation betrays the prison notion that originated it—never dreamt that it was any business of theirs to “minister to a mind diseased,” still less to elevate or restore the troubled faculties. Their duty was to keep their charge secure with as little trouble or danger to themselves as possible, and there the responsibility ended. Such a system inevitably caused its wretched victims to sink into loathsome brutality, and permitted ignorant and ferocious keepers “to indulge in almost every species of cruelty, insult, and neglect.” *

From the time of which we have just spoken (1828), men of science and philanthropy, working hard to bring about a better state of things, found in Lord Ashley an ardent sympathiser and an earnest co-worker.

The state of pauper lunatics in London was brought before the House of Commons in June, 1827, by Mr. Robert Gordon, and a report was issued by the Committee of Inquiry that had been appointed, revealing many shocking defects and abuses. On the 19th February, 1828, Mr. Gordon moved for leave to bring in “A Bill to Amend the Law for the Regulation of Lunatic Asylums,” and pointed out instances of illegal detention and coercion of sane persons, and of gross neglect and cruelty to unfortunate lunatics. He showed that the Commissioners of the College of Physicians had omitted to carry out inspections as the law directed, on the ground that they had no power to follow up their discoveries.

Lord Ashley seconded the motion, but Hansard asserts that “his Lordship spoke in so low a tone that he was nearly inaudible in the gallery. He alluded to the evidence given before the Committee to prove that it was highly necessary that something should be done relative to the treatment of pauper lunatics, and he cited several cases that had come within his own knowledge which clearly proved that the existing system was greatly defective.”

This was his first important speech in Parliament, and it was on behalf of the most unfortunate, the most wretched, and the most ill-treated of his fellow-creatures. In it he sounded the key-note of his whole Parliamentary career; he stood forth as the friend of the friendless, the helper of the oppressed, and from that day forward his whole life was devoted to the great interests of humanity.

In his Diary Lord Ashley briefly alludes to his first speech in these terms:—

Feb. 20th.—Last night I ventured to speak, and, God be praised, I did not utterly disgrace myself, though the exhibition was far from glorious; but the subject was upon Lunatic Asylums, a mere matter of plain business and requiring

* Report of Parliamentary Committee.

simplicity alone with common sense. Gordon had requested me to second his motion; having sat on the Committee and having felt unusual sympathy for those whom the Bill is intended to protect, I did not decline, more especially as I had heard that from certain circumstances my support in this affair would render some small service to the cause. And so, by God's blessing, my first effort has been for the advancement of human happiness. May I improve hourly!

Those who knew him best, knew how dependent he was for a word of encouragement from friends in whose judgment he had confidence; and Lord Bathurst, who had watched his progress with almost fatherly solicitude, wrote to him as follows:—

Earl Bathurst to Lord Ashley.

MANSFIELD STREET, Feb. 20th, 1828.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—I am very glad to see that you have begun speaking, and not at all sorry that you did not begin with a brilliant one, as that might have sealed up your lips afterwards. By all the accounts I have heard, there is no doubt of your succeeding, by becoming more confident, which can only be acquired by practice. Peel said that if your speech had been uttered with as loud a voice as that of Lord Morpeth, everybody would have said it was an excellent speech. It is now your own fault if you do not go on. You will feel when next you speak that you are risking nothing, and this very feeling will encourage you to speak with more confidence.

I could not help writing this, as I know you to be mighty sensitive, and may therefore take it into your head that there had been a failure, which I can assure you is not the case.

Yours very sincerely,

BATHURST.

The Bill, of which the principal features were the transfer of powers from the College of Physicians to fifteen Metropolitan Commissioners appointed by the Home Secretary, and the requirement of two medical certificates for private patients, was passed on July 15, 1828. Of the new commissioners Lord Ashley was one. In the following year he became chairman of the Commission, and continued in that office till his death—a period of fifty-seven years—his great interest in the welfare of the insane having been sustained throughout that long period with unflagging energy.

The condition of the lunatic population still left very much to be desired, and further efforts at improvement were made; but nothing of striking importance was accomplished for several years. During this period, however, Lord Ashley was not idle. He did not leave a stone unturned which could be of assistance to the contemplated reform; he visited the asylums in many parts of London and the provinces, and saw the filthy condition, the horrible attendant circumstances, the misery and degradation of the inmates. He saw for himself that the lunatics were chained to their beds and left from Saturday afternoon to Monday without attendance, and with only bread and

water within their reach; he saw the nature of the barbarities that were committed upon the helpless sufferers; he saw that the violent and the quiet, the clean and the uncleanly, were shut up together in foul and disgusting cells, damp, dark, and unwholesome; but what astonished him more than anything else was, that people knew and cared absolutely nothing about this state of things; and that it was with the greatest difficulty he could obtain from any outside source an opinion or a fact. So shocked and horrified was he with the revelation of misery and cruelty—almost incredible in these days when lunatic asylums are models of cleanliness and of wise and humane treatment—that he vowed he would never cease pleading the cause of these poor creatures till either death silenced him, or the laws were amended. And, as we shall see, he kept his vow.

Meanwhile, another and vaster subject was looming before him: the great question of Factory Legislation.

But before we can be in a position to see the scope of his labours in that gigantic movement which was to be for ever identified with his name and influence, we must linger awhile over these earlier years, glancing first at a few personal details, principally as narrated in his Diary, and then at the state of the times and the events which immediately preceded his connection with Factory Legislation:—

April 13th.—Read to-day "Lord Rochester's Conversion," by Bishop Burnet. Surely it is the most delightful of books. I am determined to edit it alone in an attainable size, should there be no such thing existing already. I am certain that if this narrative were widely disseminated much good would arise from its perusal. God assist me in the undertaking.

It was an ambition with Lord Ashley to distinguish himself in literature, and his mental accomplishments were such that there is no doubt he would have made his mark as a man of letters. But circumstances again and again opposed him, until, as he said, do what he would, he could not resist the influences which drew him to another career. In the present instance his intention was frustrated in a different way, for, following the entry quoted above as to editing "Lord Rochester's Conversion," there is a note added, "Found that it was already done."

April 28th.—My 27th birthday. Temporal advantages have increased upon me. I hope that others have felt my bettered state. But I look around now from a higher pinnacle and behold what mighty interests are entrusted to my care: India, with her hundred millions, is the compass of my mind's survey, and it is almost possible that some happiness or misery may depend upon my principle and vigilance. Can God, in His store of worldly exaltations, confer a greater than this sublime guardianship of countless myriads—to advance their temporal welfare, open their understandings, fire their souls, and, by leading them prudently to a knowledge of religion, work out our own immortality by desiring theirs? This is absurd, I fear. I am not the Principal, but, like Terentius

Varro, let nations thank me because "I have not despaired of the Republic." How one is led away. Visions of glory possess my brain by day and by night; but prudence, the sole guide of truth and lasting success, is cold and measured in her views. God's will be done. Somehow or other I have gained credit as a man of business. Never was man more friendly, more kind, than the Duke to me. He has given me this situation as the most instructive and important. Next year I must stand forward as the Oracle of India, the strength or weakness of the Government in this division of its energies. I shall wake but in vain unless God give me His aid. I have acquired, I think, some temper, some knowledge of mankind, some true philosophy, and a more enlarged view of things, but cannot withstand despondency. I cannot resolve to quit public life; I may not. Surely there is some vanity at the root of all this. Vanity, that bane of what is really good. Wrote two prayers. Now let me consider awhile my future career. The first principle, God's honour; the second, man's happiness; the means, prayer and unremitting diligence; all petty love of excellence must be put aside, the matter must be studied, the motives refined, and one's best done for the remainder. No fretting of the mind. No conceited nervousness for fear some sentence should fail in arrangement, some point in fitness, some attempt at display be found presumption. I must not dread coming down to the level of others. If I am already there the descent is nothing, and why be desirous of appearing greater when that illusion can be maintained by silence alone—and that silence I must break? This is the hardest scheme I ever devised, to come forward at once and show myself no cleverer than others; yet it is the wisest if I could but follow it. I must think of my duties and the subject I have to uphold. If I stop to compare myself with others, either vanity overweening will rush in, or else a cruel despondency, arising equally from conceit, but differing in its mode of influence. Oh! what wisdom and power in this saying, "Do what is right, and trust to Providence for the rest." My charities are not sufficiently extended. I must methodise them as soon as my debts shall be arranged and I have time to look around. I will begin afresh. One good thing has been done in getting William a dwelling-place in my house. He attends more to business, is far happier, and will, I now hope, lay up a stock of real fruit for after years.

May 27th.—Change again in the Ministry. It is well to be rid of such dishonest men. I have spoken several times, at no length certainly, but enough to gain me credit and some confidence. I hope to advance in honour and usefulness.

For Bishop Heber, whose brief but brilliant career in India was cut short in April, 1826, by his sudden death in his bath, Lord Ashley had a very profound admiration, and there are several references to him in the Diary. Thus:—

June 1st, Sunday.—No man ever equalled Bishop Heber. His talents were of the most exquisite character. If he were not as Socrates, able to knock down by force of reasoning the most stubborn opposers, he was like Orpheus, who led even stones and trees by the enchantment of his music.

June 5th.—To Ascot races by command of his Majesty. As I travelled along I remembered the line, "*Imperium Oceano, famam qui terminet astris*," but is our empire bounded by the ocean, is our renown no higher than the stars? On

earth we are lords of the sea, and should we as men, as Christians, regenerate India, behold, the Heaven of heavens will be the archive of our fame. *O Patria! O divum domus!*

The Lunacy Bill was under discussion in the House of Commons, and the following entry refers to the part he took in the debate :—

June 18th.—Windsor. Last night I made my first attempt to maintain a long and important speech. If there be sensitiveness and timidity in man, doubt and nervousness of heart, it was in me for a long time before the day arrived. I prayed most earnestly, as I ever do, for aid and courage. Though I did not please myself, I found that the House was delighted. Cheers and compliments were abundant. I thanked God repeatedly; hastened home to throw myself on my knees in gratitude. May I ever enjoy this Holy Assistance!

June 29th, Sunday.—How I long to quit this hot and noisy town, that I might roam in the valleys and plains meditating on things immortal. A London Sunday neither peaceful nor retired. It is impossible to forget the world amid this heat and bustle. I must devise some plan to rid me of this inconvenience.

July 25th.—This frequent omission to put down my thoughts has become a real loss. I find no history of my mind. I did well to give a hundred pounds to King's College; the sum, though large for me, is rightly laid out in erecting an embankment against the overflow of irreligion. Gave twenty for the monument to Bishop Heber. This also was well done. Public honours, if deserved, are sublime rewards; and though I could not by any act of mine add anything to his name when dead, or to his just pride when living, yet it is pleasant and becoming to have displayed one's reverence of lofty worth; and the mind having yielded to such an impulse, feels the consolation of secret prayer, and rejoices in the virtue of another's virtue.

Lord Ashley's Christianity was essentially practical, and entered into every relation of life. With the memory of his early days always vividly before him, and their effects exhibiting themselves in his mental and bodily state, there is great beauty in the spirit of forgiveness breathed in part of the following entry :—

July 27th.—At Sudbrook, where I have been the two last Sundays. It is remarkable how riches have of late flowed in upon me. I have discharged two-thirds of my debt, and have wherewithal to discharge the other, which shall instantly be done. God be praised for this bounty. I shall extend my charities. I wish I could find some really deserving object. It is pleasant at last to be on good terms with Lord S., and Charlotte is so, too. We forgive him all his unkindness. Memory is good to show a progress in virtue, not to furnish themes of indignation. I am here with my dear, sweet friend, Lady Francis;* yet we have had no conversation as in olden time. I love her because I love the existence of such willing virtue. Her faults are errors which when laid open she takes pride in renouncing. It is well to contemplate a female mind rich in pureness and anxious for truth.

* Lady Francis Egerton, afterwards Countess of Ellesmere.

August 3rd, Sunday.—Another week gone by almost imperceptibly, and little has been done. Am happy to have had the means of spending £5 in a good cause—nothing less than a subscription to a fund which may educate a young girl and save her perhaps from misery and prostitution. Taste and inborn vice will take enough to that career without the number being swollen by the victims of treachery and distress. I shall give any money that may be wanted.

August 6th.—Dined with the Directors of the East India Company, and shall on every occasion. It is good to cultivate friendliness and kind feeling among them. That silly brag, Lord Wallace, whom I have found out from many circumstances to be a blustering talker, would have me treat them like thieves and murderers, "Keep them at a distance." "Do not let it be known that they have access to you." Stuff; if a man be honest I am proud of his acquaintance. His recommendations would lead me to treat them with vulgar insolence. I shall not do so. India: what can I do for your countless myriads? There are two things—good government and Christianity. How shall I compass them? I have no influence as yet. If God would tip my tongue with fire I might speak in a voice which would be heard even at the ends of the earth; but He knows best, and will ever raise up His champions to fight the Battle of Immortality.

August 17th, Sunday.—I cannot get into any course of religious study. Pondering much the necessity and mode of conversion in India. It is hard to find any documents which throw light on this most important matter.

August 18th.—Is not this prophetic of the Duke? Seneca says that he is happy, "*cui non magis auri fulgor quam gladii perstringat oculos?*"

Sept. 24th.—Thinking and reading lately a good deal on India. I shall never be able to do that Empire a service, but I shall nevertheless continue my endeavours. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," but the difficulty is to be "righteous." In solitude very often of late I somehow begin to feel how truly God pronounced, "It is not good for man to be alone"

The Bill to Amend the Law for the Regulation of Lunatic Asylums had been passed on the 15th July, and Lord Ashley watched its first operations with keen attention. The entry in the Diary continues:—

From eleven o'clock till half-past six engaged in the good but wearisome cause of Lunatic Asylums—took Sunday, for it is the day on which the keepers of old sought their own amusements and left the unhappy lunatics to pain and filthiness. Did not wish for such an employment, but duty made it imperative. Walked after dinner to Kensington and studied a little astronomy. Saw the planet Saturn and his ring; it is a spectacle worthy of God alone. Man has not beauty of soul sufficient to comprehend such majestic loveliness. I thanked God that I had enjoyed so great a blessing. It came as a reward for obedience to my painful duty.

There are many passages in the Diary at this period that show clearly how earnest was the desire of Lord Ashley to devote himself exclusively to scientific pursuits. For a month he had been spending all his leisure in the study of astronomy, and it was with no little regret he came to the conclusion that henceforth he must continue it only as an occasional

recreation. "Every one chooses his career," he wrote, "and it is well if he chooses that which is best suited to his talents. I have taken political life because I have, by God's blessing, many advantages of birth and situation which, although of trifling value if unsupported, are yet very powerful aids if joined to zeal and honesty. It is here, therefore, that I have the chief way of being useful to my generation."

October 26th, Sunday.—Woodford. Came here last night.* There is certainly a great change in the world's mind. All civilised nations are set to extend their knowledge, and the heathen seem less unwilling to receive it. I do not perceive much irreligion; there may be some, but lukewarmness is more prevalent.

London, November 13th.—On 10th dined at Lord Mayor's feast—it was heart-stirring. God be praised, who has made me citizen of this happy and generous empire. Yesterday, at our Lunatic Commission; there is nothing poetical in this duty; but every sigh prevented, and every pang subdued, is a song of harmony to the heart. Dined with East India Company at Albion Tavern. I felt happy. Certainly I begin to think that I am popular with all classes; not vulgarly popular, but esteemed. This is by God's blessing. I am astonished at the wide dissimilarity of persons with whom I stand as a favourite. Persons who, if they were themselves brought together, would feel mutual dislike and aversion. The speaker last night said to me the kindest things. All sides of politics, Radicals, Whigs, high Tory, and neutrals, give me praise. Thank God I truckle for none; I hold a straight course, and Providence blesses me above my deserts.

The next two pages of the Diary contain remarks on the conduct of Lord Ashley's father and mother. It is clear that Lord Ashley and his brothers and sisters experienced unkindness almost amounting to cruelty when they were young, from both parents, but especially from the mother, and now that they were grown up, although, as we have recently seen, in the spirit of Christian charity they had forgiven the wrong done to them, there was evident aversion and a total absence of all those affectionate and confidential relations which are the great happiness of life, and are most to be looked for between parents and their children. The passage concludes with these words: "The history of our father and mother would be incredible to most men, and perhaps it would do no good if such facts were recorded."

November 20th.—Brighton. Had two or three walks on the cliff—had an opportunity of what I love—a silent prayer in solitude and contemplation. On my soul I believe that I desire the welfare of mankind! It strikes me that although God has blessed others with gifts and advantages far beyond what I enjoy, yet He has blessed me infinitely more than I deserve, so this consideration is enough. I love the sea. I see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep.

* To Mr. Arbuthnot's place.

December 3rd.—Strathfieldsaye. In the house of my friend and patron. God bless him! What will be my future career? I shall never be fit for a Cabinet, and yet, if I quit the service of politics, where are my means of utility? Marriage, I have seen, corrects many and various errors in a man's character. I know and feel the vices of my moral constitution, but I dread the chance of a Jezebel, a Cleopatra, or that insupportable compound of folly and worldliness which experience displays every day, but history has not yet recorded. Give me the mother of the Gracchi, exalted by the Gospel!

December 5th.—The other day I wrote to Lock, Deputy Chairman (of East India Company), touching the appointment of an astronomer for Bombay; he gave me a most liberal and honest answer. We shall, at last, get a useful observer in that hemisphere, and advance science. It struck me this morning that the astronomer would, of course, have one or two assistants. I shall request him to take one *native*. This man, by contemplating the purity of Almightyness, will soon learn to despise Brahma and Vishnu. Who knows but what he might become an Orpheus to his compatriots? The idea is good, bravo! Last night I harangued Shelley on various points. It so fell out that I talked of the barbaric irruption into the Roman empire. Two ideas then passed across my mind; that it was necessary to cleanse and sweep away that structure of corruption and beastliness which had wholly obscured the real purpose and calling of mankind, and was rapidly spreading amongst all other people contiguous to the Roman world. The imperial rule embraced the entire compass of civilised existence, and both governors and governed stank alike in the sight of morality. There remained, then, no polished nation wherewith to dilute, by conquest, the quintessence of Roman profligacy. Rebellion would have been useless, it would merely have transferred the helm from the director to the agent of accursed Filthiness. God, therefore, summoned to his aid the hardy and simple vices of barbarian minds; they overran Europe, and, during the night of literature, saved, by the grace of Heaven, the seeds of morality. A second reason; these rude, uncultivated hearts were better qualified to imbibe the pure spirit of Revelation. This is substantiated by the perusal of history. The pride, the licence, the illogicism of pagan belief (pagan as existing in the laboured and attractive ritual of Italy), might to eternity have withstood the Christian faith. The religion of Vandals, of Huns, of all tribes such as these, had nothing to gratify their pride or advance their pleasures. They were, therefore, indifferent to its perpetuation. A form of worship was all they wanted, for man will worship. Settled in prosperity, they became improved, and chose the most decent. It is not hard to justify the ways of God towards man.

December 20th.—After long and wearing toil, I completed my minute in the Jury question. It was the effort of good intention and warm interest towards the natives of India. I thanked God in prayer that I had been enabled to conclude it. The execution will depend on His wisdom. I have real and genuine comfort in thinking of the labour I have undergone. On this day Lord Ellenborough, having perused my memorandum, rejected its proposals. I never felt that success was probable. His vanity would not like to take from an inferior the hint of so glorious a consummation. If I err, I err with the greatest names of British India. What an easy question it is to oppose, and how difficult to uphold! But I have done my best.

December 25th.—St. Giles's, Christmas. Thank God that I am able to pass this season at the ancient seat of my forefathers. Though alone and undiverted by social abstractions, I rejoice in the fancy of patriarchal duties, and look forward in the hope of better days. The village smiles, and the people flourish ; but it will soon cease to smile and the people to flourish if the countenance of the earthly lords be utterly withheld. What a purity of delight if God would bestow on me the wife of my heart, and a place for the exercise of imagined virtues !

January 18th, 1829, Sunday.—London. I cannot account for the peculiar vivacity of my heart to-day. There is no reason why I should be thus lively. I shall repay it by a corresponding dejection. However, joy is pleasant whenever it comes. Began yesterday to read the Septuagint—must some day learn Hebrew.

February 5th.—Parliament begins to-day, and with it comes the beginning of sorrows. This evening I must speak. The Duke, to my great joy, has resolved upon considering the expediency of removing all Catholic disabilities, and substituting in their stead other defences for Church and State. I have long and deeply desired this policy. Who but he would have dared to conceive and execute it—persuade the king and overcome popular abhorrence ? Peel has resolved to aid him ; this is public virtue. I offered to say a few words expressive of my hearty concurrence. Peel was delighted. I did not know that my opinion was of such value ; and now, O God, without whom there falleth not a sparrow to the ground, neither can there pass from the mouth one word of wisdom, give me Thy aid, save me from failure and disgrace. *Half-past ten.* I have spoken ; I am but just saved from disgrace. I love the Duke, and will serve the Government, and the best way of serving him is to say that my office shall be resigned whenever he shall have found another man more able to aid him in this and other departments.

February 7th.—Arbuthnot would not take my offer to the Duke—how odd ! Went on a visitation of madhouses. I can do good that way if in no other.

February 11th.—God is all-wise and all-good, and I am sure that He has made me inferior to others for some kind purpose. I am, however, unpleasantly situated ; in honour I must go on, yet only to exposure. I pray night and morning for His grace and assistance.

February 25th.—The measures now in progress touching relief to the Papists may have, by reflex, as it were, great influence on the question of Reform in Parliament. If the Jesuits, who are both rich and enterprising, aided by the Catholic gentry and noblesse, should possess themselves of many close boroughs, and with the additional assistance of disaffected Whigs and atheistical malcontents, command several votes in the Lower House, there would be an outcry for a more extended interposition of a Protestant people, as an antidote to Papistical ambition. Nevertheless the measure, although pregnant with danger, is one of high expediency. I rejoice.

February 28th.—The good laws enacted under Charles II. and his fierce despotism immediately following them, the existence of the ancient laws and institutions of Rome, and the servile obedience of the people to imperial government, are a proof how ineffectual are all safeguards of liberty and high principle, except the spirit of a nation.

March 24th.—My feast last night went off very well, though disappointed of

an invited guest. Lock told me that the despatch I so eagerly desire is ready. God be praised. I am just come from a party, where, as usual, I found myself more ignorant and imbecile than any of the rest. What in Heaven's name has befallen me? I see that geology has become a favourite weapon to wield against Revelation, by attacking the Mosaic history of the Deluge. At best it savours of presumption.

It is curious to notice, in the entries in these early Journals, the same processes of thought and the same plans of action which characterised the whole life of the man. In the extracts we have given will be seen the germs of many of the great enterprises that were to make his after-life so remarkable, and to stamp him as the greatest philanthropist of his age. The distribution of his money to rescue the tempted girl, the tribute to the memory of Heber, the aid to King's College in rearing an embankment against irreligion, the quiet observance of the Sabbath, the desire to give freer circulation to religious literature, apprehensions of the spread of Popery, the fear of geology as a weapon against Revelation—all these and many more show the bent of his thoughts and feelings, and foreshadow his future labours.

March 27th.—Last night I prevailed upon Aitch to promise me the despatch I require. God Almighty be Thou praised! We have at last established a new order of things for British India, and have dared to sow the seeds of freedom, of virtue, and of Christianity. Am I too sanguine? But let me hope.

April 26th, Sunday.—Last night dined at H.R.H. of Kent's. This morning read all the Revelation continuously. This, or these readings of this kind, will make the general scope more easy of comprehension.

April 28th.—Yesterday I heard (at Hatfield) that I was considered A SAINT. I do not regard it; with all my faults, I fear that I shall never have the fault of being too good.

April 30th.—If any one were to read my book here, that person must inevitably regard me as the quintessence of querulousness; however, I keep it all to myself.

June 1st, Monday.—Last night I dined with South.* I really cannot but feel grateful for his unceasing kindness and hospitality. I was soothed and elevated by contemplation of the heavens, and acknowledged inwardly how unworthy all matters on earth are of our anxious and heartrending consideration. But these sublimities endure but for awhile, and we return to the sorrows and business of mortality.

June 8th.—In all enthusiasm there is an intermixture of vanity.

June 22nd.—I have passed a most happy time at the Lodge. Such a round of laughing and pleasure I never enjoyed; if there be a hospitable gentleman on earth it is his Majesty.† I was so jovial that I almost forgot myself, but now I say with Job, "it may be that I have sinned and cursed God in my heart," but I trust not. I was harmless in my mirth.

* Sir James South, the astronomer. He had an observatory at Campden Hill.

† George the Fourth.

July 2nd.—Again at the Royal Lodge. I like it. His Majesty is most hospitable and gracious; his whole demeanour is that of a perfect gentleman. Would to God he were always and *innately* so. No one has greater characteristics of British Royalty when he chooses to display them. By principle I am a lover of a constitutional monarchy. Lately reading "Southey's Colloquies;" they are replete with learning and thought. I wish I had time and *method* to become an extensive reader. But I do believe that if the mind be indelibly stamped with the precepts and wisdom of the Bible, it will acquire a force of analysis and judgment to extract from the labour of a day more than the scorner or neglectful could attain by the watchings of a century. I have had my solitary walk, and a short period of holy meditation. I prayed with all the fervour I could command, but all prayer is infinitely cold to express what is felt, or rather what one wishes to feel.

Throughout the Diary, at this time, there are frequent passages to show that Lord Ashley, busy as he was, and happy as he was in his political associations, was still restless and ill at ease. His heart was yearning for a resting-place in wedded love, in a settled home, and in the joys of domestic life. His soul was seeking for more definite and systematic labour in distinctly religious spheres. His mind was craving for some absorbing interest which should wean him from his "desperate fits of lounging." Again and again he indulges in morbid self-analysis—grieved that everybody should be able, as he supposes, to do everything better than himself; dreading the chance of failure and consequent disgrace; and constantly passing, as he says, "from the wildest of spirits to cruel and overwhelming despondency." There is, moreover, a certain unhealthiness of sentiment in his tone, quite foreign to his earlier views, and unrelated altogether to his later, as for example when he says, "Surely there must arise happiness of soul, when Time shall be no longer, either to annoy many by its duration, or some by the rapidity of its flight." Again: "We should pray for the end of the world. If it come soon, how much wretchedness would be spared."

But the time was rapidly drawing near when, in a new sphere of life, with new hopes and plans and purposes, much of this restlessness and despondency was to be dispelled, and meanwhile, his happiest moments were those when he was most engrossed in labour for others.

July 20th, Monday.—I held forth last night upon Astronomy a little; it was to persons who had not considered its glories; I hope that the few remarks I made will lead them to reflect more deeply on the immensity of power and goodness in the Creator!

July 21st.—I have taken up the Salt Monopoly of India; this matter has always interested me as one affecting most nearly the comforts of several millions. May I, by the assistance of God, be able to do something for their benefit herein.

July 22nd.—Last night I spent at South's, in observation of the heavens. I was enraptured. I may be a wicked man, and one regarded by God as "deceitful upon the weights," but still there is within me a spirit of love and adoration

which bursts forth at the sight of any of nature's glories. My soul is so filled that it cannot find vent but in aspirations towards a higher being. Unless the mind be turned to contemplate some vast, indivisible, everlasting, omnipotent Superior, it wanders restless, unsatisfied, and ignorant, through the immensity of imagination, and, having begun in conceit, ends in satiety or despair. But as for myself, my heart is so touched when I view the sweet magnificence of the Creator, that I could fall to weeping in tears of gratitude and joy. Oh, Great Parent, keep me ever in this frame of thought and feeling! I fear the advance of age with its coldness, its abstractions, its worldly pursuits, its hard and worldly common sense.

July 26th, Sunday.—I wrote yesterday to Arbuthnot and declared my final resolution not to sign that insulting despatch for transmission to Lord William Bentinck.* It may end in my dismissal from office, but I shall have acted in alliance with a good conscience. Oh! how difficult it must be for a needy man to be honest and independent! Suppose now I were the father of a dozen children, could I bring my mind to resolve thus greatly? I know not; I shall draw, however, this conclusion—to be sparing of animadversion on those whose needs may cause a tenacity of office or other source of decent maintenance.

It was while Lord Ashley was a Commissioner of the India Board of Control that the first bit of "patronage" ever fell to his disposal. What use he made of it is best told in the following correspondence:—

Lord Ashley to Mr. Robert Southey.

PANSHANGER, September 12th, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hope and believe that usage will justify me in the liberty I have now taken of addressing you without the preliminaries of a formal introduction. A man widely famed as yourself, by his publications, so abundant in philosophy and instruction, is virtually presented to every one of his readers. I, at least, cannot refrain from adapting my reasoning to my wishes, in this particular matter.

My business is shortly this. I have derived the greatest benefit from the study of your works, and I think that the world also is largely indebted to your genius and industry. I am anxious to testify, in any way that I can, my respect and gratitude, and I see but one means of effecting my purpose.

My office has, I dare to believe, given me some weight and personal interest with the Directors of the East India Company; the Writerships of that Service lead eventually to important trusts and lucrative emoluments; if you have any son or nephew whom you wish to advance in an honourable and advantageous career, I shall be both proud and happy to obtain for him such a situation. I am fully convinced that a young man imbued with your principles, and instructed by your learning, will prove a public servant such as we need to superintend the immediate comforts, and gradually to promote the civilisation of India. The acceptance of my offer will not in the least place you under any obligation to me;

* Then Governor-General of India.

it is *due* to a man who has done so much by his writings to extend the knowledge of true philosophy, and impress upon the world the consolation and practice of Religion.

I remain, my dear Sir, your very obedient, humble servant,
ASHLEY.

To this generous letter, in which the claims of India were considered, no less than those of personal gratitude and esteem, Southey replied as follows :—

Robert Southey to Lord Ashley.

KESWICK, *September 18th, 1830.*

I know not, my Lord, how to express my sense of your kindness. Nothing more utterly unexpected, or more gratifying, has ever occurred to me.

A like offer was made to me in the year 1816 by Lord Bathurst, to whom, also, I am personally unknown. It was proposed through Mr. Croker, and upon the supposition that I had a son for whom it might have been acceptable; but I had just before seen that son laid in the grave, and my dearest earthly hopes, as I then thought, with him. There then appeared no likelihood that I should ever have another child, but, after three years, it pleased God to give me a second son, who is now just beyond the age at which his brother was removed. My hope is that, if his life be spared, he may become a Minister in the Church of England, which I believe to be the happiest station in which he could be placed; and with this hope I am educating him myself.

But I have a nephew, now eleven years old, for whom I should most thankfully and gratefully accept your Lordship's proffered kindness. This I could not say till I had communicated with his father, Dr. Southey. He is a promising boy, and has been well educated, thus far, in the usual course.

I have the honour to remain, my Lord, with sincere respect and gratitude,

Your Lordship's obliged and obedient servant,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

That was the beginning of a friendship, maintained chiefly through correspondence, which continued until the long illness that terminated in Southey's death.

On the dissolution of Parliament, in 1830, Lord Ashley was elected to represent Dorchester, for which borough his father had previously sat for many years, the place having been represented by his ancestors from the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The accession to power of Earl Grey relieved Lord Ashley from his official duties. He devoted the leisure thus obtained to the prosecution of his studies, and in 1832 he took his M.A. degree at Oxford.

Important as were the events in the times of which we have written, one event has now to be recorded of infinitely greater importance, relating to Lord Ashley's private life. "If I could find the creature I have invented," he wrote, while at Aberystwith, "I should love her with a tenderness and truth unprecedented in the history of wedlock. I pray for her abundantly.

God grant me this purest of blessings!" That prayer had been answered; his ideal had been found; and on the 10th. of June, 1830, he was married to Emily, daughter of the fifth Earl Cowper—he who at the beginning of the present century erected the mansion at Panshanger, in Hertfordshire. For forty years she shared her husband's struggles, inspired his greater efforts, and was, as he himself has described her, "a wife as good, as true, and as deeply beloved, as God ever gave to man."

One of the first to whom he communicated the intelligence of his approaching marriage was the Duke of Wellington, who replied as follows:—

The Duke of Wellington to Lord Ashley.

LONDON, April 12th, 1830.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—I have received your letter, and I sincerely congratulate you upon your expected marriage, and upon the hopes of happiness which it affords.

I shall say nothing upon it to anybody. But I saw it announced in two or three newspapers yesterday, as copied from another (the *Court Journal*), which, although it has so fine a title, is, I believe, but a blackguard performance.

As you have desired me not to mention this circumstance, I will not write even to Lady Cowper till I shall have your permission. But if she should know that you have told me, I beg you to let her know the reason for which I do not write to her immediately, and assure her that there is no person who rejoices more sincerely than I do upon an event in which she must feel so much interested.

I beg you likewise to lay me at the feet of Lady Emily, and assure her that she has no friend more sincerely anxious for her happiness than I am.

Believe me, ever yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.

Referring to this period of Lord Ashley's life, Lord Granville, who from boyhood had known him, says:—"He was then a singularly good-looking man, with absolutely nothing of effeminate beauty. He had those manly good looks and that striking presence which, I believe—though, of course, inferior by hundreds of degrees to the graces of mind and of character—help a man more than we sometimes think, and they helped him when he endeavoured to inspire his humble fellow-countrymen with his noble and elevated nature. Those good looks he retained to the end of his life. At the time I am speaking of he was seeking to marry that bright and beautiful woman who afterwards threw so much sunshine on his home. I remember, as if it were yesterday, how a schoolfellow of mine, not knowing that he was to be the future brother-in-law of Lord Shaftesbury, told me several anecdotes of the singular characteristic energy, earnestness, and tenderness which Lord Shaftesbury exhibited in all the actions of his life." *

* Earl Granville's speech at the Mansion House Memorial Meeting, October 16, 1885.

The rejection of the Reform Bill brought about another dissolution of Parliament in 1831, and Lord Ashley was then chosen, on account of his personal popularity and the local influence of his family, to contest the County of Dorset in the Anti-Reform interest. He stood a fifteen days' contest for the representation against the Hon. William Francis Spencer Ponsonby (afterwards Lord de Mauley), whom he ultimately defeated, after an opposition of unexampled vigour, and almost unexampled duration.

An entry occurs in his Diary relating to this period—the last entry that was to be made for the space of three years.

1831.—No man, I am sure, ever enjoyed more happiness in his married life. God be everlastingly praised.

April 28th.—Dorchester. Another birthday in the midst of an election and a falling country. Were I not married to a woman whose happiness, even for an hour, I prefer to whole years of my own, I could wish to be away from the scene of destruction and carried to an unearthly place, rather than see my country crumble before my eyes. Whatever be the result of this General Election relative to the Bill, the Ministers have succeeded in rendering some reform inevitable.

It was at the urgent request of the Anti-Reform party that Lord Ashley had consented to stand for Dorsetshire, and on the distinct understanding that the expenses of the election—which at that period were enormous—would be borne by them, as he had, from the first, frankly declared his inability to defray them himself. By a series of misunderstandings, consequent upon not having guarantees properly secured, the fund that had been raised was altogether inadequate; the burden of payment fell upon Lord Ashley, and he became involved in harassing and distressing difficulties.

Read in the light of the Corrupt Practices Act of 1885, the following memorandum of the expenses incurred in the election of Lord Ashley for Dorset will point its own moral:—

DORCHESTER.

King's Arms.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
House or Tavern Bill	1,938	15	11			
Paid for Beds out of the House.	387	19	0			
Hay and Corn	95	5	7			
Coach Proprietors for Fares in Coaches	56	12	6			
Post Horses	636	4	0			
Hire of Carriages... ..	95	0	0			
Paid for a Horse Killed	20	0	0			
Contingencies	26	12	6			
	3,256	9	6			
Received	17	12	6			
				3,238	17	0

N.B.—In the above the Hostler, Waiter, Chambermaid, and Porter, are not included.

	£	s.	d.
<i>Brought forward</i>	3,238	17	0
Anchor	362	2	7
Chequers	512	8	4
Green Dragon	705	7	3
Greyhound	318	19	2
Mariners	840	19	1
New Crown	346	3	6
Old Crown	432	14	10
Phoenix	1,319	2	6
Plume of Feathers	832	8	11
Queen's Arms	140	0	1
Red Lion	567	11	8
Ship	212	16	8
Wood and Stone	646	5	2
	<u>£10,475</u>	<u>16</u>	<u>9</u>

Public Houses.

Dorchester	10,475	16	9
Weymouth	372	4	0
Portland	1,203	8	7
Maiden Newton. White Hart	218	11	10
Winfrith. Red Lion	51	19	2
Corfe Castle. Ship Inn	24	11	6
Milborne St. Andrew's. Cardinal's Cap	177	5	10
Gillingham. Red Lion	2	0	3
	<u>£12,525</u>	<u>17</u>	<u>11</u>

Expenses of Freeholders for Carriages and Travelling			
Charges to and from London and other places, paid	£	s.	d.
at Dorchester	361	10	6
Various payments to Messengers and persons attending			
the Election	134	9	6
Other payments connected with the Election	268	1	2
		764	1 2
Other Bills delivered and not paid		2,310	6 6
		3,074	7 8
Inns and Public-house Bills already received as above		12,525	17 11
		<u>£15,600</u>	<u>5 7</u>

After all the trouble, fatigue, and appalling expense of the election, Mr. Ponsonby declared his intention to present a petition against the return of his opponent. Lord Ashley at once announced the attitude he proposed to take in the matter in the following letter:—

Lord Ashley to the Duke of Wellington.

PANSHANGER, November 30th, 1831.

MY DEAR DUKE,—I understand that it is the intention of Mr. Ponsonby to present a petition against my return. His case I know to be an uncommonly

bad one : but as he brings it forward at the cost of other persons, he has no objection to spend money for my annoyance.

I think it my duty to inform you, not only as the head of the party to which I belong, but also as having taken so great interest in the struggle for Dorsetshire, that if Mr. Ponsonby should present the petition, I do not intend to resist it, however feeble, nay, despicable, may be his claim, as indeed my Counsel assert it to be.

My Election expenses are still unpaid ; indeed, even the amount nominally subscribed has not as yet been placed in the Banker's hands. I have before me, in consequence, the prospect of debts and incumbrances which no economy or exertions on my part will enable me to discharge. Under such circumstances it would be dishonourable in me to incur any further expenses.

I am, my dear Duke, with great respect, yours very truly,

ASHLEY.

To this letter the Duke replied bluntly, as follows :—

The Duke of Wellington to Lord Ashley.

LONDON, *December 1st, 1831.*

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—When you address me as a person greatly interested in your honour and success, and as one who felt a most anxious interest for your success in Dorsetshire, I answer you. But when you address me as the head of a party, I disclaim the title. I am the slave of the party. Whenever any man wants anything, particularly anything to be said or done by one to another which will be disagreeable to him, he comes to me to apply for my assistance ; but if I presume to give my opinion upon any matter of general or local interest, it is quite certain that each individual will take his own course. I think it best, therefore, that I should take mine ; and I protest against being supposed to be the head of any party, or responsible for anybody's acts excepting my own.

I am very sorry that you should find yourself under the necessity of retiring in case Mr. Ponsonby should petition. I did everything in my power to support you. I did more even than I promised.

Believe me, ever yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.

A correspondence of some warmth ensued after this, which it is not necessary to insert here. Lord Ashley had entertained the hope that when the Duke saw the embarrassments in which the long protracted contest had left him, he, in common with others of the party, would have taken some steps to relieve him. But the Duke declined to interfere in the matter, and Lord Ashley was left to his debts, and to his own devices to extricate himself from them.

His first step was to announce to his friends, committees, and agents, his course of action. It was done in these terms :—

LONDON, *December 20th*, 1831.

Lest there should be any misunderstanding, I am desirous of stating, in a very few words, my present but final determination.

If the party think the seat for Dorsetshire worth defending, they are at perfect liberty to undertake the defence. I cannot give any attention to that concern, until I shall be entirely relieved from all existing incumbrances.

My whole endeavours will be directed towards the discharge of the election debts; this is the only course by which I can stand justified before the world, the creditors, and my own conscience. I shall not thwart or limit in any way the operations of the party, if they wish to resist Mr. Ponsonby's petition; but I myself will not expend one farthing thereon, nor (whatever the party may do in *their own name*) can I permit that any charge, even the smallest, should henceforward be incurred in *mine*.

The matter is in their hands to do exactly as they please.

ASHLEY.

The unpleasant position in which Lord Ashley found himself placed, brought him much sympathy and some help. Among those who expressed themselves warmly on the subject was the Duke of Cumberland (afterwards King of Hanover), to whom Lord Ashley wrote.

Lord Ashley to H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland.

PANSHANGER, *December 26th*, 1831.

SIR,—I have taken the liberty of addressing a few lines to your Royal Highness, to thank you for the kind feeling you expressed on my behalf.

I am greatly honoured by your Royal Highness' friendship, and I can sincerely assure you that, in this general desertion of my friends, it is doubly gratifying to me.

I am, Sir,

Your Royal Highness'

Most obedient, humble servant,

ASHLEY.

The Duke replied as follows:—

H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland to Lord Ashley.

KEW, *December 30th*, 1831.

DEAR SIR,—Excuse my not having acknowledged sooner the receipt of your letter, but I have been prevented doing it until now. I feel most happy if, by my humble means, I have had it in my power to be of any use to you on a late occasion. All I can and shall say is, that though I know I have many faults, at least that of infidelity to my political principles never can, or shall, be charged to me, and I must say that I look on your business as one in which the honour and character of us Tories is most entirely concerned, and that as you

did not enter upon the contest from any particular desire of your own, nay, I may add rather against your own wishes, but at the express desire of the party, they are bound to do their utmost to help you. Wishing you every possible success, believe me,

Dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

ERNEST.

The action of Mr. Ponsonby was stoutly resisted by the party, and the result was a complete triumph for Lord Ashley.

As a matter of course, he voted against the Reform Bill, but he took no very active part in the stirring controversies in relation to it, nor does he appear to have spoken on the question in the House. He had pledged himself to stand to "those great principles which inspire and regulate our glorious Constitution in Church and State," and to "firmly, yet temperately, endeavour to maintain the institutions of the country, and to prevent the collision of interests apparently hostile, though in fact the same." Half a century later—on the 50th anniversary of the passing of the Bill—a list of the survivors of the Reform Parliament was given in the public press, and the question was asked whether any of them would hold to the opinion then expressed that the "sun of England had set for ever." Lord Shaftesbury replied—

I am one of the survivors, but I do not recollect that I ever expressed that opinion, nor was it the opinion of the great Statesmen who at that time resisted the measure. They maintained that it would lead eventually to large and organic changes; that it would overthrow the Established Church, and destroy the independence of the House of Lords, if not altogether annihilate its existence.

They never contemplated those issues as immediate; they generally believed that about thirty years would elapse before the full and permanent effects were seen. In this they were right. The Household Suffrage Act of 1867, followed by the introduction of the Ballot, gave the final stamp to the future character of legislation. One enactment yet remains, the enactment of household suffrage for the counties. This measure will affect the tenure and transmission of property in every form, as the other measures have affected the principle and action of political institutions.*

During the years 1831—32 Lord Ashley was in constant correspondence with Southey, and, although many of the letters related chiefly to questions of the day, the views expressed by Southey were stimulating to his friend. "For myself," said Southey, "I take a hopeful view of things, not merely because of that constitutional cheerfulness which never forsakes me by my own fire-side, but because all things seem at this time to be working through evil to good." This was an exactly opposite view to that entertained by Lord Ashley, and the influence brought to bear upon him was beneficial.

* *Times*, June 6th, 1882.

Many of Southey's letters relate to books and their authors, Lord Ashley's literary taste and judgment being held in very high esteem by Southey. Thus, on November 7th, Southey writes :—

Lord Clarendon's "History" ought to be read in the Universities as carefully as Thucydides. I have long considered it a great defect in our system of education that some such means of training up men (politically speaking) in the way they should go, and thus arming them against the errors of the times, should be so utterly neglected.

South's "Sermons" ought to follow Clarendon in a course of historical reading. They constantly refer to the causes and consequences of the Rebellion as connected with Puritanism ; and as no man ever possessed a cleverer head, no man ever expressed sterling sense in a more vigorous style. Indeed, I look upon his style as the perfection of English prose. His wit I can always admire ; and his bitterness I can pardon, because it is never misapplied ; but there are one or two passages of so dark a Calvinistic dye in his works that they make me shudder. Of all our old divines, Jackson is the one who has most enlarged my views ; the perusal of his works always elevates me, and leaves an abiding contentment. Now and then a passage occurs which I wonder at meeting there, and wish it had not been written ; but on the whole I know of no writer in whose words there is so little alloy, in proportion to their extent. There are some remarkable instances in this excellent man's writings of that foresight which is produced by a religious consideration of the course of human affairs.

In only one of his letters does Southey refer to himself as the Poet-laureate. It was when sending a selection from his poems, containing his lyric pieces written in the days of Queen Caroline, and of the revolutionary movements at Manchester. He says—

I send them because of their present applicability ; and because they will show you in what manner I am disposed to perform the duties of Poet-laureate.

Southey was justly indignant upon hearing how, in the matter of the expenses connected with the Dorset election, Lord Ashley had been deserted even by those who had pledged themselves to support him ; and wrote in reply, while the validity of the election was still in question :—

KESWICK, *January 16th*, 1832.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—Your letter gives me great concern as well as great surprise. Dorsetshire offered the first ground on which a stand could be made, and when you took your stand there every one knew that it was not for your own sake, but for the common cause. I never doubted that coming forward as you did, you would be supported by the whole party. If they treat you thus, I cannot but feel that they neither deserve to be served nor saved.

Such treatment might produce a most injurious effect upon any one whose mind was not conformed to Christian principles and confirmed in them. For nothing is more difficult than to think charitably of mankind, after we have been

compelled to think ill of those in whom we have trusted. You are in no danger of being thus morally injured. And should it be necessary for you to withdraw for some years into private life and comparative retirement, this may eventually prove to be no misfortune. You will escape from feverish anxieties and from fatigues which undermine the strongest constitutions; and you will live to yourself, in the enjoyment of leisure, which you will know how to improve. Your evenings will be far more healthfully and happily and profitably passed than they would have been in the House of Commons.

God bless you, my dear Lord Ashley.

Yours with sincere regard,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Southey, Lord Ashley made known many of the projects which were still floating in his mind and had not yet assumed definite shape. In all these Southey took a warm and sympathetic interest, as indicated in the following extracts:—

January 15th, 1832.

I agree with you that the state of the poor cannot be discussed too much, for till it is improved physically and morally and religiously we shall be in more danger from them than the West Indian planters are from their slaves.

December 1st, 1832.

If I had not been pressingly employed upon a volume which is announced for the first of February I should have ere this thanked you for the two Reports upon the Sabbath, and Cruelty to Animals. The first I have gone through carefully and with great interest; the first page of the latter made me sick at heart; but I shall go through that also, and, in due time, if it please God, make use of both. No information can ever come amiss to me. Sooner or later I find application for all that I can obtain; and it not unfrequently happens that notes which I made twenty or thirty years ago, come into use. The Sabbath report tends to confirm the encouraging opinion that in every measure of real reform, when it is once fairly and honestly undertaken, the strength of the community will go with it. Whatever is attempted in the fear of God and in the love of our fellow creatures, will have the heart of man with it.

One of the titles by which Lord Ashley soon became known throughout the country was that of the "Working Man's Friend." The condition of the working classes about this time presents a very striking contrast to their condition now. The term "working man" is to be understood as applying, not to the agricultural labourer, who, as a rule, has very little to do with politics, takes reluctantly to new ideas, and is slow to be moved by agitation of any kind, but to men employed in towns and cities, the great centres of industry; men of the Lancashire and Yorkshire type, who by their intelligence represent, and by their action influence and lead, the great working classes of the country.

It was when Lord Ashley was beginning his public career that the true position of the working man was becoming capable of definition. He had groaned under heavy burdens, he had been stung by the reproach that he was a mere part of the machinery of the country, he had been fettered by vexatious laws. The great fiscal reforms of Huskisson in 1824—5; the labours of Joseph Hume; the repeal of the Combination Laws, which rendered the union of working men in self-defence no longer criminal; the repeal of the laws relating to artificers going to foreign parts, which made emigration possible when the labour market was overstocked, and other measures of relief, now paved the way for further reforms.

And truly Reform was urgently demanded in regard to the whole position and privileges of the working classes. A spirit of turbulence and lawlessness was manifesting itself everywhere. Their only resource in self-defence, and perhaps the only argument they understood, was that of violence. When, for instance, in 1829, during a period of stagnation in trade, employers proposed a reduction of wages to the factory operatives, they assembled in riotous mobs, broke the windows of the factories, smashed the machinery, destroyed the looms, and in some instances set fire to the mills. Education was at a deplorably low ebb. In the factory districts, even as late as 1843, when overwork was to some extent stopped, Mr. Leonard Horner, one of the inspectors of factories, reported that in an area of eight miles by four, comprising the large boroughs of Oldham and Ashton, for a population of 105,000, there was not, at the date of his last quarterly return, one public day school for poor children.

The factory schools were a delusion and a snare. As late as 1839 an inspector reported:—"The engine-man, the slubber, the burler, the book-keeper, the overlooker, the wife of any of these, the small shopkeeper, or the next-door neighbour, with six or seven children on the floor and on her lap, are by turns found teaching the young idea how to shoot, in and about their several places of occupation, for the two hours required by law."*

Sunday-schools, although of incalculable value for their special ends, could not, in the nature of things, effect much in the spread of education.

The amusements of the people were a fair index of their general condition. There was universal rioting and carousal at Easter and Whitsuntide. Fairs and wakes were the popular resorts; drunkenness was the great prevailing vice; unchastity was fearfully prevalent; and low-class dancing saloons and still lower-class cheap theatres were largely frequented.

The opportunities for improving their mental and moral condition were very limited. The factory system, as we shall presently see more particularly, was cruel in its oppression. Mines and collieries were worked in great measure by women and children. Bakers, sailors, and chimney-sweeps were left unprotected by legislation. Friendly societies, many of them rotten to the core, were the only legalised means for self-help. Post-office Savings

* Quoted in "Progress of the Working Classes." By J. M. Ludlow.

Banks were not established, and the pawnbrokers, or private savings banks, held the savings of the people. Sanitary science was practically unknown. Education was not a right. Ragged schools, reformatory and industrial schools, mechanics' institutes, and workmen's clubs had not begun to exist. The newspaper press was not free; on the contrary, it was fettered in many ways. Taxation was oppressive and unjust. Postal communication was an expensive luxury even to the well-to-do. Limited liability, enabling working men to contribute their small capital to the increase of the productive power of the country, was not so much as thought of. The poor laws were pauperising and degrading; the stamp duties were an effectual bar to the poor man enforcing his legal claims. The Compensation for Accidents Act did not exist. The cheap literature of the day reflected the violent passions which raged on every side; and the Church was in a state of lethargy from which it was not effectually aroused for many years.

With crime rampant, and the machinery for the pursuit of offenders in an inconceivably deficient state; with mendicancy everywhere on the increase; with population increasing by gigantic strides (in Birmingham, for example, the population in 1815 was 90,000; in 1832, 150,000), and no means for the preservation of order in great thoroughfares; with sanitation in a deplorable state, and no proper provision for enforcing the local and general laws in existence for the removal of obstructions and nuisances—there was no measure enacted at this period that was of greater benefit than Sir Robert Peel's Act which laid the foundation of our present police force. Before 1829 the public were dependent for their protection upon a staff of parochial watchmen, who were muffled up in heavy cloaks, and beat a stick upon the pavement to announce their approach, and allow evil-disposed persons to get out of their way. At night they carried lanterns, which served, as the stick by day, to announce their whereabouts, and after they had made their rounds they retired to their watch-boxes. It was no wonder that plunder and robbery of all kinds were committed with impunity, and that after sunset no one considered it safe to venture out. But the inhabitants of the metropolis, and in fact of all the large towns, were accustomed to the state of things, and when Sir Robert Peel instituted, in 1829, the new police force in the metropolis, he was met on all hands with the fiercest opposition and invective. It was considered that such an interference with the liberty of the subject as the introduction of police supervision involved, would be disastrous in its consequences. As a matter of fact it was found to be the best measure for consolidating peace and protecting life and property that could have been devised; and the popular prejudice, although hard to die, at length yielded. It is unnecessary to state that the terms "Bobby" and "Peeler" were derived from Peel's name.

It was fortunate for Lord Ashley, of all men, that the police force should have been instituted at this period. The times were ripening for the introduction of measures which, before they could be carried, would necessitate his becoming personally acquainted with every den of infamy, every sink of

impurity, every abomination in the hovels of the lowest of the low—not in London only, but in all the great cities, and it would have been morally and physically impossible for him to have accomplished his task without the assistance of the police, a body of men to whom he always acknowledged his indebtedness, and of whom he always spoke well.

In 1833 began the great work, in which, for twenty years, Lord Ashley was to take so prominent a part—Factory Legislation.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century the value of the muslins and calicoes which England annually received from India was about £160,000. During the eighteenth century the importation of Indian piece-goods into this country, despite legislative enactments intended to foster the home manufacture of cotton fabrics, by prohibiting the weaving of Indian muslin and calicoes, rose to the annual value of £1,250,000, and the acme of this increasing trade was reached in 1806, when our importations from India of such goods as are now the staple of the industry of Lancashire, amounted to £2,000,000. "From this date there is a decline, great and rapid, till England becomes an exporter of what she had previously imported so largely, and is able, not only to furnish cotton goods of every variety and quality for the supply of all her own wants, but also to carry the produce of her looms ten thousand miles across the seas, and 'placing them at the doors of the Indian consumer, underseil the goods made by his own hands from cotton grown in his own garden.'"*

It was to the inventions and improvements in machinery that this wonderful change was due. Up to the year 1738 the English hand-loom weaver was in no better case, as regarded his implements, than the "rude, unlettered Indian;" but in 1738, John Kay, of Bury, substituted the fly-shuttle for the hand-shuttle, by which the production of the hand-loom was trebled. Other improvements followed; and in 1767, Mr. James Hargreaves, a hand-loom weaver of Blackburn, patented his "spinning jenny." So great was the saving of labour effected by this machine that the spinners were up in arms; they broke into his house, and destroyed the machine. When, however, its advantages became apparent, fresh machines were brought into use, but these in like manner were destroyed, and Hargreaves quitted Lancashire in disgust, and settled in Nottingham, where he erected a mill.

Following close upon the inventions of Hargreaves came those of Richard Arkwright and Samuel Crompton, by whose genius the production of yarn had increased three hundred-fold; and to these again succeeded the inventions of Dr. Cartwright, a clergyman of the Church of England, and of Mr. Robert Millar, a calico-printer of Glasgow, so that towards the end of last century the condition of the cotton manufacturing population was completely changed. Instead of working in their homes they were obliged to work in mills; and instead of being comparatively their

* "Cotton Weaving and Lancashire Looms." *Macmillan's Magazine*, vol. vi., p. 446.

own masters, working when they would, they were under masters who made them work for what wages they chose to give, and during what hours they chose to dictate.

Remonstrance was in vain; water could now be employed to do the harder part of the work formerly done by the men, who, if they were refractory, could be sent adrift; and machinery was invented which children could manage with almost as much success as adults.

In this way a demand for child-labour was created, and the supply was not deficient. But it was effected in a manner which scarcely seems credible to the humanity of to-day; large bodies of children were drafted from the workhouses of London, Edinburgh, and other great cities, and placed in the mills as "apprentices," where, at the discretion of sordid overseers, they were worked unmercifully, and treated with such brutality that the recital is too sickening for narration.

As early as 1796 voices were raised in protest against the cruel wrongs inflicted on these poor children, who were continually being sent down to Lancashire by barge-loads from the London workhouses; but in the excitement of the stirring events that were then occurring at home and abroad, those voices were unheeded. Meantime, the condition of these unfortunate children was growing from bad to worse, until at last the cruelty of the system under which they were held was hardly paralleled by the abominations of negro slavery. A horrible traffic had sprung up; child-jobbers scoured the country for the purpose of purchasing children to sell them again into the bondage of factory slaves. The waste of human life in the manufactories to which the children were consigned was simply frightful. Day and night the machinery was kept going; one gang of children working it by day, and another set by night, while, in times of pressure, the same children were kept working day and night by remorseless task-masters.

The horrors of the Factory System are scarcely conceivable to this generation; and if a few details are given here, it is not to furnish a "harrowing description," but to indicate what was the actual state of things which cried aloud for the interference of the Legislature.

Under the "Apprentice System," bargains were made between the churchwardens and overseers of parishes and the owners of factories, and the pauper children—some as young as five years old—were bound to serve until they were twenty-one.

In some cases alluring baits were held out to them; they were told they would be well clothed and fed, have plenty of money, and learn a trade. These deceptions were practised in order to make the children wish to go, and thus give an opportunity to the traffickers to say that they went as volunteers, and not under compulsion. Generally, the spell was broken when, like live stock, these children were packed in waggons, and sent a four days' journey to Nottingham, or wherever their destination might be. If the illusion did not vanish then, it did when the gates of the 'Prentice House

closed upon them, and they were checked off, according to invoice, and consigned to the sleeping berths allotted to them, reeking with the foul oil with which the bedding of the older hands was saturated.

Their first labours generally consisted in picking up loose cotton from the floor. This was done amidst the burring din of machinery, in an average heat of 70° to 90° Fahrenheit, and in the fumes of the oil with which the axles of twenty thousand wheels and spindles were bathed.

“ For all day, the wheels are droning, turning ;
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places :
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall,
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
And all day, the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
‘ O ye wheels ’ (breaking out in a mad moaning)
‘ Stop ! be silent for to-day ! ’ ” *

Sick, with aching backs and inflamed ankles from the constant stooping, with fingers lacerated from scraping the floors ; parched and suffocated by the dust and fine—the little slaves toiled from morning till night. If they paused, the brutal overlooker, who was responsible for a certain amount of work being performed by each child under him, urged them on by kicks and blows.

When the dinner-time came, after six hours’ labour, it was only to rest for forty minutes, and to partake of black bread and porridge, or, occasionally, some coarse Irish bacon.

In process of time more important employment was given to them, involving longer hours and harder work. Lost time had to be made up by overwork—they were required every other day to stop at the mill during the dinner-hour to clean the frames, and there was scarcely a moment of relaxation for them until Sunday came, when their one thought was to rest. Stage by stage they sank into the profoundest depths of wretchedness. In weariness they often fell upon the machinery, and almost every factory child was more or less injured ; through hunger, neglect, over-fatigue, and poisonous air, they died in terrible numbers, swept off by contagious fevers.

There was no redress of any kind. The isolation of the mills aided the cruelties practised in them. The children could not escape, as rewards were offered for their capture and were eagerly sought ; they could not complain when the visiting magistrate came, for they were in abject fear of their taskmasters, and, moreover, on those days the house was swept and garnished for

* “ The Cry of the Children,” by Mrs. E. B. Browning.

the anticipated visit, and appearances would have given the lie to complaints; if they perished in the machinery, it was a rare thing for a coroner's inquest to be held, and rarer still for it to issue in anything but a commonplace verdict. And when the time came that their indentures expired, after years of toil, averaging fourteen hours a day, with their bodies scarred with the wounds inflicted by the overlookers—with their minds dwarfed and vacant, with their constitutions, in many instances, hopelessly injured; in profound ignorance that there was even the semblance of law for their protection—these unfortunate apprentices, arrived at manhood, found that they had never been taught the trade they should have learned, and that they had no resource whatever but to enter again upon the hateful life from which they were legally freed. Should it happen that they had become crippled or diseased during their apprenticeship, their wages were fixed at the lowest possible sum, and their future was a long lingering death.

Such are some of the facts relating to the Apprentice System—only one phase of the great Factory Question. Where such abominations were tolerated, the case of the other children and young persons, not apprentices, could not be otherwise than almost as bad, and, in point of fact, there grew up, as we shall see, consequent upon the rapid increase of trade, a system of iniquity even greater than that we have described, when, instead of church-wardens and overseers of parishes apprenticing the orphans and destitute of their parishes, parents voluntarily placed their children in the factories to do the same kind of work, during the same oppressive hours, and under many of the same heartless conditions.

It is a curious fact that the first champion of these hapless apprentices was one who was himself a manufacturer, and had had a long experience and use of the system—the first Sir Robert Peel, who in 1802 carried a measure to provide for their care and education. As far as it went the legislation was good; it enjoined proper clothing, feeding, and instruction; the limitation of the hours to twelve, exclusive of meals; the abolition of night-work, and the appointment of visitors to inspect the factories. The effect of the Act was to do away gradually with the "Apprentice System."

The mills at that time were placed where there was plenty of water to drive the machinery; and as this was often in thinly-populated districts, the employment of apprentices became a necessity. When, however, the steam-engine was invented, mills could be planted anywhere; and, as a matter of fact, they were planted in densely populated neighbourhoods, in order that the children of the inhabitants might be employed instead of the apprentices, and so relieve the masters of the trouble of providing food, clothing, and education.

This altered state of affairs introduced new evils, scarcely less formidable than those that had preceded them; and in 1815 Sir Robert Peel again came to the relief of the oppressed children. After wearisome inquiries he succeeded in obtaining, in 1819, an Act by which no child under nine years of age should be allowed to work in a cotton factory, and no young person under

sixteen to work more than twelve hours a day, exclusive of meals. Sir Robert Peel was greatly assisted by the untiring labours of Mr. Nathaniel Gould, a large-hearted philanthropist who gave his time and wealth and influence to the cause unsparingly, and has left behind him a memory which will always be cherished with gratitude in the manufacturing districts.

While these evils existed in the cotton factories, evils every whit as great were prevalent in the woollen, silk, linen, and other factories—evils which the legislation of Sir Robert Peel did not touch.

In 1825, Sir John Hobhouse (afterwards Lord Broughton) passed a Bill by which it became unlawful to employ any child in a cotton factory, who should be under eighteen years of age, for more than sixty-nine hours a week; and which also prohibited night-work in specified departments.

The Bill of Sir John Hobhouse, like that of Sir Robert Peel, related only to the cotton factories, and, as soon as it was passed, it was found that it was very inadequate to meet the difficulties which were increasing with the increasing trade, consequent upon the multiplication of inventions. Nevertheless its provisions were highly beneficial as far as they went; the health and morals of the factory-hands were undoubtedly improved, and an impetus was given to the desire of both masters and men for further legislation.

It was not, however, till 1830 that the great and comprehensive movement with which, later on, Lord Ashley was to be pre-eminently identified, commenced. In that year Mr. John Wood, of Bradford, Mr. Richard Oastler, of Fixby Hall, Huddersfield, the Rev. G. S. Bull, Mr. Walker, Mr. Philip Grant, and others, grasped the wider and more beneficent idea of seeking the reduction of the hours of work, not for children in cotton factories only, but for children employed in the manufacture of textile fabrics throughout the kingdom.

Letters were written to the public journals, meetings were held, the enthusiasm of the working men was kindled, and the opposition of the great body of the mill-owners was aroused. Petitions to both Houses of Parliament were presented on both sides, and the whole of the manufacturing districts were kept in a state of increasing agitation.

Meanwhile a further Bill was being promoted by Sir John Hobhouse and Lord Morpeth, which proposed to limit the hours of work to eleven and a half in any one day, and to eight and a half on Saturdays; to prohibit children under nine years of age being employed in factories; to exempt all young persons under twenty-one years of age from night-work; and to extend the operations of the Act to cotton, woollen, worsted, linen, and silk factories, and also to power-loom. The opposition to the measure on the part of the mill-owners was very strong, and the result was that the Bill—which received the Royal Assent in 1831—was too much mutilated to be at all effective.

One of the most ardent supporters of Sir John Hobhouse at this time was Mr. Michael Thomas Sadler, M.P. for Newark, and so conspicuous and untiring were his labours, so wide his sympathies, and so powerful his influence, that he was, by common consent, chosen as the future leader of the movement

in the House of Commons. Sir John Hobhouse had over and over again expressed his conviction that nothing could be more idle than to talk of the possibility of limiting the hours of daily labour to ten, for five days, and to eight on the Saturday, and he was surprised to find that any one, who knew anything of the real state of the question, could hold a view so extravagant.

Nevertheless, at the end of the Session of 1831, Mr. Sadler introduced his famous "Ten Hours Bill" into the House of Commons, and on the 18th of March, 1832, moved its second reading in a speech of extraordinary eloquence. It was urged by the opponents of the measure that his statements were exaggerated, one-sided, and inaccurate; and such was the force of the opposition that he was obliged to yield to the appointment of a Select Committee.

It was while that Committee was carrying on its herculean labours, and Mr. Sadler was working night and day in the cause, that the country was agitated, as it had never been before, with the cry of Parliamentary Reform, and in that year the first Reform Bill received the Royal Assent.

Mr. Sadler retired from the representation of Newark at the General Election of May, 1831, on account of the uncertainty of the result of that election and of his having been offered a safe seat for Aldborough. This latter town was disfranchised by the Reform Act of 1832, and he then stood for Leeds and afterwards for Huddersfield, but, notwithstanding the support he received from the working classes in both places, he was defeated.

The rejection of Mr. Sadler was a terrible blow to the operatives, and a meeting of delegates from the Lancashire and Yorkshire committees was at once held to consider what steps should be taken. At that meeting the Rev. G. S. Bull, of Brierley, near Bradford, one of the leaders in the movement, was instructed to proceed to London to express their views and to confer with the friends of the movement there.

The result cannot be better told than in the words of the letter Mr. Bull addressed to the various Short-Time Committees and others.

Rev. G. S. Bull to Short-Time Committees.

LONDON, February 6th, 1833.

DEAR SIR,—I have to inform you that in furtherance of the object of the delegates' meeting, I have succeeded, under Mr. Sadler's sanction, in prevailing upon Lord Ashley to move his (Mr. Sadler's) Bill.

Lord Ashley gave notice yesterday afternoon, at half-past two, of a motion on the 5th of March, for leave "to renew the Bill brought in by Mr. Sadler last Session, to regulate the labour of children in the mills and factories of the United Kingdom, with such amendments and additions as appear necessary from the evidence given before the Select Committee of this House."

This notice, I am very happy to say (for I was present), was received with hearty and unusual cheers from all parts of a House of more than 300. No other notice was so cheered; and more than forty, some of them very popular, were given at the same time.

I am informed that Lord Ashley received many unexpected assurances of support immediately after his notice, and has had more since.

Pray call your Committee together directly, and read this to them. As to Lord Ashley, he is noble, benevolent, and resolute in mind, as he is manly in person. I have been favoured with several interviews, and all of the most satisfactory kind. On one occasion his Lordship said, "I have only zeal and good intentions to bring to this work; I can have no merit in it, that must all belong to Mr. Sadler. It seems no one else will undertake it, so I will; and, without cant or hypocrisy, which I hate, I assure you I dare not refuse the request you have so earnestly pressed. I believe it is my duty to God and to the poor, and I trust He will support me. Talk of trouble! What do we come to Parliament for?"

In a letter he writes: "To me it appeared an affair less of policy than of religion, and I determined, therefore, at all hazards to myself, to do what I could in furtherance of the views of that virtuous and amiable man" (meaning Mr. Sadler).

I have just left his Lordship, and find him more determined than ever. He says, it is your cause; if you support him, he will never flinch.

Yours most faithfully,

To Mr. _____,

G. S. BULL.

Secretary of the Short-Time Committee, _____.

A memorandum, written by Lord Ashley himself in 1838, and found disjointed and incomplete among his papers, recounts the incident of his resolve:—

In the autumn and winter of 1832, I read incidentally in the *Times* some extracts from the evidence taken before Mr. Sadler's committee. I had heard nothing of the question previously, nor was I even aware that an inquiry had been instituted by the House of Commons. Either the question had made very little stir, or I had been unusually negligent in Parliamentary business. I suspect the first to be the true cause, for it had been an active Session, and I had taken my share in the activity of it. I was astonished and disgusted; and, knowing Sadler to be out of Parliament (for he had been defeated at Leeds), I wrote to him to offer my services in presenting petitions, or doing any other small work that the cause might require. I received no answer, and forgot the subject. The Houses met in the month of February; on the second or third day I was addressed by the Rev. G. S. Bull, whom till then I had never seen or heard of. He was brought to me by Sir Andrew Agnew, and they both proposed to me to take up the question that Sadler had necessarily dropped. I can perfectly recollect my astonishment, and doubt, and terror at the proposition. I forget the arguments for and against my intermeddling in the affair; so far, I recollect, that in vain I demanded time for consideration; it was necessary, Bull replied, to make an instant resolution, as Morpeth would otherwise give notice of a Bill which would defraud the operatives of their ten hours measure, by proposing one which should inflict eleven.

I obtained, however, a respite till the next morning, and I set myself to reflection and inquiry. Nevertheless the only persons I consulted were Peach and Scarlett, the present Lord Abinger. They strongly urged me to adopt the question, and I returned home armed with their opinions, to decide for myself, after meditation and prayer, and "divination" (as it were) by the word of God.

The resolution arrived at by Lord Ashley and announced in the hastily-written but graphic letter of Mr. Bull. was not reached without a struggle. He now stood at the parting of the ways. On the one hand lay ease, influence, promotion, and troops of friends; on the other an unpopular cause, unceasing labour amidst every kind of opposition; perpetual worry and anxiety; estrangement of friends; annihilation of leisure; and a life among the poor. It was between these he had to choose. Had he been ambitious of political distinction there can be no doubt that, with his abilities, his popularity, and his great oratorical powers, he would have commanded a prominent position in his party. Already he had held an appointment in the Government under the Duke of Wellington, whose confidence he enjoyed, and had shown such tact and ability, combined with so thorough a knowledge of the matters he had to deal with—relating principally to India—that he had made his mark.

The alternative before him was voluntarily to cut himself off from these prospects, to associate himself with the most unpopular question of the day, to become the victim of a virulent opposition from all parties, and even from many able and enlightened men who were in thorough sympathy with every movement which they believed to be for the improvement of the working classes, but who looked upon the restriction of the hours of labour as an unjustifiable interference with the relations between employer and employed.

But Lord Ashley was not a man to allow considerations of the baser sort to weigh heavily with him. Already he had won the confidence of the poor and the oppressed. Already he had passed through the strait gate of his path in life, and had entered the narrow way. He would not look back now. He remembered that day at Harrow, when he had vowed that he would fight against the monstrous cruelty that allowed the weak and the unfriended to suffer and be trampled upon simply because they were poor. But that vow had been made when he was a mere boy. Now he had a wife and a child, a home and a position. To espouse the factory cause was to give up home-comfort and domestic leisure; to relinquish the scientific and literary pursuits which had for him such an intense fascination. Was it right for him so to disturb the natural course of his life, and to abandon the prospects it opened up? He laid the matter before his wife, painted in dark colours all the sacrifice it meant; weighed the burden it would place on her young shoulders; and waited for the verdict.

"It is your duty," she said, "and the consequences we must leave. Go forward, and to Victory!"

When Lord Ashley accepted the responsibility of taking up Mr. Sadler's

benevolent measures, he was only known in the factory districts as having voted for those measures; his special aptitude and general fitness for the task had to be taken on trust. From all quarters, however, there came to him promises of support, and foremost among those who welcomed him as their champion was Mr. Oastler, who had worked with unflagging zeal in the cause. To him Lord Ashley replied as follows:—

Lord Ashley to Mr. Richard Oastler

16th February, 1833.

DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to you for your kind and energetic letter; much, very much, is owing to your humanity and zeal, and though I cannot reckon deeply on the gratitude of multitudes, yet I will hope that your name will, for years to come, be blessed by those children who have suffered, or would have suffered, the tortures of a factory. It is very cruel upon Mr. Sadler that he is debarred from the joy of putting the crown on his beloved measure; however, his *must* be the honour, though another may complete it; and for my part I feel that, if I were to believe that my exertions ought to detract the *millionth* part from his merits, I should be one of the most unprincipled and contemptible of mankind. Ask the question simply, *Who has borne the real evil*, who has encountered the real opposition, who roused the sluggish public to sentiments of honour and pity? Why, Mr. Sadler; and I come in (supposing I succeed) to terminate in the twelfth hour his labour of the eleven. I greatly fear my ability to carry on this measure. I wish, most ardently I wish, that some other had been found to undertake the cause; nothing but the apprehension of its being lost induced me to acquiesce in Mr. Bull's request. I entertain such strong opinions on the matter that I did not *dare*, as a Christian, to let my diffidence, or love of ease, prevail over the demands of morality and religion.

Yours,

ASHLEY.

It was consistent with the fairness of his dealings, then and always, to give to Mr. Sadler, and to those who had laboured with him, the credit of their labours; nor did he ever alter his tone. In 1868, when he published his *Speeches*,* he stated in the preface—" . . . I desire to record the invaluable services of the remarkable men who preceded me. Had they not gone before, and borne such an amount of responsibility and toil, I do not believe that it would have been in my power to have achieved anything at all." And to the end of his life he never ceased, when speaking on the Factory Question, to give to them the honour which was their due.

The spirit in which Lord Ashley took up this great work is best told in his own words. Soon after he had entered upon his labours, a meeting, under the auspices of the London Society for the Improvement of the Condition of Factory Children, of which the Duke of Sussex was president, was held in the London Tavern, and was attended by a large number of influential persons,

* "*Speeches of the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G., upon subjects having relation chiefly to the claims and interests of the Labouring Class.*" London: 1868.

among whom was Daniel O'Connell. An enthusiastic reception was given to Lord Ashley, as the new leader of the movement, and, in speaking to one of the resolutions, he said:—

He could never be indifferent to the approbation of his fellow-countrymen ; if he were so, he would distrust himself, feeling, as he did, that a disregard of honest fame is almost invariably accompanied by a disregard of virtue ; but he did most solemnly assure the meeting that he did not take up this affair from motives of ambition. Strong and deep feelings impelled him to that course ; there were some present who could testify to that ; for when he found (and he had but a few hours to make up his mind) that upon him depended the furtherance or the loss of Mr. Sadler's Bill, he did not (he used the word deliberately) *dare* to refuse. . . . He most sincerely wished that some one of capacious mind and profound knowledge, had undertaken this task ; so deep and so varied were the objects to be considered. It was a great political, moral, and religious question ; it was political because it would decide whether thousands should be left in discontent, aye, and just discontent ; it was moral because it would decide whether the rising generation should learn to distinguish between good and evil—be raised above the enjoyment of mere brutal sensualities, and be no longer, as they then were, degraded from the dignity of thinking beings. It was a great religious question ; for it involved the means to thousands and tens of thousands of being brought up in the faith and fear of the God that created them. He had read of those who had sacrificed their children to Moloch, but they were a merciful people compared with Englishmen in the nineteenth century. He had heard of the infanticide of the Indians, but they, too, were a merciful people compared with Englishmen in the nineteenth century. For those nations destroyed at once their wretched offspring, and prevented a long career of suffering and crime ; but we, having sucked out every energy of body and of soul, tossed them on the world a mass of skin and bone, incapable of exertion, brutalised in their understandings, and disqualified for immortality. He feared that in the House of Commons they would have to encounter great and formidable opposition, but it was gratifying to think that all the masters were not against them, neither were they without numerous and cordial supporters in the House ; but it behoved those who were out of doors to use their best and most strenuous exertions to guard against the possible failure of the Bill. There was one consideration to which he particularly wished to call their attention—namely, that before the publication of the evidence, the people of England had nothing like the responsibility which since rested upon their heads. So long as these horrid facts remained unknown, the guilt attached to the perpetrators only ; but, if this terrible system were permitted to continue any longer, the guilt would descend upon the whole nation. As for himself he assured them that he would not give way a single moment on the question of the Ten Hours ; he would persevere in the cause he had adopted. He had taken up the measure as a matter of conscience, and as such he was determined to carry it through. If the House would not adopt the Bill, they must drive him from it, as he would not concede a single step. He most positively declared that as long as he had a seat in that House ; as long as God gave him health and a sound mind, no efforts, no exertions, should be wanted on his part to establish the success of the measure. If defeated in the present Session, he would bring it forward in the next, and so on in every succeeding Session till his success was complete.

Having thus, and in many other ways, expressed his views and shown the attitude which he intended to take up with reference to this question, he very soon gained the implicit confidence of the operatives and of the principal supporters of the measure. It was necessary, however, that he should have a distinct understanding with the operatives as to the principles on which the agitation was to be conducted; and "they agreed from the outset that all should be carried on in the most conciliatory manner; that there should be a careful abstinence from all approach to questions of wages and capital; that the labour of children and young persons should alone be touched; that there should be no strikes, no intimidation, and no strong language against their employers, either within or without the walls of Parliament." *

The dauntless manner in which Lord Ashley had thrown himself into the breach, and the vigour with which he commenced his labours, called forth the warmest expressions of approval from all quarters, and many were the suggestions, many the words of counsel and advice, which he received. Thus Robert Southey wrote:—

Robert Southey to Lord Ashley.

KESWICK, 7th February, 1833.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—There is one thing connected with these accursed factories which I have long intended to expose, and that is, the way in which Sunday Schools have been subservient to the merciless love of gain. The manufacturers know that a cry would be raised against them if their little white slaves received no instruction; and so they have converted Sunday into a *school-day*, with what effect may be seen in the evidences!

This is quite a distinct question from that of the good or evil to be expected from Sunday Schools, as originally intended, and existing in most places. Upon the latter subject I have something to say when opportunities will allow me. But the Sunday School of the factories is an abomination; it is an additional cruelty—a compromise between covetousness and hypocrisy.

Thousands of thousands will bless you for taking up the cause of these poor children. I do not believe that anything more inhuman than the system has ever disgraced human nature, in any age or country. Was I not right in saying that Moloch is a more merciful fiend than Mammon? Death in the brazen arms of the Carthaginian idol was mercy to the slow waste of life in the factories. God bless you!

R. S.

Another of Lord Ashley's literary friends, on whose opinion he set great value, was John Ramsay McCulloch, the eminent Political Economist, who watched the progress of the Factory Question with deep interest, and wrote thus:—

Mr. J. R. McCulloch to Lord Ashley.

SOUTHAMPTON STREET, FITZROY SQUARE,

28th March, 1833.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—I have the honour to acknowledge receipt of your note. You are not owing me anything; and you may be assured that

* Shaftesbury Speeches, Preface, p. iv.

should you at any future period be inclined to *approfondir* any branch of Political Economy, it will be a gratification to me to forward your views. I hope your Factory Bill will prosper, and I am glad it is in such good hands. Had I a seat in the House it should assuredly have my vote. A notion is entertained that Political Economists are, in all cases, enemies to all sorts of interference, but I assure you I am not one of those who entertain such an opinion. I would not interfere between adults and masters; but it is absurd to contend that children have the power to judge for themselves as to such a matter. I look upon the facts disclosed in the late Report as most disgraceful to the nation; and I confess that, until I read it, I could not have conceived it possible that such enormities were committed. Perhaps you have seen the late work of M. Courin, who was sent by the French Government to report on the state of education in Germany. It is well worth your Lordship's attention. In Prussia, and most other German States, *all* persons are obliged to send their children to school from the age of seven to thirteen or fourteen years, and the education given to them is excellent; as much superior to anything to be had in this country as it is possible to conceive. This is the sort of interference that we ought gradually to adopt. If your Bill has any defect, it is not by the too great limitation, but by the too great extension of the hours of labour.

With great respect and esteem,

Most faithfully yours,

J. R. McCULLOCH.

The activity of Lord Ashley, and those associated with him, aroused the opponents of the measure to renewed determination to resist it, step by step, with corresponding energy and firmness. On the 3rd April Mr. Wilson Patten, acting on behalf of the Association of Master Manufacturers, moved, in the House of Commons, "That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, praying that he will be graciously pleased to appoint a Commission to collect information in the manufacturing districts with respect to the employment of children in factories, and to devise the best means for the curtailment of their labour." This motion was supported by Lord Morpeth and other influential members, and was strongly opposed by Lord Ashley and his friends. On a division the motion was carried by a majority of one, the numbers being—for, 74; against, 73.

This was regarded by the operatives as a mere stratagem to delay proceedings. A Royal Commission of Inquiry was, under the circumstances, most repugnant to them, incontrovertible evidence as to the state of things being already before the House and before the country. Moreover, power was given to the Commission to examine witnesses in private and report thereon, thus, as it was alleged by the working men, "giving them the option of selecting the testimony tendered, precluding all cross-examination, and, if they were so disposed, enabling them to smother, garble, or distort the evidence at pleasure." From all quarters strong and numerous protests were entered, and a

manifesto from the Lancashire Central Short-Time Committee was issued in a forcible address to "all ranks and classes in the land," calling upon them to "let Lord Ashley's name be dear to Britain's honest labourers and oppressed factory children."

Let his Factory Bill have your support. Our request is that you will use every lawful and constitutional means to promote its legislative adoption this Session. Give them no rest; pour out your petitions for us and our children at the foot of the Throne and into both Houses of Parliament. Protest, as we do, against the mill-owners' Commission. We will not, except by legal obligation, try our cause before it. We challenge such a jury, appointed as it is by those who have been arraigned at the bar of their country, to try their own cause, or rather to cover their guilt from public view. Our gracious Sovereign has been imposed upon. We acknowledge and revere his Majesty's authority, but we condemn immeasurably the act of his advisers. Is it thus that justice can be attained when the cause of the poor is tried in open court and that of the rich in the secret chambers of guilt? We leave our cause in your hands, and implore our fellow-countrymen of every rank to petition without delay for the Ten Hours Bill, and that it may be passed without reference to a partial, unjust, unnecessary, and delusive Parliamentary Commission, sent out on false pretences, to the abuse of his Majesty's royal prerogative, and to the hurt and grief of his loving and loyal subjects.

The Commissioners proceeded with their inquiry, but on every hand they were met with the stoutest opposition. At Manchester the delegates assembled and issued a protest against giving any further evidence before the Commission, and at the same time arranged for fresh evidence of an unexpected kind. They assembled the factory children, as they left the mills on Saturday afternoon, the 4th May, and marched thousands of them, with banners, through the streets, headed by a deputation from the Central Committee, who presented, on behalf of the children, an appeal to the Commissioners. Not only in Manchester, but in every town where the Commissioners sat, there were similar demonstrations, and at Leeds they were on a very extensive scale. The Short-Time Committee distributed slips to bind round the hats with the words "Ten Hours Bill" printed on them. These were eagerly sought after, and an immense multitude wearing them congregated at the Free Market, and marched to the hotel where the Commissioners sat. They delivered their protest, and "at this stage of the proceedings," says an eye-witness, "never surely was so interesting an exhibition witnessed; not less than 3,000 ragged, wretched little ones were there, attended by at least 15,000 spectators. The Commissioners had a full opportunity afforded them of witnessing the disgusting effects of slavery in factories—an unanswerable argument that employment, such as their dress and dirt exhibited they had been engaged in, ought not to be prolonged to longer hours than the felon is condemned or the black slave constrained to labour."

On the 13th July the Commissioners' report was laid on the table of the House of Commons, and, notwithstanding the fact that the Commission was appointed at the earnest solicitation of the mill-owners, some of the most influential of whom, as well as members of the Master Cotton Spinners' Association, were examined, the result was a corroboration of the evidence taken before Mr. Sadler's committee, and was summed up thus :—

From the whole of the evidence laid before us, of which we have thus endeavoured to exhibit the material points, we find :—

1. That the children employed in all the principal branches of manufacture throughout the kingdom work during the same number of hours as the adults.

2. That the effects of labour during such hours are, in a great number of cases, permanent deterioration of the physical constitution; the production of diseases wholly irremediable; and the partial or entire seclusion (by reason of excessive fatigue) from the means of obtaining adequate education, and acquiring useful habits, or of profiting by those means when afforded.

3. That at the age when children suffer those injuries from the labour they undergo, they are not free agents, but are let out on hire, the wages they earn being secured and appropriated by parents and guardians.

We are therefore of opinion that a case is made out for the interference of the Legislature on behalf of the children employed in factories.

Meanwhile the work of Lord Ashley had been incessant. He had made it a matter of principle at the outset of his career—and he never wavered from it to the close of his life—not to take up any subject or advocate any cause until, as far as it lay in his power, he had acquainted himself with all the facts of the case, not at second-hand and from hearsay, but by close personal investigation. From the hour he consented to take the leadership in this movement, he was at work night and day in prosecuting inquiries, and in making himself master of all its details. This involved endless visits and conferences, innumerable letters, and an amount of toil which can scarcely be over-estimated.

"I made it an invariable rule," he said on many occasions to the writer, "to see everything with my own eyes, to take nothing on trust or hearsay. In factories, I examined the mills, the machinery, the homes, and saw the workers and their work in all its details. In collieries, I went down into the pits. In London, I went into lodging-houses and thieves' haunts, and every filthy place. It gave me a power I could not otherwise have had. I could speak of things from actual experience, and I used often to hear things from the poor sufferers themselves, which were invaluable to me. I got to know their habits of thought and action, and their actual wants. I sat and had tea and talk with them hundreds of times."

In due course he introduced his Bill, and on the 17th of June it was read a second time. It provided for the limitation of the hours of labour for "women and young persons" to ten hours a day. One clause in the Bill gave

rise to much controversy, almost producing a split in the camp, as well as grievously offending the mill-owners. The clause was to the effect that in any instance in which the provisions of the Act were infringed, on the third offence personal punishment should be inflicted upon the mill-owner. Mr. Oastler, Mr. Bull, and many others who had long been identified with the movement, strongly upheld its insertion; and the operatives in Yorkshire were almost unanimously in its favour. They denounced those who were against the clause in language so violent and threatening, that at one time a rupture seemed inevitable. But Lord Ashley was master of the art of managing men. He smoothed down the difficulties, and on the 18th July proceeded with his Bill.

The Bill was opposed by Lord Althorp, who urged that it should be rejected in favour of one founded on the report of the Commission. Notwithstanding all the efforts made by Lord Ashley and his friends, the Government Bill was carried, on a division, by an overwhelming majority.

It seemed that a death-blow to the Ten Hours Bill had been struck, so disastrous was the defeat. The delegates and friends who had been working so strenuously in the matter were discouraged and disheartened; but they had pledged themselves to go forward, and they were determined not to relax their efforts.

Lord Ashley did not abandon hope, although at first sight everything seemed against him. He rose, on the Speaker resuming the chair, and said:—"Having taken up the subject fairly and conscientiously, he found that the noble Lord (Althorp) had completely defeated him; he would, therefore, surrender the Bill into the hands of the noble Lord; but having taken it up with a view to do good to the class intended, he would only say, into whatever hands it passed, God prosper it."

Although the measure fell far short of what was desired, and would take effect slowly, inasmuch as it would not come into full operation until 1836, "it contained, nevertheless, some humane and highly useful provisions, and established, for the first time, the great principle that labour and education should be combined."*

Before the delegates returned to their homes, Lord Ashley wrote to the Chairman of the Manchester Short-Time Committee, to acknowledge his indebtedness to their labours, and to explain that he alone was responsible for the concessions that had been made, and for the obnoxious clauses which had been expunged. "The late defeat," he said, "has proved the feebleness of our partisans even upon principles. What, then, would have been the result upon *details*? But by withdrawing in time we have taken from our opponents the means of cloaking their hostility to a remedial measure under the pretence of resistance to an 'offensive and violent' interference (as they term it) with the disposal of capital."

Throughout the period during which Lord Ashley was engaged on the

* Shaftesbury's Speeches, Preface, p. v.

Factory Question, his friend Southey, with almost parental solicitude, was watching his progress, and urging him, in frequent letters, to take care of himself. But the indomitable resolution that marked his career at Oxford, that possessed him in Wales, and that governed his conduct while on the India Board of Control, had, in even a more marked degree, urged him on to ceaseless activity and self-sacrifice on behalf of the factory-folk. Southey had advised him not to go to the manufacturing districts to see the physical effects of the system he was exposing. "The distressful recollections would be impressed upon you and *burnt in*," he wrote, "and I should fear that the subject might take possession of you so fully that it might affect your health, which always suffers when the mind is occupied too intently upon one subject, and especially if that subject be one with which strong feeling is necessarily connected."

He did not know that the whole pathway of his friend's life would lie through impaired health, and suffering, and painfully-stirred feeling, which need not have fallen to his lot had he not dedicated himself, his time, his talents, his all, to the cause of the poor and the friendless.

The following letter was written immediately after Lord Ashley had resigned the Bill into the hands of the Ministry :—

Robert Southey to Lord Ashley.

KESWICK, *July 24th*, 1833.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,— . . . You have done well, and will always look back with satisfaction on what you have done ; and others, when they look back upon it, will honour you as they ought. Whatever good is done, whatever mitigation of evil is effected, will be through your means. The manufacturers and the Ministers would have done nothing unless you had forced them to it.

On the whole, I am not sorry that it has now passed into their hands. They have given to the younger children more than you could venture to ask ; and they will, ere long, be compelled to give at least as much as you asked to the adolescents (as they please to call them), unless the over-production, consequent upon working two sets of children, should, in its seen consequences, bring this system of insatiable avarice, or, rather, greediness of gain, to a crisis. . . . And now, the more you can direct your thoughts to other things, the better. It has been my fortune to see what effects are produced upon the health and happiness of those who suffer one great subject to take full possession of them. Turn away from it now, and you will be the better able to stir in it hereafter when opportunity offers. . . . When you can run away from *Paridemonium*, I hope you will come here, where you would find new scenes, and breathe an air of quietness. You could not devise a more effectual diversion for your thoughts and feelings, and *I am sure that they must need it*. God bless you. R. S.

The spirit of this advice was taken, and in the autumn of that eventful year there came, as we shall see in the next chapter, the much-needed rest.

CHAPTER IV.

ITALY—1833.

To know the character of a man, travel with him. See whether he takes his conscience abroad; see whether, when the restraints of daily occupation, public opinion, or forces of habit are removed, his character remains the same; mark whether in varied and engrossing pleasure, and in exhilaration of spirits, his principles shine out as lustreously as when at home.

On the 10th of October, Lord Ashley, in company with his wife and child—"Sir Babkins," as he called him—and Lord and Lady Cowper, started off on a six months' foreign tour. In a special book he wrote down day by day, in a pleasant, easy fashion, his impressions of all he saw and heard and felt. It was a task, sometimes irksome, but it was undertaken in order that, in years to come, he might live the scenes over again by his own fireside with the companion of his travels. The Journal is specially interesting as showing the state of his mind, at that period, on many subjects which were afterwards to engage his time and influence; how much broader were his views and sympathies than many have supposed; and as giving a graphic description of travel more than half a century ago.

The journey from London to Dover, a distance of seventy-two miles, took ten hours to perform, and the "excellent" passage from Dover to Calais was accomplished in two hours and forty minutes. The route lay by road, through Abbeville and Beauvais, and then, he says, "we passed on to Melun, and omitted Paris. I have no pleasure in that capital." Beyond Sens the country became more interesting.

The surface is more undulating and varied, and the vines give a peculiar richness of colouring. These vast plains of Burgundy have a singular appearance, not a single tree, hedge, hut, or sign of inhabitants except the cultivation. Whence come the labourers, or where do they dwell? If in the towns, they must have leagues of journey to their daily work.

The Jura mountains were crossed in a violent snowstorm and amid other circumstances of terror.

Notwithstanding the misery of the scene, the danger of the precipices, and the chance of an obstruction to our further passage, it was impossible to overlook the magnificence of such a spectacle. The dark colour of the pines behind the streams of snow, the ruggedness of the cliffs, and the fury of the storm, combined to set before me the language of the Almighty:—"Hast thou entered

into the treasures of the snow, or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail, which I have reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and war?" I thought, too, of the expedition to Russia, when He commanded the elements to do Him service; "wind and storm fulfilling His word."

After eight days of "wind and rain, and every discomfort," Geneva was reached in safety.

Has nature, among all her riches, a nobler possession than this lake and its mountains? What a profound and indescribable pleasure it is to look upon such things! As to collecting one's thoughts or expressing one's feelings, it is neither possible nor even desirable; our safest eloquence concerning them is our silence, and to confess, without confession, that His wisdom is inscrutable, His greatness above our capacity and reach.

Quitting Geneva after a rest of six days ("it is a terrible place for shopping"), visits were paid to Lausanne and Chillon, the road passing through a series of gardens.

Every mile is a subject for the genius of a painter; and to all this loveliness is superadded the charm of various and careful cultivation; order, neatness, taste, and manifold industry give an appearance of beauty and comfort and abundance which excite in one's mind a notion of virtue and happiness in the people.

Everywhere he found in the changeless and everlasting hills, food for contemplation, and everywhere the vastness of nature excited religious sentiments:—

Ten times a day do I repeat,

"These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame;
Thus wondrous fair" . . .

while the Book of Job and the Psalms furnished him with pregnant words to utter the thoughts that rose within him. But the glory of the scenery did not so absorb him as to make him oblivious of other things. Wherever he went he kept his eyes open to observe the ways and habits and wants of the people. Thus we find him writing:—

A Swiss in a town is very different from a Swiss in the country—in the country all is clean and neat and fresh; in the town he is dirty and close. . . .

Their industry and enterprise are truly astonishing; they have climbed to the last point of vegetation in quest of soil and sunbeams; the small hovels built on the pinnacles, almost above an eagle's flight, reminded me of the Prophet's words against Idumea, "Oh thou that buidest thy nest in a rock." . . .

We have now been for a day and a half in a Catholic portion of Switzerland—unhappily we may be assured of it by the slovenly and negligent habits of the people. This contrast is very remarkable throughout the Confederacy; everywhere the

Protestant cantons exhibit a picture of order, cleanliness, and taste. Dirt and discomfort are the guardian spirits of the Catholic. Yet these Catholic districts are not without a charm. The announcement and display of religion give a grace to these solitudes; while the ensign of the Cross, comely in its form and adapted to the scenery, places the humiliation and the power of God in wondrous juxtaposition. The use of the Cross has been superstitiously abused, and Protestant nations have therefore mostly abandoned it; but we suffer by the change. Such a memorial is necessary and ought to be pleasing. . . .

German is talked here (Brieg), and the people are far less cleanly. Walked to-day to a neighbouring village. Everywhere we may trace the influence of Catholicism; in a population of about 150 persons, I found churches and shrines, crosses and saints, for three thousand. Whence, too, the wealth and furniture of these places of worship—each church must have absorbed the earnings of a century? Came suddenly upon a catacomb, where were heaped up some thousand skulls, the remains of many generations. "O Lord," thus said Ezekiel, "shall these bones live?" "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." In reminiscences such as these the Catholic religion leads us to moments of piety.

After crossing the Simplon, through scenery of "terrible sublimity," where, as Gray says, in one of his letters to West, "you have death perpetually before your eyes, only so far removed as to compose the mind without frightening it," they reached Arona. Of course, Isola Bella was visited:—

It is a complete embodying of every luxurious and Asiatic idea; had I not seen it I should have disbelieved the existence of such a spot; but still I have no wish to live there. Enclosed by water and mountains I should die of a suffocation of spirit—it would be Rasselas in the Happy Valley.

At Milan, on Sunday morning:—

Went with Minny to High Mass in the Cathedral; there was no Protestant place of worship; but we preferred, to total omission, saying a few prayers in a house dedicated to His honour and service. It is a tedious and unspiritual ceremonial—everlasting movement and gesture, with numberless repetitions of robing, candles, incense, and drawling chants. The effect upon the eye, all things included, is extremely grand; nor can we fail to be struck by the motley, though vast, assemblage, huddled together: of every rank, profession, age, and sex. The prayers are cold and short; few can join and fewer can understand. . . . People come in and go out during the performance; to stay, as with us, from the beginning to the end, appears quite unnecessary.

Surely our simple and hearty service is equally beautiful and more edifying. I contrast with all the gorgeous show of the Duomo at Milan, the Cathedral service of an Abbey Church; the liturgy, the chanting of the psalms, the singing of the responses in the communion, all closed with a pious and learned sermon, and I really think that the chastened splendour of this ceremonial leads us, as near as is possible on earth, to the heavenly pattern of the saints above. . . .

On many subsequent occasions the Duomo was visited, and each time some kindly entry is made in the Diary.

One great and honourable characteristic of this religion is, as Minny observed to me, that no one is ashamed to exhibit devotion. . . .

The most zealous Protestant must applaud the Romish practice of leaving open the churches for any casual worshippers. Oftentimes in the midst of daily occupations the mind may desire the consolations of religion, and oftentimes it may be led to think of them by the sight and opportunity of houses of prayer. Much, however, as I approve the system, I doubt the *possibility* of it in our own country.

It should be stated that, in this tour, Lord Ashley was taking his wife over ground which he himself had traversed ten years before. The circumstances attending the journey were therefore doubly delightful—to visit these places again after so long an interval, and to visit them in company with his young wife.

I have retraced, almost without variation, the journey that I made nearly ten years ago. This is a long period in the life of man; but I do not find that, though it has added to my years, it has taken from my happiness. I may have, it is possible, less elasticity and imagination, but I have greatly increased my power and means of solid enjoyment. To every age there are allotted its peculiar pleasures; and God, in His goodness, has so ordered my career that I have for every time its proper comforts; to youth may be permitted the mere pursuit of pastime, but of riper years we must demand the pursuit of utility; each one should seek how he can best be serviceable. I believed myself fitted for domestic life, and, God willing, I entered into that state. Little did I think, when pacing these streets, that I should next visit them as paterfamilias; but often have I occasion to bless that Providence that put into my soul to desire a wife, and then guided my choice to rest upon one who must, if I be capable of any goodness, insure to me a perpetuity of earthly happiness.

Finding Milan to be dull, “and the cold piercing—in the streets there prevails a chill which ‘divides asunder the bones and the marrow’”—Lord and Lady Ashley moved on towards the south for a six weeks’ absence, leaving their little child in the careful keeping of Lord and Lady Cowper and other friends.

Passing through Brescia, Verona, and Vicenza, they came to Venice, where they made their head-quarters.

Lord Ashley notes on the way thither that:—

The former division of Italy into so many independent and sovereign states, whatever may have been its political and moral effects, was certainly favourable to the Arts—every town had its churches, its palaces, its pictures, and its statues; rivalry prevailed universally, and, combined with the influence of Religion, has enriched every corner of Italy more than whole empires under a single capital.

At the end of three days at Venice, he writes :—

We have never yet beheld the sun, but perhaps that is in keeping ; the sun of Venice has set ; her own crimes and the powerful ambition of her neighbours would have wrought their effects, had the Cape of Good Hope remained in obscurity. The long continuance of her liberty is nearly as wonderful as the rise and establishment of it ; but she fell in a day, nay, almost in an hour ; and not one single life was offered in defence of the glory and freedom of fourteen centuries. To me there is nothing so interesting and nothing so curious as the history of Venice. To gaze upon her ruins, and to recollect her story, carries the imagination beyond ordinary life, and imparts a most painful though most salutary lesson of the uncertainty of freedom and empire. The whole I have applied to my own country, and I cannot resist the deep and constant melancholy which such reflections inspire. . . . Notwithstanding the loss of liberty, these people seem gay and comfortable. Pleasure, it would appear, is the great object of their lives. They laugh and sing, and lounge in groups, and look at Punch, and go to the theatre. The quay and the piazza are thronged with idlers, and nothing is heard but notes of merriment. Just now, while I am writing, the whole town is resounding with music, and multitudes pace to and fro in search of amusement. That they are not wretched is evident, but are they as happy as they might be? And this is always a question to be studied by any one who wishes well to mankind.

Every day in Venice, notwithstanding the fact that the weather was cold, was full of intense pleasure. "Truly Venice is a glory of human skill," he exclaims at one time ; and, at another, "These gondolas are an invention worthy of Capua or the ancient Sybarites. I can conceive no luxury beyond a hot season and a lounging gondola."

At Padua, bought a small crucifix ; five centimes, or about one halfpenny, was all they asked for it. The worship of the material or the mere representation, is senseless, wicked, and idolatrous, but to bear about a memorial of what God Himself once exhibited to the world, does but simply recall His death and passion, and forces us, as Scripture has foretold, "to look on Him whom we pierced."

A glance at Padua, and a run through Ferrara, and the travellers reached Bologna.

Went first to the Accademia, a small but very beautiful collection. Unfortunately one must run through galleries and be content with little study, "taking," as old Fuller says, "rather a snack than a full meal." Bologna alone would occupy a month, and we can spare it a day ! However, if one may quote without impropriety, "one day in thy courts is better than a thousand." In this collection all are of merit ; but some are divine ; the Domenichinos, but especially the St. Agnes, are very great ; in the corner of the St. Agnes there is a group of women, singularly happy. The Caraccis display abundant force, but they did not excite in me the pleasure and emotion that I felt in contemplating the Guidos. The Samson and the Pietà overpowered me too much to allow a feeling for

criticism ; but his Massacre of the Innocents has in it all that a mother can imagine, and an angel can execute. Then came the St. Cecilia of Raffael, full of dignity, elevation, and truth. In everything from this wonderful hand, we see him exalted above nature, and yet true to it.

The ordinary sights seen by travellers, and the ordinary incidents connected with the tedious mode of travelling in former days, fill the records of the Diary as regards Faenza, Ravenna, and Rimini ; but a visit to the little Republic of San Marino is described with enthusiasm.

On the road to Loretto an accident occurred, not important in itself, but the narration of it will be interesting as exhibiting some of the characteristics of the future President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals :—

On descending the hill a leader fell, and lay like one dead. Fortunately the carriage escaped an overturn, although for a quarter of an hour there was struggling and kicking to raise the poor animal, which seemed, I thought, incapable of moving. Never did I see such a fiend as the postillion ; blood and hell were in every line of his face, and, while he swore and blasphemed and beat the miserable beast, the foam ran from his mouth like a panting dog. With an iron heel he stamped upon its eye and mouth and sides ; in vain did I call upon the monster to desist. At last it got up, and our postillion insisted upon re-harnessing it to the carriage. This I opposed as extremely dangerous, the poor horse being weak and apparently very ill. However, it was useless to argue or to command ; to no purpose did I assert my right and property in my own vehicle I continued to declare my intention of applying to the police, telling the drivers that, whatever they did, they did at their peril. They were arbitrary, however, harnessed the animal, and drove us on. Being arrived at Loretto, I spoke instantly to the postmaster, who shrugged, admitted the guilt, but expressed an unwillingness to interfere. Determined, therefore, to see a commissary of police. It was necessary to curb the violence of these chaps, and an hour of my trouble, I thought, might save some score of foreigners from similar outrages.

At considerable trouble he went from secretary to president, and the result was “ three days’ imprisonment for the rascally culprits.”

The journey was then resumed : over the Apennines to Casa-Nuova, Foligno, Terni, through a “ country wanton with vegetation,” to Narni, Castellana, and Rome.

Alpine scenery is sublime and soon fatigues, because it keeps the mind on a perpetual stretch. The scenery of Italy is soft, flowing, and graceful. The round swelling hills, clad with the richest underwood of every species ; the long and retiring vistas ; mountains and yet distant prospects ; the exquisite contrasts of the olive and the cypress ; above all, the various outlines, far and near, convey a charm and a delight that I never experience from any other contemplation.

At Rome, everything that was to be seen and done was seen and done, and, in addition, "at a rough guess, one-fifth of our time was given to card-leaving." Nevertheless, the Journal was scrupulously kept, and the records, of which only a few specimens can be given here, are uniformly interesting, and written with great freshness and enthusiasm. A spot twenty times trodden at Rome is, as he writes, like a field twenty times manured—it yields more abundantly.

. . . St. Peter's: apart from its beauty it is the liveliest church I have ever seen. This is, perhaps, the effect of the abundant light admitted through the many windows; you may feel here a deep sensation of awe, but you cannot be gloomy. . . .

Went to the Forum and Coliseum; saw them with undiminished pleasure. The Coliseum must ever be peculiarly interesting;—it has much in its history of emperors, people, beasts, and gladiators, but its most solemn recollections bring before us the sufferings of the early Christians, and the heroism of those faithful ones whose blood, under Providence, has been "the seed of the Church." Romanists have abused these feelings to superstition, but Protestants have neglected them to ingratitude. They were great men, and their deeds should be recorded for "example of life and instruction of manners." Ventured to utter a prayer of thanksgiving to God for "all those who had departed this life in His faith and fear." . . .

To St. John Lateran; the church is particularly handsome, and the ceiling rich in gold and colour. The relics here seem unrivalled: the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul; the very table at which our Saviour held His last supper (and the piece of silver, to mark the place where He sat, could never—so said our lacquey—be torn off either by piety or sacrilege!); the altar through which the Host dashed to convince an unbelieving priest of the Real Presence; the vase on which the cock was perched when St. Peter denied his Master; and a measure of the height of Christ. But I am not sure that this last is a relic. It has, however, according to the received belief, this peculiarity: that, among the many thousands who have tried themselves by this standard, no one is of the precise height, all being either too tall or too short!

In making the tour of the picture galleries of Rome, he notes from time to time those works which most impress him, and throughout the Diary there are short graphic and pithy art-criticisms. Thus:—

To the Rospigliosi, Guido's Aurora: I can compare it to nothing that I know; it is in painting what Milton's Allegro is in poetry: everything that is most captivating, and original, and delicious. . . .

Early to see the pictures at the Vatican. At last they have been framed, though meanly enough. The Transfiguration is ill-placed; the light falls improperly on it. Surely each of these fine works is worthy of a separate room constructed expressly to display its merits as the painter himself could have desired! Whatever may be the condemnation of my judgment, I most boldly declare my preference of the "Madonna di Foligno" to all the pictures of the world. What a group the Virgin and Child! . . .

On the 8th December he attends the English service; his critical remark on the preacher's style is characteristic:—

The chaplain is reckoned a fine preacher; if it be true that "*artis est celare artem*" he is deficient, for never did I hear or see a more manifest effort; the whole thing would have been better suited to one of Mrs. Siddons' readings of Shakespeare or Milton, and his style was so laboured and wrought into antithesis, that each sentence might have danced a "*vis à vis*" to the other.

The 21st of December was, throughout his life, a day of rejoicing to Lord Ashley. He was singularly sensitive to the influences of weather and of light, and for this reason always welcomed the arrival of the shortest day.

Dec. 21.—The shortest day. It may be called the midnight of the year, as after this period the advance is to light and not to darkness. It is a singular coincidence, and morally a most just one, that Christ, "*The Light of the World*," "*The Day-spring from on High*," should have been born in the depth of winter, the full period of human darkness; and yet precisely at the commencement of returning light, and warmth, and happiness. . . .

Dec. 24. . . . This is Christmas Eve, a time of joyous celebration to all mankind; in every Christian country a season of festivity, and in many of them, I hope, of love and prayer. Here, after a day of fasting, all families are preparing for a domestic banquet. It is a precious season, and no one has so beautifully told it as our own Shakespeare:—

"It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,

This bird of dawning singeth all night long;

And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;

The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike;

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,

So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

Hamlet, act ii., scene i.

25th, Christmas Day.—"It is a day to be much observed unto the Lord." That it should be here celebrated as a high and sacred solemnity, here in the very fountain and seat of persecution, is indeed the Lord's doing, and is marvellous in our eyes. Went to see the ceremonies at St. Peter's, and grand indeed they were; but worship and love, and humility and gratitude, have as little share in them as can well be bestowed. . . .

Went in evening to the Santa Maria Maggiore. The church lighted up and decorated like a ball-room; full of people, and a bishop with a stout train of canons listening to the music, which was fine, but, as usual, precisely like an opera. In such rites as these the soul has no share; the Papists have re-imposed upon themselves the Jewish burdens, and renew the painful and imperfect worship of the Temple at Jerusalem. Walked home, read the Bible and all the prayers for the day, with Massillon's noble discourse on the "*Jour de Noël*."

Dec. 27.—In the evening to a ball at Mrs. Montague's—lively and pleasant. Minny looked heavenly ; and a foreigner requested to be introduced to "Made-moiselle Ashley !" Is it wrong to be so entirely proud of, and happy in, one's wife's beauty ? But surely there is nothing so pretty and fascinating as my Min.

31.—To the Gesù. A Te Deum on the vigil of the New Year. Three organs in three parts of the church gave us some hop, skip, and jump music, each in succession. Never was I so little impressed ; it was a compound of *Tancredi*, *Semiramide*, and *Robert le Diable*—quick, rapid chromatic passages, executed with all the hurry and fervour of variations. Astonished the "foreign" audience, as much as it did the organ, an instrument "*non hoc formatum in usus*." Surely the Italians must know but little of sacred music if they think such quirks and jigs (however suitable and charming in a theatre) "can swell the soul to rage or heavenly joys inspire." When the Te Deum at last began, and the auditors joined, I came away in surprise at the dull ears and discordant voices of Italian worshippers.

Jan. 8.—Went with Minny, Fordwich, and William Cowper to the Church of St. Agostino, to see the image of the Virgin, that has lately wrought such numerous and mighty miracles. As the liberality of the faithful keeps pace with the labours of the statue, it is not likely that her guardian priests will give her either long or speedy repose.

A very fair estimate of the state of society here may be obtained by an enumeration of the knives and daggers dedicated to the Virgin by those who have escaped the arm of the assassin. They are hung up at one side, like an armoury. "*Arma defunctumque bello hic paries habebit.*"

Jan. 10.—To the catacombs of St. Sebastian. Here were found bones, and inscriptions, and coffins of stone, the remains of the early Christians. The passages stretch out, it is said, for miles, far beyond what is either pleasant or safe to explore. Low, wretched, and dismal as they are, we see in them the nursery of the Christian faith ; and truly it is in keeping, for if the Founder of our religion were born in a stable, we must not be surprised that His humble and despised followers had no better shelter than the tombs. Now what a compass your thoughts must embrace if you stand in the narrow chapel of the catacombs and reflect on St. Peter's, or in St. Peter's and reflect on the catacombs. . . .

Jan. 12, Sunday.—The sunset glorious. Home and read Massillon's fine discourse on the Passion. Gibbon and Massillon have been a great part of my study here.

Jan. 13.—Out early to see Prince Altieri (late Senator of Rome) lie in state at the church of Sopra Minerva. As Senator of Rome he was buried with honours, and very unimpressive they were. A bier and some tall candles, with a few troops and a screaming Mass, constituted the whole ceremony. I could not but compare it with the funeral I had attended just previously to my departure from England, Mr. Wilberforce's, in Westminster Abbey.

One of the most interesting entries in the Diary at this time is that occurring under the date Jan. 15.—"Dined with Pusey. . . ."

Dr. Pusey, who was one year older than Lord Ashley, had been a fellow-student at Christ Church, Oxford, and had taken a first-class in classics in

1822, the year in which Lord Ashley achieved a similar distinction. In 1833, while Lord Ashley was taking up the Factory Question, and becoming the leader in one of the greatest social movements of the day, Pusey was joining Dr. John Henry Newman in bringing out the celebrated "Tracts for the Times," and was taking a leading part in the great ecclesiastical movement with which, later on, his name became indissolubly connected, and which, for good or for evil, has influenced so powerfully the future of the Church of England.

One of Dr. Pusey's keenest opponents was to be the man who was his guest that day.

Lord Ashley was the cousin of Dr. Pusey through the Bouveries (the family of the Earls of Radnor), and was well known to him. But there was sitting beside him at the table a man whom he now met for the first time, one who was afterwards to be closely allied with him in important evangelical work, and in opposition to Pusey. This was the celebrated M. Bunsen. He was the son of a poor Dutch soldier, whose scanty living was furnished by a small pension and the produce of a few acres of land in Corbach, a town in the little German principality of Waldeck. From early childhood he had endured the vigorous training that poverty imposes; he had been compelled to fight his own way through the world with nothing save his own "inward consciousness and a determination to live for an ideal aim, disregarding all else as insignificant,"* to support him. He studied at the University of Göttingen; distinguished himself there as a classical scholar; went to Paris to perfect himself in Oriental languages; and then visited Italy, where he was introduced to the learned Niebuhr, and became his private secretary. He afterwards was made Secretary to the Prussian Embassy at Rome, then *Chargé d'Affaires*, and finally full Minister. At a future date he was sent as a Special Envoy to England, to negotiate a matter that was destined to stir every circle of religious society, and in carrying out which Lord Ashley was to be one of his staunchest friends and fellow-workers.

Jan. 15.—Dined with Pusey. Bunsen, the Prussian Minister, whom I sat next to, is a most simple, unaffected, learned man. Jan. 17.—Went in the evening to M. Bunsen's. I was anxious to improve my acquaintance with that excellent and enlightened man. Had some useful and pleasant conversation. He informed me that the Prussian Government had determined to establish, for the maintenance and advancement of the Protestant faith, bishops and cathedral institutions. Jan. 18.—Received a very kind invitation from M. Bunsen to take an antiquarian trudge with him; accepted it, and he came here to fetch me. First saw the view from his house, and then we descended to the Forum. The remains of the tabularium under the Capitol were quite new to me; it is nearly the finest relic of Republican Rome. . . . I am really glad to have made the acquaintance, and indeed almost the friendship, of this superior man; his learning and abilities are embellished by a sound and ardent piety. Such men are an honour and comfort to their generation!

* "Memoir of Baron Bunsen," by his Widow, Baroness Bunsen, vol. ii., p. 131.

St. Anthony's Day.—Received various felicitations!—Breakfasted with Pusey. To the Coliseum, where a monk was preaching the Friday sermon. Such a picturesque scene, and as interesting as picturesque! Passed St. Anthony's Chapel, where some horses were under the exorcising of the priests. Of this ceremony, like many others in Rome, the principle is good but the practice ridiculous. It has become a low, money-making craft on the part of the clergy, and a base, fruitless superstition on the part of the laity. It is right and wise, and merciful and pious, to recognise even animals as God's creatures, and believe that they have a share in the consideration of an almighty and beneficent Maker, but here they hold only to the charm of the benediction, a species of necromancy.

Jan. 24.—Viterbo. Rome is quitted, and we have now (perhaps for ever, certainly for a long time) resigned the contemplation and enjoyment of the most exciting and subduing (for the sentiments are here blended) spot in the civilised world. I do entirely thank God that I have been once more allowed to take such a pleasure. . . . It was, however, pain and grief to leave it; and nothing but the prospect of speedily seeing that dear child could have softened a feeling of sorrow which was going far beyond approvable limits. . . .

Jan. 26.—Siena is prettily situated amidst undulating hills. We arrived there at the full hour of the Corso, when mankind, dense as cabbage plants, and abundant carriages, were pacing up and down a long, narrow, crooked, cold, lofty street. This is the Italian pleasure; having outside their walls, and at a distance of three minutes' walk, a fine view, a clean path, a fresh air, a bright sun, they preferred the dark, sad, chilly passage of their living catacombs. How different from the English! All our amusements are in open spaces, with light and air; even Italian "races" must be run in a street; the fact is, an Italian does not enjoy his climate: he boasts a good deal of his possession, but leaves the enjoyment of it to foreigners.

Jan. 28.—Florence. The Church of San Lorenzo. Was there ever such magnificence to mark the deposit of mortality! The Capella di Medici and the Capella dei Principi. Here Michael Angelo has shown all his power on the tombs of Lorenzo and Julian, Dukes of the family of Medici (Urbino and Nemours). The figure of "Night" almost makes one "hush;" it has a character of tranquillity and grace very seldom seen in the works of Buonarrotti; the hand, upon which the head inclines, casts a shade over the face; and the half-closed eyes in this partial obscurity express the soft approach of night; the negligent, abandoned position of the head is nature itself; it falls forward into the shadow like a star near the horizon, "*suadentque cadentia sidera somnos.*"

Jan. 29.—Dined with the Shelleys, and afterwards went to a ball given by the Grand Duke at the Pitti Palace. The approach to the rooms was prettily contrived through long avenues of myrtle and orange trees lining the passages; but the ball-room itself exceeded in brilliancy and liveliness any apartment I have ever seen. Eight great trees of wax candles, attached to the walls, decorated the sides of the saloon, and reached quite to the ceiling. Their Ducal Majesties were civil and kind in the extreme. I was horridly fatigued with this day's operations, and so was little Min.

After leaving Florence the journey was continued, and Pisa, Leghorn, Lucca, and Sarzana, in the Sardinian territories, were visited.

Reflect on the thousands of great and patriotic Pisans who adorned the best times of Liberty and the Republic. Unfortunately for mankind, nothing grows old so soon as Freedom; its prime is spent in a day and its course is chiefly run in childhood and decline. . . .

. . . . The road throughout the Luccese is perfectly charming; having surmounted the hills we descended upon the level between the sea and the mountains. This district is Arcadia itself; cultivated with all the care, precision, and tidiness exhibited in the best parts about Geneva, it superadds the most agreeable and classic scenery that Virgil or Theocritus ever saw or imagined. Here I remarked in wonderful abundance all the favourite beauties of Salvator and Poussin, and we had absolute experience that the colouring of Claude (however brilliant) is unequal to nature. Mountains high enough to be grand, and yet not terrible; olive forests, ruined castles, valleys, scattered villages, herds of sheep and goats, everything usually met with apart, here clustered together. The whole population appeared bursting with gaiety and fine clothes; hundreds, nay, thousands were swarming in the villages and along the roads, all in costumes of the most bright and becoming character. The sight was delightful, not only to a man of taste, but to any one who rejoices in the happiness of his species. The race, too, is handsome, *bellissimo sangue*; the women especially carried an air of dignity and force which, upon reasoning alone, one should conceive peculiar to hereditary wealth or station. Therefore I say and feel, "God bless the Duke of Lucca." These small states of Tuscany and Lucca are a model of what Italy should and could be, and an example for many nations of Europe. And yet all Lucca, town and country, contains fifty thousand inhabitants, about one-fourth of my constituents!

Feb. 7.—San Remo. No monarch living, except the King of Sardinia, can show in his dominions such a six days' journey. We have been greatly struck by the remarkable beauty of the women and children all along this coast; from the town of Lucca to this point we have met handsome faces at every step. . . .

Feb. 8.—Nice. Arrived at four; thanks be to God, found them all well, and especially our darling child, who knew us again, and showed evident joy at our return. . . . 11th.—Went to the Corso where the Nissards were celebrating the last day of the Carnival; they were amused, and so were we. As far as we saw, there was nothing but innocence; if it were not wise, it was not criminal. Such festivities have an air of foolery, and yet it is unsafe to condemn, in one sweeping term, the periodical recreations of a whole people.

When Lord Ashley started upon this tour he determined that it should be a real holiday—a time for rest with which he would not allow politics to interfere. To this end he removed himself as far as possible from the temptation to break his repose. He neither read newspapers, nor encouraged conversation on political affairs. This, perhaps, was easier to do then than now; but at all events he held to his purpose, and acquired a power of abstracting his mind from multitudinous interests, which stood him in good stead afterwards,

when labours devolved upon him which demanded his whole time and the concentration of all his energies.

Feb. 13.—I am not at ease; Parliament has assembled, and I am far from my post and my duties, yet what can I do? How leave Lady Cowper here alone? This is most distressing; the Church is threatened, and I shall be unable to give even my weak and single opposition to the measure. Hitherto I have enjoyed a happy freedom from politics. Throughout my journey I have carefully avoided both newspapers and conversations on that odious subject; but now I must renew my intercourse with vice and misery; and even the short residence we can make at Nice will be tainted by the “necessary” study of letters and *Galixanis*.

. . . Feb. 22.—I love the Italian people. We abuse them, we despise them, we taunt them with cowardice and degeneracy; and it may be deserved, and it may be true; but are they incorrigible, or what has made them such? Have they been well taught? Have they been well ruled? Scattered, at variance with one another, and oppressed; without place or nation, having little to love and nothing to respect, without the means of patriotism and loyalty, what can be demanded of them? Yet consider their genius; in art, in science, in trade, in literature, in politics, the instructors of Europe! Among so many millions cannot virtue and genius again take root? “I the Lord will accomplish it in his time.” . . . 27th.—The millennium of European policy would be the establishment of a “Kingdom of Italy;” but this is a dream, and a dream that must not be talked of, for bloodshed, violence, revolution, massacre, horror, and failure at last, would be the inevitable consequences. Were success more probable, still we must refrain; good can be purchased at too dear a rate, and two generations must not be sacrificed for the benefit of the third. Yet if it pleased God to raise Italy from the dead, what a mass of materials for every work of greatness! She is indeed now despised, cast down, and perhaps degenerate; but such centuries of misgovernment and suffering would have corrupted, to a fifty-fold degree, any other people.

March 14.—To-day we crossed the Var and *quitted Italy*. “Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces.” “I wish thee good luck.”

Then to Cannes—which is described only as “a pretty spot on the sea-shore with one small inn”—through Provence; to Aix, Lyons, Chalons, and Paris, and thence, on the 19th April, home, where the last entry in the Diary was written:—

Thus ends our tour. It has been very entertaining, and I hope instructive. The least profitable portion of it was our stay in Paris, where everything amused, dissipated, and corrupted the mind, without either giving cause, or leaving time, for the slightest reflection. There is a spell of viciousness in that city, and everyone who long resides there will more or less be influenced by it; if he be not led to act ill, he will be seduced to forget what is good, and he finds it impossible eventually not to “tolerate,” at least, that which all around him admire. I was glad to quit the place, earnestly hoping that no child of mine might ever pass many days in that pavilion of Belial.

CHAPTER V.

1834—1838.

AFTER an interval of some weeks Lord Ashley resumed his Diary of “fugitive and desultory” notes, and the first entry explains the motives he had in continuing it:—

May 3rd, 1834.—Panshanger. I regret the long omission. Much might have been inserted to improve or interest me. The cause or variety of one's feelings, the hopes we have entertained, with their accomplishment or disappointment, our distrust or reliance upon God, our often or seldom prayer, with their respective effects upon thought and action; all these things duly recorded would assail us, as it were, with irresistible conviction. Let me henceforward be a little more punctual.

In order to give the Factory Act of 1833 a fair trial, little was attempted in Parliament for some years, beyond repeated remonstrances with the Government and an anxious observation of the working of the Act. Outside Parliament, however, there was continuous exertion. Public opinion was strongly roused, a new era in legislation had been inaugurated, and a new chapter in the history of labour had been opened.

Every day found Lord Ashley devising some fresh plan, or listening to some fresh suggestion; and one of the schemes that lay very near to his heart dealt with the question of the Education of Factory Children. A letter from his friend Southey—the last long letter he ever received from him—touches upon this:—

Robert Southey to Lord Ashley.

KESWICK, May 12th, 1834.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—I am truly rejoiced to think there is a prospect of seeing you this summer. The country indeed will appear to great disadvantage while you have the Alps and the charms of a southern climate fresh in remembrance, but there is no other part of England so beautiful. . . . The Factory Question is overlaid at present by the Unions; but when the excitement which their menacing attitude has caused throughout the manufacturing districts subsides, the cry against that evil will again be heard. Unhappily some of the best intended efforts for mitigating the wretched consequences of this system have a sure tendency to deprave still further the very persons for whose relief they are designed. I allude to Infant, and even to Sunday Schools. Teach a mother to teach her children what all mothers used to teach theirs fifty years ago, and the instruction is given in love and received in love, and is wholesome

for the whole family. The duty is undertaken *for her* now—nay, it is even *taken from* her, for the sake of making display, and the Sunday is made for the children the longest school-day in the week!

As for Infant Schools, they are only good when they are remedies for an enormous evil: when you rescue infants from the filth and pollution of the streets. But when infants are sent to them to be *out of the mother's way*, the mother goes out to day-labour, and the husband gets his meals at the beershop, and there is an end of all domestic affection. I have much to say upon these subjects. The better parts of the old English character will never be restored unless we can bring back something like the old habits of domestic teaching for the rudiments of religion—for all that is necessary to be believed—and of domestic industry. . . .

. . . God bless you, my dear Lord Ashley.

Yours with sincere regard,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The political horizon in this year, and especially towards its close, was stormy. The Parliament, elected soon after the passing of the Reform Bill, was near its end; a Conservative reaction was imminent, and the King, whose tendencies had hitherto been liberal, gave unmistakable evidence that he was now weary of his Ministers. They had occupied themselves much with Irish Church questions. The Irish Bishops had, during their Administration, been reduced from twenty-two to twelve, and the Irish Archbishops from four to two; while, by the appointment of the Irish Church Commission, the very existence of the Church Establishment in Ireland had been threatened. On the 28th May the Irish Bishops and Clergy presented an Address to the King, and in his reply he had expressed himself so strongly in sympathy with them, and so strongly at variance with the opinions of his Ministers, that no doubt could remain of his antagonism to the Administration of Lord Melbourne. To the state of public feeling then prevailing the Diary frequently refers:—

May 27th.—This evening his Majesty's Ministers are expected to exhibit a public dissension; they have now rendered order, government, and rule impossible. Under them the semblance might endure for awhile; should they be changed it seems to me we must be prepared for chaos. *Twelve o'clock at night.*—Stanley has retired, and others with him, having yielded as many principles as he could safely for himself. He approached the point of danger, and his sleeping conscience awoke. He will not consent to establish Popery. Why did he not long ago act upon his foresight of this inevitable conflict, and stand out while it was yet time? . . . There is no hope of Conservative Government. Until the Administration of this country can be founded on truth, religion, the welfare of man, and the honour of God (and this both actually and ostensibly), there will be no return to our ancient dignity and happiness. Now to think even of such principles at this present, is to look for the Garden of Eden in the purlieus of St. Giles!

There had been a growing intensity in the religious life of Lord Ashley. The habits of meditation and prayer had strengthened, the spirit of ardour, confidence, and love had shone forth more conspicuously in public and in private, and his studies had been more constant in religious literature, with a view "to attain deeper acquaintance with critical theology." The following entries show the course and current of his inner life :—

June 9th.—Oxford. Installation of the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor. Fearful of being thought guilty of disrespect did I stay away, down I came. . . . For an hour (it is now eleven at night) I have lounged about the Quadrangle of Christchurch—every inch of it seems holy. Years have added solemnity either to the walls or to my feelings, for I perceive in myself a sentiment of profound and affectionate veneration. It is not that my love for Alma Mater is new. I always admired her worth, as her child "rose up and called her blessed," but those were the transports of enthusiasm, and partook of the warmth and capriciousness of youth. My feelings are now become deep, tender, reverential, and, as time has proved, steadfast. To her I must ascribe *all* that I have of learning, and *much* that I may have of virtue. If she did not altogether uproot (as who or what under Heaven can) every vice of my nature, she prepared at least the soil for the cultivation of better things, and gave me moments of thought which may prove the seeds of eternity. Shall I not then love her, pray for her, and, if possible, befriend her? Aye, by God's blessing, to my life's end, and I humbly thank Him that He has once more permitted me to stand on this sacred ground, and while in earnest gratitude for my own advantages of sound and religious learning, to implore His Holy Spirit to make me both willing and able to confer upon others some portion at least of the blessings that He has conferred upon me.

How much more I should enjoy this retirement were Minny with me. Why is it that I cannot bear the shortest separation from her? In fact, nothing is so delightful to the heart as the contemplation of innocence and purity, and hence it is that I feel, in absence from her, the loss of an unearthly pleasure.

Eleven years and a half have elapsed since I quitted Oxford—is it possible? What is the comparative condition of my mind? Is it more powerful and better instructed? Certainly, but not in the proportion of time, experience, and other men. But I have, by God's grace, a deeper sense (and yet how shallow!) of His religion; that is, however, the whole compass of intellect and knowledge: that being obtained, all other things will be added thereunto.

Why was I reckoned here, and for some time afterwards, such a promising young man? Why?

June 11th.—Yesterday was the anniversary of our wedding. Mark it with the red letters of joy, hope, and gratitude. If men would all base their love upon esteem, and their esteem upon religion, and their religion upon affectionate Christianity, marriage would prove a twenty-fold source of earthly happiness and surety for Heaven.

The theatre presented a scene of beautiful dignity and splendour. It may never be the lot of this generation to witness again such a display of persons, dresses, and enthusiasm. How can it?—for the combination of yesterday depended not on the ceremony, but on the appointment of so peculiar a man to so peculiar a station at such a time and under such circumstances, personal and political. All,

both young and old, were unanimous in ardent, deep-felt Toryism ; their eagerness was wonderful, and burst in ceaseless expressions and shouts of applause. Whether intentionally or by mistake, I was much hissed in passing out ; and as I have done little to deserve their approbation, and nothing to deserve their censure, I felt greatly astonished. However, as I am not a candidate for any of their favours, I can abstain from tears, though I confess my vexation. Dinner in Christchurch Hall—equally with the theatre splendid and enthusiastic.

June 14th.—It is singular how long I am in the execution of any work of reading or composition. But a crab is not a race-horse, and has no right to complain if he fails in doing what is inconsistent with his nature. I am too much the victim of strong feelings. I am easily impressed even to weakness. Oftentimes, in reading the Bible aloud to Minny, I all but burst into tears at the mere dignity of the subject and language.

July 2nd.—My temper is too impetuous, frequently am I led away to say things in a manner that is as little proper as they are wise, and this is always the result of heat. I must endeavour, by God's blessing, to correct myself. Served to-day for the first time on the Committee of the National School Society—education and public worship may set us right, and they will do so, unless "our iniquity be now full."

July 3rd.—I have no one thing completely ; a smattering upon many ; this is pleasant, but not serviceable. To all subjects I prefer theology. Finance, corn laws, foreign policy, or poor laws would give me more public usefulness, but they would not give me more private happiness. I shall be content henceforward to float down the stream of time, and put ashore at any point whither the Almighty in His wisdom may command me.

July 12th.—Humanly speaking, I can see nothing worse than that Peel should be called to the helm of affairs ; but, nevertheless, he must, if invited, accept the office. The time is such that all reasoning is nonplussed, and a Minister must commit himself to Providence. The chances of failure and success may not even be balanced ; in ordinary cases such a previous step would not only be wise, but necessary ; here, however, is a peculiar attitude of affairs, and patriotism, danger, and religion alike summon a Conservative to make the attempt.

July 14th.—On Saturday at the Fish Dinner, dull—had some conversation with Peel—he is civil, but cold. I doubt the formation of a *really good* Government, for we are yet blind to the everlasting truth. We must, I fear, be tutored by suffering, and then we may return to the old paths. Were Peel inclined to build his Government on the basis of religion, could he now find materials for the superstructure ? I think not, and hence I distrust the hopes of a permanent and good Administration. I neither see nor hear of any symptom of awakened religion among those who aspire to be our rulers ; and what security does any other principle afford ?

Sept. 3rd.—Returned from Hatfield. Minny gone on to Wrest.* I to Panshanger to wait for the Hertford Meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Old Sarum† shakes and grows deaf ;—her leaf is withering, but still she seems to entertain no thoughts of dying. I found both the children quite well.

* In Bedfordshire, seat of Lord de Grey.

† Lady Salisbury, who afterwards, at an age over ninety, was burnt to death.

Sept. 7th.—Spent two days at Wrest. Read the memoirs of Mrs. Hannah More,* amiable, virtuous, and wonderful woman! What a true, diligent, and (humanly speaking) useful servant of Christ was she. Ah, let those who rely on works for justification cease to hope until they shall at least have equalled her, and then they will begin to despair; for, finding no consolation in self-meritoriousness, and neither foreseeing time nor feeling strength to renew their efforts and supply the deficiency of them, they will look around for something else to assuage their souls.

Oct. 17th.—Received the news of the destruction by fire of the Houses of Parliament. I own that I feel it as a national calamity—it appears like an omen of evil to our whole Constitution and Empire—the scene and stage, as it were, of English history lay there, and if there be any force in local associations, we might have hoped, as long as the “genius loci” remained, for some (though perhaps feeble) imitation of the generosity of our ancestors. Many fine monuments of former days are now destroyed: Jerusalem Chamber, St. Stephen’s Chapel, the Painted Chamber, the House of Lords with its exciting tapestry, the noble libraries with their invaluable contents—many and various records—treasures that no money can replace. This is, indeed, a moral conflagration. It is matter of thankfulness that the splendid Hall was rescued from the flames.

Political events had reached a crisis. On the 14th of November the King dismissed the Melbourne Ministry, and, on the advice of the Duke of Wellington, sent for Sir Robert Peel, who was then at Rome, where he had proposed to spend the winter. He did not arrive in England till the 9th of December, and during the interval the Duke of Wellington acted provisionally as Minister. During that interval Lord Ashley began to write a “Note Book of Passing Events,” and continued the entries almost daily until April, 1842, when they were discontinued for twenty years, to be resumed during the disruption in the United States.

In these records, from which we do not propose to quote in this book, there is little that is personal to himself. There are, as he describes them, “minutes of proceedings,” and “notes of Parliamentary campaigns, as tedious to detail as they have been stirring to fight.” They contain digests of many debates, criticisms upon speeches, forecasts of political movements, comments upon men and things, rumours, reports, speculations and conjectures. Their chief interest now is that they clearly show how identical were Lord Ashley’s views then with those he held in later years. No matter whether the subject under consideration be changes of Ministry, discussions on the ballot, French affairs, Irish troubles, or matters of the most ephemeral nature, there is always Religion in the forefront, inquiries first as to the principles involved, analyses of motives, complaints of trusting in human wisdom, and all the characteristics of style that marked his later years.

This singular identity in views, in principles, and in modes of enforcing them, is very remarkable. Many passages upon many subjects might be

* Mrs. Hannah More died on the 7th September in the previous year (1833).

extracted bodily from the Note Book of 1834, and inserted in the Diary of 1884 without any fear of detection.

We resume our extracts from Lord Ashley's private Diary :—

Nov. 26th.—Brighton. Dined last night with his Majesty. Amid all the chops and changes, what will be my fate? Office I regard with dismay, the very thoughts of it are disagreeable to me.

Dec. 10th.—How dead religion falls on hearts unused to it, even in a kind, easy, and moral character. It seems like an acquaintance lately introduced whom they treat with civility, but are rather pleased to get rid of. Many excellent and exemplary persons in private life are satisfied with "going to church and doing the whole thing;" the hardest of all notions to expel is the notion of self-righteousness; men will measure themselves, not by the model of their Saviour, but by that of their neighbours. "Be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect," is to them a superfluous command. "Be no worse than your neighbours" seems far more easy and intelligible.

Dec. 15th.—Yesterday I saw Peel, who sent for me in haste. I waited, for two hours and a half, his return from the King. I saw him at six o'clock. His object was to "invite me into the King's service." . . . I yielded because I had nothing to oppose to his wishes but my own feelings and disinclination.

Nothing definite was said at that interview as to the office Lord Ashley was to fill, although the Admiralty and the Treasury were mentioned—both a descent from the higher station he had occupied at the India Board, and he dreaded "being called away from real usefulness to do what his valet would probably do better." A few days later he received the following letter from Sir Robert Peel :—

Sir Robert Peel to Lord Ashley.

WHITEHALL, Dec. 20th, 1834.

MY DEAR ASHLEY,—You know, I hope, that in making my arrangements my first wish is to do that which I think most likely to be agreeable to you, and to give the greater opportunity of useful exertion.

The Admiralty Board is so *magnificently* constituted that I cannot help adding you to the number of Lords. There will be Earl de Grey, First Lord, Sir George Cockburn, Sir John Beresford, Sir Charles Rowley, Right Hon. Maurice Fitzgerald, Right Hon. George Dawson, Secretary.

There will thus be only two Civil Lords at the Board in the House of Commons, and it has occurred to me that the *House* at the Admiralty may be agreeable to you.

Ever most truly,

ROBERT PEEL.

Dec. 22nd.—Yesterday I was obliged to answer Peel's letter, in which he offered me a Lordship of the Admiralty. Had I not, by God's grace and the study of religion, subdued the passion of my youth, I should now have been

heartbroken. Canning, *eight years ago*, offered me, as a neophyte, a seat at one of the Boards, the first step in a young statesman's life. If I am not now worthy of more, it is surely better to cease to be a candidate for public honours. Yet Peel's letter, so full of flummery, would lead any one to believe that I was a host of excellence. The thing is a contradiction.

The following is the letter referred to in the entry given above:—

Lord Ashley to Sir Robert Peel.

PANSHANGER, Dec. 21st, 1834.

MY DEAR SIR ROBERT,—Being absent from London, I did not receive your kind letter before this morning; but I trust that no inconvenience will have arisen from the delay in acknowledging it.

I feel very sensibly your friendly expressions, and the warm concern you have shown in my welfare; but as I was very explicit with you during our interview, I may, I hope, be equally explicit in my answer to you now.

The offer of any situation in the Government is far more than I am entitled to demand. I have said to you already, and I again repeat it, that neither my character nor services can give me the smallest claim to a share in the Administration, and still less to the considerate manner in which you have proposed to me such agreeable colleagues. It would be both honourable and pleasant to act with those gentlemen; and if, therefore, I presume to raise any objection, it will not be either to the dignity of the place, or the names of the Commissioners.

Whatever be my own feelings or desires in respect of official life, I would most willingly undertake to serve you in any capacity where I could *really* be useful. I doubted, and I doubt still, my means of being so. Everything must be calculated in reference to the course of Parliamentary debate; in this I am by no means practised, and I entertain a very strong desire, for your own sake, that you should engage the co-operation of men who, either actually or prospectively, may assist your Government in the House of Commons.

If I cannot aid you by speaking, how can I here do so by official ministrations? The Board of Admiralty will afford me no opportunity of exercising (did I even possess them) any of the qualifications of a public man. I must be, of course, and every one else must know it, a subordinate agent amongst persons of such experience and practice in their own peculiar profession. I could not presume to do more than consult their opinions, and acquiesce in their counsel; neither could I exert any individual action or responsibility, so as to render myself in any wise *personally* useful in your service. Any man of common sense would be quite as efficient; and even the good character you were so kind as to attribute to me, could add nothing of utility, as the whole world knows that the inexperience of a Civil Lord must yield, and justly so, to the weight and experience of his naval colleagues.

I will tell you candidly that I think my motives would be sadly misrepresented in accepting a Lordship—it is, I know, and heartily confess, quite as much as I am worth—but when I see that all my contemporaries have been promoted, and many who have never served put over my head, I cannot but feel that,

having neither merit enough to advance, nor even to retain the scale of my old position, I had better give way to other men. I most solemnly assure you that I complain not of their appointments; but the world, I think, would have reason to say that my readiness to accept any situation I could get, was less the result of my principles than of my necessities. Again, I say, did it present me even a chance of being humbly serviceable, I would not object; but here I should be called upon to surrender many pursuits, and many (I hope) beneficial occupations, for a career which could not advantage you or any portion of your Government.

Your brother, you said to me, entitled as he was to higher office, was contented to serve you at the Treasury, but to compensate for that loss, he will enjoy much personal intercourse with you, and, perhaps, your private confidence.

I did not seek for office, believing, as I do, that there are many others far more suited by inclination and ability to those duties; but after my interview with you, I was willing to undertake it in the hopes that I might have some means of being in a slight degree personally useful to you.

Most heartily shall I act, and wish for your success, not only as an honest, and wise, and able Minister, but also (I hope I may say) as my personal friend. I shall be always at your command to undergo any labour, or any odium, in support of the sacred principles on which you stand.

To this letter a reply was received from Lord Granville Somerset, who wrote at the request of Sir Robert Peel, to explain that the office was in fact that of the Civil Representative of the Admiralty in the House of Commons, the Member of that Board whose business it was to move the Estimates, and to be leading Member on all topics connected with the Civil Service of the Admiralty. And, it was added, the motives of Sir Robert Peel were of the kindest nature. In acknowledging this letter Lord Ashley said, "My business and duty are to serve him in his way, not in my own; and since he is willing to bear the responsibility of having appointed me to a prominent situation, and is kind enough to say that I really can contribute somewhat to his aid, I am perfectly ready, however conscious of my own weakness, to undertake the charge he has been pleased to assign me."

Jan. 12th.—Dorchester. To-morrow I shall be re-elected for the county.

13th.—I rejoice and thank God that I was bold enough to speak manfully in defence of the Church, and I pray He may give me courage ever to persist and to be ready to sacrifice all for the maintaining of His true religion.

During the short time Lord Ashley had held office under the Wellington Administration he had worked persistently, and had spared no pains to possess himself of all the information within his reach concerning Indian affairs; and now, as a Lord of the Admiralty, when it fell to his lot to answer from his place in the House of Commons a multitude of questions on the details of a variety of topics, he again distinguished himself for

the accuracy of his information, and the painstaking diligence with which he made himself familiar with every subject connected with the duties of his office during the existence of that short-lived Administration.

The Peel Government was defeated on the 19th February, 1835. on the Election of a Speaker, and again on the 25th, on a motion of Lord Morpeth for an Amendment on the Address. In April, Lord John Russell, in a series of motions on the Temporalities of the Irish Church, defeated the Government by so large a majority that they resigned on the 8th April. Lord Melbourne then commenced his second Administration, which lasted throughout the rest of the reign of William IV., and during nearly four years of the reign of Queen Victoria.

The events of 1835, in which Lord Ashley was most interested, are thus described :—

Jan. 1st.—The Conservatives and the Radicals will be the two great parties in the House of Commons ; between them will float a body of Whigs, bearing alternately to one side or the other, and strong enough to give preponderance to either. The feeling and temper of the country will ultimately decide the character of their politics ; if it persist in Conservatism, they will gradually and quietly range themselves with Peel ; if it renew its discontent and life of innovation, they will be hand and glove with the Radicals for place and power.

Church Reform is proposed.

Jan. 25th.—. . . Church Reform (if any) must be extensive ; it may be so, and yet be safe if rightly founded. I am prepared to go far, but we shall do very little unless laymen will make sacrifices in proportion to those they demand from the clergy.

On the eve of the resignation of Peel, there is a curious, but characteristic, entry :—

April 8th.—It is a sign, a fearful sign of retributive justice, that every great question, every question involving the existence of principles, the safety of institutions and the stability of Governments, has now *for five years* been determined by majorities equal to, or less than, the numbers admitted from the ranks of Popery to the privileges of Members of Parliament. The other night the division was carried by thirty-three, the precise number of Papists in the House of Commons ! . . .

We are out. Peel has resigned. It was evident that the Commons would not accept *any* measures at his hands, and they prefer anarchy under themselves to order under him.

Even at this period of his life, there was well developed in him that peculiar capacity which distinguished his more public career—the ability to attend to an amazing number of subjects at the same time, and to allow to each its proper place and proportion. Already he had become identified with many and various philanthropic efforts, in addition

to those connected with the interests of the labouring classes. His influence had largely penetrated into religious circles, and he was now to take the lead in the important ecclesiastical movement, about to be described, with which his name has ever since been closely associated.

On the 19th February, 1836, there was held in the Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, a meeting of clergy and laity, with Lord Ashley in the chair. It was convened to discuss the best method of "Extending the means of grace in and to necessitous parishes, in strict conformity with the spirit, constitution, and discipline of the Established Church." It was not a large gathering, but it was thoroughly representative, about sixty persons being present, many of whom were earnest, practical men. The result of the meeting was the establishment of the Church Pastoral Aid Society—"for the purpose of benefiting the population of our own country by increasing the number of working clergymen in the Church of England, and encouraging the appointment of pious and discreet laymen as helpers to the clergy in duties not ministerial."

It was inevitable that such a society, with such a programme, in such time, should give rise to considerable opposition, criticism, and condemnation. It was alleged that the Society was started without Episcopal sanction; that it infringed in a great degree on the discipline of the United Church; it was assailed as if it were false to the principles of the Church, and attempts were made to fasten upon it a sectarian and schismatical character.

The rock of offence to the High Church Party was the nature of the lay agency to be employed, and of the association to employ it. It was contended by some that such agency, if used at all, should be limited to candidates for holy orders who had completed their university course, before they were of age for ordination. Others, and among them some of the Bishops, were opposed, not to the efforts of laymen for the spiritual welfare of those around them, but to the introduction into the Church of a new and distinct order of lay teachers, who, as stipendiaries of a voluntary society, would not, it was alleged, be amenable to ecclesiastical authority.

At first the committee were unwilling to abandon or limit lay agency in any degree whatever, but subsequently they became disposed to some modifications, and eventually it was decided that "The society will assist, as it may be able, in the supply to destitute places of lay agents, whether candidates for holy orders or others, or whether partially or wholly to be maintained; which lay agents shall act under the direction of the incumbent, and be removable at his pleasure."

The result of this decision was to estrange many who at first were in favour of the society (among them Mr. W. E. Gladstone, then a young man of twenty-six, who was one of the vice-presidents), and to lead to the establishment of a rival institution, the "Additional Curates Society."

The first years of the existence of the Pastoral Aid Society were years of trial, difficulty, and ceaseless controversy, and entailed upon Lord Ashley,

who took the lead on all occasions, an enormous amount of labour. His good judgment and counsel, his tact in smoothing down differences, his experience of the requirements of poor and neglected parishes, his patient attention to the details of every fresh move in the organisation of the Society, and the influence of his tongue and pen, were invaluable at this time. Nor did his efforts cease with the initial difficulties of the enterprise; on the contrary, he continued to take the deepest interest in its progress and prosperity. For nearly fifty years he was hardly ever absent from the chair on the occasion of the annual meeting, and always reserved for that meeting the full expression of his opinion on the state of the Church and the signs of the times. His speeches on behalf of the Pastoral Aid Society give the Religious History of nearly half a century.

Lord Ashley was appalled to find, from reliable authority, the state of spiritual destitution prevalent in many parts of the country. The path he had taken in public life led him to an intimate knowledge of the destitute condition of some of the manufacturing districts with respect to religious instruction, but he was surprised to learn from official documents that 100,000 souls were, in spite of every effort, national and voluntary, annually added to those who, in Protestant England, and under the wing of an Established Church, had neither pastors, sacraments, nor public worship; but were left unheeded, with no man to care for their souls. It was the sense of this pressing and ever-increasing need, that urged him to strain every nerve to make the Pastoral Aid Society the efficient institution it has become; and from first to last he claimed for it, in spite of all argument to the contrary, full recognition as a Church of England Society, regarding the wants of the Church on the one hand, and observing the order of the Church on the other.

Meanwhile, the Government Factory Act of 1833 was meeting with the strongest condemnation from the supporters of the Ten Hours Movement. Its details had been artfully arranged to make different clauses come into operation at different dates, so as to delay the complete working of the Act till 1836. When Lord Ashley threw the Bill into the hands of the Ministry he retired for a time from the contest. Incomplete as the Bill was, it was better than nothing, and he had said "God prosper it."

But he, and other friends of factory legislation, soon saw that the Act was in many respects absurd in its details, and foredoomed to be ineffectual. Practical men declared that it was never meant to be obeyed, and that those who framed it only wished to disgust the people with all factory legislation. As regarded the younger children, the Act was undoubtedly beneficial, inasmuch as it shortened their hours; but in nearly all other respects it seemed to produce vexation, disappointment, and confusion. In 1835 the new factory inspectors reported 177 convictions under the Act, the number of mills at work and reported upon being 1,948, so that one in every eleven mill-owners had broken the law. The number of proved offences, however, would have been far larger had it not been for the fact that the local magistrates themselves set the law at defiance.

It will assist the reader to comprehend some of the difficulties with which Lord Ashley had to contend, to bear in mind that, sorely as he was tried by his opponents, he was scarcely less tried by his supporters; and that the labour of urging on some was often less than the labour of restraining others. One of the most irrepressible of the agitators was Mr. Richard Oastler—a worthy but eccentric man, wielding a large influence over the operatives—who kept up excitement to a white heat by counsels which, if followed, would have had ruinous results.

Harassing as were the main issues of Factory Legislation, its side issues were scarcely less perplexing. Letters innumerable on every conceivable branch of the subject poured in upon Lord Ashley. One correspondent complained that the children were summoned to the mills by the discordant blasts of a horn, and as it was “very disagreeable to have attention drawn to the hardships of the factory children at three, four, five, and six in the morning,” he hoped a clause would be inserted in the Act “to make the nuisance punishable by penalty!” Another, who had held the office of Factory Inspector, and had been summarily dismissed because “the faithful discharge of his duties had drawn upon his head the unmitigated feelings of revenge of some of the factory people,” begged Lord Ashley to bring this “monstrous outrage” before Parliament. And everybody who had any grievance, real or fancied, or who wanted information, whether entitled to it or not, sent forth with his complaint or his application to Lord Ashley, who for many years inserted in his Diary words which meant much to him—“Harassed by fruitless correspondence.”

During 1835 and 1836, under the conduct of Mr. Oastler, the Rev. Mr. Bull, the Rev. J. R. Stephens, and other Great-hearts of the cause, the Ten Hours Agitation in the North grew stronger and wider. Mr. Charles Hindley, M.P. for Ashton-under-Lyne, an extensive mill-owner, pledged himself to bring in a Ten Hours Bill, and to renew his efforts, session after session, till the victory was won. This Bill had been printed and widely distributed, when it was made known that Mr. Poulett Thompson,* M.P. for Manchester and Vice-President of the Board of Trade, was about to bring in a Bill, on behalf of the Government, to repeal the “thirteen-years-of-age” clause in Lord Althorpe’s Act of 1833, and to exclude thereby all between twelve and thirteen years of age from the shelter of its clauses. This was, in effect, “to legalise the slavery of some forty thousand children, for the most part females. A more faithless proposal was never made to the integrity and understanding of a legislature; the pledges to the country that children should be ‘protected up to a certain point;’ the compromise between the masters and the operatives—guaranteed by the interposition of the Government—and the inductions of common-sense, which required at least the fair trial of so solemn an enactment, were all equally violated.”†

Notice of the new Government measure was given in March, 1836, only

* Afterwards Lord Sydenham.

† An article by Lord Ashley in the *Quarterly Review*, lvii. 417.

nine days after the clause referred to came into operation. The factory districts were at once the scene of intense excitement and anxiety. Great meetings were held to uphold the "Bible, truth, and justice," against "Gold and Poulett Thompson's Bill."* Petitions were sent up to the House remonstrating against the attempt to repeal the "best part of the present Act."

The second reading of the Government Bill was moved by Mr. Poulett Thompson on May 9th. He declared that children between twelve and thirteen should be allowed to decide for themselves, like their seniors, that sixty-nine hours' work per week would do them no harm, and that the House would throw 35,000 children out of work if it refused to pass the Bill.

Lord Ashley moved that the Bill be read a second time that day six months. He showed that the threatened dismissal of the children was not even possible; quoted evidence to prove how severely the children suffered from the long hours; and met his opponents with a formidable, and, as it proved, irresistible array of facts and figures. A long debate ensued, in the course of which a vigorous opposition to the new measure was manifested, but the Government, confiding in their strength, pressed the Bill to a division. In a House of 354 members, however, they only secured a majority of two, and accordingly thought it wisest to withdraw the Bill.†

Having thus defeated the attempt of the Government to gratify the mill-owners by a retrograde movement, Lord Ashley and his coadjutors saw that it was needful, not only to watch, with increased vigilance, the working of the present Act, in order to get as much good out of it as possible, but, at the same time, to press forward towards the passing of laws of a more decidedly beneficial character. On June the 13th he called the attention of Government to a flagrant breach of the Act, some boys having been made to work for thirty-four hours successively in the foul cellar of a Yorkshire factory, the air of which was so bad that workmen tied handkerchiefs round their mouths before going into the place. Lord John Russell promised investigation.

On June 23rd Mr. Charles Hindley moved for leave to bring in a Bill "to Amend the present Factory Acts." The House was surprised, and Lord Ashley thought the time inopportune; but said that, if the Bill were brought in, he should give it his cordial support. Mr. Hindley, after a short debate, withdrew his motion, but not till it had "served the useful purpose of wringing from an unwilling Government a direct and distinct pledge, given by Lord John Russell, that the existing laws should be enforced with all the authority at its command."‡ The enforcement of the law was difficult to accomplish when the mill-owners and the magistrates were identical. Sometimes magistrates refused to hear factory complaints, and bade applicants go to Mr. Oastler, for it was his law. Mr. Oastler replied by threatening to incite the children to apply their grandmother's knitting-needles to the spindles, "in a

* Mr. Oastler at Huddersfield. † Hansard, 3, s. xxxiii. 737, and xxxiv. 306.

‡ Hansard, 3, s. xxxiv. 489.

way which will teach these law-defying, mill-owner magistrates to have respect even to 'Oastler's law,' as they have wrongfully designated it." *

Many such wild speeches were made in the course of the agitation, which daily grew in volume and intensity. Reports of the meetings were published as pamphlets, and everywhere circulated. Meanwhile Lord Ashley awaited the opportunity to intervene with effect, doing good service from time to time by pointing out evasions of the present Act. Thus, on July 18th, he called the attention of the House to the fact that one of the factory inspectors was permitting attendance at Sunday-school to be included in the twelve hours' education per week which the Act required. He also pointed out the need for a large increase in the number of inspectors.

During 1837 Lord Ashley refrained from bringing the subject before the House, except in connection with the erratic proceedings of one or two of the inspectors, nor did he take any very prominent part in the agitation out of doors. An immense meeting held at Leeds, to bring about an eleven hours' compromise between masters and men, resulted in an all but unanimous resolution to petition for a Ten Hours Bill. The people grew more enthusiastic; the magistrates, on the other hand, compelled to act by Government supervision, used their power of imposing merely nominal penalties, and made disobedience to the law more profitable than its due observance.

Amongst those who, in the earlier days of the factory agitation, were bitterly hostile to legislative action, but afterwards modified their views, was Richard Cobden; and as Lord Shaftesbury was specially mindful of his opinion, it will be interesting to note what, at this stage of the question, were Cobden's exact sentiments with regard to the movement as recorded by his biographer:—

It is historically interesting to know what Liberal electors were thinking about in these days (1839). We find that they asked their candidate his opinion as to the property qualification for Members of Parliament, Primogeniture, the Poor Law Amendment Act, and the Factory Question. The last of the list was probably the most important, for Cobden had taken the trouble, many months before, to set out his opinions on that subject in a letter to the chairman of his committee. The matter remains of vital importance in our industrial system to the present time, and is still, in the face of the competition of other nations, the object of a controversy which is none the less alive in the region of theory because the Legislature has decided it in one way in the region of practice. As that is so, it is interesting still to know Cobden's earliest opinions on the matter; and I have therefore printed at the end of the volume the letter that Cobden wrote, in the autumn of 1836, on the restriction by Parliament of the hours of labour in factories.

What he said comes to this: that, for plain physical reasons, no child ought to be put to work in a cotton mill so early as the age of thirteen; but whatever restrictions on the hours of labour might be desirable, it was not for the Legislature to impose them; it was for the workmen to insist upon them, relying not on

* "History of the Factory Movement," ii. 104.

Parliament, but on their own action. A workman, by saving the twenty pounds that would carry him across the Atlantic, could make himself as independent of his employer as the employer is independent of him; and in this independence he would be free, without the emasculating interference of Parliament, to drive his own bargain as to how many hours he would work. In meeting his committee at Stockport, Cobden repeated his conviction that the factory operatives had it in their power to shorten the hours of labour without the aid of Parliament; but to infant labour, as he had said before, he would afford the utmost possible protection. He laughed at the mock philanthropy of Tory landowners, who took so lively an interest in the welfare of the factory population, and yet declined to suffer the slightest relaxation of the Corn Laws, though these did more to degrade and pauperise the labouring classes, by doubling the price of food and limiting employment, than any other evil of which they had to complain.*

On June 22nd, 1838, Lord Ashley, at the request of the factory operatives, moved, as an amendment on the order of the day, the second reading of a "Factories' Regulation Bill" that had been introduced and several times deferred. Into this Bill it was his intention to have inserted a Ten Hours Clause on reaching the committee stage. Lord Ashley charged the Government with having "deluded and mocked" him with false promises, with having taken the matter out of his hands by their solemn pledges, and with having failed to keep their promises. In the course of the debate that followed, Sir Robert Peel said he was not prepared to support the Ten Hours Clause of his noble friend Lord Ashley, but the subject demanded attention, and he implored the House to come to a decision that night. On a division the matter was again shelved by a majority of eight—119 voting for the Government, and 111 for Lord Ashley.†

The public attention (said the *Times*) cannot be too forcibly directed to the scandalous conduct of the Melbourne Government with regard to the Factory Question as exposed by Lord Ashley on Friday evening in his most impressive and striking speech. It was not merely that the noble Lord, to whom parents and children, and the cause of humanity, are all alike and so deeply indebted—it is not, we say, that he has himself been "mocked and deluded" in the prosecution of his benevolent schemes by the broken faith and callous feelings of this mercenary and jobbing clique, but that laws of their own making have been left unenforced, and the unfortunate children unprotected, and that "all the representations and remonstrances made to the Ministers upon the subject had been treated with total neglect and contempt."‡

Lord Ashley's motion on the Factories' Regulation Bill did not by any means involve an acceptance of the Government measure, which was a remarkable Bill of fifty-nine clauses to amend the fifty clauses of the Act of 1833, and gave inspectors such dispensatory and licensing powers as would have rendered its penal clauses worthless. Lord Ashley's object in dragging

* "Life of Richard Cobden," by John Morley, vol. i., pp. 115—16.

† Hansard.

‡ *Times*, June 25, 1838.

it from its obscurity was of course only to keep the subject alive by bringing it before the House. His defeat was, in some respects, a success: it was now evident that the great question could not be evaded.

"The promptitude and activity of his Lordship," says the historian of the movement, "were beyond all praise; certainly, not any leader could have done more for his clients. The respect and attention he commanded in the House of Commons, were outward and visible signs too marked to be misunderstood by Ministers."* Fortified by the evidence of widespread popular support, Lord Ashley renewed the assault on July 20th. An attempt to bring the question forward on July 12th had been frustrated by a "count out," referring to which the *Times* next morning declared that there had been "trickery of the grossest kind."†

On the 20th, Lord Ashley (on the question that the House do resolve itself into a Committee of Supply) moved "That this House deeply regrets that the law affecting the regulation of the children in factories, having been found imperfect and ineffective to the purpose for which it was passed, has been suffered to continue so long without any amendment." He supported this resolution in one of the ablest speeches ever made on the Factory Question. A great impression was produced on the House by the formidable array of facts and arguments with which he set forth the deplorable condition of the factory operatives, and by his extracts from public documents and reports of inspectors, proving the inability or unwillingness of the Government to make their own Factory Act work efficiently. After denouncing the dilatory conduct of the Government, he said—

Thus had a great Measure, closely affecting the temporal and eternal welfare of so vast a portion of the population, been set aside and treated like a Turnpike Bill. But the noble Lord might be assured that the people of this country had too much humanity, and that he (Lord Ashley) who had humbly undertaken the subject, was too strongly determined to obtain justice, to allow the matter to rest in its present state. Did he really think that he could stifle public sympathy or silence him (Lord Ashley) by such devices? "Though he should hold his peace, the very stones would immediately cry out." The evil was daily on the increase, and was yet unremedied, though one-fifth part of the time the House had given to the settlement of the question of negro slavery would have been sufficient to provide a remedy. When that House, in its wisdom and mercy, decided that forty-five hours in a week was a term of labour long enough for an adult negro, he thought it would not have been unbecoming that spirit of lenity if they had considered whether sixty-nine hours a week were not too many for the children of the British Empire. In the appeal he had now made he had asked nothing unreasonable; he had merely asked for an affirmation of a principle they had already recognised. He wanted them to decide whether they would amend, or repeal, or enforce the Act now in existence. But if they would do none of these

* "History of the Factory Movement," ii., p. 124.

† *Times*, July 13, 1838.

things, then he warned them that they must be prepared for the very worst results that could befall an empire.*

A warm discussion followed, in the course of which Mr. Fox Maule (afterwards Lord Panmure) denied the charges made against the Government, and prophesied evil results from throwing children out of the labour market. Daniel O'Connell turned against the clause, and flatly opposed all that he had himself said at the London Tavern meeting in 1833. Lord John Russell said restricted hours meant diminished wages and imminent starvation; while Mr. Hume declared that the Factory movement was a mere party manoeuvre. Several members spoke in support of the resolution, but it was lost on a division—121 voting for Ministers, and 106 against.

Charles Dickens was always a warm admirer of Lord Ashley, and, as we shall see in the course of this narrative, on several occasions aided materially some of his great labours for the poor. It was towards the close of this year that he became an ally on the Factory Question, and the following letter gives a glimpse of his mind with reference to his future action in the matter:—

Charles Dickens to Mr. Edward Fitzgerald.

48, DOUGHTY STREET, *December 29th, 1838.*

DEAR SIR,—I went, some weeks ago, to Manchester, and saw the *worst* cotton mill. And then I saw the *best*. *Ex uno disce omnes*. There was no great difference between them.

I was obliged to come back suddenly, upon some matters connected with the publication of "Oliver Twist," and saw no more. But on the 11th of next month I am going down again, only for three days, and then into the enemy's camp, and the very head-quarters of the factory system advocates. I fear I shall have little opportunity of looking about me, but I should be most happy to avail myself of any introduction from Lord Ashley which, in the course of an hour or so, would enable me to make any fresh observations.

With that nobleman's most benevolent and excellent exertions, and with the evidence which he was the means of bringing forward, I am well acquainted. So far as seeing goes, I have seen enough for my purpose, and what I have seen has disgusted and astonished me beyond all measure. I mean to strike the heaviest blow in my power for these unfortunate creatures, but whether I shall do so in the "Nickleby," or wait some other opportunity, I have not yet determined.

Will you make known to Lord Ashley (confidentially) my intentions on this subject, and my earnest desire to avail myself, either now or at some future time, or both, of his kind assistance? Pray thank him warmly, from me, for tendering it, and believe me,

Very truly yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

It is always interesting to be able to picture a man in the mind's eye, as he stands, in the midst of his work, at certain periods of his career. The

* Shaftesbury's "Speeches," p. 14.

following extracts from a "word-portrait," written in 1838, will assist the reader in this respect:—

Lord Ashley possesses, perhaps, the palest, purest, stateliest exterior of any man you will see in a month's perambulation of Westminster; indeed, it would be difficult to imagine a more complete *beau-ideal* of aristocracy.

His Lordship looks about six-and-twenty, but is some ten years older. He is above the medium height—about five feet eleven, with a slender and extremely graceful figure, which might almost pass for that of some classic statue attired in a fashionable English costume; and the similarity is not at all impaired by the rigidity of his Lordship's muscles.

His forehead has also much of the marble about it; his curling dark hair, in its thick masses, resembles that of a sculptured bust, and his fine brow and features are distinctly, yet delicately cut; the nose, perhaps, a trifle too prominent to be handsome. He has light blue eyes, deeply set, and near each other, with projecting white eyelids; his mouth is small, retiring, and compressed.

The whole countenance has the coldness, as well as the grace, of a chiselled one, and expresses precision, prudence, and determination in no common degree. To judge from the set form of the lips, you would say not only that he never acts from impulse, but that he seldom, if ever, acted from an impulse in his life. All that Lord Ashley does seems to be done from conviction and principle, and not even a muscle dares to move without an order from head-quarters. Every separate lock of his hair appears to curl because it has a reason for so doing, and knows that to be the right course of conduct.

I believe his character quite corresponds with his appearance; he is said to be long in determining on a line of proceeding; but, when his mind is once made up, nothing can turn him aside or alter his resolution; he proceeds with an indefatigable perseverance, and spares no effort to accomplish his purpose. . . .

As pieces of composition his addresses are faultless; every sentence is perfect in its form and correct in its bearing. His delivery is fluent, but not rapid; his voice fine and rich in tone, but not sufficiently exerted to be generally audible; and his manner, though evidently he is quite in earnest, is animated but somewhat cold. . . .

When he addresses an audience he stands with his hand resting on the platform rail, and as erect as such a position will possibly allow; he looks his hearers coolly in the face, and, with a very slight bowing movement, barely sufficient to save him from the appearance of stiffness, he delivers, without a moment's hesitation, and with great dignity of voice and manner, a short, calm, serious address. The applause with which he is always heard (for he is very popular in the Societies over which he presides) seems rather an interruption than a pleasure to him, as it breaks into the mutual dependence of his sentences.

I have understood that his Lordship is very nervous, and yet the most striking feature of his public deportment is his apparently rigid self-possession, which he never loses for a moment. . . .

CHAPTER VI.

1838—1839.

IN September, 1838, Lord Ashley, who had never completely overcome, as he thought, his tendency to allow time to pass unimproved, determined to commence the systematic writing of a Diary. It was undertaken, in the first place, to assist his "treacherous memory," and in the next to be a source of amusement to him in his old age. But there was yet another reason: he had an almost insuperable aversion to writing, and he determined to adopt this expedient as a means to assist him in overcoming that aversion. There are in the course of the Diaries occasional gaps and breaks, but these are easily accounted for by the pressure of his enormous labours. It is marvellous that with the amount of correspondence he carried on, the articles he wrote, and the speeches he prepared, he could ever find time for, or force himself to the task of, posting up a record of past events, however brief. But his Diaries, exclusive of four travel-diaries, occupy twelve quarto volumes, averaging several hundred closely-written pages in a volume, and were continued until very nearly the close of his life. They are written with extreme care; every line is straight as an arrow, although on unruled paper, and there is scarcely a blot or erasure on any of the pages. He had precisely the same gift in writing that he had in speech: his words and his thoughts came in right order and sequence, and the most apt and expressive adjective that could adorn a sentence always fell into its proper place. He never, in his public speeches or in conversation, had to hesitate or recall a word; the exact word he wanted, and generally the best word that could be used, was ready at the right moment. This was also the case in his writing; in the whole of his Diaries there are probably not half a dozen words scored through in order to substitute others.

At the time the Diary commences, Lord Melbourne was First Minister of the Crown, and had been the head of the Cabinet from 1834. He was the son of Peniston Lamb, first Viscount Melbourne, of Brocket Hall, Herts; his wife, Lady Caroline Lamb, who died in 1828, wrote novels, and was notorious for her admiration of Lord Byron. The sister of Lord Melbourne, the Hon. Emily Lamb, was married in 1805 to the fifth Earl Cowper (who died June 27th, 1837), and her daughter Emily, it will be remembered, became the wife of Lord Ashley. Lady Cowper, the mother of Lady Ashley, was married a second time, in 1839, to Viscount Palmerston, the famous Minister.

Such were the family relationships, to which frequent allusion is made in the Diaries.

Sept 28th.—Every one who begins to keep a journal regrets that he did not do so before. I follow the general example, and regret the many “fine and apt” things, both of fact and imagination, that are now irrecoverably lost. I had a book, a few years ago, in which I made, from time to time, some short, desultory entries, but the natural impatience of my disposition, and the mischievous and indulged habit of doing nothing consecutively, broke the thread of my record, and I now resume a business which will conjoin a head and a tail by the exclusion of all intermediate carcase. Yet an actual journal, a punctual narrative, of every day’s history would be an intolerable bore—a bore when written and a bore when remembered—at least it would be so to me; the probability is that this book of memorandums will share the fate of all my other attempts, and go into oblivion unsullied by ink or pencil; but, should it be carried on, I will make it a mere cage for light and grave thoughts (the paucity of them will render the task easy), which, unless they be caught as they arise, take wing like larks and owls and are gone for ever. . . .

Just finished Lockhart’s *Life of Sir W. Scott*. I knew the man, and to know him was to love him. The two greatest characters of the last century and of the present, perhaps of any one, are, in my mind, the Duke of Wellington and Sir W. Scott, and they have many points of resemblance, none more striking than their simplicity. . . .

Sept. 29th.—Took leave this morning of Young, who has just been appointed her Majesty’s Vice-Consul at *Jerusalem*! He will sail in a day or two for the Holy Land. If this is duly considered, what a wonderful event it is! The ancient city of the people of God is about to resume a place among the nations, and England is the first of Gentile kingdoms that ceases “to tread her down.” If I had not an aversion to writing, almost insuperable, I would record here, for the benefit of my very weak and treacherous memory, all the steps whereby this good deed has been done, but the arrangement of the narrative, and the execution of it, would cost me too much penmanship; I shall always, at any rate, remember that God put it into my heart to conceive the plan for His honour, gave me influence to prevail with Palmerston, and provided a man for the situation who “can remember Jerusalem in his mirth.” Wrote by him a few lines to Pieritz, and sent him a very small sum of money for the Hebrew converts there (I wish it were larger), that I might revive the practice of apostolic times (Romans xv. 26), and “make a certain contribution for the poor saints that are at Jerusalem.”

Oct. 3rd.—Lord Lindsay’s “*Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land*” are very creditable to him, more so in the feelings and sentiments they express than in the originality and composition. But he saw and felt like a man who fattened on the Word of God, and found it as delicious as it is wholesome and true. I am convinced that Providence has laid up in store many riches of “testimony” to the authenticity of the Bible, to be produced in these evil days of apostacy and unbelief that will afflict the earth in the latter times. Egypt will yield largely in confirmation of the Jewish records; and Palestine, when dug and harrowed by enterprising travellers, must exhibit the past with all the vividness of the present. The very violences of Ibrahim Pasha (the Scourge of Syria) have opened the first sources of its political regeneration by offering free access to the stranger in the repression of native lawlessness; hundreds now go in a twelvemonth where one trod the way in a quarter of a century, and the Bible

is becoming a common road-book ! God give me, and mine, grace to help forward this accumulation of testimony, that our lamps may be trimmed and our loins girded, whenever we are called on, in the awful advance of saucy rationalism or malignant infidelity, to "render a reason of the hope that is in us."

I should like to see a good treatise, exhibiting the successive developments of evidence of the truth of God's Word, suited to the character and wants of each age successively. . . .

Gave a decision to-day, along with colleagues, in the Commission in Lunacy (upon a division of 6 to 4, the first division that has taken place since the institution of the body, now ten years ago), that one, R. P., should be set at liberty. It is an unpleasant and responsible office either to detain or discharge a patient : in the first case you hazard the commission of cruelty to the prisoner ; in the second, to his friends or the public. We can lay down no fixed rules for decision ; we must take our course, according to doctors' prescriptions, *pro re nata*. In the instance before us, R. P. (as he is designated in the correspondence of his relatives) had been seized only a few days when we proceeded to inquire into his alleged insanity and the grounds of his detention ; a more heartless ruffian, one more low in mind and coarse in language, though a man of talent and education, never entered the walls of a prison or a madhouse. The opposite party, however, could not prove against him one single act of personal violence ; his words, his manner, his feelings, were awfully wicked ; but had never as yet (although their charge extended over several years) broken out into action. In fact a decision on our part, that he was rightfully detained, would have authorised the incarceration in a Bedlam of seven-tenths of the human race who have ever been excited to violence of speech and gesture. Three days' sitting, myself chairman, of five hours each, and all "gratis !"

Oct. 4th.—In the chair of the Pastoral Aid Society. Under God's good providence, this Society has wrought wonders ; it has scarcely subsisted two years and a half, and we can number thousands and tens of thousands who have received, almost for the first time, through the channels our labour has opened the knowledge and the practice of the Gospel of Christ. We pray that we may see the fruit of our toil every time we meet in committee for despatch of business ; no prayer was ever so largely or so speedily answered ; very little of our seed has fallen by the wayside, or become the prey of *obscæni volucres*. I never was called by God's mercy to so happy and blessed a work as to labour on behalf of this Society, and preside at its head ; the language of thankfulness and gratified piety in the various letters from the clergy whom we have assisted is a fore-taste (God grant that it be said with all abandonment of self-righteousness) of the blessed words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant !"

My youngest boy christened to-day at St. George's Church—named Antony Lionel George : George after his godmother, Lady Dover, with a reference also to poor Dover. It is a lovely and solemn ceremony, heavenly in its purport and almost so in its composition. May God in His mercy grant that as the child was this day "signed with the sign of the Cross," so he may never be ashamed to confess, and to fight for, a crucified Saviour ! The service abominably performed by the curate, Mr. S—.

Oct. 8th.—Panshanger. Here again, after an interval of nearly two years. Scarcely any change in men or things : a little in the feelings with which I visit

it; nor is this unnatural, for, notwithstanding the kindness of the present owners, my position is necessarily altered. I had lived in this house for many years as my home, as a man would live, bag and baggage, with his father;—now we are guests where before we were inmates. At church yesterday; had not been there since I followed poor Lord Cowper's funeral. . . .

Could we not erect a Protestant Bishopric at Jerusalem, and give him jurisdiction over all the Levant, Malta, and whatever chaplaincies there might be on the coast of Africa?

11th.—Windsor Castle. Here for a few days by desire of her Majesty—unquestionably a great honour, which demands all gratitude and loyalty from us. We have the mornings to ourselves, and the beauty and magnificence of the place, the fineness of the weather, and the comfort of the apartments, enable us to pass the time very agreeably. . . .

12th.—A noble ride yesterday through the park with her Majesty and train. The order of the ride, and the arrangements at dinner, the same as usual; in fact the same since her Majesty mounted the throne. No ride to-day; the Queen had a bad cold.

I should be most ungrateful did I not feel and speak of her condescension and kindness with the warmest affection and loyalty; from the hour she became Queen to the present day, I and mine have received one invariable succession of friendly and hospitable acts, bestowed with a degree of ease, good-humour, and considerateness, that would be captivating in any private person. She manifests a desire to make her favours as pleasant as they are honourable; and in most instances (strange to be said of a Court) she is successful.

15th.—Weather has been very bad. Cold in the extreme. Yesterday (Sunday) Queen did not attend chapel, nor walk on the terrace. The difference in the day was marked in the evening by the absence of music at dinner and afterwards, and no whist for the Duchess of Kent. I am agreeably surprised here by the civility of the servants, the ready attendance, the ease with which everything is procured, above all, the comfort of the house: it has, conjoined with all its magnificence, the arrangements and convenience of a private dwelling. Let me see, the hours were ten o'clock for breakfast, unless it were preferred to breakfast in one's own room; two o'clock for luncheon; a ride, or a drive, at three o'clock for two hours or so; dinner at half-past seven. A military band at dinner, and the Queen's band after dinner, filled up, and very necessarily, the pauses of conversation. We sat till half-past eleven at a round table, and then went to bed.

The year 1838 was remarkable for the development of scientific wonders. On September 17th the London and Birmingham Railway was opened throughout its whole length; in the early part of the year steamships had crossed the Atlantic between New York and this country; the dream of communication with India by steam was indulged in; telegraphic messages were beginning to be sent—the first experiment, between Euston Square and Camden Town Stations, was made in July of the previous year; and the idea of a Penny Post was under consideration. To many of these events allusion is made in the Diary and speeches of Lord Ashley:—

Oct. 19th.—Rowton. Came by the railroad to Birmingham; the speed is sublime, but the amusement and interest of travelling are gone. We shoot like an arrow through almost a dead solitude. We see, now and then, cattle and sheep, but human beings are rare as jewels; no carts, no carriages, no foot-passengers, no towns, no villages. I believe it to be much safer than the road, and incomparably more dull.

An article contributed by Lord Ashley to the December number of the *Quarterly Review* was ostensibly a notice of Lord Lindsay's "Letters on Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land," but was really written to draw attention to the state and prospects of the Jews. After speaking of Lord Lindsay's labours, and following him in his travels, Lord Ashley indulged in a little light criticism on the style of the writer:—

We cannot repress a gentle hint that he is vastly too fond of an attitude in his writing; frequently, when the time is come for a sentiment, he throws himself, like a dancing master, into the first position, and pours forth a passage, excellent indeed in its spirit and observations, but florid and verbose enough for an Irish reporter. There are "and oh's" in sufficient number to supply a six months' correspondence to a whole boarding-school of young ladies.

Leaving Lord Lindsay's book, after the first ten pages, the remainder of the article was devoted to a masterly sketch of the growing interest manifested in regard to the Holy Land—an interest not confined to Christians, but shared in and avowed by the whole body of the Jews. It was no new sentiment that animated the children of the dispersion as to their return to their own land: the novelty was, the fearless avowal of the hope; it was no new thing that there should be a revival of religious feeling among the Jewish people; the novelty was that this was not only not followed by Christian persecution, but that the Christians were manifesting a new and tender interest in the Hebrew people, between whom intercourse and reciprocal inquiry now became far more possible. He traced out an existing feeling among the Jews of Poland and Russia, of India and elsewhere, that the time for the turning of their captivity was nigh at hand; and he saw, at the root of this feeling, a growing approximation towards Christianity, as shown by the records of many societies and the testimony of many travellers. There was apparently an abatement of the old antipathies and prejudices; there was a desire to investigate the claims of Christianity; and recent conversions to the Faith had taken place to a great extent among persons of cultivated understandings and literary attainments. There was a demand for copies of the Word of God, a more kindly reception given to missionaries, and everywhere indications appeared of a prodigious change, not the least being that Hebrew disputants would now reason with the missionaries *out of the Scriptures*.

The main object of Lord Ashley in this article was to give publicity to movements in which he took an intense personal interest, and which were to

become, chiefly through his instrumentality, subjects of the same absorbing interest in the religious and political world. He wrote :—

But a more important undertaking has already been begun by the zeal and piety of those who entertain an interest for the Jewish nation. They have designed the establishment of a church at Jerusalem, if possible on Mount Zion itself, where the order of our service and the prayers of our Liturgy shall daily be set before the faithful in the Hebrew language. A considerable sum has been collected for this purpose ; the missionaries are already resident on the spot ; and nothing is wanting but to complete the purchase of the ground on which to erect the sacred edifice. Mr. Nicolayson, having received ordination at the hands of the Bishop of London, has been appointed to the charge ; and Mr. Pieritz, a Hebrew convert, is associated in the duty. The service meanwhile proceeds, though “the ark of God is under curtains ;” and a small but faithful congregation of proselytes hear daily the Evangelical verities of our Church on the Mount of the Holy City itself, in the language of the Prophets, and in the spirit of the Apostles. To any one who reflects on this event, it must appear one of the most striking that have occurred in modern days, perhaps in any days since the corruptions began in the Church of Christ. It is well known that for centuries the Greek, the Romanist, the Armenian, and the Turk have had their places of worship in the city of Jerusalem, and the latitudinarianism of Ibrahim Pasha had lately accorded that privilege to the Jews. The pure doctrines of the Reformation, as embodied and professed in the Church of England, have alone been unrepresented amidst all these corruptions ; and Christianity has been contemplated, both by Mussulman and Jew, as a system most hateful to the creed of each, a compound of mummery and image-worship.

This was an action on the part of the Church ; another equally striking action on the part of the State was next recorded, to which allusion has already been made in the quotation from the Diary, under date September 29th :—

The growing interest manifested for these regions, the larger investment of British capital, and the confluence of British travellers and strangers from all parts of the world, have recently induced the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to station there a representative of our Sovereign in the person of a Vice-Consul. This gentleman set sail for Alexandria at the end of last September ; his residence will be fixed at Jerusalem, but his jurisdiction will extend to the whole country within the ancient limits of the Holy Land ; he is thus accredited, as it were, to the former kingdom of David and the Twelve Tribes.

The longest gap in Lord Ashley's early Diaries occurs between October, 1838, and February, 1839. In the interval the threatened progress of Popery had largely engaged his attention.

Feb. 2.—This is a fair specimen of “gurnalising,” as Walter Scott says, to have passed three months without an entry. I have written an article on the Jews in the *Quarterly* ; set agoing another on the Archbishop of Cologne, and stirred up

the *Times* to warn the country to learn wisdom from the experience of the King of Prussia, and prepare itself for resistance, or disgraceful and perilous submission, to the progress of Popery. Never did plan succeed better. The article and the newspaper comments on it have produced *all* the effect that is possible in the present day on the inert masses and ignorant or unthinking individuals of the richer classes. It is but small in comparison of the danger; nevertheless, it is a beginning full of hope; it has run through the country in all directions, opened many eyes, and convinced some few hearts; and though bepraised, trumpeted, used in menace by London and provincial press, no one has dared to contravene its facts or reasonings. I think my friend the Rabbi McCaul* may well rejoice and thank God for the fruit of his labours. As for my own work, I am astonished when I reflect on it. At the time I undertook to write the article, I knew nothing of the Jewish question save and except the appointment of a Vice-Consul.

Not only did Lord Ashley "stir up the *Times*" with regard to Popery, but he aroused activity in many other quarters. Among those to whom he wrote on the subject was Sir Robert Peel, who replied thus:—

Sir Robert Peel to Lord Ashley.

DRAYTON MANOR, *January 11th, 1839.*

MY DEAR ASHLEY,—I ought before this to have thanked you for having been good enough to call my attention to the article in the last *Quarterly Review* on the subject of Papal Usurpations and the Spirit of Popery. I have long thought that there were fearful indications of the approach of a great religious struggle, which will probably be co-extensive with Popery and Protestantism in Europe.

There is probably an intimate union and combination among the professors of the Roman Catholic faith. I fear the harmony is not so great among their opponents. I little thought that a torch of discord would be lighted up within the walls of the University of Oxford.

Ever, my dear Ashley,

Most faithfully yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

The Ministry of Lord Melbourne was not popular, and in May (1839) a proposition to set aside for five years the constitution of Jamaica was fatal to it. The measure was hotly opposed; a majority of only five in its favour was a virtual defeat, and in consequence the Ministry resigned.

The Queen sent for the Duke of Wellington, and he advised her to apply to Sir Robert Peel, on the ground that "the chief difficulties of a Conservative Government would be in the House of Commons." Up to a certain point Sir Robert Peel was successful in his negotiations as regarded the new

* Rev. Alex. McCaul. He was playfully called "Rabbi" by Lord Ashley on account of his knowledge of Hebrew and his interest in the Jews.

appointments, and then a series of difficulties arose to which reference is made in Lord Ashley's Diary. It was found that in the Royal Household the ladies most closely in attendance upon the Queen were Lady Normanby—the wife of Lord Normanby, who had been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland under the Whigs—and the sister of Lord Morpeth, the Irish Secretary. It became evident to Sir Robert Peel that he could not proceed with his appointments unless there should be a readjustment of the Royal Household as regarded the ladies in close attendance upon the Queen. If a new Irish policy were to be worked—and the policy of the Conservatives was in direct opposition to that of the Whigs—it could not be done satisfactorily if the wife and the sister of the displaced statesmen remained the confidential companions of the Queen.

It is probable that had this matter been made perfectly clear at the outset, the difficulty, known as the "Bedchamber Question," would not have arisen. As it was, there was a misunderstanding and a complication. While Peel desired a readjustment only as regarded the higher offices, the impression made upon the mind of the Queen was, that the composition of her whole Household was to be changed. It was a saying of the Duke of Wellington, when speaking of the ease and elegance of Lord Melbourne, and his gift of doing things gracefully—"I have no small talk, and Peel has no manners," and it is probable that, in this instance, the mode in which the alterations were proposed may have had some influence on the result.

The Queen wrote to Sir Robert Peel:—

The Queen having considered the proposal made to her yesterday by Sir Robert Peel, to remove the Ladies of her Bedchamber, cannot consent to a course which she considers to be contrary to usage, and is repugnant to her feelings.

To this communication Sir Robert Peel replied:—

Having had the opportunity, through your Majesty's gracious consideration, of reflecting upon this point, he humbly submits to your Majesty that he is compelled, by a sense of public duty, and of the interests of your Majesty's service, to adhere to the opinion which he ventured to address to your Majesty. He trusts he may be permitted at the same time to express to your Majesty his grateful acknowledgments for the distinction which your Majesty conferred upon him by requiring his advice and assistance in the attempt to form an Administration; and his earnest prayer that whatever arrangements your Majesty may be enabled to make for that purpose, may be most conducive to your Majesty's personal comfort and happiness, and to the promotion of the public welfare.

Thus ended Peel's attempt to form a Ministry, and Lord Melbourne was recalled. He said:—

I resume office unequivocally, and solely for this reason, that I will not desert my Sovereign in a situation of difficulty and distress, especially when a demand is made upon her Majesty with which I think she ought not to comply; a demand

inconsistent with her personal honour, and which, if acquiesced in, would render her reign liable to all the changes and variations of political parties, and make her domestic life one constant scene of unhappiness and discomfort.

The matter created a great deal of public excitement at the time, but eventually it cooled down, and in the end the question was settled in a manner satisfactory to all, viz., that on a change of Ministry "the Queen would listen to any representation from the incoming Prime Minister as to the composition of her household, and would arrange for the retirement, of their own accord, of any ladies who were so closely related to the leaders of Opposition as to render their presence inconvenient."

Incidentally the Bedchamber Question had an important bearing upon Lord Ashley, whose relation to the affair is told in the following words:—

May 11th.—Gaps of course. Up to the present day not an entry, and yet I have seen, and heard, and done enough to fill volumes, that is with matter interesting to myself. Peel in, and Peel out, to be uttered almost in the same breath. Both steps became him.

On morning of 9th received letter from Peel desiring my instant attendance. Went thither; waited a short time; he then joined me and opened conversation by saying that the sense of his responsibility weighed him down. "Here am I," added he, "called on to consider the construction of the Queen's Household, and I wish very much to have your free and confidential advice on the subject. I remember that I am to provide the attendants and companions of *this young woman*, on whose moral and religious character depends the welfare of millions of human beings. What shall I do? I wish to have around her those who will be, to the country and myself, a guarantee that the tone and temper of their character and conversation will tend to her moral improvement. The formation of a Cabinet, the appointment to public offices, is easy enough; it is a trifle compared to the difficulties and necessities of this part of my business. Now," said he, "will *you* assist me; will *you* take a place in the Queen's Household! Your character is such in the country; you are so connected with the religious societies and the religion of the country; you are so well known and enjoy so high a reputation, that you can do more than any man. Indeed, I said to Arbutnot this morning there were but two men who could render me essential service, and they are the Duke of Wellington and Ashley. I am *ashamed*," he added with emphasis, "to ask such a thing of you. I know how unworthy any place about Court is of you, but you see what my position is, the service you may render to the Queen, and the satisfaction I may thereby give to the country and to myself." I was thunderstruck. Everything rushed before my mind: the trivialities of a Court life, the loss of time, the total surrender of my political occupations, and of all that an honourable ambition had prompted me to hope for; instead of being a Minister, to become a mere puppet: to abandon every public employment and all private and domestic comfort; to submit, moreover, to the insults and intrigues that every subaltern in a palace must be aware of, was too much to bear. I felt my vanity not a little wounded *then*; I felt it would be wounded much more when people said that Peel had placed me according to his estimate

of my abilities. I had not desired office ; I was anxious to avoid it ; but a life at Court I had ever contemplated with the utmost horror as the most disagreeable. I was silent for some minutes, and then I told him that, while I felt the whole force of his appeal, I could not but consider the absolute and painful sacrifice of everything I valued in public and private life ; that I thought he had misjudged my efficiency, as, being a Commoner, I could not hold any place which might bring me at Court into contact with the Queen—nevertheless, that, as I believed the interests, temporal and eternal, of many millions to be wrapped up in the success of his Administration, and no man should live for himself alone, but should do his duty in that state of life to which it should please God to call him, I would, if he *really* and truly thought I could serve his purpose, accept, if he wished it, the office of Chief Scullion ! I thought he would have burst into tears. “ You have given me,” he said, “ more relief than you are aware of.” We then proceeded to discuss appointments. . . . My impression was, throughout, that never did I see a man in a higher frame of mind for the discharge of his duties ; in a state of heart more solemn, more delicate, and more virtuous. I am sure that no parent ever felt towards his own daughter a more deep sense of duty and affectionate interest than he did then towards Queen Victoria. I added that he must appoint, not only persons against whom nothing could be said, but those of whom it would be at once remarked, “ This is a good appointment.”

Lord Ashley then drove with Sir Robert Peel to Buckingham Palace, but did not go in himself. On the way thither, the conversation was resumed.

He asked me my opinion of I objected to him as no great thing in himself, and as having a noisy wife, who would be distasteful to the Queen. “ My suggestion is,” I said, “ in respect of the ladies, that you do no more than is absolutely necessary ; ” he quite agreed ; he did not seem to anticipate any difficulties whatsoever in anything respecting the Household. “ There are the maids of honour,” he said ; “ why should I remove Miss Rice, for instance ? I don’t think it necessary.” “ Certainly not,” I replied ; “ it is more gracious to the Queen, and more gracious to those whom you succeed, to leave as many as you can without danger to yourself.” He entirely concurred ; and I remarked that the “ Queen should be the Queen of the Kingdom, not of a party.” He then repeated his gratitude to me, and we separated. He had no view to patronage, and was endeavouring simply to combine the public necessity with the Queen’s personal satisfaction. Now, whether I was right, or whether I was wrong, God alone can know. I implored His grace, as I ever will do, before I went, and prayed for “ counsel, wisdom, and understanding.” On reflection, I renew my antipathies, but adhere to my decision.

May 14th.—On Friday morning I went to him, and heard, to my astonishment, of his resignation ; he gave me a clear and succinct narrative of the whole, and his letter to read. I told him at the end he was a fine fellow, and that I rejoiced both in his conduct and the step he had taken. I am now writing on May 14th ; his explanation of last night tells a great deal, but not the whole. “ I remembered,” said he to me, after he had done speaking, “ that I was talking of a Lady not present in this House ; ” “ and,” I added, “ that Lady your Sovereign.” “ Precisely,” he rejoined. He had, in his interview with the

Queen, entreated her not to be precipitate, but calmly to consider his propositions; three successive times did he see her; and once, by her permission, he fetched the Duke of Wellington, who urged the same things, and can tell the same story; the final decision was then deferred to the Friday morning, and was as we all know. "Nothing can be more unjust than to charge me," he said, "with an attempt to change all the ladies; I should, for instance, have been really sorry had Lady Lyttleton quitted her Majesty."

When Peel's Administration of three days—"three glorious days"—had ended, he retired, satisfied with himself, and without a dissentient voice from any one of his party. The Diary continues:—

May 21st.—Melbourne is back again. . . . Reports everywhere prevalent that the Ministry, though formed, cannot be sustained. I am inclined to believe, from Melbourne's language to Anson, that he is labouring to persuade the Queen to revert to the Tories; his own Government he feels to be impossible without such concessions to Radicalism as will destroy both Whigs and Tories together. If he is honourable, and in earnest, he will succeed.

Dined last night at the Palace. I cannot but love the Queen, she is so kind and good to me and mine; I do love her, and will serve her; it is a duty and a pleasure, a duty to her and to God! Poor soul! she was low-spirited; I do deeply feel for her. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Oh, that she knew what alone makes a yoke easy, and a burden light! This entire episode has been painful; it has shown me another proof of what I always assert, that party feeling is superior to all passions; no one seems to fall so soon before it as your professors of principle.

Early in 1839 (February 12th) Lord John Russell had announced the intention of Government to constitute a Board of Education, consisting of five Privy Councillors, and to place at its disposal from £20,000 to £30,000 per annum as a grant in aid of schools. Hitherto—that is to say from 1834, when the first grant of public money for the purposes of Elementary Education was made by Parliament—the distribution had been carried out by the Lords of the Treasury through the National School Society and the British and Foreign School Society. It was now proposed that the grant should be increased by £10,000; that it should be distributed by a Committee of the Privy Council, and that instead of the grants being confined to Church of England or Protestant Schools, they should be extended to schools not necessarily connected with the two great educational societies, even including those in which the Roman Catholic version of the Bible was read.

The scheme met with fierce opposition, chiefly on the ground that public money ought not to pass through the hands of the Committee of the Privy Council, and that it ought not to be in any way diverted from schools in connection with the Established Church.

The Duke of Wellington, whose opinion Lord Ashley was always glad to have, held very decided views on the subject, to which he gave expression in the following communication:—

The Duke of Wellington to Lord Ashley.

LONDON, May 20th, 1839.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—I have received your note, and I am much concerned that I cannot attend the meeting to be presided over by the Archbishop of Canterbury on the subject of Education.

I don't know what course our leaders in the House of Commons will take upon the subject.

I could say nothing without running the risk of differing in opinion with them.

I do entertain a very strong opinion upon it, and have written a memorandum upon it, which I will send to you as soon as I can get it copied.

I will subscribe in every diocese with which I have any relation, provided it is to establish schools really and *bonâ fide* under the exclusive superintendence and direction of the clergy of the Church of England.

I must subscribe, if so required by law, and pay for the establishment of schools, established on the principles of the Minutes and Orders of Council, under the superintendence of the Committee of Council.

But I will not subscribe, or, unless compelled by law, pay one farthing towards the establishment of such systems.

This is my opinion and resolution in few words.

Believe me, ever yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.

On the 14th June, Lord Stanley moved for "an humble address to Her Majesty to revoke the Order in Council appointing a Committee of Council to superintend the application of any sums voted by Parliament for the purpose of promoting public education."

Lord Ashley supported the motion in a long and exhaustive speech, and by arguments which, it must be confessed, are not in accordance with modern views. He said that while he would not assert that the plan proposed by the Government was unconstitutional, he would assert that the measure would nevertheless be adverse to the Constitution. The Committee were to determine the principle, mode, and measure of distribution; to introduce new systems of education, to say what was to be taught, and what was to be withheld; what was the form of belief to be propagated; to define the limits of doctrine, and to declare what was to be common to all, and what was to be considered as special to a few. He objected to the mode in which Lord John Russell had submitted the question;—it should not have been a motion "That the Order of the Day for the Committee of Supply be now read," but a Bill, inasmuch as it would then be sent up to the House of Lords, the only branch of the Legislature where the Church is represented. He said:—

It is a mockery to require the assent of their Lordships to a turnpike or a road Bill, and pass it by on the weighty topics of moral and religious education. It is

above all a matter of astonishment and regret that the Bishops of the land, the parties most responsible for the good conduct and government of the people in this country in spirituals, should be denied the liberty to express their opinions on the tendency of the proposed system to promote the spiritual welfare of the Church. Has the noble Lord assigned any public advantages to be derived from such a course? The party-advantages are evident enough; the opposition to it in another place might be inconvenient and fatal; but we have a right to demand some public grounds. Consider the evil nature of the precedent you are laying down by converting measures of unspeakable interest into mere money-votes, abating thereby the reverence due to the subject-matter, limiting the means and opportunities of consideration to the House of Commons, and wholly excluding the House of Lords.

Lord Ashley then attacked the measure itself in unsparing terms. He regarded it as hostile to the Church, inasmuch as she would gradually be deprived of all control and superintendence over her own schools, except those that might be founded on the purely voluntary system. He foresaw that all the new schools, and probably half the old ones, would require assistance, and that, if they accepted a grant, they must submit to the sole, or at least the joint, inspectorship of the State, and it was not difficult to see the degree of authority that would fall to the lot of the weaker party.

Nothing less than the question who should command the whole mind of the country was involved, and it was not fitting that merely political persons should devise and control the proposed system. Not only did he regard it as hostile to the Church, but as hostile to Revealed Religion itself. In the Government plan, religion was to be divided into "general and special," and that he considered to imply a disjunction of the most sacred truths, and the opening of the door to every kind of heresy. He said, in conclusion :—

You may call all this bigotry and fanaticism, but I maintain that it is the solemn sentiment of a nation, and, as such, entitled to respect. Will the noble Lord force his plan upon the country? This would be persecution; and the more ridiculous, as it would be undertaken to carry out principles which, as members of the Established Church, the Ministers must conscientiously deny. I recollect well the time when the Dissenters petitioned for the abolition of church-rates, on the ground that it was unjust to summon them to support the fabric of a Church whose doctrines they repudiated. On that occasion they pleaded conscience; the Ministers allowed the plea, and proposed a remedy. Though these Dissenters were a minority—a small minority of the whole country—yet the Government proposed to abolish, in their behalf, an impost which had subsisted for 800 years, and under which all the property of the kingdom had been taken. They now reverse the policy, and propose to force on the great majority a novel tax, for the purpose of giving instruction in creeds which the majority declare to be unscriptural and false, repugnant alike to their feelings and their religion. I know that, in making these remarks, I expose myself to the charge of bigotry and illiberality. I regret it; but I cannot consent to abate the expression of any sentiments I may have avowed this evening. I have no objection, nay, quite the

reverse, to consider any plan that may tend to the moral advancement of the people of England; but I will never consent to any plan that shall sever religious from secular education; and by religious education I mean the full, direct, and special teaching of all the great and distinctive doctrines of the Christian faith.

The House divided on Thursday, June 20th. For Lord John Russell's motion, 180; for Lord Stanley's amendment, 175. But the matter did not rest here; a fiercer struggle awaited it in the Upper House, to which it was transferred, when the Archbishop of Canterbury moved and carried an address to the Queen praying her to revoke the Order in Council. The Queen replied firmly, and at the same time gently rebuked the peers for insinuating that she was inattentive to the interests of the Established Church. "Of the proceedings of the Committee," she said, "annual reports will be laid before Parliament, so that the House of Lords will be enabled to exercise its judgment upon them; and I trust that the funds placed at my disposal will be found to have been strictly applied to the objects for which they were granted."

The Committee of Council on Education was therefore nominated—the institution by which our system of public instruction has been managed ever since.

CHAPTER VII.

SCOTLAND—1839.

ON the 9th August, Lord and Lady Ashley, accompanied by their eldest son, set off for a tour in Scotland. Only once before in his Parliamentary life had he quitted London while the Houses were sitting. There were urgent reasons for his doing so now, or he would not have left when, as he says, it "is the time for Parliamentary rogues and vagabonds;" when "job may follow job, and blacken the whole surface of the Lords and Commons." A closely-written Diary of over a hundred quarto pages tells the story of his travels, penned at odd moments and in divers places during the tour.

Aug. 9th, 1839.—Left London by the 2 o'clock train for Birmingham. Found Roebuck in the carriage: he was civil and by no means disagreeable. . . . 10th.—Saw the Bull Ring, famous for mobs and conflagrations. These towns always affect me—the mass of human-kind, whom nothing restrains but force or habit, uninfluenced, because unreached, by any moral or religious discipline, presents a standing miracle. We imagine a force and trust to a habit; it is neither one nor the other. "*Sceptra tenens molliorque animos et temperat iras. Ni faciat!*"—. . . .

Spanked along the road to Liverpool. It is quite a just remark that the Devil, if he travelled, would go by the train. . . . Surveyed the town, admired its buildings, commended its broad streets, and wondered at its wealth. Ships, colonies, and commerce, with a vengeance, and yet (I thank God for it) there seem to be more churches here than in any town I have seen. . . . Thousands of the dirtiest, worst-clad children I ever saw, throng the streets, presenting a strange inconsistency with the signs of luxury all around. You marvel whence they come, till you get a peep into the side-alleys. We perceive at once the Irish parentage of these cheerful, but unclean beings. But Liverpool is a town of good repute; though "her merchants are princes, and her traffickers the honourable of the earth," they serve God with a portion of their wealth, and raise temples to His name and worship. . . .

Lord Ashley did not take any very prominent part in the great movement for the abolition of the slave trade; but his sympathies were warmly with those who were bearing the brunt of the battle, and frequent references to their labours, and to the horrors of the system, are to be found in his Journal. Thus we find him, on his holiday tour, studying the latest information on the subject, in the volume just published by Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, entitled "The Slave Trade and its Remedy."

Aug. 13th.—Have been reading, on the journey, Buxton's account of the actual state of the slave trade. It is enough to make a man miserable for life; and, in fact, were it not providentially ordained that we forget some things, and grow dead to others, we should, had we a spark of sentiment, be unceasingly suffering. But sympathy is useless, nay, contemptible, without corresponding action; what can we do to wipe out this "damned spot," and mitigate this horrid tyranny? The human arm has utterly failed; treaties, force, persuasion, the march of intellect, and the lessons of Christianity, all have stumbled like wretched infants with rickety legs and idiotic apprehensions. Let those who believe in God, and have faith in Him, cry day and night, and almost, like Jacob, wrestle, as it were, for a blessing on those peoples and nations, black though they be. But will *man* ever succeed? It is our duty to persevere in the holy attempt, but the triumph, I believe, is reserved for other hands and other days; for that peculiar and hallowed time when *He* "shall undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free."

We went to see the view from the Rayrigg; delicious; the lights varied it at every moment, the whole lake seemed to sparkle, and every succeeding hour till now, nine o'clock, has exhibited a new and peculiar beauty in the sky and in the landscape. Arthur Kinnaird joined us to-day in our boat to the Rayrigg. He is an agreeable, good-humoured man, with a sound honest conscience, as he has proved by the resignation of his seat in Parliament.

The correspondence with Robert Southey, begun in 1829, continued with great regularity and growing interest. Southey often repeated his invitation to Lord Ashley to break away from his ever-increasing duties, and take some quiet recreation at the Lakes. He wrote:—

. . . Few things would give me more pleasure than to row you and Lady Ashley round this beautiful lake in a good old boat, called the Ark, for its form and capacious size, and to go up Skiddaw with you, which is the easy work of five hours; and to show you my books (probably the best collection that ever was possessed by one who had no other wealth), and to let you see my way of life, than which a more tranquil or happier one could not be devised, if tranquillity and happiness depended upon ourselves alone.

But this pleasure was not to be realised, as the following entry will show:—

Aug. 15th.—Called at Southey's house, and found that he was absent. I had been led to fear this; but although a visit to him had been, for many years, a great object with me, and a very principal motive of my journey this season, I could not recall my plans and forego the gratification of seeing the Lakes. I may never have another opportunity, perhaps, of seeing him in this world. Well, may God bless him, and his, in this life and the next, for the mighty good his works have done. I owe much, very much to them; and I especially remember his Book of the Church, his Colloquies, and Moral Essays. . . .

It was not only to the works of Southey that Lord Ashley was indebted; he had derived great benefit from his personal friendship. On one occasion,

when they were talking together on methods of work, reference was made to the strain laid on the mind by too continuous attention to one theme of study. Southey narrated a plan he had adopted, by which he not only secured relaxation, but, by a frequent change of mental pursuits, was able to accomplish almost any amount of work with vigour and freshness. "He told me," said Lord Shaftesbury, in speaking to young men on the necessity of labour as an element in all healthy recreation and rest, "that he had six or seven different reading desks in his study, with a different book or theme on each; on one, a magazine article; on another, a poem; on another, a study in history; on another, a letter to a friend; and so on. When he tired of the one he went to the other, and found himself so refreshed by the change that he was able to be in his study from early in the morning till late at night, going to each subject with fresh zest and vigour."

It was singular that Lord Ashley should have written, "I may never have another opportunity, perhaps, of seeing him in this world," for even while he was writing it, the beginning of the end had come—and he never saw his friend again. In June of the following year he received a letter from Mrs. Southey (better known by her maiden name of Caroline Bowles), who had only been married to the poet in June, 1839. The letter was as follows:—

Mrs. Southey to Lord Ashley.

GRETA HALL, 20th June, 1840.

MY LORD,—The regard with which you have so long honoured my beloved husband, together with my knowledge of his high consideration for your Lordship, induces me to believe that I act consonantly with what would be his desire, could he express it, in making you acquainted with the cause of his prolonged silence; one, if not two of your Lordship's letters having lain ten or twelve months in his desk unanswered, although noted for immediate reply on our arrival at Keswick.

It is more than probable that public rumour has conveyed to you something of the sad truth—that serious indisposition of the most afflicting nature has for many months incapacitated Mr. Southey from all use of his pen, all literary application, all continuance of his extensive correspondence. No specific disease of any kind having manifested itself unequivocally, his brother and physician, Dr. Henry Southey, encouraged me to hope that, as the debilitating effects of repeated attacks of influenza wore off, his constitution would gradually right itself, and the mind (*then* affected only by sympathetic languor) recover its healthful tone.

On this hope I lived till within the last few months—till the sad conviction pressed itself upon me, that all rational ground for it was giving way. That "the night when no man can work" was closing on my husband's life of moral usefulness, and that though, with care, his existence may be many years prolonged in this state of being, I must look heavenward only, beyond "the pale and grave of death," for the restoration which will then be perfect and indestructible.

In the meantime, God be thanked ! there is no actual suffering, and in my grievous trial I have the consolation of a humble hope that, in permitting our late union, *He* has provided for my beloved husband, in his friend of two-and-twenty years, a more fitting companion for the days of his decline, than any other *earthly* friend could be.

The receipt of a third circular from the Incorporated National Society, of which your Lordship is chairman, has decided me to make the foregoing communication. I had for some time hesitated on the fitness of such an intrusion on your Lordship from one personally unknown to you.

Had all been well with Mr. Southey, I am sure he would have joined "heart and hand" in co-operation with your Lordship to the furtherance of an end so important as that proposed by the National Society.

I beg to subscribe myself,

Your Lordship's obedient servant,

CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

With unwearied devotion and tenderness this gifted woman—whose poems and other literary labours were very popular in her day, and still have a charm for many—ministered to her husband, who sank deeper and deeper into unconsciousness, until in 1843 he passed away. Soon afterwards Lord Ashley wrote in his Diary :—

March 24th.—After three years of mental eclipse Robert Southey has been gathered to his fathers ; I loved and honoured him ; that man's noble writings have, more than any other man's, advanced God's glory and the inalienable rights of our race. He was essentially the friend of the poor, the young, and the defenceless—no one so true, so eloquent, and so powerful. . . .

The friend of his youth was never forgotten ; and among Lord Shaftesbury's papers was found a letter, dated 1864, thanking him in terms of warmest gratitude, that through his influence with Lord Palmerston, "The Queen had been pleased to confer a pension of £100 a year upon Mrs. Hill, as the daughter of Robert Southey."

The Diary continues :—

Aug. 20th.—Not had time till now to make any entries. Saw the Cathedral at Carlisle, old, and somewhat ungainly. There are points in it of beauty and interest, but the charm (and that is an unfailing one to my mind) lies in its antiquity. . . . Carlisle is a bad place, and always has been. Hand-loom weavers here, as elsewhere, are the stock-in-trade for the agitators to work with. . . . Sunday.—Netherby. To church—sermon good and pious. No evening service ; this was a disappointment. I dearly love the afternoon service of a rural parish. Its omission is a great error ; the service is good for all, and necessary for many who cannot attend the earlier worship. It is the ordinance of the Church, and the business of the day. The longer I live the more I reverence and adore the benevolent wisdom of God, which has set apart one day

in seven for His service and man's refreshment. It is the peculiar right, privilege, and comfort of the poor. The established service in this diminutive parish, struck me forcibly as a proof of the advantage and necessity of an Endowed Church, and a composed Liturgy. . . . Tuesday.—On the road to Newbattle. A glorious day though cold, but admirably adapted to distant views. Passed the house of Sir Walter Scott. Nearly twenty years ago I spent some days in the society and house of that great man, whose memory I hope will ever be blessed. Since that day how many of those I met there have been gathered to their fathers—Sir Walter, his two daughters, neither of them, I believe, older than myself; I understand, too, Mrs. Maclean, and Thompson the tutor. . . .

Newbattle Abbey, the seat of the Marquis of Lothian, stands on the site of an abbey founded by David I. for a community of Cistercian monks. The last abbot was an ancestor of the noble Marquis. This was the next halting-place of Lord Ashley on his tour:—

Arrived after a long journey—long in time, not so in distance. Found Lothian away; a letter despatched to warn us, and which we had missed.

Aug. 22nd.—Lothian returned last night. Rode to see the ruins of Crichton Castle, celebrated in “Marmion.” Impressive, as ancient ruins always are, but less splendid than the remains of English castles. . . . I observe, in many directions, a considerable change in the architecture of the kirks, indicating, I hope, a certain change in the ecclesiastical feeling. You may see towers and steeples and ornamented windows, but, above all, various parts of the edifice surmounted by a cross; it is especially so at Liberton and Dalkeith. May this be taken as a proof of the abatement of the bigoted ignorance and furious spirit of the Covenanters, and a *practical* advance towards the reasonable service of the Church of England?

Aug. 23rd.—To-day we must depart. They have been exceedingly kind to us, and have made the house particularly agreeable. This is the great drawback in touring; no sooner are you well shaken together, and become at ease, than the tocsin sounds for separation. It is, however, a fac-simile of the world itself, and as such should be improved into a moral lesson. . . . The children that I have seen in these northern parts, beginning with Westmoreland, are, in many instances, very pretty. They interest me exceedingly, and I feel a sympathy and a love for the whole infantine world.

Aug. 24th.—Walked to Rosslyn Castle and Chapel. The latter is a beautiful specimen of the Gothic, and *now* carefully preserved by the owner. In these days we have not the will, and, had we the will, we have not the taste and the skill, to raise such edifices to the honour and worship of Almighty God. We dole out our miserable subscriptions, and erect a building for God's House which most of those who contribute would not think suitable for their stables; thus our nobles and merchants dwell in their palaces of vermilion, while “the Ark of God is under curtains.” It is a wonderful thing, and one which ought to shame us, that seven-tenths of the churches where our countrymen now worship the Lord, in spirit and in truth, raised their venerable heads in the dark times of Popery and superstition! Where should we have been now had they not preceded us?

Aug. 25th.—To Kirk! absolutely the Presbyterian Kirk. What could we do otherwise if we desired to go to any place of worship at all? But they protest against Popery and preach the Atonement in faith and love, so I can, under stress of weather, take shelter in one of their chapels. But their service I cannot call worship; it appeals neither to the senses, the feelings, nor the reason; the business of the congregation is to listen; they have neither part nor voice in the function. They cannot pray, for their thoughts are turned from private supplication, but are not turned into a public channel, for they wait on the minister and must follow him. You must listen first to catch what he says, and then to pass a hasty judgment on what he utters. Any one who is sincere would wish to ponder the meditations of his heart before he makes them the request of his lips. No responses, no *Amens*; all is silent, save the minister, who discharges the whole ceremony and labours under the weight of his own tautologies. I complain not so much of what he says, as of what he omits. . . .

Aug. 26th.—Edinburgh. Visited the Castle. It is hardly possible to imagine anything more noble for the residence of man than the city as it lies at your feet; nature has lent considerable aid in her rocks, and hills, and waters, giving thereby a magnificence to the scene, that even Babylon, the Lady of Kingdoms, could not have boasted. Saw the Regalia with the deepest interest—all antiquity moves me—but the antiquity of bygone rule, and empire fled, is singularly impressive. The crown is a precious memorial of a noble and heart-stirring deed in the history of Scotland. It is the crown of Robert Bruce, made by his order, after the glorious victory of Bannockburn, to supply the place of the jewels carried away to England by our brigand King Edward. I have always sympathised with the Scottish people in their resistance to English aggressions; no Caledonian, kilted or unkilted, in this country, can more delight in the triumphs of Wallace and Bruce. My patriotism, though by God's blessing I believe it to be deep, fervent, and true, does not extend to exultation in insolence, cruelty, and injustice. . . . The annals of Scotland are full of events. So many have been transacted within so narrow a compass of territory, that almost every square mile is dignified by some occurrence in the pages of history. Wherever you go, the imagination and the memory are constantly at work; the contrast of things in the present day is infinitely pleasing to the spirit of political economy; but the poetry is gone; yet, no doubt, to the advantage of the human race; those things that make the best figure in narrative and verse are, for the most part, terrible in the reality. . . .

The enthusiasm of Lord Ashley for Scotland and the Scots was not a passing emotion kindled by the pleasurable circumstances of his holiday. Again and again he returned to Scotland, and, up to the close of his life, he expressed the same sentiments of attachment to the country and its people that he felt in these earlier years. In 1875, when he visited Glasgow to assist in the establishment of a Home for Incurables, he said, playfully, but in good truth, "In the Home for Incurables I may almost claim a berth for myself, for I plead guilty to an incurable love for the people of Scotland."

To Holyrood House on foot, down the High Street and Canongate, and thus through a great part of the old town. The whole thing is far more like a foreign

city. Had I not heard the English language on all sides, I should have believed myself to be in some Flemish town; the buildings, the caps and bare feet, the transaction of everything in the street, the dirt, the smell, the stir and general appearance of life, made me think I had crossed the Channel. It would have amused us to have perambulated the streets for hours. . . .

Linlithgow. The ruins of the palace, very fine indeed, and, of course, as all ruins are, very interesting. These old Scotch females who act as Cicerones amuse me much. They get their story well up, and clack away like a scarecrow with clappers.

Aug. 29th. . . . Walked through the Trossachs to the head of the lake; most attractive and sublime scenery, alternately tender and grand, sometimes both united, exciting in our minds the idea of that Great Being (if we may venture to use such a similitude) who alone combines in Himself supreme love and supreme power. The vegetation is wildly luxuriant; dwarf oak, fern, heather, furze, &c., all mingled together, which receives a softening delicate tint from the lovely, graceful hues of the heather. Minny was melancholy in this walk, and talked much of "olden time" and people long since dead, and living ones growing old, the painful contemplation of years advancing without piety, and sorrows without experience. The lovely evening, with its calm and soothing breezes, bestirred this in her heart; and truly this is oftentimes the effect of fine prospects and a setting sun. There is a melancholy without despondency; a sober and pensive dejection which is infinitely healthy to the soul; the glory that God sheds over His works, even in their corrupted condition, revives the hopes of man, and while he feels and bewails the height from which he has fallen, he lifts his eyes and his heart to it in faith and fear; yet, "in the sure and certain hope of a happy resurrection through Him that hath redeemed us."

Aug. 30th. . . . Walter Scott has contrived to throw an indescribable charm over the whole region. People have absolutely talked themselves, and quoted themselves, into a full belief of everything he imagined; a sufficient proof of the excellence of his genius! But it is all melancholy to me; I knew and loved the master-mind which is now dead and gone; and I cannot divest myself here in Scotland of the recollection of him.

Aug. 31st.—Found that our carriage had been robbed during the night of some articles not very valuable. Regretted that anything of the kind should have happened in the country of the Gael; attributed it to some English servants who were about, yet more through antiquarian sympathy for these Celtic tribes, than any just evidence against the Saxon!

The travellers next proceeded to Rossie Priory, the beautiful mansion of the Kinnaird family, in a charming situation, and overlooking the banks of the Tay.

To Rossie, Lord Kinnaird's . . . found here, besides the family, Lord Kinnaird's sister Olivia, Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby, their daughter, Lady Fitzharris, and a Captain Baker, also Lord Stormont. The usual preliminaries of stiffness, dulness, and hesitation being past; when we had, as dogs, sniffed every corner and ascertained the whole lay of the place, we became very sociable and were well amused. . . .

Sept. 2nd.—The people here are very amiable and pleasant ; . . . nothing can be kinder, nothing more hospitable. . . This is an excellent house ; large, comfortable, and handsome, full of articles of wealth and taste, pictures, statues and china, infinite in extent and value. The place is gentlemanlike, and highly agreeable, commanding fine views of the country and the course of the river Tay.

Sept. 4th.—A drive of singular beauty ; a series of the most delicious views of the Carse of Gowrie bounded by the distant hills. No one, unless he see this place on a really favourable day, can form a judgment of its fascinations—the intermixture of mountain and cultivated plains, the glow of the harvest, the blue expanse of the Tay, the dark foliage of pines and wooded hills, are inconceivably rich. The day, too, was in itself absolutely luscious. . . .

Sept. 5th.—Dunkeld. Issued out to see the cathedral, very ancient and very ruinous ; this is again the handiwork of the Reformers, "*Quæ regio non plena laboris!*" Perhaps a certain degree of violence towards these splendid and eye-striking edifices, which had so often and so long been abused to superstition, was inevitable in the then state of men's minds ; perhaps it was not ; but in the present day surely it would be an act of sacrilege to lay hands on these, or any part whatever of these venerable churches. And yet there are men who even now, at this hour, would revive the dormant feeling of fanaticism, and level the glorious cathedrals of York, of Lincoln, and of Westminster, with the dust around them. Dr. McCrie, in his *Life of Knox*, sternly exhorts the world to imitate those times, and wipe out every trace of a temple which idolatry has defiled. He is foolishly, criminally wrong. History and principle are both against him. The early Christians converted to their use the heathen shrines ; and why more destroy these buildings, whose purpose is changed, than a proselyte heathen or a repentant sinner ? Hezekiah broke up the brazen Serpent and made it Nehushtan, because it was unavailable for good, and had itself become an object of worship. Those cathedrals had become the *receptacles* of superstition, not the actual "lie" that was adored. . . .

In the evening, by Lord Glenlyon's invitation, went to see the Highlanders dance their reels in costume. Very entertaining, perfectly national, and they were happy as grigs. They worked like fellows whose lives depended on the number of steps they could cut in each figure.

Sept. 7th.—Started early for Inverness ; delighted with the scenery ; uncommonly wild and free, very unlike the other Highlands we had seen. Here we beheld, for the first time, true Gaelic life, the real abodes of the Celtic population ; every now and then a few black spots in the middle of the waste marked a Highland hamlet. At a distance it looked like a Hottentot kraal ; when near, like a corporation of pig-styes ; yet the people in them seem well-clothed, and the children are stout and ruddy. This is the true taste of the Highlander ; we cannot judge of their condition by the appearance of the frequented parts of Perthshire. Landlords and landladies have learned the trick of setting up "sweet cottages" by the roadside !

Wherever Lord Ashley went, he always had the welfare of the poor in his thoughts, and, whenever he wanted information as to their condition, he was not content to get it from any other source than direct from themselves.

It was natural for him to walk into the harvest field and talk to the reapers, and it was equally natural for him to sympathise with them in their toils and the lack of generosity which shut them out from the joys of harvest. He always regarded liberality in employers as an essential part of practical Christianity, and the privilege of gleaning in the corn-fields after the reapers as the right of the poor, notwithstanding the fact that modern law has decided to the contrary.

Sept. 11th.—I walked into the fields hard by to talk to the reapers. No wonder the Scotch farmer can afford to give a better rent, when he gives so much worse a wage as the remuneration of labour—one shilling a day to the women, and fifteenpence to the men, for twelve hours at *harvest time*, is considered sufficient! We saw standing in the field two buckets of water; their employer gives no other refreshment. Nor does Sawney recognise either the practice, or the philanthropy, of the “system of gleaning.” “We always take a long rake,” said the farmer to me, “and gather it up.” To be sure he does, and thus makes of none effect one of the most gracious and beautiful provisions of the Levitical law: “And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest” (Lev. xix. 9). Again: “When ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not make clean riddance of the corners of thy field when thou reapest, neither shalt thou gather any gleaning of thy harvest; thou shalt leave them unto the poor and to the stranger. I am the Lord your God” (xxiii. 22). . . .

Oban. Had a dressing-room with a window in the ceiling, so that when it was opened the rain came in. This is perverse in Scotch architects; it renders it impossible to enjoy fresh air in a climate where the rain is so abundant that they have a million spouts of water for one ray of sunshine. . . . My room so low that, if I attempted to brush the crown of my head, I rapped my knuckles against the ceiling; and the bed so short that, if I stretched my legs, I drove my head against the other wall. I was like a basket of game—covered in the middle, with head and feet out. . . .

One of the visits on this journey, which appears to have given Lord Ashley unusual pleasure, was paid to Mr. Alison, the historian, afterwards Sir Archibald Alison. It was in this year that the first volume of his great work, “The History of Europe,” was published.

Sept. 21st.—Early to Alison’s; kindly and sincerely received. To Glasgow with him; Minny accompanied us. We saw first Mr. Monteith’s calico printing works. They have, in the dyeing department, all the effect of magical trick. . . . Mr. Napier’s ironworks, the factory of steam-engines, boilers, and the whole apparatus of these scientific monsters of the deep—these wonderful subjugators of nature by science, permitted, by a bountiful Providence, for man’s benefit, but perverted to the glorifying of his own intellect. . . . Minny drove home; Alison and I walked. At dinner Colonel and Mrs. Kearney, Dr. Macleod, of the Scotch Church, a man of great natural abilities, original, simple, full of zeal, kind in his manner, and, I am told, infinitely kind in his heart. I had seen him once before, but I have now made his acquaintance, and am delighted that I have

done so. Mr. Montgomery, the author of "The Omnipresence of the Deity," &c. &c., lately ordained in the English Church, and appointed to an Episcopal Church in Glasgow. Some good talk—very good talk; an hour of excellent conversation with Alison after the company was gone; and to bed.

Among those on whose behalf Lord Ashley felt the keenest sympathy were the blind. He was wont to say that insanity and blindness were the two direst afflictions that could befall mankind, and we have seen how vigorously and successfully he had exerted himself on behalf of the insane. Terrible as was their condition, that of the indigent blind of the metropolis was scarcely less so; but until the year 1834 no opportunity for making any special effort for them had occurred. In that year a Mr. Harman called upon him, and representing that these poor creatures were wholly uncared for, urged upon him that an institution should be founded for the purpose of visiting them in the cellars and dark, damp slums where they were hidden away. The result of that interview was the formation of the "Indigent Blind Visiting Society." The object of this admirable institution was to seek the general improvement of the condition of the indigent blind by systematic visitation in their own dwellings; by providing them with guides to take them to places of worship, and to classes for their instruction in reading and writing, and in various branches of remunerative employment, and by affording them pecuniary relief in times of great necessity. For fifty years Lord Shaftesbury was President of the Society, and took an unabated interest in its labours. It is not surprising, therefore, to find in the Journals of his travels that he lost no opportunity of ascertaining how the blind were being dealt with in the places he visited.

Sept. 23rd.—Glasgow. To the Blind School. This is, indeed, a thing to gladden man's heart when he observes the power and mercy of God, compensating for the privation of one sense by the supernatural vivacity of another. It is beautiful and consolatory to behold the peace of mind that these poor creatures enjoy, through the instrumentality, under Providence, of these inventions; they are now become capable of every mental and spiritual gratification; many can exercise various trades and callings, and, instead of being a clog, prove an assistance to their families. I could hardly refrain from tears when I saw their easy and happy acquaintance with the art of reading Scripture, and heard the pleasure they took in the pursuit. Blindness is, next to insanity, the heaviest of God's visitations; bears with it something of mystery, inasmuch as God has ever reserved to Himself personally, as it were, the power of restoring the eyesight. No mere man has been permitted to wield this power.

Sept. 24th. . . . Joined Alison at the Registration Court, and walked with him through the "dreadful" parts of this amazing city; it is a small square plot intersected by small alleys, like gutters, crammed with houses, dunghills, and human beings; hence arise, he tells me, nine-tenths of the disease, and nine-tenths of the crime in Glasgow; and well it may. Health would be impossible in such a climate; the air tainted by perpetual exhalations from the most stinking and stagnant sources, a pavement never dry, in lanes not broad enough

to admit a wheel-barrow. And is moral propriety and moral cleanliness, so to speak, more probable? Quite the reverse. Discontent, malignity, filthy and vicious habits, beastly thoughts and beastly actions must be, and are, the results of such associations. Oh ! for a temporary but sharp despotism, which, founding its exercise on an imitation of God, would pass beneficial laws, and compel men against their wills to do wisely ! There should be a law prohibiting the construction of streets, except of a fixed, and that a very considerable, width. In large open spaces there is more health, more air, more cleanliness, more observation ; and public opinion comes in along with light. Though you could not thus exterminate what is bad, you would externally abate it, and, as Burke says, "Vice itself would lose half its evil, by losing all its grossness." These are the last abodes of many of the factory population ; broken in health and spirits, corrupted in mind, and ignorant alike of what is useful and true, be it in temporal or eternal things, they pass, after the days of their fitness for mill-labour, from one point of degradation to another, till they sink down, as to a common centre, in this dark pit of misery. The high-mettled racer is a type of them, as in his life, so also in his death. "Who knoweth," said Solomon, "the spirit of a man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth ?" But do these differ from the beast? I trow not. . . .

No one at dinner but ourselves—much useful and pleasant conversation. Alison is a man after my own heart ; we agree in our views of ancient and modern history ; we hold the same opinions of the future, and we never tire of discussing the same subjects. His reading is immense, his powers of reflection commensurate ; his thoughts deep and just, founded on induction and corrected by experience. I have derived immense benefit and great pleasure from my intercourse with him.

Sept. 25th. . . . Went to see Cora Linn, the great fall ; day most favourable for it. Taken with all its accompaniments of scenery, it is the noblest cascade, perhaps, in Europe. The perpetual flow, and deep, though soothing sound, resembles immortal eloquence. Thought of St. John's description of our Saviour, "And His voice was as the sound of many waters."

Lord and Lady Ashley next visited Chillingham Castle, the residence of the Earl and Countess of Tankerville, celebrated for its herds of wild cattle.

Sept. 26th.—To Chillingham. Found here no one but Henry Liddell, M.P. for Northumberland, and his son. Glad of it. Sometimes pleasant to have but few people. Nothing kinder than our reception.

Sept. 27th.—This delicious old castle is ten times as agreeable as it would be, were it transmogrified by modern staircases and new rooms, with nothing left of a castle but the name. The very originality, to us at least, of this kind of domicile, has a charm. The apartments are neither many nor large ; but the bedrooms are abundant and comfortable. The gardens and grounds are very striking from their harmony with the edifice ; all has an air of grandeur, less owing to the splendour of the castle and its appurtenances than to the spacious, solitary region which surrounds it, the herds of red deer and wild cattle, and the manifest antiquity impressed on every object. . . . Out walking with Minny and Accy,*

* His son Antony.

and Lord and Lady Tankerville, and Mr. Cole the gamekeeper, to look for the wild cattle. Had already seen them, through a telescope, lying in mass on the hillside; beautiful and interesting creatures, I have no doubt that they are the pure descendants of the aboriginal cattle of the island, driven by degrees, like the ancient Britons by their invaders, to the remote and wild fastnesses of Northumberland. . . . We came upon them in full view; they rose immediately and retreated in order, the bulls closing the rear. The sight was worth a journey of two hundred miles; there is nothing like it in England—nothing even in Europe. Sandy—the antlered despot of the park—seems to be the lord and master of Chillingham; he is far more talked about than Lord Tankerville, and, in fact, there is reason for it, as he puts every one's limbs in danger, and Lord Tankerville threatens none. What with bulls, and what with stags, our lives here are in a constant state of excitement, a pleasing sense of dignified peril. We discuss them by day, and dream of them by night. . . .

On leaving Chillingham, the travellers proceeded to Alnwick Castle, the princely abode of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, one of the grandest specimens in the kingdom of an old baronial residence. Every stone of the castle, and every acre of its grounds, which extend for miles, bristles with legends of the times when its strength and situation rendered it one of the most important defences against the invasions of the Scots.

Oct. 1st.—Alnwick. Quitted Chillingham with regret;—had received much kindness and hospitality, and very great amusement. Received, almost when on the point of starting, an invitation from the Duchess of Northumberland. Resolved to go on immediately. . . .

Had no idea of the splendour of the castle, nor that so much of what is ancient remained. The towers, courts, and gateways are majestic. Though the interior of the habitable part is new, the chief of the masonry throughout is of very early date. In this respect it very often surpasses Windsor.

Oct. 2nd.—Breakfast at 9 o'clock, punctual as clockwork. This appears to be a Northumbrian virtue—it was so at Chillingham, and I infer from a letter of Lady Ravensworth's that it is so likewise at her castle. Made the circuit of the walls—the precincts comprise five acres.

Oct. 3rd. . . . Parted from her Grace, in high admiration of her character, and great fondness for herself. To Ravensworth.

Oct. 4th.—This is a good house; handsome rooms, and full of fine things. The people are dear, kind, friendly people whom I have long known. "Peace be to this house!"

Oct. 5th.—To Durham and saw the cathedral. Stood on the tombstone of Van Mildert, the last Bishop of Durham, and the last prince-bishop that ever will be there. Church reforms have levelled all these dignities. Perhaps they were right, perhaps they were necessary, but one's antiquarian sympathies are keenly excited. A better man, or a more munificent soul, never flourished in the whole catalogue of our bishops—a catalogue dignified by all that is great and good in learning, wisdom, generosity, and religion. I knew him well, and most profoundly esteemed him; would that it pleased God to give us others such as he to adorn and sustain His Church.

Newby, the residence of Mr. and Lady Mary Vyner, was next visited, and an excursion was made to Studley Royal, the seat of the late Earl of Ripon, father of the present Marquis. The magnificent ruin of Fountains Abbey adjoins, and is part of the domain.

Oct. 7th.—Drove to Studley Park and Fountains Abbey. The park abounds with magnificent trees, tempting me, most terribly, to covet my neighbour's goods. Fountains Abbey, by common consent the finest ruin in England, is infinitely graceful, infinitely touching. Looking at these delicious relics we are apt to think of nothing but the pomps and impressive ritual of the Romish worship, their long vigils and devout superstition; all that is captivating even in error; their piety; their hymns and their prayers. All that could charm the sense, overwhelmed the mind then, and the imagination subjugates it now. We should not like to return to the coarse and filthy orgies of those dens of hypocrisy; the oppression, vice, and violence that reigned in their precincts, the degradation of soul and body, for time and eternity! Yet, why could we not retain the building, when we got rid of the inmates? . . .

Oct. 9th.—To Ripon to call on the Bishop and see the minster. Saw the Bishop and his new palace, at least the skeleton of it; a pretty thing and a comfortable. I wish these bishoprics had larger revenues; £4,500 a year are wholly inadequate to the claims made on the diocesan by the wants of the W. Riding. The minster a handsome and interesting church, now the cathedral. Many periods and many styles of architecture; much Saxon; the chapter-house especially curious, entirely of the ancient order. The crypt now turned into a species of catacomb, and garnished with skulls and cross-bones. "Gracious God, what is man?" said Lord Bolingbroke, as he stood weeping and disbelieving over the death-bed of Pope; how much more true, how much more exalted, the exclamation of the Psalmist, "Lord, what is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou regardest him? Thou madest him a little lower than the angels, to crown him with glory and worship." I know not what scoffers and sceptics may feel in the contemplation of these, and the like exhibitions of mortality; had I not, by God's blessing, "a sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection," I should lose my senses with disgust and terror.

Oct. 11th. . . . Took a walk with Minny. Sun broiling. Much interesting conversation with the darling. It is a wonderful accomplishment, and a most bountiful answer to one's prayers, to have obtained a wife, in the highest matters and the smallest details, after my imagination and my heart. Often do I recollect the very words and sentiments of my entreaties to God, that He would give me a wife for my comfort, improvement, and safety; He has granted me to the full all that I desired, and far *more* than I deserved. Praised be His holy name. . . .

Oct. 14th.—Very sorry to leave Newby. The people I have long, very long, known. Many virtues and many attractions. To me and mine they have ever been kind, friendly, and affectionate. I hardly know those from whose society I derive more quiet satisfaction, or from whom I part with deeper regret. To Bishopsthorpe. Found the Archbishop in high force—dear friendly old man. Prayers in the chapel. . . .

Oct. 15th.—York. . . . Saw the minster; the most lovely of all perishable

buildings—the most refined conceptions of the most refined ages of Greece and Rome were poor in comparison of this; the very aspect of the edifice inspires a religious sentiment; and a few moments' contemplation overwhelms you with the awe that impressed and elevated the heart of Jacob: "How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of Heaven." . . . Saw, within the compass of the first edifice an ancient altar of great size, the steps leading up to it still quite perfect, an early and glorious triumph of the Cross. Here then, as at St. Peter's, the House of Christ rose and stood erect over the House of Baal. . . .

Heard part of the afternoon service. . . . And people would destroy this service, and call it a vain ceremonial, an useless form! Cloaking their real stinginess under utilitarian argumentation (a disgusting thing in itself), they calculate pounds, shillings, and pence, and show that, for an organist and a choir, they might have two curates. So they might, and they might have ten times as many for the keep of a dozen gilded footmen, or a third of their usual port wine, or, for any imperceptible abatement of luxury, be their rank high, middling, or low. Why not have both? Why not sustain this soul-inspiring worship, for the honour of God and the comfort and elevation of the human heart; and then, if they so desire, devote the residue to their palaces? I hope and believe that a better feeling is arising; the trains, I am told, bring hundreds from Leeds to hear the anthem. The taste and the due reverence will thus be diffused, and our cathedrals will thus again become the boast and glory of our land.

To Castle Howard. Nearly nineteen years have elapsed since I was last here. I came then with Morpeth (both of us just entered at Oxford) on our return from a tour in Scotland. I come back now, advanced in life, married, the father of six children; our respective capacities and respective careers (then in an obscurity full of hope) well known; the past now left to me for reflection, and, thank God, not altogether a painful one; the future, for eternity and my children. Found them all unchanged here, except in age and position. Just as friendly, affectionate, and sincere as ever. Time has mellowed and consolidated their feelings; it has effaced none. . . . I rejoiced to have visited them once more, and to have renewed my intimacy and ancient habits. This is the great advantage of periodical visits to country houses; valuable friendships are made, sustained, or revived; new acquaintances are formed to fill the gaps that the course of nature has rent in your circle, and you gain some little prospect that you will not be stranded by time on the bleak shore of a forgotten or friendless old age. They enlarge, too, the mind and soften the spirit; the visitors and the visited summon up all that they have in them of the most amiable; many a sharp feeling is subdued and many a good one begotten by this rural intercourse. . . .

Almost the last visit on the tour was paid to Chatsworth, the stately residence of the Duke of Devonshire. From thence Lord Ashley proceeded to Rowton, the home of his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Lady Charlotte Lyster.

To Chatsworth. . . . An immense party to meet the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge—foreigners "plenty as blackberries." . . .

I can just conceive that some ancient Roman villa, the possession of some Emperor of taste and wealth, was the type of Chatsworth. They have many things which bear resemblance. Splendid and unwieldy buildings, far too large for use, and infinitely too extended for comfort. Grandeur which wearies by its excess and its repeated calls for admiration. Everything magnificent, and half of it unnecessary, even for the just display of the dignity suited to the rank and fortune of the proprietor—everything in the wildest abundance that constitutes wealth. All is vast, yet nothing clumsy; magnificence and refinement are combined. It is royal. His greenhouses, foreign plants, his gardens and cottages, would alone ruin half the German potentates. It is a curious thing to have seen; it is probably the last great effort of hereditary wealth, of aristocratical competition with the splendour of kings. Acquired properties can never be so magnificent, either in extent or in display; hereditary properties are undergoing diminution, and the custom, moreover, of primogeniture (the sole means of retaining the unity of possessions) has reached the full, and is now upon the wane. . . .

Nov. 1st to 8th.—At Rowton. Residence there, as usual, happy, cheerful, and refreshing. I love the people, I love the place; it ever does me good, in body and in mind: it soothes and pleases me.

8th.—To Birmingham; distance from Shrewsbury forty-three miles, six hours performing it.

9th.—To London. Thus are we all again, once more, together, preserved and reunited, by God's kind Providence, under the same roof. We looked for health and amusement, we found both; we sought instruction, it has not been wanting; body and mind have been alike strengthened.

On the last page of the Diary written on this tour there is the following note:—

1880. . . . Believe have never read this since it was written.

“Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.”*

Dante.

In the spring of this year Daniel Webster made his first and only visit to Europe, and Lord Ashley was one of those in whose society he found much pleasure. They corresponded for some time after Mr. Webster returned to America, and on the principle of mutual help, as indicated in the following letter:—

Daniel Webster to Lord Ashley.

LONDON, November 19th, 1839.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—On my return from the Continent, I had the pleasure to find here your letter from Bishopsthorpe. I was quite in hopes of falling in with you at the North, as I heard of you in several places; but we were, as you suggest, constantly on the wing, having much space to fly through in a short time.

* “No greater pain than in time of sorrow to recall times of bliss.”

I leave England, my dear Lord, much gratified, but with a good deal of natural regret, that I cannot, for the present at least, farther cultivate the agreeable acquaintances I have had the honour and good fortune to make.

I hope you will allow me to say that it will give me great pleasure to keep myself in your remembrance by an occasional letter. I read the London papers, and, of course, the debates of Parliament as there reported. If, on any of the great questions likely to come before the House, your own speeches should be published, corrected, in pamphlet form, I should be quite glad to receive a copy. Whatever I may think you would like to receive, I shall have pleasure in sending you in return. Perhaps you would like an accurate account of the *ballot system* as practised in the several States which use it. If so, I could easily obtain, at Washington, exact statements from members of Congress from the several States. I received the little volume containing your essays, for which I am quite obliged to you. I pray you make my respects to Lady Ashley; and when you next have intercourse with the Archbishop, do me the favour to remember me kindly to him and his daughters. He is an admirable example of vigorous, cheerful, respected old age.

With all good wishes for you and yours,

I am, my dear Lord, faithfully yours,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

There were two events, towards the close of the year 1839, which had a marked influence on the private life of Lord Ashley. Through no fault of his own his father had again become estranged from him. There had never been much sympathy between them—thoughts, habits, pursuits, ideals, were all far as the poles asunder—and the course that Lord Ashley had marked out for himself had, from the first, met with the strong disapprobation of his father. It was a source of anxiety and regret, but it was a matter for which there was no help. Believing, as he did, that it was the voice of God which spoke to him, and urged him to go forward in his labours on behalf of the poor and the oppressed, he “conferred not with flesh and blood,” and the consequence was that the coldness of his father strengthened into an opposition very painful to a nature so sensitive as Lord Ashley’s. A reconciliation was brought about, however, at this time, and the way in which it was regarded is very touchingly recorded in the Journal.

Nov. 23rd.—I can hardly believe myself or my senses; here I am in St. Giles’s, reconciled to my father, and actually receiving from him ardent and sincere marks of kindness and affection! Who would have thought, not I at least, when I quitted this house *ten* (!) years ago, that I should never return to it, until I came a married man with six children! But it is a blessed thing that it has happened at last; a thing good for him, and good for me, a thing for which I ought, and for which I do, thank God most heartily. He is now an old man, and it would have been a sad and a terrible matter had he died otherwise than in peace with his children; but, God be praised, we are reconciled, and his heart and mine are lighter. His amiableness is wonderful; he puts himself, as the phrase is, to sixteens to find ways of giving us pleasure.

Nov. 25th.—Quite fidgety and unsettled, walking in fact, and wandering in thought, through mere satisfaction. Just looked out of my window, and saw the kids pacing the lawn, giving life, and health, and joy to the whole scene—blessed them, and blessed God, who is good to me and mine beyond all, even His, goodness.

Dec. 3rd.—It cannot be disguised, I do enjoy being here ; it is very natural, and not criminal, to derive profound and sincere pleasure from a restoration of long-omitted pursuits, long-denied affections, and long-desired scenes ; but experience and mature life, and God's grace, teach me to "rejoice with trembling." These things of this world, like Jonah's gourd, come up in a night, and may perish in a night. I do most entirely thank God for His mercy in softening my father's heart, and pouring therein the sympathies of charity and truth. Not only in great things, but in the smallest, there is a wonderful and a *complete* change. . . .

The second important event to which we have referred is told in these words:—

Dec. 16th.—This day my mother-in-law will be married to Palmerston. . . .

The marriage of Lady Cowper to Lord Palmerston was an event which had an important bearing on the future of Lord Ashley. For many years we shall find them associated in the closest intimacy, and the influence of their lives acting, and re-acting, on one another.

Lady Cowper was a recognised Queen of Society. Twenty years before her marriage with Lord Palmerston, she had ruled the world of fashion at Almack's, when Palmerston, one of the greatest dandies of the day, was a leading spirit in that gay circle. She was clever, brilliant, and witty ; and after her marriage with Lord Palmerston "her assemblies—neutral ground where distinguished persons of all parties, whether foreign or domestic, met for social intercourse, forgetting for the moment their political differences—were a powerful aid to him as head of a Government." Mr. Disraeli in a speech at Glasgow, while alluding to it as a happy circumstance of public life in England that we do not, as a rule, permit our political opinions to interfere with our social relations, recalled, in the following words, one of his reminiscences : "If you are on the Continent, and wish to pay your respects to a minister, and go to his reception, you are invited by the minister. The consequence is that you find no one there except those that follow him. It is not so in England. I remember some years ago meeting, under the charming roof of one of the most accomplished women of the time, the most celebrated diplomatist of nearly half a century, and he said to me, 'What a wonderful system of society you have in England ! I have not been on speaking terms with Lord Palmerston for three weeks, and yet here I am ; but you see I am paying a visit to Lady Palmerston.' "*

There was much in the character of Lady Palmerston that was truly estimable and lovable ; and a time was coming when Lord Ashley was to

* "Life of Lord Palmerston." By Hon. Evelyn Ashley, M.P.

find in her a staunch and valuable friend, in whose society he would take ever-increasing delight, and whose large-hearted sympathies would bring him much comfort and satisfaction.

Few years in Lord Ashley's history closed more happily than this. Projects that he had long had very near at heart had taken definite shape; forces to assist in carrying them to completion were developing their strength; and, in addition to all this, a great void in his life was filled. The sense of estrangement between himself and his father had been an oppressive weight for many years, and now the burden was removed. A pleasant picture of his life at this time is given in the closing words of his Diary for 1839:—

Dec. 25th.—Christmas Day. St. Giles's. A long-established festival for soul and body, the date and centre of domestic "gatherings;" a day blessed by everything that is gracious in past, present, and future times. After a long period of gloomy weather, the sun shone brightly. The church was alive with holly, and thronged by a decent, well-behaved, well-dressed congregation. The sacrament was administered to about one hundred communicants (an immense proportion in so small a parish), of whom I and my father formed a part, reconciled, God be praised, and made one again after so large an interval of human life. Never have I, by God's goodness, more enjoyed the public service of our blessed church, felt more soothed and elevated, more warmed and strengthened to future efforts under His guidance and rule, and in submission to His service.

Dec. 31st.—Much occupied of late in cutting down bushes and improving the garden—this is a healthy and innocent pleasure. "God Almighty," says Bacon, "*first* planted a garden." So He did, and man was told "to dress it and keep it." This is the thing I have ever desired, and now I have my own way, for Lord S. is delighted to give it me, and is happy that I take so lively an interest in it.

CHAPTER VIII.

1840.

THE Parliament of 1840 was opened by the Queen in person, and the Speech from the Throne announced her intention to marry her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, a step which she hoped would be "conducive to the interests of her people as well as to her own domestic happiness." Sir Robert Peel, in the course of the discussion that followed in the House of Commons, observed that her Majesty "had the singular good fortune to be able to gratify her private feelings while she performed her public duty, and to obtain the best guarantee for happiness by contracting an alliance founded on affection."

The early meeting of Parliament broke up the period of rest and satisfaction that Lord Ashley was enjoying with his father at St. Giles's.

Jan. 6th.—Although no chicken, I had never attended a Sessions before, either as a spectator or a magistrate. I was interested and instructed, and I endeavoured, by God's mercy, to do judgment and love mercy. Our residence here is drawing to a close—the early meeting of Parliament, Jan. 16th, for the Queen's marriage, we suppose, will separate us very soon. It will be a Providence, and almost a wonder, if we ever come together again, perfect in our health, our happiness, and our numbers.

Jan. 9th.—Acted as a magistrate in the local meeting at Cranborne. These things are epochs in one's life, and I have run half my course before I attain this one. It is easy now to understand, by experience, how difficult it is to combine the *due* administration of justice with the love of mercy. Raise then your eyes to the counsels of Heaven, and survey but the millionth part of the outmost verge of God's attributes and operations; unsparing justice and unlimited pardon at one and the same moment.

Jan. 12th.—Sunday. The last we shall enjoy for the present in St. Giles's Church. Were we under the caprices of a blind chance, I should quit this dear place in fear and sorrow; but, praised be God, we know in whom we trust, and He will unite us again, or separate us for ever, as seemeth best to His merciful wisdom.

Jan. 23rd.—London. "*Crambe repetita*"—the old story renewed. The Carlton Club, the House of Commons, the turmoil and vicissitudes of politics, the hopes and fears of party! But politics and party *now* are not what politics and party were formerly; the struggle is between antagonist principles, and the issue is life or death to the Constitution in Church and State, under which the mercy of God has hitherto appointed us to live. I can imagine a successful resistance on our part, but I see eventual triumph for our enemies, because a

mighty revolution is gradually taking place in the habits and character of thinking among men. To oppose this is to oppose the flow of the river Amazon—steady, certain, and overwhelming. The only Conservative principle is the Protestant religion as embodied in the doctrines and framework of the Church of England. As a nation we have rejected it, and as individuals we neglect it; the few, compared with the numbers of “the great” in this realm, who have brought oil in their lamps, will hardly form the proportion of the ten to the population of Gomorrah. I am always cast down when I estimate by comparison with others my Parliamentary capacity of doing service. “*Je manque de profondeur et de suite.*” My memory is deficient, my knowledge scanty; I have no readiness for impromptu speaking; all must be prepared, and the greater part even to the language; but nevertheless I must do my best, and commit the issue to Him in whose service I am labouring.

During the comparatively short previous Parliamentary career of Lord Ashley, the occupancy of the Throne had been marked by frequent changes. The death of King George IV. in 1830, the accession of King William IV., his decease in 1837, and the accession thereupon of Queen Victoria, are events in history to which we need not refer particularly, although, as the entries in the Diaries and note-books prove, they were matters of great personal interest to Lord Ashley. An extract, written just when the excitement attendant upon the Queen's coronation was subsiding, may be given here, as a specimen, and as a prelude to the subsequent entry in his Diary referring to her marriage:—

July 2nd, 1838.—It has been a wonderful period, one long and seriously to be remembered by every Englishman. An idle pageant, forsooth? As idle as the coronation of King Solomon, or the dedication of his temple. The service itself refutes the notion; so solemn, so deeply religious, so humbling, and yet so sublime! Every word of it is invaluable; throughout, the Church is everything secular greatness nothing. She declares, in the name and by the authority of God, and almost enforces, as a condition preliminary to her benediction, all that can make princes wise to temporal and eternal glory. Many—very many—were deeply impressed. The crowds immense; perhaps half a million of people assembled, in admiring affection and loyalty, to witness the Royal procession. Both during the day and the night such order and good-humour observed as would have done honour to a private family. Even the fair in Hyde Park has been quiet, decent, respectful, and safe. What a nation this is! What materials for happiness and power! What seeds of honour to God and service to man! May He grant to us yet to be His humble, joyous, and effective instruments for His great and gracious purposes!

Feb. 10th, 1840.—A day of events! The Queen was married. . . . I and Minny were present by invitation. A Coronation gains everything by splendour and numbers; it is a national act, and receives force and fire from national demonstrations. But a Marriage is, in its essence, private and particular; although the marriage of a Queen, it is domestic: and the interest must be drawn from the same sources as those which furnish interest to any other marriage.

March 6th.—Days fly swifter than a weaver's shuttle ; we number them, and so obtain the first part of the Psalmist's prayer ; but we do not apply our hearts unto wisdom, and so lose the second. For my part, I am full of schemes and no accomplishments of them, "Never ending, still beginning"—devising undertakings, worthy of all the statesmen, thrown into a mass, that ever existed, with Parliamentary and oratorical abilities diametrically opposite.

A letter from Mr. Daniel Webster to Lord Ashley, written in May of this year, when the election of General Harrison as President of the United States was proceeding, and which was followed by the appointment of Mr. Webster as Secretary of State, indicates the friendly feelings existing between the great American statesman and the English philanthropist, to which we have previously referred :—

Daniel Webster to Lord Ashley.

WASHINGTON, *May 27th*, 1840.

DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—I owe you many thanks for a kind note which I received at the moment of my departure from London last autumn, and for the present of a copy of a very excellent edition of the Holy Bible. You could have given me nothing more acceptable, and I shall keep it near me, as a valued token of your regard. The older I grow, and the more I read the Holy Scriptures, the more reverence I have for them, and the more convinced I am that they are not only the best guide for the conduct of this life, but the foundation of all hope respecting a future state of existence.

We have an edition of the New Testament which I am fond of using, and of which I would send you a copy if I could lay my hand on one here. It is the common and authorised text, without being broken into verses.

I send you an account of the canals and railroads in the United States, by which you will see what progress we are making, especially in the latter kind of communication. I suppose the lines of railroad now in operation in the United States exceed, in aggregate length, by three or four times, that of all other railroads in the world. This is not wonderful, considering the extent of the country, and the cheapness and facility with which railroads are built in many parts of it.

I send you also a little annual, called the *Token*, which I have not looked over, but which I thought likely to be as good as any of these ephemeral things ; and I send it because it is edited by Mr. Goodrich, the veritable *Peter Parley*, who may have been heard of in Lady Ashley's nursery.

Our Congressional documents are barren of interest just now, and I think of nothing worthy your attention. We are in the midst of a very warm political election. Our President, as you know, is chosen for four years, and a choice is to be made next November. Mr. Van Buren is candidate for re-election, and General W. H. Harrison is the opposing candidate, and is supported by the party now called Whigs. Party denominations have changed often with us, and names do very little towards description. The Whigs are, in fact, the Conservative party. Their opponents call them Aristocrats, British Whigs, &c. &c. The other party call themselves Democrats, and their opponents call them Radicals

or Tories, or anything else opprobrious. Whig and Tory were the old party names here in the time of the Revolution, and Whigs of the present generation think it expedient to take the party denomination by which Washington and others were distinguished.

General Harrison is an elderly man, of an old family in Virginia, bred to the army, and at different times has occupied stations of considerable importance in civil life. He has not been regarded as eminent for talents, but has read a good deal, writes pretty well, is of good character, and amiable temper. His life has been spent very much in our New World, in the West, in the forest, and in the neighbourhood of the Indian tribes.

New settlers in that country build their houses of trunks of trees, and these are called "log cabins." Some political opponent unluckily attempted to ridicule the idea of making President one who had lived in a log cabin, and had drunk "hard cider." This foolish sneer has very much influenced the whole Western country. The people in that region are all alive for the "log cabin" candidate, and will give him very great support. Representations of log cabins are everywhere, on newspapers, on handkerchiefs, on buttons, on everything. The result of the election is, of course, in some degree uncertain, but present appearances indicate strongly that General Harrison will be elected. I have known him long and well; we have always been on quite friendly terms, and I have hopes that his election may do something towards checking us in the courses in which we have recently been running.

I read the English papers with new interest since I have seen England. Among others, I take the *Times*, but the bitterness of that print towards me, and the gross ignorance of those who write for it, on American subjects, render it certainly less agreeable. It is strange that such a paper, so Conservative at home, should publish and applaud everything written here by the lowest Radicals and the followers of Fanny Wright. I cannot account for it.

Mrs. Webster is with me, and we both desire to be respectfully remembered to Lady Ashley. I read your speech on introducing your Bill with great interest. Indeed, I read all you say, and notice all you do, with interest. Present me also to Mr. Lockhart when you meet him.

I have the honour to be,

With faithful regard, yours,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

The Diary continues:—

June 12th.—The last month, filled with horrible events, tends much to recall to our minds the natural sinfulness of man and the uncertainty of all worldly things. Lord William Russell murdered in his bed by an unknown hand, under circumstances which superadd horror upon horror to the crime. On the 10th of this month the Queen's life attempted on Constitution Hill. By God's merciful and gracious Providence she was delivered from the danger—the same good Providence which has so long and so undeservedly watched over this Empire. What a state of things, had the King of Hanover come to the throne by such a previous vacancy of it! God grant that we may, as individuals and as a nation, lay these things seriously to heart, and give Him, in private and in public,

unceasing thanks and glory ! I went down to the House of Commons to propose a public thanksgiving, but was withheld by hearing a full and open recognition of God's mercy in the Address ; and, moreover, I was sitting in the gangway, and, while musing what I should do, I was anticipated by that good man, Plumptre. So it has been proposed, and God be praised for it.

The attempt upon the life of the Queen was made by Edward Oxford, a pot-boy of seventeen. There was no political significance in the crime, nor, indeed, in any of the attempts on the life of her Majesty made by others in the course of a few years following. In the case of Oxford the deed was the result of a craving for notoriety, induced by his connection with a so-called secret society named Young England, at which amateur highwaymen and assassins—young and foolish like himself—met armed with swords and loaded pistols, and with black crape caps to cover their faces. In certain quarters there was an effort to make political capital out of the affair, but it was clearly proved that there was no wide-spread disaffection.

July 1st.—Last night Church Extension was launched by Sir H. Inglis—I could not speak ; there was no opportunity for it. The House was in such a state that a speech, such as I must have made, would have been intolerable at 11 o'clock. Having suffered cold and clammy sweats all the forepart of the evening, I was disappointed, almost, not to answer Baines ; he would have “cut up” beautifully. There was no debate ; in fact, no one of note, except Inglis, spoke at all. Though defeated by nineteen we gained a victory ; the question will, under God, be carried another year, notwithstanding the lukewarmness of our friends.

My hands are too full : Jews, Chimney-sweeps, Factory Children, Education, Church Extension, &c. &c. I shall succeed, I fear, partially in all and completely in none. Yet we must persevere ; there is hope. For years I laboured in the Factory cause ; some few sympathised, more ridiculed, as many resisted, and far more were indifferent ; but how stands the question now ? *many* confess the good that has been done, and *no one* ventures to deny it ; the refuted are silent, and the mockers abashed ; a path is opened to future and wide exertions ; the horizon brightens with the dawn of day, and hope is displayed for the things of this world and the next.

As we turn to each fresh phase of philanthropic labour in which the energies of Lord Ashley were successively, or, indeed, more often simultaneously engaged, we are constantly reminded of the hard battle that always has to be fought whenever the dictates of humanity come into conflict with motives of self-interest. In the history of public opinion on great moral questions, it is almost universally found that a long time elapses before the conscience of a nation is distinctly awakened to any evil that exists, and in which it takes a part.

It was so in the case of juvenile chimney-sweeps. For more than a hundred years, the miseries of these poor little creatures were persistently kept before the public by philanthropic individuals, and yet the iniquities of the system were not abolished. Chiefly in order that owners of property

should be spared the expense of having to alter their chimneys, children were permitted to lead lives of torture and degradation.

As early as 1760, a letter appeared in the *Public Advertiser* advocating the cause of the little sweeps; and, in particular, suggesting that masters should be punished if they let their apprentices go about without proper covering. Among the readers of that letter was Jonas Hanway, a fellow-worker with Robert Raikes in founding Sunday schools. He co-operated with several London merchants and others, who, in 1773, formed a committee, and wrote letters to master chimney-sweepers appealing to their humanity on behalf of their apprentices. For a time some good was done by these letters. In 1785, Hanway published his "Sentimental History of Chimney-Sweepers in London and Westminster; showing the necessity of putting them under regulation to prevent the grossest inhumanity to the Climbing Boys," &c. Three years afterwards, Parliament was induced to pass an Act forbidding master chimney-sweeps to have more than six apprentices, or to take them under eight years of age. And this was all that could be wrung from Parliament for nearly fifty years. Early in the present century we find the "Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor" taking up the subject of Climbing Boys, and influencing the masters where possible. Then came the "Society for Superseding the Necessity of Climbing Boys," numbering among its supporters the Prince of Wales, Sir Thomas Baring, William Wilberforce, Stephen Lushington, and others. This Society encouraged the use of a machine to do the work hitherto performed by boys, and presented it gratuitously to poor masters.

Attempts were vainly made in 1804, 1807, 1808, and 1809 to induce Parliament to grant the little chimney-sweepers further protection. The subject was referred, in 1817, to a Select Committee, and the printed report is a record of sickening horrors. It reveals how children of a suitable size were stolen for the purpose, sold by their parents, inveigled from workhouses, or apprenticed by Poor Law Guardians, and forced up narrow chimneys by cruel blows, by pricking the soles of the feet, or by applying wisps of lighted straw. The food and lodging of these children (some of them little girls); their sores and bruises; their peculiar diseases; the occasional death of some of them from suffocation, the physical and moral ruin for life of the survivors—all this was set forth for the benefit of both Houses of Parliament, and made known to the public in a harrowing article, by Sydney Smith, in the *Edinburgh Review*. The Commons passed an "Amending Bill" to improve the Act of 1788, but it was thrown out on the third reading in the House of Lords. In 1834, an Act was passed with stricter clauses for insuring that no apprentice should be employed under ten years of age. It was also made a misdemeanour to send a child up a chimney on fire, for the purpose of extinguishing it. Hitherto, this atrocity had been of frequent occurrence. For the future, apprentices were to go on trial, and not be bound if they objected. The Act also imposed penalties for ill-treating apprentices, and made some regulations as to the size of chimneys. Flues were not, in future, to measure

less than fourteen inches by nine, and all projecting angles were to be rounded off. Parliament did not see its way to prohibit entirely the occasional smothering of a child, but was desirous of making the scene of the tragedy a little more comfortable than had hitherto been the case. Even this moderate and compromising Bill was opposed by Lord Kenyon and others, on the ground of its endangering the safety of the metropolis, and the "Sun," the "Phoenix," and some other Insurance Companies petitioned against it.

A new departure was taken in 1840, when an Act was passed, punishing, with fine, all who should "compel, or knowingly allow, any one under the age of twenty-one years to ascend or descend a chimney, or enter a flue, for the purpose of sweeping or cleaning it."* No chimney-sweeper's apprentice was to be under sixteen years of age. This Act, like the preceding one, also contained regulations as to the future construction of chimneys.

In the passage of this Bill through the House of Commons, Lord Ashley was warmly interested, and took part in the debates that ensued. On April 14th, when, in Committee of the whole House, a resolution was passed giving leave for a Bill to be brought in for the regulation of chimney-sweepers and chimneys, he expressed his gratitude to the Government for the manner in which they had taken up this measure. The House had been very kind and benevolent to the children employed in factories, he said, but from personal inquiry into both cases, he could say that the condition of those children was tenfold better than that of the chimney-sweepers. Every Fire Insurance Company in London, except one, had adopted machines for sweeping chimneys, and recommended their adoption to others. He trusted that the system of sweeping chimneys by children would shortly pass away, for it had led to more misery and more degradation than had prevailed in any other Christian country.†

When the Bill was in Committee, Lord Ashley aided the promoters by making vigilant efforts to prevent it from being spoiled by amendments. In the course of his remarks, he said that he had no notion that cruelties so barbarous could be perpetrated in any civilised country, as had been recently brought under his notice in connection with this subject. Children of seven, six, and even five years were sent on this dangerous service. It was a fact, within his own personal knowledge, that a child of four and a half years was at the present moment employed in sweeping chimneys. The practice led to extensive demoralisation, and to loathsome disease. The children were sent up naked; they often passed the night naked on the soot-heap, and the soot produced a most noxious effect upon their flesh. As regards the demoralising effect of the system, it was a fact that there were at that time twenty-three climbing boys in Newgate for various offences.

In combating a strong effort to make the age for apprentices twelve instead of sixteen, he said that, even as the clause stood, it would be difficult

* 3 & 4 Vict. cap. 85.

† Hansard, Debates, 3, s. liii. 1093

to prevent children from being employed by chimney-sweepers at a very early age.* The Bill, after passing the Commons, was carried successfully through the Lords, in spite of a strong opposition, and a formidable attempt to shelve it, by referring it to a Select Committee, and on August 7th it received the Royal Assent.

The labours of Lord Ashley in Parliament were, as a rule, the least part of his work on behalf of any cause he espoused; and it was so in the present case. He went to see the climbing boys at their work; he confronted the masters; he ascertained the actual feeling of employers; he took legal proceedings at his own expense as "test" cases, and even made provision for life, in certain instances, for the poor little sufferers whom he was able to rescue from their living death. It would have been impossible, however, for him to have accomplished what he did, had he not been largely assisted by others, and he was never backward in acknowledging the help he received. In his efforts on behalf of the climbing boys, at this time and later on, he was greatly indebted to the aid of Mr. Steven, the Secretary to the Hand-in-Hand Insurance Office, a large-hearted, benevolent man, who laboured unweariedly in the cause. It was he who really set on foot the present movement, and it was he who eventually brought all the Insurance Offices to see that the old system was as unnecessary as it was cruel.

July 4th.—Anxious, very anxious, about my sweeps; the Conservative (!) Peers threaten a fierce opposition, and the Radical Ministers warmly support the Bill. Normanby has been manly, open, kind-hearted, and firm. As I said to him in a letter, so say I now, "God help him with the Bill, and *God bless him for it!*" I shall have no ease or pleasure in the recess, should these poor children be despised by the Lords, and tossed to the mercy of their savage purchasers. I find that Evangelical religionists are not those on whom I can rely. The Factory Question, and every question for what is called "humanity," receive as much support from the "men of the world" as from the men who say they will have nothing to do with it!

I do not wonder at the Duke of Wellington; I have never expected from him anything of the "soft and tender" kind—let people say what they will, *he is a hard man*. Steven tells me he left the Oxford Petition at Apsley House, thinking that the Duke, as Chancellor, would present it; he received this answer, "Mr. Steven has *thought fit* to leave some petitions at Apsley House; *they will be found with the porter.*"

July 21st.—Much anxiety, hard labour, many hopes, and many fears, all rendered useless by "counting out the House." The object of years within my grasp, and put aside in a moment. A notice to investigate the condition of all the wretched and helpless children in pin works, needle works, collieries, &c. &c. The necessary and beneficial consequence of the Factory Question! God knows I had felt for it, and prayed for it; but the day arrived, everything seemed adverse, a morning sitting, a late period of the Session, and a wet afternoon; and, true enough, at five o'clock there were but thirty-seven members, and these mostly Radicals or Whigs. Shall I have another opportunity? The inquiry,

* *Times*, June 26, 1840, and Hansard, 3, s. lv. 108.

without a statement in Parliament, will be but half the battle, nay, not so much—I must have public knowledge and public opinion working with it. Well, it is God's cause, and I commit it altogether to Him. I am, however, sadly disappointed, but how weak and short-sighted is man! This temporary failure may be the harbinger of success.

Aug. 24th.—Succeeded in both my suits. I undertook them in a spirit of justice. I constituted myself, no doubt, a defender of the poor, to see that the poor and miserable had their rights; but “I looked, and there was none to help. I wondered that there was none to uphold, therefore God's arm, it brought salvation to me, and His fury, it upheld me.” I stood to lose several hundred pounds, but I have not lost a farthing; I have advanced the cause, done individual justice, anticipated many calamities by this forced prevention, and soothed, I hope, many angry, discontented Chartist spirits by showing them that men of rank and property can, and do, care for the rights and feelings of all their brethren. Let no one ever *despair* of a good cause for want of coadjutors; let him persevere, persevere, persevere, and God will raise him up friends and assistants! I have had, and still have, Jowett and Low; they are matchless.

Sept. 16th.—I hear encouraging things, both of my speech in the House of Commons, and of my suit *v. Stocks*. The justice of the suit is so manifest that even (so to speak) “my enemies are at peace with me.” What man ever lost in the long-run by seeking God's honour?

Sept. 19th.—Steven wrote to me yesterday, and gave me information that he had at last succeeded in negotiating the delivery of the wretched sweep behind my house in London. I had begun to negotiate, but the master stood out for more money than was fair, and we determined to seek the unnatural father of the boy, and tempt him, by the offer of a gratuitous education. We have done so, and have prospered; and the child will this day be conveyed from his soot-hole to the Union School on Norwood Hill, where, under God's blessing and especial, merciful grace, he will be trained in the knowledge, and love, and faith of our common Lord and only Saviour Jesus Christ. I entertain hopes of the boy; he is described as gentle, and of a sweet disposition; we all know he has suffered, and were eager to rescue him from his temporal and spiritual tyrant. May God, in His unbounded goodness and mercy, accept and defend the child, and train him up to His honour and service, now and for ever, through the mediation and love of our dear and blessed Lord!

The month of August was memorable for the success of Lord Ashley's labours on behalf of suffering children. Not only did he carry the day with regard to the climbing boys, but he also won the battle on behalf of the factory children. We must go back a little in the narrative, to trace the progress of the movement.

The division taken on his Resolution in the House in July, 1838, was, as we have seen, sufficiently close to force upon Government the conviction that, unless they did something themselves, he would become supreme on this question. Accordingly, on February 15, 1839, they brought forward a Factory Act Amendment Bill. It provided that no child should work in more than one factory on the same day, introduced certain safeguards as to the granting and checking of certificates of age, and required two hours'

schooling each day. In the debate which followed, Lord Ashley welcomed the Bill as an improvement, so far as it went; and as a justification of his own policy in so often calling the attention of the House to the subject.*

The House only got into Committee on the Bill on July 1st, having been delayed and adjourned so frequently as to call forth from Lord Ashley an indignant protest. It came out in debate that £8,300 had been received in penalties during 1838, and that the inspectors found it impossible to keep the law from being violated. A proposal to raise the limit of age for "young persons" from eighteen to twenty-one, was defeated by 87 to 44. Lord Ashley's attempt to get silk-mills included in the operation of the Bill, was negatived by 49 to 55. He made another effort to improve the Bill, by moving the reduction of the number of hours of weekly labour for "young persons" from 69 to 58. Amongst those who opposed this proposition, was Mr. J. Pease, of Darlington, who declared that "if the hours of labour were abridged, he must, unless he submitted to torture and over-drive the children, inevitably close his manufactory." By 94 to 62 the amendment was lost.†

When the Order of the Day for the further consideration of the Factories Bill was reached, on July 26th, Lord John Russell informed the House, "that in consequence of Lord Ashley having declared his intention of opposing the Bill," if it were not extended to silk-mills, he (Lord John Russell) had determined to withdraw the measure. A greater tribute to the strength of Lord Ashley's position could not have been paid. It should be remembered that just at this time there was rather a lull in the popular agitation on the question. The Chartist movement was absorbing public interest, and although its leaders sympathised with the Ten Hours Movement, yet, amidst the din of political agitation, and the prevalent popular discontent, the need for special social reforms was more or less lost sight of. In addition to this, Mr. Oastler, who had hitherto kept the enthusiasm alive on public platforms, was thrown into prison for debt by his former employer. He had been one of the prime movers in the agitation, and his withdrawal was a severe loss to the cause. He was detained in the Fleet Prison from August, 1838, to February, 1844, when his debt, amounting to over £3,000, was paid by public subscription.

On the 31st March, Lord Ashley's proposal for a Select Committee to inquire into the operation of the "Act for the Regulation of Mills and Factories," was agreed to without opposition.‡ The investigations of this Committee, over which he presided, were exceedingly comprehensive. The first six reports (914 pages) contain the evidence of witnesses. The actual report, published in 1841, testified to the improvement that had taken place in the condition of young factory-workers, and proposed various means for preventing the frequent infringements of the law.§ In the Factory Act of 1844, many of these proposals were, as we shall see, adopted.

Leaving the question of the improvement of the Factory Acts temporarily in abeyance whilst the above-named Committee was engaged in its labours,

* Hansard, 3, s. xlv. 886.

† Hansard, 3, s. lii. 859.

‡ Hansard, 3, s. xlviii. 1067, &c.

§ See Parl. Papers, 1840, x., and 1841, ix.

Lord Ashley, on August 4th, 1840, commenced a crusade on behalf of the thousands of children and young persons to whom these Acts as yet gave no protection whatever. He moved, in the House, "That an humble address be presented to her Majesty, praying that her Majesty will be graciously pleased to direct an inquiry to be made into the employment of the children of the poorer classes in Mines and Collieries, and in the various branches of trade and manufacture in which numbers of children work together, not being included in the provisions of the Acts for regulating the employment of children and young persons in Mills and Factories; and to collect information as to the ages at which they are employed, the number of hours they are engaged in work, the time allowed each day for meals, and as to the actual state, condition, and treatment of such children; and as to the effects of such employment, both with regard to their morals and their bodily health." He explained his motives for introducing this fresh subject by saying:—

I have long been taunted with narrow and exclusive attention to the children in the factories alone; I have been told, in language and writing, that there were other cases fully as grievous, and not less numerous; that I was unjust and inconsiderate in my denouncement of the one, and my omission of the other. I have, however, long contemplated this effort which I am now making; I had long resolved that, so soon as I could see the factory children, as it were, safe in harbour, I would undertake a new task. The Committee of this Session on Mills and Factories having fully substantiated the necessity, and rendered certain the amendment of the law, I am now endeavouring to obtain an inquiry into the actual circumstances and condition of another large part of our juvenile population. . . . Now, whatever may be done or proposed in time to come, we have, I think, a right to know the state of our juvenile population; the House has a right, the country has a right. How is it possible to address ourselves to the remedy of evils which we all feel, unless we have previously ascertained both the nature and the cause of them? The first step towards a cure is a knowledge of the disorder. We have asserted these truths in our Factory Legislation; and I have on my side the authority of all civilised nations of modern times; the practice of this House; the common-sense of the thing; and the justice of the principle.

He then proceeded to describe the unhealthy and oppressive character of the legalised slavery to which the children were subjected, in connection with employment in earthenware, porcelain, hosiery, pin and needle making, manufacture of arms, iron works and forges, iron foundries, glass trade, collieries, calico printing, tobacco manufacture, button factories, bleaching and paper mills, and various other industries.

And now (he said in conclusion) my first grand object is to bring these children within the reach of education; it will then be time enough to fight about the mode. Only let us exhibit these evils—there is wit enough, experience enough, activity enough, and principle enough in the country, to devise some remedy. I am sure that the exhibition of the peril will terrify even the most sluggish and the most reluctant into some attempt at amendment; but I hope for far better motives. For my own part I will say, though possibly I may be

charged with cant and hypocrisy, that I have been bold enough to undertake this task because I must regard the objects of it as beings created, as ourselves, by the same Maker, redeemed by the same Saviour, and destined to the same immortality ; and it is, therefore, in this spirit, and with these sentiments, which, I am sure, are participated in by all who hear me, that I now venture to entreat the countenance of this House, and the co-operation of her Majesty's Ministers, first to investigate, and ultimately to remove, these sad evils, which press so deeply and so extensively on such a large and such an interesting portion of the human race.

After a short discussion, the motion was agreed to and a Commission granted, and this was as convincing a proof as could well be given that Lord Ashley had attained a power and influence in the House of Commons, as a Social Reformer, which it would be unsafe for any Government to resist. To the report of the Commissioners, and the results that followed, we shall have to refer later on.

Aug. 3rd.—Shall I get my motion on to-morrow, or shall I not? I speak to all my friends to insure a House. "Oh, you are sure of a House," they say ; "quite sure ;" "but I," adds every one, "am going away !" Thus it is : for a party movement you may command numbers ; for one of principle, hardly your own shadow. *Twelve o'clock, night.* Successful beyond all expectations ; waited in anxiety from twelve o'clock. Every ten minutes seemed to open my turn after the orders of the day, for so it was arranged for me by the Government, to whom (could I choose otherwise with no more than six friends?) I yielded everything ; the House was barely kept. At three minutes before four the Black Rod summoned us to the House of Lords ; had he arrived three minutes earlier or three minutes later the House would have been lost, for a division was called for, with insufficient numbers. As it was, the Government sent for fresh men ; we increased our strength, and the interval of the Speaker's absence gave a novelty and a spirit on his return. Thank God a thousand times for His mercy and goodness ! I spoke my case, delivered my opinions, made my motion, and was most attentively and kindly received. I do rejoice in the flattering and civil things that were said to me ; nevertheless, I wind up with the prayer : "To them be all the benefit, but to *Thee* be *all* the glory in Christ Jesus our Lord !" Of Conservatives a very small sprinkling—many, at least enough, were in London, but *three* or *four* came ! Why was I left to the mercies of Whigs and Radicals ? Yet so it was, and I will say always and everywhere, that the behaviour of the Government towards me was most kind and most gentlemanlike.

Towards the close of this year the "Syrian Question," regarded by the public with but little interest at first, became, as it involved the prospect of war with France, one of the burning topics of the day.

Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt, after many victories gained by his adopted son, Ibrahim Pasha, over the armies of the Porte, had rendered himself virtually supreme in Syria. In 1839, a long-determined effort was made by the Sultan to subdue him, but his arms, under Ibrahim Pasha, were again triumphant. Not long after this the Sultan died, and the Capitan

Pasha, or Lord High Admiral of the Ottoman fleet, went over to the enemy, carrying his ships with him. The co-operation of England and the other European Powers was now sought and obtained to support the waning fortunes of Turkey. There were then, as always, many conflicting interests among the Western Powers. England's traditional policy was to preserve the Turkish Empire as a safeguard against Russia. Austria sided with England, as also did Russia herself, from motives diametrically opposite. Prussia was lukewarm in the matter, and France was jealous of any influence that England might have in Egypt.

On the 15th July, 1840, a convention was signed in London, between the Courts of Great Britain, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, on the one part, and the Ottoman Porte on the other, for the pacification of the Levant. France took no part in the alliance, and for some time it was an open question whether she would not engage in actual hostility against it. M. Thiers, the Prime Minister, did not disguise his opinion, that England was seeking a pretext to drive out Mehemet Ali, not from Syria only, but also from Egypt, in order that she might obtain possession. Louis Philippe, on the other hand, was most anxious to avoid any quarrel with England; and, on the resignation of M. Thiers, in consequence of an objection on the part of the King to certain passages inserted in the Royal Speech, of a nature likely to bring about a war, M. Guizot, who was strongly in favour of peace, became Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the peace-party carried the day.

Meanwhile the terms of the July Convention were duly proposed to Mehemet Ali, and were met with a point-blank rejection on the 5th September. On the 7th of that month, Beyrout was bombarded by the allied fleet, and on the 10th an engagement took place between the allied troops and Ibrahim Pasha, which terminated in the complete defeat of the latter, and his flight to the mountains. On the 3rd November, Acre was bombarded and captured, and shortly afterwards Alexandria itself was blockaded.

Mehemet Ali was obliged to come to terms, and on July 18th, 1841, the "Treaty of London for the Pacification of the Levant" was signed. The claim of Mehemet Ali to Syria was abandoned, on condition of the Pashalic of Egypt being made hereditary in his family, and certain other stipulations were added which need not be specified here.

These events, apart from their own merits, were of intense interest to Lord Ashley. He had long cherished the belief, founded upon an earnest and diligent study of the prophecies contained in Holy Scripture, that the Jews were to return to their inheritance in the Holy Land, and it appeared to him that the time was ripe for the accomplishment of those prophecies. Eventually the settlement of the Syrian Question assisted to make possible a scheme upon which his heart was set—the establishment of an Anglican Bishopric in Jerusalem.

July 24th.—It seems as though money were the only thing wanting to regenerate the world. Never was an age so fertile in good plans, or with apparently more

and better men to execute them, but where are the means? Churches, missionaries, clergymen, all temporal and spiritual associations, what is required for them? Money! Why, money would almost restore the Jews to the Holy Land. Certainly so far as Mehemet Ali is the arbiter of their destinies. . . .

Anxious about the hopes and prospects of the Jewish people. Everything seems ripe for their return to Palestine; "the way of the kings of the East is prepared." Could the five Powers of the West be induced to guarantee the security of life and possessions to the Hebrew race, they would now flow back in rapidly augmenting numbers. Then by the blessing of God I will prepare a document, fortify it by all the evidence I can accumulate, and, confiding to the wisdom and mercy of the Almighty, lay it before the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. . . .

Aug. 1st.—Dined with Palmerston. After dinner left alone with him. Pounded my scheme, which seemed to strike his fancy; he asked some questions, and readily promised to consider it. How singular is the order of Providence! Singular, that is, if estimated by man's ways! Palmerston has already been chosen by God to be an instrument of good to His ancient people; to do homage as it were to their inheritance, and to recognise their rights without believing their destiny. And it seems he will yet do more. But though the motive be kind, it is not sound. I am forced to argue politically, financially, commercially; these considerations strike him home; he weeps not like his Master over Jerusalem, nor prays that now, at last, she may put on her beautiful garments. . . .

Aug. 24th.—Palmerston tells me that he has already written to Lord Ponsonby, to direct him to open an intercourse with Reschid Pasha at Constantinople respecting protection and encouragement to the Jews. This is a prelude to the Antitype of the decree of Cyrus, but, humanly speaking, we must pray for more caution. Those gentlemen who have now got access to the columns of the *Times* will, by over-zeal, bring a charge of fanaticism on the whole question. O God, from whom *alone* "cometh all counsel, wisdom, and understanding, be Thou our Guide, our Instructor, and our Friend."

Aug. 29th.—The newspapers teem with documents about the Jews. Many assail, and many defend them.

Sept. 1st.—Broadlands. We have left Cowes, and I do not regret it. The air, or some other cause, gave a perpetual languor; one had neither elasticity of body, nor liveliness of spirit. This is its general character; but I am come to the sad conclusion that the sea does not agree with me.

Sept. 5th.—St. Giles's. "Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand." Once more settled here, bag and baggage, mother and kids, in the portion of my fathers, under my own vine, and under my own fig-tree, and drinking waters out of my own cistern.

Sept. 16th.—Attended yesterday at Blandford to set on foot a branch association to the Society for the Extinction of the Slave Trade. Having been instrumental in forming the parent,* I could not refuse, though I hate these meetings,

* The first public meeting of the Society for the Extinction of the Slave Trade was held in Exeter Hall on June 1st in this year, presided over by Prince Albert, who then made his first public address in England. ("He was very nervous," writes the Queen in "Early Years," "before he went, and had repeated his speech to me in the morning by heart.") Mr. Fowell Buxton, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Ashley were the other principal speakers.

to patronise the child. I never spoke with less effect ; the audience were like so many mummies, and the platform assigned to the orator put me in mind of Jingles' stage at a fair. *Quoad* me, the thing was a failure ; *quoad* the branch, it was tolerably well. Really these speeches at these meetings are so much alike and in the same style, that I long to say, "Gentlemen and ladies, the mixture as before," and then close it.

Sept. 25th.—Yesterday began my paper for Palmerston, containing, in full, the propositions for the recall of the Jews to their ancient land. "Recall" is too strong ; it is simply a "permission," should they think fit to avail themselves of it. I wish to prepare a short document, which may refresh his memory, and exist as a record both of the suggestion and the character of it.

The document, read in the light of the efforts that have been made in later years by Englishmen, Americans, Germans, and Jews, in the Plain of Sharon, the Vale of Urtas, and other spots in Palestine, and the wider efforts in other parts of Syria, is interesting and curious.

Lord Ashley to Viscount Palmerston.

ST. GILES'S HOUSE, *September 25th, 1840.*

MY LORD,—The Powers of Europe having determined that they will take into their own hands the adjustment of the Syrian Question, I venture to suggest a measure, which being adopted will, I hope, promote the development of the immense fertility of all those countries that lie between the Euphrates and the Mediterranean Sea.

The consideration of the person or the authority to whom these territories may be assigned by the award of the contracting Powers is of no importance. The plan presupposes simply the existence of a recognised and competent Dominion ; the establishment and execution of Laws ; and a Government both willing and able to maintain internal peace.

Those vast regions are now nearly desolate ; every year the produce of them becomes less, because the hands that should till them become fewer. As a source of revenue they are almost worthless, compared, at least, with the riches that industry might force from them. They require both labour and capital.

Capital, however, is of too sensitive a nature to flow with readiness in any country where neither property nor life can be regarded as secure ; but if this indispensable assurance be first given, the avarice of man will be a sufficient motive, and it will betake itself with alacrity to any spot where a speedy or an ample return may be promised to the speculator.

An inducement such as this is sufficient to stimulate the mercantile zeal of every money-maker under Heaven, and it would be advisable that the Power, whoever he may be, to whom these provinces may fall, should issue and perform a solemn engagement to establish, in his laws affecting property, the principles and practices of European civilisation ; but, in respect of these regions now under dispute, there are, so far as a numerous, though scattered, people is concerned, other inducements and other hopes, over and above those which influence the general mass of mankind.

Without entering into the grounds of the desire and expectation entertained

by the Hebrew race of their return ultimately to the land of their fathers, it may be safely asserted that they contemplate a restoration to the soil of Palestine. They believe, moreover, that the time is near at hand. Every recollection of the past, and every prospect of the future, animates their hope; and fear alone for their persons and their estates represses their exertions. If the Governing Power of the Syrian provinces would promulgate equal laws and equal protection to Jew and Gentile, and confirm his decrees by accepting the four Powers as guarantees of his engagement, to be set forth and ratified in an article of the Treaty, the way would at once be opened, confidence would be revived, and, prevailing throughout these regions, would bring with it some of the wealth and enterprise of the world at large, and, by allaying their suspicions, call forth to the full the hidden wealth and industry of the Jewish people.

There are many reasons why more is to be anticipated from them than from any others who might settle there. They have ancient reminiscences and deep affection for the land;—it is connected in their hearts with all that is bright in times past, and with all that is bright in those which are to come; their industry and perseverance are prodigious; they subsist, and cheerfully, on the smallest pittance; they are, almost everywhere, accustomed to arbitrary rule, and being totally indifferent to political objects, confine their hopes to the enjoyment of what they can accumulate. Long ages of suffering have trained their people to habits of endurance and self-denial; they would joyfully exhibit them in the settlement and service of their ancient country.

If we consider their return in the light of a new establishment or colonisation of Palestine, we shall find it to be the cheapest and safest mode of supplying the wastes of those depopulated regions. They will return at their own expense, and with no hazard but to themselves; they will submit to the existing form of Government, having no preconceived theories to gratify, and having been almost everywhere trained in implicit obedience to autocratic rule; they will acknowledge the present appropriation of the soil in the hands of its actual possessors, being content to obtain an interest in its produce by the legitimate methods of rent or purchase. Disconnected, as they are, from all the peoples of the earth, they would appeal to no national or political sympathies for assistance in the path of wrong; and the guarantee which I propose, for insertion in the Treaty to be carried out by the personal protection of the respective Consuls and Vice-Consuls of the several nations, would be sufficient to protect them in the exercise of their right. . . .

The plan here proposed may be recommended by the consideration that large results are promised to the application of very small means; that no pecuniary outlay is demanded of the engaging parties; that while disappointment would bring no ill-effects, except to those who declined the offer, the benefits to be derived from it would belong impartially to the whole civilised world. . . .

I have the honour to be, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient, humble servant,

ASHLEY.

The Viscount Palmerston, M.P.,

Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

For seven or eight years of their early married life Lord and Lady Ashley had lived constantly, while in the country, with Lord and Lady Cowper, a period to which the later Journals refer as full of happiness. The London house, 49, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, is also often mentioned as my "beloved home." Here we find him on November the 7th, the date of the following entry:—

Sunday, Nov. 7.—Minny is gone to Panshanger, and I am all alone—not a bairn with me, and nothing but a housekeeper and three maids! Yet this is good for me. I now taste, by separation, more truly the blessings of God's goodness; His manifold, gracious, and paternal bounty in the gifts He has bestowed upon me of a wife and children—and such a wife and such children! But all things must sit loosely on this earth. God has given, and God may take away. I now can imagine what I should suffer if bereaved of these dear and darling creatures. How great are the benefits we enjoy, and how poor and miserable are our thanks! . . . Read, to-day, Burton's "Testimonies of the Ante-Nicene Fathers," an invaluable book, full of everlasting and comfortable knowledge; and more particularly was I instructed and consoled by his comment on Acts xx. 28 (in the extracts from St. Ignatius), confirmatory of the reading, "the Church of God," which "He purchased with His own blood." Also Matthew Henry's comment on the first chapter of Genesis. What a mind! Whatever part of Scripture he handles, he presents it, so to speak, in a new light. . . . And now I go to my rest in peace. Would to God it were the same with all the world!

Nov. 9th.—It is really heart-stirring to read of our successes in Syria, the forward valour, the iron-steadfastness, of our countrymen; wherever they go, they impart life, and soul, and energy—one midshipman does more than a hundred Turks, though they be all Seraskiers—every man is an army, every sailor a fleet, and yet the whole fleet acts as one sailor. Marvellous the effects of discipline, acting on the vigour of British character. What materials for greatness! What elements for service! What instruments, should it so please God, for the alliance and protection of His ancient people, and for His final purposes on earth! And yet there are men who would destroy all this; our political institutions, which have made us what we are, and our Church, which, under God, has made our institutions.

Many, I understand, are angry that the *Times* upholds Palmerston's policy—they are losing, they think, an opportunity of attack—so they are, and deeply should they be obliged to us for saving them, first from the crime of openly taking part against the interests of their country; and, secondly, from the disgrace of assailing the Minister, and then doing, should they obtain office, the very thing for which they assailed him. But I hope and believe that the *Leaders* of our party do not share these sentiments—so far, however, as I myself am concerned, I don't care a straw if they do.

Nov. 12th.—Did ever country present such a spectacle in its Administration? Their differences and cabals are become notorious as the secrets of the town-crier; one-third is with Palmerston, one-third, it seems, against him, and one-third do not know which way to go. The "Bear" Ellice,* they say (and it

* This name was given to the Right Hon. Edward Ellice in allusion to Stock Exchange transactions, and with a side reference to his roughness of demeanour.

must have been a pure love of intrigue and mischief), urged Thiers to resist the policy of Palmerston, assuring him that the Cabinet would never meet any *real* French resistance.

England and Europe may then thank this man for all their past alarms and present expenses! Lord Holland writes to Guizot, and tells him everything. Clarendon talks to everybody, follows in the tail of Charles Greville, and throws confusion into the Cabinet, which, said Lord Minto, was very unanimous and reciprocal in confidence till Clarendon joined it. The Duc de Broglie writes to Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Lansdowne writes to Broglie; can this be done without communication, on my Lord's part, of his misgivings, waverings, &c. &c., and all the mischievous puerilities of the English Cabinet? Palmerston and his friends in the Ministry are propped up by the *Times* and *Standard* against the other portion, which is bepraised by the *Examiner* and the *Morning Herald*. The fact is there has been a foul intrigue to displace Palmerston and get his office; the plotters designated Clarendon to the situation (did they think him more docile to themselves personally?); he, forsooth, saw the thing, and asked no questions. Meanwhile, Melbourne, the Prime Minister, suffers all this, having neither authority nor principle! A man of the slightest force of mind would have stopped it in an instant. I confess I am disgusted at the unpatriotism and pusillanimity of these fellows; they sign the Treaty of the 15th of July, they undertake to carry it out; Thiers blusters, and they crouch; Palmerston is firm, thank God, Thiers is dismissed, Guizot appointed, and our success in Syria complete. Guizot calls out, "Give me a concession, I want to make a flourish in Paris;—surrender to Mehemet Ali the Pashalic of Acre as a boon to the French people." Instantly—although this surrender would be tantamount to a reversal of everything we have done, tantamount to an investiture on him of the whole of Palestine, and in fact the whole of everything that is contested; although it would be a treachery to our allies, and a stultification (to say no worse) of ourselves; instantly they catch up Guizot's note (who, by-the-by, is a thorough Parisian, with Parisian feelings and Parisian views), and say, "Give it him; you will otherwise have a revolution in France, and where should we be then?" Why, where? all would be lost, perhaps—except our honour.

Nov. 16th.—St. Giles's again. It is very curious to see me an ardent supporter of Palmerston, using every endeavour to counteract Guizot and Clarendon in their influence over the *Times*, and fighting his battles against his own friends!

Dec. 8th.—Affairs have wonderfully advanced in Syria. Acre has fallen (the most impregnable city of the East) into our hands, after three hours' bombardment! On our side scarcely any loss.

Thiers now avows himself the Apostle of Revolution. His speeches contain all the principles, though they as yet avoid the language, of Danton and Marat. What a hornet it is! "I was prepared," said he, "for a war in which might be shed the blood of ten generations." And, clever as he is, he is notwithstanding a fool; he seeks to raise a feeling, even in England, against Palmerston, and yet he adds (*Globe*, Nov. 30), "the views of France upon Egypt are a profound and ancient French instinct." He affects hatred and fear of Russia; yet he instructs Walewski to urge Mehemet Ali to march to Constantinople, the very course that would bring the Russians into Turkey. Palmerston should steadily refuse to make any speeches or give any explana-

tions; his defence would lie in extracts from the Debates of the Chamber, and the orations of M. Thiers.

After Christmas-tide we find Lord Ashley again at Broadlands, and the contagion of the genial and cheerful society of Lord and Lady Palmerston seems to have infected him, for he writes: "Here we are, a family reunion, with the *domestic* adjuncts of two Foreign Ambassadors, two Cabinet Ministers, and two friends."

There probably was never a statesman more social in disposition, or more ready to throw himself heartily into everything that interested his friends and guests, than Lord Palmerston; and while he brought the shrewdest common-sense to bear practically upon every matter under discussion, he would brighten up *every* topic by his pleasant jokes, his irresistible playfulness, and his unfailing good humour. In his society Lord Ashley took ever-increasing pleasure, and the day was not far distant when he was to find in him one of his truest and staunchest allies in many of his most cherished plans.

It was at Broadlands that the final entries for the year were written in the Diary.

My article on "Infant Labour" has appeared in this *Quarterly*. Lockhart gave me every assistance towards obtaining a place for it; he bepraised it much, but I have not heard a word from any one else.

France is discussing a Factory Bill in her Chamber of Deputies. There is exhibited some sense and some principle—there is also the reverse; but we have gained in that country, and in the whole civilised world, this mighty admission that the evil does prevail, that it deeply and seriously affects the bodily and mental condition of large masses of the human race, and that if a *safe* remedy can be found (and "safe" means "inexpensive"), it should be applied.

Lord Ashley's article on "Infant Labour," published in the December number of the *Quarterly Review*, was, to some extent, a recapitulation of the arguments he had used in his speech on the subject in the House of Commons, and was written for the purpose of keeping alive the public interest in "mercy by statute." It showed that the clamour, and the awful predictions of ruined trade and a starving population, raised when the first efforts were made some seven years previously, had failed to influence the movers, who had throughout been guided by "one great and quickening principle, comfortable and true as revelation itself (for it is deduced from it), that nothing which is morally wrong can be politically right."

The class on whose behalf legislation was now sought, exceeded in a tenfold degree the number of those who were engaged in the four great departments of industry—the cotton, the woollen, the worsted, and the flax—whose labours were regulated by the provisions of statute-law. Numerous as they were, however, many causes combined to shut them out

from observation and sympathy. They were not concentrated in single spots, in large masses, and enormous buildings, but were spread over the whole country, and attracted little attention, because it was no one's interest to examine their wrongs and institute that wholesome agitation which, in the case of their brotherhood in the factories, had acted first on the feelings of the country, and, at last, on the decisions of Parliament. Notwithstanding this, it had been found that thousands upon thousands of poor children were engaged in trades, in many instances dangerous and hurtful, in which they were employed through fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen hours of daily relentless toil. Some of the lace-mills about Nottingham were open all through the night, and the children were detained, in order to be ready when wanted. It was in evidence that they were found lying about on the floor, weary and exhausted, waiting for their turns to come. Similar cruelties were practised in other trades—in the silk manufacture, for example, little girls of tender years, of eight, of seven, and even of six, were employed in arduous labour for ten hours a day. Some of the children were so small that they had to be placed on stools before they could reach their work.

A review of Continental and transatlantic legislation on Infantile Labour showed that everywhere, in Europe and America, steps were being taken to wipe out the old system of domestic slavery, and thus to follow the example which Great Britain was setting. Much, however, remained to be done in this country, and expectation was fixed upon the Report of the Commissioners appointed to investigate the claims of the children not included in the Factory Acts. Great issues were at stake. The minds of men were not as tranquil as they had been, and discontent could not be frowned down, or rebellion checked with equal facility.

In course of his article Lord Ashley said :—

The two great demons in morals and politics, Socialism and Chartism, are stalking through the land ; yet they are but symptoms of an universal disease, spread throughout vast masses of the people, who, so far from concurring in the *status quo*, suppose that anything must be better than their present condition. It is useless to reply to us, as our antagonists often do, that many of the prime movers in these conspiracies against God and good order are men who have never suffered any of the evil to which we ascribe so mighty an influence. We know it well ; but we know also that our system begets the vast and inflammable mass that lies waiting, day by day, for the spark to explode it into mischief. We cover the land with spectacles of misery ; wealth is felt only by its oppressions ; few, very few, remain in these trading districts to spend liberally the riches they have acquired ; the successful leave the field to be ploughed afresh by new aspirants after gain, who, in turn, count their periodical profits and exact the maximum of toil for the minimum of wages. No wonder that thousands of hearts should be against a system which establishes the relations, without calling forth the mutual sympathies of master and servant, landlord and tenant, employer and employed. We do not need to express our firm

belief that there are beneficent and blessed exceptions ; but generally speaking, in those districts and those departments of industry the rich and the poor are antagonist parties, each watching an opportunity to gain an advantage over the other. Sickness has no claim on the capitalist ; a day's absence, however necessary, is a day's loss to the workman ; nor are the numerous and frightful mutilations by neglected machinery (terminating as they do in the utter ruin of the sufferer) regarded as conferring, either in principle or practice, the smallest pretence to lasting compensation or even temporary relief. . . .

But here comes the worst of all—those vast multitudes, ignorant and excitable in themselves, and rendered still more so by oppression or neglect, are surrendered, almost without a struggle, to the experimental philosophy of infidels and democrats. When called upon to suggest our remedy of the evil, we reply by an exhibition of the cause of it ; the very statement involves an argument, and contains its own answer within itself. Let your laws, we say to the Parliament, assume the proper functions of law, protect those for whom neither wealth, nor station, nor age has raised a bulwark against tyranny ; but, above all, open your treasury, erect churches, send forth the ministers of religion, reverse the conduct of the enemy of mankind, and sow wheat among the tares—all hopes are groundless, all legislation weak, all conservatism nonsense, without this alpha and omega of policy ; it will give content instead of bitterness, engraft obedience on rebellion, raise purity from corruption, and “ life from the dead.”

These were timely words at a period when there was universal anxiety, and when forces were gathering which threatened revolution.

“ I would give anything,” said Dr. Arnold, about this time, “ to be able to organise a Society for drawing public attention to the state of the labouring classes throughout the kingdom. Men do not think of the fearful state in which we are living. If they could once be brought to notice and to appreciate the evil, I should not even yet despair that the remedy may be found and applied ; even though it is the solution of the most difficult problem ever yet proposed to man's wisdom, and the greatest triumph over selfishness ever yet required of his virtue. A Society might give the alarm, and present the facts to the notice of the public. It was thus that Clarkson overthrew the slave-trade ; and it is thus, I hope, that the system of transportation has received its death-blow.”*

What Arnold, and many other good men and true, were sighing for, Lord Ashley was doing, by striking blow after blow at oppression and injustice and tyranny, the causes which had produced discontent and disaffection in the labouring classes.

* Stanley's “ Life of Arnold.”

CHAPTER IX.

1841.

INDIFFERENCE to poverty and suffering, especially in those who professed to be influenced by the Christian religion, was inexplicable to Lord Ashley. He says :—

Jan. 5th, 1841.—No stir as yet in behalf of my “Children’s Employment Commission.” I cannot discern how, humanly speaking, I have ever made any progress at all. To whom should I have naturally looked for the chief aid ! Why, undoubtedly, to the clergy, and especially those of the trading districts. Quite the reverse ; from them I have received no support, or next to none ; one or two in their individual capacity have given me encouragement, and wished me God speed ; but, as a body, or even numerous, though singly, they have done, are doing, and will do, nothing. And this, throughout my whole career. There are grand and blessed exceptions, thank God for them ! Bickersteth is a jewel, a jewel of the first water ; one of those that God will “make up,” so we read in Malachi, at the last day. The only public act in behalf of these wretched infants was a petition signed by fifty of the clergy in the neighbourhood of Bristol, got up by the amiable exertions of the Rev. Sir Henry Montagu ; and yet we have in our Church, beside prelates, sixteen thousand ordained ministers of Christ’s Gospel.

The saying, “The poor ye have always with you,” was literally true with Lord Ashley, and it remained true to the end of his life. Only a few examples, to show how constantly the poor were in his thoughts, are given in the quotations from the Diaries, although such entries abound throughout those volumes. The state of the weather, depression in trade, illness, bereavement, separation from children or friends—these and a hundred other things suggested to him no extraordinary cause of complaint as they affected himself personally, but they led him invariably to think how much more terrible similar circumstances must be to the poor and friendless.

Nor did his sympathy exhaust itself in merely thinking about them. During the pauses in the greater labours which absorbed so much of his time, he would devise schemes for the relief of those within his reach, and would make the help he gave a thousandfold more acceptable by the manner in which he gave it. He was never too proud to grasp the hand of a poor honest man, or take up a sickly little child in his arms, or sit in the loathsome home of a poor starving needlewoman as she plied her needle. He never spoke down to their level, but sought to raise them up to his, and his kindly words were as helpful as his kindly deeds. The time had not yet come for

that peculiar personal devotion to the welfare of the poor which distinguished his later years; that was only at this period occasional which afterwards became continual, but the principle that inspired it was the same; it was devotion to Him who had said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." To Lord Ashley, Christianity was nothing unless it was intensely practical. On one occasion, when addressing an assembly of young men and urging them to a life of usefulness, he said, "Depend upon it, whatever you think when you are young and stirring, the time will come when you will take counsel with your grey hairs, and you will bless God if your career has been one by which your fellows have been benefited, and God honoured, and if you have endeavoured, as much as lay in your power, to advance His Holy Name, and to do good to all that were within the reach of your influence. Nothing is more likely to keep you from mischief of all kinds, from mischief of action, of speculation—from every mischief that you can devise, than to be everlastingly engaged in some great practical work of good. Christianity is not a state of opinion and speculation. Christianity is essentially practical, and I will maintain this, that practical Christianity is the greatest curer of corrupt speculative Christianity. No man, depend upon it, can persist from the beginning of his life to the end of it in a course of self-denial, in a course of generosity, in a course of virtue, in a course of piety, and in a course of prayer, unless he draws from his well-spring, unless he is drawing from the fountain of our Lord Himself. Therefore, I say to you, again and again, let your Christianity be practical." *

In the following extracts allusions to the Free Trade agitation are interwoven with the subjects in which Lord Ashley was more immediately concerned.

Jan. 7th.—Under indisposition only does one rightly estimate God's bounties; how assuaging, how necessary are the many comforts and attentions, which, particularly in winter, the poor cannot get! Here have I been dreadfully vexed by a cold in the throat, accompanied by a cough, hard as timber and dry as gravel, which gives me no rest day nor night! Now if I, with all the appliances that money and kindness can give, suffer so much, what must be the endurance of the destitute!

Feb. 10th.—We have now sat for some days in Committee to consider the Report we shall make on the Act for regulating Mills and Factories. My success has hitherto been greater than I dared to hope for. I have the Government with me, and the mill-owners against me; this is a curious revolution of parties. The children in silk and lace mills are included in the draft report. I shall be compelled to strike them out and fight their battles another way. The mill-owners cannot beat me either in the Committee or the House; they know it, and they have made, therefore, like the thieves in Proverbs, "one purse," and intend to raise opposition in the House of Lords, where, alas! it is but too easy to maintain the *status quo*, whatever be its offences against truth, justice, and humanity. The benefits of the Second Chamber overbalance the evils; and I

* Bristol Young Men's Christian Association, Jan., 1861.

must bepraise the hand that destroys my hopes. The very qualities that make the Peers bulwarks against mischief render them also slow to impressions of good. They have hard common-sense; strong feelings of personal and political interest, but few sparks of generosity, and no sentiment. Well, it is here that the tyrants of silk and lace propose to obtain a Committee, and thus throw off all legislation to another year; and this they will compass, unless I can prevail on Fox Maule to divide the Bill into two; the Factory Bill for the four great departments of industry will thus go forward with all its great and important details; it will establish a precedent, elevate a model, and present a contrast. Perseverance and zeal will, by God's blessing, bring up all the rest to follow in their train. But I must have more patience and more faith.

Feb. 13th.—Ministers threaten a dissolution, which would undoubtedly be followed by a change of Government. I don't much think they will accomplish their threats; I hope not, at least just yet, for I desire, above all things, to carry my Factory Bill; and sure I am ("tell it not in Gath") that I have got more, and may get more, from the Whigs than I shall ever get from my own friends.

Feb. 18th.—Concluded our Report to-day on Mills and Factories, and presented it to the House. To God above be all the glory! Great and signal has been the support I have received under great difficulties; may He continue it in the final difficulties of its passage through Parliament. Considering the nature of the Committee, its objects and members, we have been wonderfully harmonious.

Feb. 26th.—Sadly disappointed by the tame and empty tone of Sir Robert Peel's speech on Morpeth's Registration Bill (Ireland). A fairer and fitter opportunity was never offered to any man for a bold, striking, and solemn address, based on the most sacred principles, and directed to the highest feelings; but he missed it, and allowed caution to prevail where the heart only should have governed. I wrote to him and urged on his recollection the solemn compact of 1829, the history of the disfranchisement of the 40s. freeholders, and the increase of the rate of voting to £10. This preliminary measure was the *decus et tutamen* of the Relief Bill, the indispensable security, the accorded and witnessed price, solemnly and for ever, of our mighty concession. He quite concurred with me. I sat in a fool's paradise, expecting an indignant, though just and solemn, protest against so monstrous a breach of a compact, the more binding because unwritten, and ratified upon honour. A fervent and impassioned address, so suited to the moment and the man, would have carried conviction; the House would have felt it, the country still more; he would have retained all that prudence requires, and yet have conciliated many distrustful supporters, and softened many asperities that the Relief Bill has left, and will leave, in the recollections of Protestants.

March 5th.—On the first of the month is dated the beginning of Mr. Poynter's engagement with me, as tutor to my boys. God grant he may be a true Gamaliel! Am I then so old that I must have a grown man to instruct my children?

Everything relating to the welfare of the Jews had a special interest for Lord Ashley, and the Bill for removing the test by which Jews were excluded from certain municipal offices was watched by him with close attention, although he took no part in the discussion. There were great anomalies

in the case which called for remedy; for example, it was possible for a Jew to be high sheriff of a county, or Sheriff of London, but he could not become a mayor or alderman, or even a member of the Common Council. It was not until the end of 1847 that a Jew ever held the dignity of an alderman in the City of London. The difficulty in the way was the oath, which had to be taken "on the true faith of a Christian;" and on this Lord Ashley held very strong views, to which he gave full expression later on, when the question of admitting Jews to Parliament was under discussion.

March 12th.—On Wednesday last (10th) a discussion took place in the House of Commons on the admissibility of Jews to municipal offices. Inglis opposed the second reading of the Bill, but not in prudent style, bringing all his great guns of argument, principle, and feeling to the skirmish, when he should have reserved them for the battle. He talked as though the question were their admissibility to Parliament. No doubt there is much wisdom in the saying, "*principiis obsta*;" but we ought to adapt the quantity and quality of our resistance to the nature of the attack, otherwise we should fire a broadside on a pilot-boat, solely because it was to be followed eventually by the whole squadron. This unnecessary force recoiled on itself; none were convinced, some were amused, and others offended.

Meanwhile, arguments forestalled are arguments evaporated; *Fastidit crumbe repetita*; we can devise nothing new, and what is old will have become ridiculous. I did not myself vote against the Bill, intending, as I do, to reserve all my opposition to the claim for Parliament. The distinction between the two claims is wide and palpable; in neither is there danger to the State, but in the last there is an insult to Christianity. Lord John Russell made a speech of surpassing latitudinarianism. "Prophecy," said he "was of doubtful interpretation." "In our legislative deliberations," he added, "we were to take no cognisance of the prophetic Scriptures." "God," he continued, "had no need of our co-operation to carry out His wise purposes." Most true; but has not the Almighty been pleased to command that we shall do nothing to thwart them?

It was the privilege of Lord Ashley, as we have seen, to enjoy the personal friendship of the Duke of Wellington, and he was still a frequent visitor at Strathfieldsaye, where nothing gave him more intense pleasure than to wander in the grounds with his host and hear the old warrior fight his battles o'er again. Memoranda of conversations, written down hurriedly while the impressions were fresh in his mind, were treasured by him to the end of his life, and incidents of battle told to him by the Duke, were more often introduced into his speeches than any other form of illustration.

It is easy to understand the fascination that this intercourse would have for him. His mind was saturated with Scripture; he looked upon life as a long, hard battle, and every evil as a foe to be met and conquered; and though the weapons of his warfare were not carnal, he saw in every incident related to him an analogy to the spiritual warfare in which the

soldiers of the Cross were engaged. Thus we find him over and over again, and all through his life, relating stories such as these:—

“I remember the old Duke of Wellington talking to me one day, after our arms had conquered the greater part of the Burman Empire. The Duke said to me, ‘I have been called upon to look for a good efficient frontier to our territory in India. I have got it; but I have gone upon the rule that no frontier is good for defence unless it is equally good for attack.’”

The application of the story was that Christian institutions must be aggressive as well as defensive.*

Again, when the School Boards threatened the existence of Ragged Schools, he said:—

“I little thought we should be able to present such an appearance as we do this evening. But we have acted upon the principle which the great Duke of Wellington acted upon, and of which he frequently spoke to me with great satisfaction, as having crowned his military operations with success. He said that in all the Continental armies if a point was carried the Generals considered themselves beaten, ‘But I never thought myself beaten,’ said he, ‘so long as I could present a front to the enemy. If I was beaten at one point I went to another, and in that way I won all my victories.’”†

On another occasion Lord Shaftesbury remarked:—

“I remember that the great Duke of Wellington said to me, in speaking of the Battle of Waterloo, ‘After a defeat sustained, the greatest sorrow is a victory won.’”‡

And again:—

“Many years ago, in conversation with the old Duke of Wellington, I said to him, ‘Now, Duke, what is your opinion of that most distinguished officer of the Emperor Napoleon, Marshal Massena?’ He thought for a moment, and said, ‘I’ll tell you what: I always found him in the place where I did not wish him to be.’” The application of the story was this: “I will reverse that saying,” said Lord Shaftesbury, “in respect of the City missionary, and say that I always find him in the place where I wish him to be.”§

On the 3rd of May the Premier (Lord Melbourne) in the course of a debate raised by the presentation of petitions against any alterations in the Corn Laws, had expressed himself in favour of a change. In allusion to this Lord Ashley writes:—

May 4th.—There cannot be a doubt, whatever be the final issue, the Ministers are thinking of a dissolution, and apprehending compulsory retirement. Successive defeats have loosened the cement, and a vigorous blow would batter down the wall. I believe they will “go,” as the phrase is. I know not whether I ought

* Speech at Glasgow, Oct., 1874.

† Religious Tract Society, May, 1877.

‡ Ragged School Union, May, 1876.

§ London City Mission, May, 1879.

to wish it. To be sure, their good deeds are very hollow in principle and truth; I would not give much for the chance of virtue and excellence and human service in the face of political calculation. Horner writes me word that the Factory Bill is suspended indefinitely; the state of affairs is assigned as a plea; it may be so in some respects; but I cannot altogether be blind to the fact that the delay punishes me, and will embarrass Peel. Suspended, forsooth! and thus another year is added to the period over which wrong and violence are to reign without control! The whole of last Session and the best half of this utterly lost; all the evidence will be stale, facts without point, and cases out of date; to say nothing of other opinions and other conduct in a succeeding Government. Nevertheless, "against hope I must believe in hope;" as I began in faith, so must I continue, regarding difficulties as so many trials, and delays as essential to maturity—"Without faith it is impossible to please Him."

May 13th.—We are lost and bewildered in a labyrinth of speculation; every one knows the intentions of the Ministers, though, in fact they do not know their own. I hear from Alava that the Queen takes it all very calmly, not liking it but yielding to it. . . . World busy in assigning offices to men, and men to offices.

Lord Ashley's name was freely mentioned in connection with office; and commenting on the estimates made of him by others, he fell into a strain in his Diary to which he was becoming accustomed—a strain of self-depreciation and somewhat morbid self-analysis.

If speaking be required, ready off-hand statement or reply, there are few men not equally competent with myself. I never hear a speech without feeling that, inferior though it be, it is better than I could make. I begin to contrast the powers exhibited with my own, and I remain overwhelmed by my own deficiency. I do regret it, because I feel fully, deeply, unanswerably, that I am thus limited, very limited, in my means of carrying out the tenth part of what I conceive, and the half of what I propose, for the general welfare. It is marvellous to observe how much might be effected in these days by a man who had right notions and an effective tongue.

May 19th.—A great victory, no doubt, last night; * but will it be a fruitful one?

May 20th.—Not yet—Ministers go on!!

But the Melbourne Ministry was doomed. It would be foreign to our purpose to attempt a history of the Free Trade movement, or to show the successive stages of that great agitation, which Lord Melbourne affected to regard with contempt, and which Lord John Russell condemned; nor would it be within our scope to trace the other causes which led to the fall of the Ministry.

On the 24th of May, Sir Robert Peel gave notice of his intention to move that "her Majesty's Ministers do not sufficiently possess the confidence of

* Government defeated on Lord Sandon's motion against reduction of duty on foreign sugars.

the House of Commons to enable them to carry through the House measures which they deem of essential importance to the public welfare, and that their continuance in office under such circumstances is at variance with the spirit of the Constitution." The division was taken on the 4th of June, with the result that Sir Robert Peel's "No confidence" motion was carried by a majority of one.

May 25th.—Received yesterday a most laudatory letter, sent in the name of many Conservatives of Leeds, to request me to stand for that borough. Of course I declined it, but the honour of the offer was great, and the grounds of it still more so.

June 8th.—Windsor Castle. Arrived here last night. . . . I find we are invited for the races at Ascot. I am sorry for it, but I cannot refuse to go there. I am the Queen's guest, and I cannot think it right to put upon my Sovereign such a rebuke as would be conveyed by my declining to accompany her. I wish to avoid and discountenance races, and I do not like to add the value of my example (such as it is) to aid the maintenance of the practice—but the thing is not wrong in itself, simply in its consequences. I shall acquiesce, therefore, in this instance, and pray God it may not be productive of any mischief to the slight influence I may have in the world for carrying forward measures and designs of good to mankind.

June 9th.—It was a dull affair, and I hope harmless. It is a thing by itself—it is, in fact, an annual exhibition of the Sovereign to the people, in great state and circumstance.

June 15th.—Commemoration day at Oxford; went over from Nuneham, whither I had been invited to meet the Queen; received the degree of Doctor in Laws; it was my due—so far as it is worth anything—long ago, but I did not like to refuse it now. The Prince must have seen Whiggery at a fearful discount; the undergraduates enjoyed their Saturnalia to excess, showing, however, great respect to the Prince, and unbounded loyalty to the Queen. I was received with courtesy, and nothing more; my popularity, such as it is, lies with a portion of the "great unwashed."

On June 22nd, Parliament was dissolved by the Queen in person. "I entertain the hope," her Majesty said, "that the progress of public business may be facilitated, and that divisions injurious to the cause of steady policy and useful legislation may be removed by the authority of a new Parliament, which I shall direct to be summoned without delay."

June 22nd.—This day Parliament dissolved by the Queen in person. Thus do the Ministers seek to identify her with what is odious and wicked, and hide their own hoary profligacy under her young virtue.* It is a solemn day, the beginning of the end, the final issue—if beaten now, our account is settled, the sentence will clearly have been passed, and the nation must await the execution. An increase of power in the hands of these Ministers, frightened and stimulated, as they are, by the prospective loss of it, will be followed by an increase of violent,

* A dissolution on the cry of "Cheap bread," Lord Ashley regarded "as the most improper and most mischievous that ever entered into the mind of a statesman."

infidel. Jacobinical, extirpating measures, to cut up, root and branch, every hope, nay, possibility, of our accession to office. This is the position—to whom then do we turn? . . . In some churches a call has been made to the whole nation to “lift up their hearts”; grave, solemn, wholesome, necessary counsel—would to God it were obeyed. . . .

We shall triumph in the elections, I verily believe. I have laboured hard for Jocelyn* at Leeds; he has been wonderfully received, I believe in great measure through my influence—this is greater than I thought it was; but as I have obtained it by the proposition and maintenance of certain measures, I must use it for the advancement of those measures. I have no right to call on the operatives, who confide in me, to support either me personally, or any party politically, unless such a course be, in my honest belief, conducive to their success in the matter they seek. I may be disappointed after all; but at any rate they will be in no worse condition, and we shall have made a great and legitimate experiment. I have done much in hope to conciliate the landed gentry in their behalf, and approximate the parties who have common interests, and, “tell it not in Gath,” a common enemy, the mill-owner; he is not necessarily, but optionally so—he is the Jacobin of commerce.

It astonishes me to see what I have done. The operatives have been enabled in many places (and they were never so before) to tell their own story. This has been sufficient to baffle the Corn-Law Leaguers. I cannot but admire and love these poor fellows; they have shown an ardour, a gratitude, and a sincerity that would put to shame nine-tenths of the gentry. They promised me to give Jocelyn a good reception, and they have done so.

It was not unnatural that, in the midst of the changes that were going on in the political world, some of the operatives should feel a little anxiety whether their leader would stand steadfast, and whether his opinions on certain details in connection with the limitation of the hours of labour would remain unchanged. Mr. Mark Crabtree was appointed spokesman on behalf of the operatives of the West Riding, and, in fulfilling his mission, he added the expression of a fear lest, in the event of Sir Robert Peel forming a Ministry, Lord Ashley might accept some office which would embarrass him in these matters. To this he replied: “Without speculating on the probability of a Cabinet to be formed by Sir Robert Peel, or on the probability that I should be invited to take any subordinate station in his Government, I will never place myself in any situation where I shall not be as free as air to do everything that I may believe to be conducive to the happiness, comfort, and welfare of that portion of the working classes who have so long and confidently entrusted to me the care of their hopes and interests.”

June 29th.—Down here (Salisbury) to aid John.† This week will be a stirring one. God in His goodness give us the victory, but may He give us grace therewith to use it aright! But all success (I speak as a man) seems to hang on the London election, and the repulse of Lord John—it is proceeding at this very hour!

* Lord Jocelyn, son of the Earl of Roden, had married Lady Ashley's sister.

† The Hon. John Ashley, brother of Lord Ashley.

July 1st.—To London and back yesterday to vote for Rous,* who, though last in the field, was first at the poll. Not so John, who was defeated to-day by 55. This is a sad disappointment, but now it is lost, let us act as though it were better for us not to have won.

July 3rd.—Dorchester. I have just heard that Jocelyn has been defeated. Thus fall my hopes and efforts. The Ten Hours Bill, if not retarded, has lost a grand means of advance. Fresh toil, fresh obstacles, fresh anxieties await me. "*Ibi effusus labor.*"

July 4th.—Sunday. The book of Ruth is a beautiful picture of agricultural life, a happy peasantry and a good landlord. There are passages in it of unrivalled sweetness and beauty, exhibiting a state of things, and a simplicity of intercourse arising from and coloured by religion, such as this country *now* can never enjoy!

July 6th.—St. Giles's Rectory. Elected this morning for the fourth time as County Member without trouble and without expense.

In his speech to the electors of the county of Dorset, Lord Ashley reviewed the political history of the last ten years; the period since he first represented them in Parliament. The Corn Laws naturally furnished him with his principal subject. In the course of his remarks he said, "If the price of corn be low it will pauperise the producer; if the price of corn be high it will oppress the consumer, and thus you will have this constant and happy alternation, at one time stripping the farmer, at another time starving the people. I am anxious for the due maintenance and proper remuneration of the honest industry of this realm, and will never consent to any arrangement whatsoever that will abate by one farthing the wages of labour either in the county of Dorset, or in the town of Manchester. . . . This leads me to that which has been held out as a great boon—the cry of "Cheap bread." I hold that that cry is both absurd and wicked. It tells but half of the truth, and mystifies the other. Many things may be exceedingly cheap, but at the same time wholly unattainable. Let them *add* the other half of the story, low wages, and then you have the whole truth. And I beg you to recollect the budget of the itinerant philosophical Irishman, who entered a shop in one of the streets of London to inquire the price of eggs, and was informed "two for sixpence." He replied that in the county of Mayo, whence he had come, he could procure a dozen for the same money. "Then why did you not stay in Mayo?" was the question then put to him. "Arrah!" says he, "because I could not get the sixpence to buy them with!"

In the latter half of his speech he brought an exhaustive indictment against the Government in a series of charges, launched with tremendous vigour, and each justifying the vote of "No confidence."

July 12th.—Sat next to Peel at dinner last Saturday. What possesses that man? It was the neighbourhood of an iceberg with a slight thaw on the surface.

* Capt. Hon. Henry Rous, Member for Westminster, afterwards well known as Admiral Rous, the great authority and arbiter in all Turf matters, but always most distinguished for his integrity and honour amid somewhat doubtful surroundings.

We have triumphed in the W. Riding ! This is indeed a marvellous work, and calls loudly for our humblest and heartiest thanks.

July 13th.—Called on Oastler to-day in the Fleet Prison. I broke off from him when he became ungovernably violent, and dealt in language and advice which must have issued in fire and bloodshed. Years have now elapsed ; his fury has subsided, and his services must not be forgotten. No man has finer talents or a warmer heart ; his feelings are too powerful for control, and he has often been outrageous, because he knew that his principles were just. The factory children, and all the operatives, owe him an immense debt of gratitude. It is difficult to assign him his due portion of all the service that was rendered in the beginning of this mighty question. His employer, Mr. Thornhill, has used him infamously. I had intended to call on him a few weeks ago ; but, on reflection, I delayed my visit until after the elections, lest I should be suspected of an interested motive—of a desire to obtain his influence in the W. Riding. . . .

The result of the General Election was a gain to the Tories greater than the most sanguine had anticipated, the lists showing 368 Tories to 292 Liberals.

July 24th.—Shortly will begin a new Administration, and God grant it may open new hopes and new principles. . . . The country has no real confidence in Peel ; they have attempted this great experiment under a sense of duty, and many in a spirit of prayer ; but they do not disguise from themselves the awful probability that it may not please God to render Peel an instrument of good to this nation.

They fear his love of expediency, his perpetual egoism, his dread of an immovable principle, his delight in the praise of men. I confess they have much and sad truth on their side. I cannot see in him those great qualities which the present times peculiarly require—we need mighty virtues far more than mighty talents. He has abundance of human honesty, and not much of Divine faith ; he will never do a dishonourable thing, he will be ashamed of doing a religious one ; he will tolerate no jobs to win votes, he will submit to no obloquy to please God ; a well-turned phrase of compliment, and eulogy from John Russell or Macaulay, will attract him more than “Hast thou considered my servant Job ?” . . .

Wrote to him urgently and solemnly on the future conduct of his Government, and more especially on the danger of Puseyism. The more I reflect the more I thank God that I have written. For the country's sake, and for his own, I must ever feel the deepest interest in his public success and personal welfare.

July 28th.—London. Came up for a few hours from Panshanger. Her Majesty was there.

The letter referred to above was as follows :—

Lord Ashley to Sir Robert Peel.

BROADSTAIRS, *July 24th, 1841.*

MY DEAR SIR ROBERT,—I have ventured, during the last twelve months, to write to you with intimacy and confidence on two or three subjects. I

shall do so once more, and only once more, because a limit must be put to such interferences; nor would I have done so now, had I not felt that immense interests were involved in what, as it appears to me, is a right understanding of certain questions which will shortly come before you. We have obtained, by God's blessing, a most signal victory in the elections, the issue of which will, to all human probability, be your elevation to the Government of these kingdoms. I will not presume to talk of duties and responsibilities; few men can either know them or feel them more intensely than yourself; but I will tell you the very general language of many persons among the clergy, the middle classes, and the operatives—persons who may be fairly considered to represent the opinions of a vast portion of those classes.

My habits and pursuits have, of late years, brought me much into contact with a great variety of individuals and orders; they speak to me without reserve, and treat me with the intimacy of a friend. Now this is the sum and substance of their statements to me, and almost the very form of words universally adopted: "We have made immense efforts during the last few years to reject the present Ministers, but Sir Robert Peel and the Conservatives must not think that we have done so for him and their party—we have no more preference for them than for Lord John Russell and the Whigs; we look to the assertion and execution of great principles, and the maintenance of great interests; should we be disappointed, we shall become as hostile as we have hitherto been friendly."

But the Church will present more serious difficulties, and I fear more awful dangers, than any other matter of Government. There are now, within its bosom, two parties, divided against each other on principles irreconcilable, heart-stirring, and vital. The party denominated the Puseyites are strong in number, possess character and learning, but are confined chiefly to the clergy. Their opponents are the majority, but do not enjoy the advantage of being concentrated in an university; they have more piety, and less reading, but carry with them the great body of the laity. These parties regard one another with the greatest dislike and suspicion. The Puseyites consider their opponents as little better than Dissenters; the others look upon the Puseyites as inchoate Papists. You may estimate the feelings of each by the character of the opinions he holds of his antagonists. The Puseyites assert that the Evangelicals depreciate the authority of the Church and the Fathers; the Evangelicals maintain that the Puseyites prefer it to the Bible. My purpose, however, is simply to point out to you (and I do it with the most conscious sense of the perils to which the whole Church may be exposed) the consequences that must flow from the elevation, to high ecclesiastical offices, of persons distinguished for the new opinions. The Church will be shaken by violent commotions. The Low Church, as they are called, will believe, and will preach too, that Popery is encouraged and promoted. The prodigious zeal they have manifested against the present Ministers will re-act upon you. I say not that your Government can never withstand such an onset as that, but I do say that our Establishment will be destroyed.

I will not disguise from you my own belief that many of that party are actually Romanists in creed, and will declare themselves to be such whenever conscience gets the better of Jesuistry; that they are enemies to the

Reformation (God's best gift to this country) is proved by their hostility to its doctrines, and their reviling of its martyrs; that they are half-hearted to the Constitution is shown when they pervert into rebellion the Revolution of 1688, whitewashing James, and blackening King William.

Pray, during the short leisure you may enjoy before the meeting of Parliament, just look at the work I have sent you. It is by an impartial hand, a good man, and a Bishop of the Protestant Church in the United States; a person, therefore, disconnected from our party-strifes and ecclesiastical divisions. His treatise will show you how far the Oxford Theologians have departed from the Anglican, and how closely they have approached to the Roman Church.

You are now about to be summoned to the highest and most responsible of all earthly situations. No crowned head has a tenth part of the dignity and moral power that accompany the Prime Minister of the Sovereign of these realms; it will place you at the head, if you choose to assume it, of the political and religious movements of the whole world. No statesman will ever have acceded to office with so many and so fervent prayers to the throne of grace. My firm belief is that thousands and tens of thousands have daily poured forth the most heartfelt devotions that you might become an instrument in the hands of Almighty God, for the advancement and glory of His Church, the welfare of this people, and of all mankind. In these days of speciousness, of peril, and of perplexity, there is nothing to guide you through the false shoals on every side of your course but a vigorous and dauntless faith which, utterly disregarding the praise of men, and having a single eye to the glory of God, shall seek none but that which comes from Him only. . . .

Though your lot be cast in times of novel difficulties and unprecedented dangers, in times to produce events which will throw all the past into a shade, they believe that, while your conflict may be tremendous, your reward will be ample. If the piety of your supporters can be of any avail (and we know from Scripture that it is), you will be sustained by the prayers of a noble company, many unknown to you and to me, and perhaps to any but God and their own hearts, who will "wish you good luck in the name of the Lord." And for myself, let me say that, whether you shall be destined, in God's wisdom, to success or to defeat, to power or to retirement, I shall ever desire your real honour and your real happiness, both in time and in eternity.

Believe me, &c. &c.,

P.S.—Do not answer this letter.

ASHLEY.

Having determined to watch the working of the Factory Act in all its bearings, and being especially anxious to elicit the opinion of the operatives, and to observe the effect of the Act as regarded themselves, Lord Ashley seized the first opportunity that presented itself, and set off into Lancashire on a tour of inspection.

August 2nd.—Manchester. Came here on a factory tour to see the latest improvements (!) in machinery. Went to a meeting of operatives and talked to them; poor fellows, the times are heavy, and their position is most distressing, nor can I foresee any possibility of amendment for them; the Ten

Hours Bill would come too late for all the practical purposes we once predicted ; the evil unchecked has attained so fearful a height that human legislation is mere verbiage. The meeting went off very well. I expressed sympathy and friendship—it soothed their spirits, and somewhat lightened the burthen by an apparent sharing of it. The clergy here, as usual, are cowed by capital and power. I find none who “cry aloud and spare not;” but so it is everywhere. Two more clergy, I am happy to say, in other parts, have offered me assistance, Mr. Sparks Byers and Archdeacon Wilberforce ; Mr. Byers has been singularly active and friendly.

August 6th.—Leeds. Convened meetings at Bolton, Ashton, Huddersfield, and Leeds ; success went on increasing, and each reception was more hearty and affectionate than the last. What a sin it is to be ignorant of the sterling value and merit of these poor men ! A few words of kindness are as effectual with them as a force of fifty thousand soldiers on a French population. Never have I met with such respect and affection as on this journey. I see and feel the truth of Oastler’s observation, “they are neither infidels nor Jacobins ; they love the Monarchy and they love religion.” It is most correct, though they have been denied the blessings of the one, and excluded from the benefits of the other. O God, the God of all righteousness, mercy, and love, give us all grace and strength to conceive and execute whatever may be for Thine honour and their welfare, that we may become at the last, through the merits and intercession of our common Redeemer, a great and a happy, because a wise and understanding, people.

In a speech at Leeds, Lord Ashley instanced the case of a young woman in a mill at Stockport, who had been caught by the machinery, whirled round, and dashed to the ground, with limbs broken and body mutilated. Her employers deducted eighteenpence from her wages for the unexpired portion of the week since the accident happened ! In illustration of the thoroughness of the manner in which Lord Ashley worked on behalf of the operatives, the sequel to the story may be told here. He prosecuted the mill-owners, with the result that they had to pay £100 damages to the girl, and expenses on both sides, amounting to £600. The expenditure of a few shillings in the first instance, in properly boxing off the machinery, would have saved this loss to the mill-owners and the more terrible loss to the injured girl. It was thus that he impressed on the minds of the operatives the value of law, and proved to them that it was not necessarily opposed to the interests of the working classes.

August 16th.—Broadstairs. Passed a few days happily with my wife and kids. A letter from Peel in answer. He is civil and even kind, but says nothing to inspire confidence, and he dislikes Puseyites because they have abused him in the *British Critic*, not because of their political and religious opinions.

Sir Robert Peel to Lord Ashley.

DRAYTON MANOR, Aug. 1st, 1841.

MY DEAR ASHLEY,—You never need make the slightest apology for communicating to me, in the most frank and unreserved manner, your own opinions upon public matters. or information you may receive as to the opinions of others.

The books you mentioned have safely reached me, and they have already received some attention from me. If you will read a late article in the *British Critic*, you will find that I do not stand very high in the estimation of the Puseyites. I hope I am doing that party an injustice in supposing that they would countenance such spiteful and malevolent feelings, concealed under the thin garb of superior piety, as that article exhibits. Still, I suppose the *British Critic* is a Puseyite organ.

I have no doubt you state correctly both the extent and the bitterness of the feud which is raging in the Church. It is fit and right that men should adhere steadfastly to sincere religious opinions, and should enforce and maintain them with all the ability and strength of argument they can command; but it frequently happens that these zealous controversialists on religious matters leave, on the mind of their readers, one conviction stronger than any other, namely, that Christian charity is consumed in their burning zeal for their own opinions. I have read some controversies of late which have made me rejoice that the parties to them have no other power over their neighbour than to abuse and defame him.

Ever most faithfully yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

August 27th.—Fresh difficulties beset my path. The master-spinners have held a meeting in Manchester, and have resolved to oppose *any* Bill that I can bring in. This determines much of my course. I knew what *I* should do before; I now can guess what *Peel* will do: he will succumb to the capitalists and reject my Factory Bill. No human power, therefore, shall induce me to accept office. I am bound by every obligation, human and Divine, not to allow myself to be placed in any situation where I may not be equally, if not better, circumstanced to advance these great interests. My part is resolved. If Peel oppose me, nay, even if he does not support me, I will surrender interest and ambition to the cause; I will persevere in it, God helping me, through storm and sunshine; I will commit all to Christ, and, trusting in Him, I shall never be confounded.

An incident in connection with the appointments of the new Ministry will be read with peculiar interest, told as it is, in the Diary, with vivid minuteness, and with all the warmth and fervour of the moment at which it occurred.

In offering an appointment to Lord Ashley, it was evidently the desire of Sir Robert Peel to place him in some sinecure office where he would be kept quiet; and his "high morality" was made the pretext for requiring his services in the Royal Household. The Factory Question was now one of the burning questions of the day. It had materially influenced the past elections, and it was gathering around it forces which threatened to become increasingly formidable. To silence the leader of the movement, by luring him to accept an office in which it would be impossible for him to carry on a great political agitation, was a stroke of policy worth any effort. It was a grave mistake, however, to offer an inferior post. No doubt it was the intention of Sir Robert Peel, in the event of the offer being declined, to press upon him a

higher and more congenial appointment; but that intention was frustrated by the reception given to his first proposal. Lord Ashley's pride was naturally wounded. He had a right to expect a more adequate appreciation of his services to his country; he could not regard the offer as other than an insult to the position he had taken in great national questions, and to the causes he represented.

Sir Robert Peel did not know the man with whom he had to deal. He was incapable of realising the high and generous motives of one who, for the sake of the poor, and the wretched, and the oppressed, was ready to sacrifice position and emolument, and close upon himself the gates leading to political power—through which the majority of men are only too eager to pass at all hazards.

Lord Ashley, on the other hand, saw through the man with whom he had to deal; perceived the speciousness of his arguments, and the injury any compliance with them would do to the cause he had so warmly at heart, and at once resolved upon the course of action he would pursue. He determined that he would not accept any office, of any kind, under any conditions which would interfere with his perfect freedom to act in the interests of the factory operatives.

To the resolution taken on this occasion he was faithful throughout his life. In 1845 Sir Robert Peel urged him with great persistency to accept a place in the Cabinet, but he again declined. Under different Administrations, and from opposite sides, he was urged to take office; but his resolution was fixed and unalterable. "There are still 1,600,000 operatives," was his reply to Lord Derby, as late as 1866, "excluded from the benefits of the Factory Acts; until they are brought under the protection of the law, I cannot take office."

August 30th.—Peel sent for me this morning; and having put into my hands an order from the Queen to attend her at Windsor, desired my advice, "Who shall be Lord Steward, who Lord Chamberlain? Shall I propose Lord Liverpool for the Stewardship?" . . . He then opened his budget, as I had anticipated, and proposed that I should accept an office in the Household. He re-stated his arguments of 1839. I told him the case was altered; the Court was no longer the same, the Queen was two years older, had a child, and a husband to take care of her. I added, moreover, 'You misunderstand the Court; a man, however high his rank in social life, is placed according to his official position; the Queen cannot, consistently with etiquette, admit one in a subordinate station to intimacy and confidence; she would speak to me as Treasurer, only in the language of authority.' . . . He asked me "what he should say to the Queen if she proposed my name;" we agreed he should say, "he would confer with me on the point." I then requested two minutes, in which I expressed to him *most emphatically* all that I had put down in my entry of the 27th. I told him I had intentionally compromised myself, and that while I was ready to serve him as shoe-black for the interests of a Conservative Government, I would not abate my principles by the breadth of a hair. This was indispensable even to the discussion on taking office. He said he did not know the *present* position of the Factory

Question. I told him. "I can talk to you about it another time," he said, and dismissed me coldly. There is not a shadow of reason for desiring me to take an appointment at the Court; the truth is that he thinks me too full of my own opinions and principles, too ready to act on my own judgment and conscience, and likely, in consequence, to be independent, and therefore troublesome in office—thus he will not appoint me to a situation of power; he can hardly replace me in the Admiralty, because I have a right to promotion: he finds, therefore, a sort of reason for putting me out of the way into the Palace. I was much struck that he did not, as in 1839, apologise to me for making such an offer, nor did he say anything about its being unworthy of me.

August 31st.—The Queen at least has said nothing about me, for Peel has returned from Windsor, and has not sent for me—thus another excuse is cut from him. . . .

This majority of ninety-one* has infused much confidence, more perhaps than will prove advantageous. In 1834, when he proffered me an office, and I begged him to think of men who would take offence if omitted, "My object," said he, "is to win the confidence of the country by my appointments; it is to persons of your character that I look." When in 1839 I pleaded the Factory Question as a bar to my acceptance of place, he absolutely (I now see his manner, and hear his voice) "pooh-poohed" it as a thing as easy to be adopted by him as a breath of wind. In both these cases he had no majority, and was desirous of getting one. He is now successful, and is proportionally indifferent and frigid.

Sept. 1st.—We were encouraged to propound and maintain sturdy principles in Opposition, whether aggressive or defensive. We are now told "not to be extreme;" "Every man must not run his own hare;" "We must concede part of our principles to preserve the remainder," and such-like time-serving balderdash. Peel, to be sure, has always avoided any principles at all, he has thriven on the generous "imprudence" of his supporters. Thus it is on all sides; there are two sorts of truth, both of them convenient, according to circumstances—one for Opposition, one for Government! I detest this "public morality." I cannot but feel indignation when I remember the cool, careless way in which Peel endeavoured to shelve me on the establishment of the Palace—not an apology, not a regret, not a civil word! He said, to gild the pill, that he wanted my advice, and then asked it on one point where, it was clear, he had already made up his mind. It would have been far more becoming, and even more kind, to have left me unnoticed altogether.

The period of suspense and anxiety was, happily, short. On the 2nd of September, Lord Ashley called upon Sir Robert Peel at mid-day in compliance with his request.

Sept. 3rd. . . . I did not go without hearty prayer to God for a right judgment in all things, and strength of mind to act in accordance with it; above all, that I might come to that decision which might most conduce to the glory of God and the real welfare of mankind. Saw him; he renewed his proposition, totally disregarding, and treating as unworthy of mention, my

* The majority against the Melbourne Ministry after three nights' debate on the Address.

difficulties on the score of the Factory Bill. He urged the Queen's desires and the Queen's wishes, &c., admitting, however, that his reception had been gracious. I re-stated the obstacles: he observed that this limitation of the hours of labour would require the deliberations of several Cabinets, as a great Ministerial measure. I told him the question was not a novel one; it had been frequently discussed in the House of Commons during the last ten years; if further inquiry were necessary for others, it could not be so for me; it had excited the sympathies and interests of many thousands in the country, and had, in fact, carried the West Riding, and other places, at the General Election. He was extremely urgent, seemed much distressed, talked of my unblemished reputation, &c., the necessity of having such ones about the Court. I said, "Consider my position; I have, during ten years, enforced these principles; I have told the Government (being in strong Opposition) that they did not know the rights and interests of the working classes, that they were indifferent to their welfare, and were ignorant of the wants of human nature; that the question was vital, and concerned the permanency of the social edifice; that I would never allow it to be tainted by party; that I should push it under all circumstances, whoever might be the Leader of the House of Commons, and whichever the party in power. I have spoken and acted in this spirit; and can I now, because my friends hold office, either withdraw or modify the principles I have declared to be sacred? Did I do so, I should, first, be deprived of all those requisites, moral character, &c., to which you attach so high a value; and, secondly, I should be rendered incapable of accomplishing the purpose for which alone you desire my adhesion."

He proposed various middle courses, all of which I rejected as useless to him and injurious to myself. He thought I might take office, reserving to myself the right, as he said, "of entering into some other arrangements without any general disturbance," and thus resuming my power to urge the question. "It cannot," he observed, "become a subject of discussion before the spring." "I should, by so doing," I replied, "convey an universal impression that you were favourable to my views; and let me observe that it would be far less injurious were I to decline office *now*, saying that your minds were undetermined—and I could not consent to shackle my free action by joining a doubtful Government—than to remain with you four months, and then declare that, on experience, I found you so hostile to the working classes, that I could not go on with you. A resignation demands stronger reasons than a non-union. Besides, to take office in the belief that I shall vacate it in four months would be held puerile, and perhaps deceptive." I was bound, moreover, by the words, *the calculated* words, of my letter to Crabtree, "not to place myself in any situation where I should not be as free as air to maintain and advance the interests of this great question." "During the four months of interval, I must remain quiet; I could not, as a member of the Government, marshal forces, collect evidence, gather materials for an explosion in the House of Commons." "You could not," he said, "have any open agitation." All this I urged in reply to an argument that there was a wide difference between an office in the Household and a political appointment. Goulburn then came in, and Peel desired me to discuss the question with him. I agreed to do so. . . . Peel then came back and

begged me to speak to Graham, submit the matter to other men, &c., all of which I promised, because, *although I was resolved*, it seemed delicate and kind so to do. "Mark you," I said, "a change of conduct would involve a total ruin of character—this, perhaps, would hurt no one but myself with reference to the individual, but it does so happen that I am, at this moment, no doubt unworthily, the representative of the whole aristocracy in respect of the operatives—should I deceive them, they will never henceforward believe that there exists a single man of station or fortune who is worthy to be trusted." I retired, and stated the case to Henry Corry, Lincoln,* and Jowett—all declared the necessity of my alliance with the Government; Lincoln alone *hoped* that a middle course might be found, but he could not devise one. I sent for Seeley, who was very decided. I shall ever keep his letter as full and satisfactory.

Wrote a decided negative to Peel, and sent it at eight o'clock this morning with Seeley's letter.

Notwithstanding this decided negative, Sir Robert Peel, within a few hours, again sent for Lord Ashley, desiring his presence in Whitehall.

Went there, dreading a revival of the conflict and all the distressing circumstances of our late interview—had been miserable for hours and continued so—I was somewhat angry too, recollecting how urgent he had been to overpower my conscience by entreaty, and determined, if that were renewed, to cut the matter short. Told me he had heard again from the Queen, who desired to know whether I were to be about the Court; I repeated my objections; urged that I could have no object in public life but to obtain a good Conservative Government. . . . We were silent for a few minutes. I then said, "You will some day see and confess the service I have been able to render; the country has resisted all agitation on the Corn Laws; I had agents in Lancashire and Yorkshire before the elections, and during the elections there was the greatest tranquillity; depend upon it, I had a material influence over the return of the West Riding, and I know that I have conciliated thousands of hearts to our blessed Constitution." "Oh! this I fully and freely admit," was the reply. "Well, then," he continued, "I still hope some means may be found for bringing us together, and that at no distant period, when we come to look into matters, and examine individual cases (I hardly understood the expression), we may find a way." I fully concurred, having concluded that he meant to investigate the question with a strong bias to concede it. Be it so—much, I fear, of the grace and popularity will be gone. He then rose and said, "I suppose I must convey a negative to the Queen." "A solemn principle," I answered, "and a deep feeling of conscience, stand between me and my acceptance of office." He was very kind in his manner, and, having shaken my hand very warmly, "I have never," he said, "in the whole of my public life, experienced half so much pain as in your refusal of office;" he then left me.

I forgot to mention that on the second day, towards the close of the interview, Peel said, "If I believed you preferred *civil* office, I should, of course, make

* Afterwards Duke of Newcastle.

arrangements to that end." This was very well after I had declared an objection in principle to the acceptance of office at all !

Now it is clear that he wanted my *name*, and *nothing* but my name. Had he desired anything else, he would never have pressed on me a department in which I could exhibit nothing good but my legs in white shorts ; every day of such tenure throwing me more and more out of the way of political occupation. So long as he thought I was persuadable he stuck to the Treasurership ; when he saw I was obstinate he purchased a little power of flourish, by appearing to propose what, it was evident, I could not accept.

I have been fourteen years in Parliament, twice in office ; in both cases I have won, thank God, esteem and honour ; I have taken part in many debates, I have proposed great questions, I have been mixed up with the most important undertakings of the day, and been prominent in all ; vast numbers are good enough to have confidence in my principles and character ; no one questions the great services I have rendered to the Conservative cause, and all this was to be henceforward employed in ordering dinners and carrying a white wand !! The thing was a plain, cruel, unnecessary insult. Here is an additional proof. When I urged, in the first interview, the needlessness of my appointment, the Queen being now in the position of a matron, "Yes, but," said he, "it would be desirable to exhibit a '*high morality* ;' still," he continued, "we should display a *contrast* to the bad appointments of the late Administration at Court." Now, what has taken place ? I was to be cajoled and persuaded to sacrifice my public honesty, and lower myself by taking an inferior place, on the ground that my morality was necessary to please the country and facilitate his Government ! He had already, I now hear, offered the situation of Vice-Chamberlain to Lord (the hero of Madame Grisi), who had remarked himself, "Thank God my character is *too bad* for a Household place ! !" *Morality*, therefore, was not the reason for putting me at Court.

I hear now that I was discussed for a variety of offices—Secretaryship for Ireland, &c.—but Peel thought me "impracticable," which means, in other words, that I had an opinion and principles of my own.

This is a melancholy issue with which to begin a Government after ten years of Opposition—we break down in a day the favour and popularity we have been slowly accumulating during many years, and it can never be fully and freely recovered. Should Peel concede the question (a bold hypothesis), the honour will come to *me alone*, and not, as I desire, to Conservative rule and Conservative principle. My exertions must be directed now to retain and increase the influence I possess, in the hope that I may be enabled to transfer it all, under happier circumstances, to the cause of paternal and constitutional government. . . . Thus the decisive step is taken, and I have chosen that course which will exclude me, perhaps for ever, from a share in the official government of this kingdom. I foresaw and forechose this issue. But a man is not his own ; he must do his duty and give his whole self to whatsoever it may please God to assign him. There are paths of profit and honour ; there are paths of "no gain" and humility—that one alone must be followed where God is "a light and a lantern unto our feet." In this spirit I addressed the operatives before the dissolution, knowing that, while I warmed and encouraged their hearts, and stirred them up to support the Conservative candidates (especially

in the West Riding), I was shutting the door of power against my own entrance. In this spirit I made my tour in the Factory districts, and have exhibited thereby the moral impossibility of a retreat from my opinions. I shall reap the fruit of this decision. All who have any respect for principle will approve my conduct; and I shall be still able to bring to the aid of the Conservative party, all the weight and influence (perhaps greatly increased) that I ever possessed. Alas, how men in general treat great principles as means, and not as ends. They regard my Factory Question as the road to notoriety and influence, but the *accomplishment* of the mighty moral and social benefits it involves can wait for "a more convenient season." Perish such time-serving!

The step that Lord Ashley had taken met with the highest praise from those who were most interested in his career. Commendations came in from all quarters, and he says, "My pen would blush were I to detail the lofty, glowing, grateful praises I have received."

Sept. 6th.—Wrote on Saturday to Crabtree and Turner, stating the case for the information of the Operatives. I must do all that I can, *and have a right to do*, to mitigate the unpopularity. We must uphold the Conservative Government, for, although it be not good, another would be terrible.

Lord Ashley's letter to Mr. Crabtree, the Secretary of the Yorkshire Central Short-time Committee, was as follows:—

LONDON, Sept. 4, 1841.

MR. CRABTREE,—In answer to your inquiry, on behalf of the Operatives of the West Riding of Yorkshire, I have to reply that an office was tendered to me by Sir Robert Peel. Having, however, ascertained from him that his opinions on the Factory Question were not matured, and that he required further time for deliberation, I declined the acceptance of any place, under circumstances which would impede, or even limit, my full and free action in the advancement of that measure which I consider to be vital both to the welfare of the working classes and the real interests of the country.

In taking this course, however, I neither express nor feel despair. It will be your duty and mine, not only to persevere, but to redouble our efforts; and I will still entertain a hope that Her Majesty's advisers, after an investigation conducted with sympathy and candour, will, under God's good Providence, give to us all an answer of happiness and peace.

I remain,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

ASHLEY.

MR. MARK CRABTREE,

Bradford, Yorkshire.

In commenting upon this letter, Mr. Philip Grant, in his "History of Factory Legislation," says:—"The sacrifice thus made can only be appreciated by those who best understood the pecuniary position of this noble-minded man. He had at that time a large and increasing family, with an

income not equal to many of our merchants' and bankers' servants, and a position, as the future representative of an ancient and aristocratic family, to maintain. By this step, political power, patronage, social ties, family comforts, nay, everything that was calculated to forward the ease and comfort of himself, and in some degree of his family, were laid down at the feet of the Factory children of these districts, and freely given up for the sake of the sacred cause of which he had become the leader."

Sept. 7th.—Peel again desired to see me. It was to urge the acceptance of an office in Prince Albert's Household. I declined it, as involving the same principle as the other, yet without touching the question whether I would take any "Household appointment" at all. Prince Albert had offered it himself as a middle-term.

Sept. 9th.—Another interview with Peel. Albert desired a Peer for his Household, but to "secure such a man as Lord Ashley" (these are his words) "he would willingly take a Commoner." I felt the whole force of his kind expressions, but stuck to my decision. Peel admitted that in principle all these appointments were the same.

Sept. 11th.—Broadlands. Arrived here yesterday by railway; very inconvenient to come, but I could not refuse, lest a thought should cross Palmerston's mind that, *had he still been in office*, I should eagerly have visited him for the news and gossip, or the Jewish business. My letter to the Operatives has been very successful. It has had in Bradford a soothing effect; it has abated the fall without saving Peel's popularity—he never will be a popular Minister. The Ministry is now complete. On a revision of my course, I feel more and more assured that I have been led to a right judgment. I feel a real solid peace and internal satisfaction. God be praised, the good I *have* rendered to the Conservative cause must be measured by the evil I *should have* done had I abandoned my professions. . . . I want not office. I will run, by God's help, the course I have begun, steering clear between right-hand defections and left-hand fallings off. My finances are low, very low, but I and mine have yet, blessed be His name, the barrel of meal and the cruse of oil.

The Peel Ministry was apparently strong, and came into power with every hopeful prospect. It included Lord Lyndhurst as Lord Chancellor; Lord Wharncliffe, President of the Council; Sir James Graham, Home Secretary; Lord Aberdeen at the Foreign Office; Lord Stanley, Colonial Secretary. The Duke of Wellington was Leader in the House of Lords, without office.

Sept. 17th. . . . A request from Peel, in a most complimentary letter, to insert my name in the Ecclesiastical Commission. This, of course, I accede to, as it brings no salary and no official restraint.

After these episodes we find Lord Ashley again in the midst of the work nearest his heart.

Sept. 27th.—What a perambulation have I taken to-day in company with Dr. Southwood Smith! What scenes of filth, discomfort, disease! What scenes of

moral and mental ill ! Perambulated many parts of Whitechapel and Bethnal Green, to see, with my own eyes, the suffering and degradation which unwholesome residences inflict on the poorer classes. No pen nor paint-brush could describe the thing as it is. One whiff of Cowyard, Blue Anchor, or Baker's Court, outweighs ten pages of letterpress.

And yet the remedial Bills for ventilation, drainage, and future construction of the houses of the poor, brought in carefully and anxiously by the late Government, are not to be adopted by *this* ! so I was informed this evening, and I blessed God that I formed no part of it.

Sept. 28th.—Windsor Castle. The Queen very kind and amiable. Evelyn and Maurice with us—Sir R. and Lady Peel, Lincoln, Lord Aberdeen, and St. Aulaire. . . .

Oct. 5th.—Sat to-day, for the first time, on the Ecclesiastical Commission. I see clearly I shall not like it. . . . I have just heard from Jowett that Bickersteth has undergone a slight seizure of something akin to paralysis—may God in His goodness be pleased to spare and restore this “master in Israel.” I know nothing that would give me greater pain, scarcely anything that I should consider a heavier loss to myself as a friend, to evangelical religion, and the Jews, than his incapacity or removal—the prayers of individuals and of the Church should be offered up for him. Nevertheless if it be the will of our All-wise and All-good Father to put out so great a light, we must submit in faith, and be thankful that we have possessed him so long.

Oct. 7th.—In yesterday's *Chronicle*, Normanby appears as having stated in the House of Lords that he should consign the drainage and ventilation Bills to me as “an independent member.” Received a letter from him this morning to say that he had presumed to do so on the strength of my interest in them, the Government being unwilling to adopt the measures. I replied that “I would readily undertake both labour and anxiety for so good a cause, and that I was, moreover, bound to oblige him in return for his kindness in the Chimney Sweepers' Bill, and the Infant Commission.” Had a sad and shocking walk yesterday in Bethnal Green. What are we made of in this world ! A very little trouble, and a very little money, would place thousands in health and comfort.

Oct. 9th.—Found a new ally in the Factory cause. The author of the “History of the Peninsular War,” Colonel Napier, has addressed to me some “observations.” I am happy to record the alliance of another clergyman—the Rev. Henry Christmas called on me to offer the free use of the *Church of England Magazine* ; —he expressed great sympathy and interest. God be praised ! I need every help. The Duke of Buckingham friendly to the utmost extent.

Colonel Napier to Lord Ashley.

BATH, Oct. 9th, 1841.

MY LORD,—I had not desired Mr. Boone to send your Lordship one of my pamphlets on the Corn Laws, nor was I aware that he had done so until I received your letter.

Not having the honour of your acquaintance, I should not have presumed to force upon your attention, privately, my opinions or compliments, but I felt

bound, as a public man, to express my profound esteem for the only politician known to me who looked upon the working classes and their sufferings with the feelings of a man, and as something to be attended to without reference to their value as a subject of partisan politics. I do not mean to say that I know of no other public man who does not feel for them, but you are the only one who has made that generous feeling paramount, and rendered your party views and personal ambition subservient to your benevolence.

I feel very much obliged to you for your speech and for the narrative of William Dodd. I am not much in the habit of reading these accounts of the horrors of the factory system; I know they must be great from reasoning, and I have seen them also, and hence, having made up my mind as to the facts, I have endeavoured to avoid the contemplation of them in detail, lest they should drive me into extravagance of thought and language.

I am not, from ill-health and the cares of a very large family, able to throw myself, as I could wish, into this struggle for a redress of these direful ills; but I will, as far as I can, be always ready to aid your Lordship with my whole ability, in your efforts in such a cause as that of ameliorating the condition of the working classes of England, and your Lordship may rest assured that you will by your efforts do more than any other public man has done, or is likely to do, in preventing the convulsion which must inevitably result from unendurable sufferings uncare for and unattended to.

I remain, my Lord, with the utmost esteem,

Your obedient servant,

W. NAPIER.

The year 1841 was memorable for an event which excited an intense enthusiasm among all sections of religious society throughout the country, and will always remain a subject of interest, inasmuch as it "brought to a test the principles which determined the action of each of the several schools of thought in the country"—namely, the establishment of an Anglican Bishopric in Jerusalem.

By the treaty of July 13th, 1841, signed in London, Palestine was declared to be entirely and solely under the suzerainty of Turkey, and this circumstance directed the attention of Christians in Europe to their fellow-Christians in the Land of Promise, especially at Jerusalem. No one felt a keener interest in the situation than Frederick William IV., King of Prussia, the brother of the present German Emperor. From childhood he had cherished the idea of ameliorating the condition of Christians in the Holy Land, and the fact of public concern in the question having been aroused, so soon after his accession to the throne, on the 7th June, 1840, seemed to him to be a "special providence." He determined, therefore, to take advantage of the terms of the Treaty, to procure for the Evangelical Churches, for all future time, the same legal recognition in Turkey which the Greek and Latin Churches had long previously enjoyed. His design was to endeavour to raise the position of Christians in the East, and otherwise to benefit the Holy Land. This idea, he felt, was "capable of general extension, not merely as a Prussian, but as a German question; and again, not merely as a German, but

a general Protestant question, when viewed in its connection with the entire Protestant Church."

It was believed that as the most important political rights were connected with such recognition of independent ecclesiastical existence, enormous benefits would accrue, "particularly as, independently of the increased impulse arising from scientific research and ecclesiastical interest, the growing intercourse of the nations would necessarily, for the future, lead thither Protestant Christians in greater number than hitherto, and possibly, on account of the political rights acquired, give rise there to colonies of importance."

Having decided in his own mind that Jerusalem—the historical centre of Judaism and Christianity—was the place to exhibit the true unity and Catholicity of the Church of Christ, varying no doubt in form, but of one common origin, the first steps of the King were directed to ascertain what establishments were in existence there, in order that he might associate his scheme with one of them.

Two influential societies of the Church of England were already doing good work in Jerusalem, namely, the Church Missionary Society, and the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. The latter Society had begun its labours in Palestine as early as 1820, and had carried them on with considerable success. During the Egyptian rule, which was favourable to European undertakings, they had acquired a valuable site on Mount Zion for the erection of a church, and on February 10th, 1840, the foundation-stone was laid.

Here was the desired opportunity for the co-operation of the King, who sent forthwith for the Chevalier Bunsen, one of his Privy Councillors, then in Berne, and requested him to proceed at once to England as a Special Envoy to inquire—

"In how far the English National Church, already in possession of a parsonage on Mount Zion, and having commenced there the building of a church, would be inclined to accord to the Evangelical Church of Prussia a sisterly position in the Holy Land."

It was deemed by his Majesty that the first condition and step towards the proposed unity of action would be the institution by the Church of England of a Bishopric at Jerusalem, to include all Protestant Churches in the Holy Land within its pale, so far as they should be disposed to accept the inclusion. To this end he was willing to devote, out of his own purse, the sum of £15,000 towards the endowment of such Bishopric, the annual interest of that sum, amounting to £600, to be paid yearly in advance, till the capital sum—together with that which should be raised by public subscription for the purpose of completing the Bishop's annual income of £1,200—could be advantageously invested in land situated in Palestine. It was proposed that the Bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland at Jerusalem should be nominated alternately by the Crowns of England and Prussia, the Archbishop of Canterbury having the absolute right of veto with respect to those nominated by the Prussian Crown. The Bishop should be subject to

the Archbishop of Canterbury as his Metropolitan; his spiritual jurisdiction should extend over the English clergy and congregations in Palestine, and, for the present, in the rest of Syria, Chaldea, Egypt, and Abyssinia, such jurisdiction being exercised, as nearly as might be, according to the laws, canons, and customs of the Church of England. Germans intended for the charge of Protestant congregations were to be ordained according to the ritual of the English Church, and to sign the Articles of that Church; and, in order that they might not be disqualified by the laws of Germany from officiating to German congregations, they were, before they received ordination, to exhibit to the Bishop a certificate of their having subscribed, before some competent authority, the Confession of Augsburg.

Chevalier Bunsen, the Special Envoy selected for this important and delicate mission, was probably the very best man that could, under any circumstances, have been found for the task. He was a man "so thoroughly friendly and genial, so ready to meet people of all kinds on their own ground, so little affecting dignified reserve, so free from the airs of diplomacy," that he at once gained the hearts of those with whom he came in contact. He was a man of vast learning, and had been for some time Prussian Minister in Rome, in succession to Niebuhr, whose private secretary he had been, and whose friendship he had enjoyed. Subsequently he was accredited to the Swiss Confederacy, from whence he was recalled to undertake this special mission. In the year 1834, as we have seen, Lord Ashley, who was one of the prime movers in the negotiations for the establishment of the Bishopric in Jerusalem, made acquaintance with Bunsen in Rome, and formed a very high estimate of the excellence of his character.

Bunsen arrived in London on the 19th of June, and, from this time forth, the entries in the Journal of Lord Ashley are largely occupied with matters relating to his mission. A few of them, for convenience, are grouped together here.

June 24th.—My friend Bunsen has just called, and has brought me a most honourable and gratifying message from the King of Prussia. May the blessing of God's saints of old, of David, and of Hezekiah, be on him and his for ever! But all things are now wonderful. The mission of Bunsen is a wonder; God grant that its issue may be a wonder!

July 12th.—The negotiations on the part of his Prussian Majesty with the English Cabinet and the English Church proceed well. I have arranged a meeting between Peel and Bunsen. Now, has Peel a heart like Solomon's—"large as the sands of the sea"? If he has, here is matter, political and religious, enough to fill it—a combination of Protestant thrones, bound by temporal interests and eternal principles, to plant under the banner of the Cross, God's people on the mountains of Jerusalem! These things are too hard for me. I have undertaken more than I can discharge, nay, even more than I can express.

The designation of Dr. Alexander, a Hebrew convert to the Christian faith, to the Bishopric gave unqualified satisfaction to Lord Ashley. Although in his Journal there is no reference to the selection of Dr. Alexander, and

many gaps occur which cause him to express regret that there has been no opportunity to record continuously the stirring incidents of the times, we find under the date of July 19th that Chevalier Bunsen recorded in *his* Diary :—“This is a great day. I am just returned from Lord Palmerston. The principle is admitted, and orders are to be transmitted accordingly to Lord Ponsonby at Constantinople to demand the acknowledgment required. The successor of St. James will embark in October. He is by race an Israelite; born a Prussian in Breslau; in confession belonging to the Church of England; ripened (by hard work) in Ireland; twenty years Professor of Hebrew and Arabic in England (in what is now King’s College). So the beginning is made, please God, for the restoration of Israel. When I read, with the warm-hearted, clear-headed Lord Ashley, the translation of the Minute, he exclaimed, ‘Since the days of David, no king has ever spoken such words!’ It was his fortunate idea that directed the choice of the future Bishop.”

Aug. 16th.—Two or three days ago wrote to that unequalled Sovereign the King of Prussia. Bunsen told me it would be acceptable to him, and I rejoiced in the opportunity of venting my feelings of gratitude and admiration. I must honour him still more as an especial instrument of God’s surprising wisdom and mercy.

Sept. 23rd.—The Bill for creating the Bishopric of Jerusalem passed last night! May the blessing of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, be with it now and for ever! I wish I had put down in detail the whole progress of this wonderful measure, of all I have said, felt, and done in it; but time has failed me for half of the things I would perform or write. All that I can say is that, under God’s especial blessing, *pars magna fui*.

Sept. 28th. . . . A long letter from Bickersteth narrating the prodigious sensation the Jewish Question is creating in Liverpool. Twenty-four sermons on one Sunday in our behalf!

Oct. 12th.—The Archbishop confesses that without the Jewish Society he cannot proceed, and that the question is deeply rooted in the heart of England. He is right, and I bless God. This incarnation of love for God’s people is the truest Conservative principle, and will save the country. Peel, too, feels it, for he hastened to assure me that no obstacles should stand in the way of the consecration of a Bishop. I had written to him at Windsor, anticipating Aberdeen’s hostility, and stating that “the unprecedented assistance rendered to our cause by Palmerston would form a most pernicious contrast with the opposition of a Conservative Government.” Even Aberdeen has relaxed, and is, so Bunsen tells me, less unfavourable. Would he have been so if I had not written and exhibited the strong feeling of the country, and the consequences of obstruction? Really it is wonderful to trace the finger of God: let us call it the “leading” of Providence in all this affair. Had Bunsen arrived a month later, we should not now, humanly speaking, have reached even the point of stating the case. Palmerston went forward with the zeal of an apostle (“howbeit, I fear, he thinketh not so”), did in three weeks what at another time, or, as it seems, under any influence but mine, he would not have listened to in twelve months, fanned the weak embers of willing but timid spirit in the Bishops, and made that to be necessary and

irrevocable which his successors would have thought the attribute of a maniac, even in imagination.

But oh, the monstrosities of Puseyism! The Bishop of London is beset, and half brow-beaten, by the clamorous and uncatholic race. He showed Bunsen to-day a letter from Dr. Pusey beginning, "It is now for the first time that the Church of England holds communication with those that are *without the Church!*" This is the holy, Christian, Catholic way in which he speaks of all the congregations of Protestant Germany. Towards the end he adds: "The Church of England will thus be declared protectress of all Protestant communions." What can be so dreadful?

The Puseyite object is this, "to effect a reconciliation with Rome;" ours, with Protestantism; they wish to exalt Apostolical Succession so high as to make it paramount to all moral purity and all doctrinal truth; we, to respect it so as to shift it from Abiathar to Zadok. . . .

Events in the East, especially in Syria, tended in various ways to confirm the impression, which was borne into the heart of Lord Ashley, the King of Prussia, and the principal leaders of the movement, that a "special providence" was opening the way for an extraordinary evangelisation of the peoples. The Druses—"warders on the mount of the world's secret, since the birth of time"—a fanatical sect worshipping a prophet of their own and sworn to keep their system of religion a secret from every other sect, and to persecute all who differed from them—had echoed that ancient cry, "Come over and help us!"

The Druses have sought "religious protection" at our hands: teachers and schoolmasters. Again was I consulted by Palmerston; I advised the instant mission, not of letters, but of living men, to make the promise. He did so. Have since heard from Nicolayson, who was sent, that they received it joyfully. Aberdeen, I fear, very shy of it. . . .

Oct. 16th.—Dined yesterday at Richmond with Bunsen to celebrate the King of Prussia's birthday; a happy and a stirring meeting, only eleven present; but there was much feeling of loyalty, affection, reverence, and hope. I proposed his health. May he revive, among us Gentiles, the glory and the faith of David and of Hezekiah! Gladstone, McCaul, and my brother William were present.

Gladstone stripped himself of a part of his Puseyite garments, spoke like a pious man, rejoiced in the Bishopric of Jerusalem, and proposed the health of Alexander. This is delightful; for he is a good man, and a clever man, and an industrious man.

Oct. 22nd.—Saw Peel to-day by request—never wish to have another interview. He was an exaggeration and caricature of his habitual coldness. Wished to know how far he would conform to the promises of his predecessors, and give the Druses the means of instruction they asked for. It was manifest he disliked the whole thing, and fully shared the opinions and feelings (if feelings they can be called) of his friend Aberdeen. He was afraid of exciting the French, disbelieved the religious stir in the East, thought it might be ascribed to English agency, thought we might appear as making "a crusade against the Roman Catholics"—

* Robert Browning.

of all people!—wanted to know how much the Druses could contribute, and many other unworthy excuses to get out of a difficulty. I urged the propriety of imitating the late Government in their conduct towards the Ashantee princes, and educating a young Druse, who was to be sent over. He admitted that no one had a right to complain of our educating a Druse, and, though most reluctant, said he should speak to Aberdeen.

I then proposed my main and most dear object, the grant of a steamboat by the Government to carry out the Bishop to Jaffa. . . .

Thus ended a short interview, equally unpleasant and odious, I should think, to both parties.

Oct. 25th.—Wonderfully surprised—received yesterday a short note from Peel, stating that “orders would be given for an Admiralty steamboat to carry out the Bishop to Syria”! Had I not been almost accustomed, so to speak, to God’s mercies, I should have disbelieved it. “Surely the Isles shall wait for thee and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from afar and thy daughters from the ends of the earth.”

Oct. 26th.—Very glad to have heard that many of the very High-Church are warmly in favour of the Hebrew Bishopric, Archdeacons Samuel Wilberforce and Manning. Palmer, too, of Worcester, supposed to be among the most violent, spoke to Bunsen in terms of the greatest delight.

Nov. 12th.—Returned to St. Giles’s. Glad of an hour to record, if possible, what I have seen and felt during my short visit for the purpose of attending the consecration of Mr. Alexander. Went up on the 7th with Moore*—full of anxiety lest the Queen should be taken ill on the very day, and so cause the absence of the Archbishop; but, God be praised, there was no impediment, and all went well.

The first official act of the Jewish Church was performed on the 18th of November, when the new Bishop preached a sermon and gave “the first episcopal benediction that had fallen from Hebrew lips for seventeen hundred years”—that is to say, the first since Jude, the last of the sons of Abraham mentioned by Eusebius, occupied the Episcopal See in the Holy City.

Nov. 18th. . . . This was, indeed, “a night to be much observed of the Lord.” I rejoice I had proposed this service in committee, and Alexander assented to our resolution. The chapel at Bethnal Green was thronged, the congregation were touchingly devout, visibly affected by the event and the thanksgiving. The music went to one’s very soul. The beautiful voices of the Hebrew children, singing as they were praises to the Messiah, seemed like the song of the redeemed in Heaven. “Many kings and prophets have desired to see the things that we see, and have not seen them, and to hear the things that we hear, and have not heard them.” How is it that we have attained this result? We have many enemies, some of them the antipodes of each other. Pusey is at one end; Baptist Noel at the other, both followed by their several sections, doing us what mischief they can. It is evident that not a little of the hostility, and not a little of the hesitation, arise from a feeling which those who entertain it will scarcely admit even to themselves. They cannot stomach the notion of a *Jew* elevated to the Episcopate. Christianity has modified, without uprooting, their antipathies;

* Rev. Robert Moore, Rector of Wimborne St. Giles’s.

they remember that Moses says, "they shall be a byeword," and forget that Paul declares them yet "beloved for the fathers' sakes." But no wonder. This Bishopric strikes at many things, at Popery, at Puseyism, at over Church, at no Church; all writhe under it. The order of Providence now seems to demand that in proportion as we have abased the Jew, so shall we be compelled to abase ourselves. His future dignity shall be commensurate with his past degradation. Be it so; I can rejoice in Zion for a capital, in Jerusalem for a church, and in a Hebrew for a king. Writing at this distance of time (13th), I have lost the vividness of my impressions—hurry and ceaseless occupation prevented an earlier record—yet for days I felt, without power of describing it, that the heart is oftentimes alone, and that "a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy."

Two days after the Consecration of Bishop Alexander, Lord Ashley sent his portrait to Chevalier Bunsen, and a book (a collection of prayers out of the writings of English Fathers) inscribed with these characteristic words:—"Nov. 9, 1841. To my dear friend Bunsen, the worthy minister of the best and greatest of the kings of this world, as a memorial of our solemn, anxious, and by God's goodness, successful labours, which, under His grace, we have sustained for the consolidation of Protestant truth, the welfare of Israel, and the extension of the Kingdom of our blessed Lord.—ASHLEY. 'We took sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends.'"

Nov. 20th.—My four blessed boys, Antony, Francis, Maurice, and Evelyn, brought me to-day some money for the Bishopric at Jerusalem. They offered most willingly, nay, joyfully; and, wonderful to say, the little ones did it without a word on my part; I had spoken to the elder boys, who cheerfully acquiesced; the little ones, hearing from them, burned to do likewise.

Nov. 26th.—Two days ago received from Bunsen the most extraordinary intelligence. He waited on Prince Albert (thank God I had obtained the interview), when the Prince, after showing him the future heir to the throne, announced that "the Queen was extremely desirous that the King of Prussia should be godfather to the Royal child, and should, if possible, be present in person to hold him at the font of baptism." Where are we? What will happen next? There is no end to God's goodness. On my knees immediately to give Him thanks. Such an event, at any time, satisfactory; now, clearly providential; the union of the Anglican and German Churches, followed by the most intimate friendship of the two great Protestant Powers; the open avowal of the Royal attachment to the principles of the Reformation; the testimony of respect from our own Sovereign to that pious King; the happy sympathy that it will beget between the two nations; the manifest advantage to the peace of Europe, the cause of true civilisation, and the diffusion of the Gospel; all this over a combined effort for the welfare of God's ancient people, cannot but fill the heart of every thinking man with gratitude and joy. But the King must come. Wrote most emphatically to Bunsen—he must come. He would lose half of what he might accomplish for Europe, for himself, for Christianity, and for the world. We must build a new and large ward for the Puseyites in Bedlam!

Nov. 29th.—Yesterday, the first Sunday in Advent; to-day, the Bishop of

Jerusalem sets out on his journey, the "one who telleth good tidings to Zion." Surely the coincidence is striking; I felt it so when the Collect was read.

In order that he might become thoroughly acquainted with the thoughts and habits, the wants and wishes, of those on whose behalf he was labouring, Lord Ashley gathered round him from the rank and file of his *clientèle*, a few persons from whom he could derive reliable information. "I should like to know all," he was wont to say, "but, as this is impossible, I make friends with a few."

It was a remarkable characteristic, this power of attaching men to himself, and exerting so strong an influence over them that they in turn were able to influence the large bodies they represented. But for their aid it would have been utterly impossible for him to have carried on his ever-increasing labours. As each succeeding enterprise developed, Lord Ashley's first step always was to fix upon some man, or perhaps some group of men, in whose judgment and zeal he could repose perfect confidence, and then set them to work.

One of the most surprising things in connection with the almost innumerable societies and institutions of which he was the head, was that so few of them were "mistakes." He would not espouse the cause of any society until he had fully satisfied himself that its work was thoroughly sound in every respect; nor would he attach any new worker to himself until he had made the most minute inquiries with regard to him. He had in a singular degree the power of reading men's motives, and he was very rarely deceived in those whom he selected to be his helpers.*

It is probably no exaggeration to say that the demands upon the judgment and penetration of Lord Ashley were greater than upon those of any man of his generation, and it is safe to add that few men were less often deceived. The cripple Dodd, to whom he frequently refers in his Journals, was one of the "working element" with whom Lord Ashley was in frequent communication at this time.

Dec. 3rd.—Every day brings fresh stories of suffering and oppression from the factory districts. My poor cripple Dodd is a jewel; his talent and skill are unequalled; he sends me invaluable evidence. But then "mine eyes do fail with

* Perhaps he derived this gift from his great ancestor the first Earl, of whom John Locke says:—"I never knew anyone penetrate so quickly into men's breasts, and, from a small opening, survey that dark cabinet as he would. He would understand men's true errand as soon as they had opened their mouths and begun their story, in appearance to another purpose." He instances a remarkable case. Shaftesbury and Sir Richard Onslow dined by invitation with Sir John Denham, an elderly widower, who before dinner told them that he wished to take their advice upon a subject of deep import to his happiness, namely, whether he should, or should not, marry his housekeeper, for whom he had long entertained affection and esteem. Sir Richard Onslow was beginning a strong protest, when, looking their host steadfastly in the face, Shaftesbury asked, "Are you not married to her already?" And he confessed that he was. "Well, then," said Shaftesbury, "there is nothing left but to send for her to join us at dinner." On their leaving the house, Sir Richard Onslow asked what put him on the scent. "The man and the manner," he replied, "gave me a suspicion that, having done a foolish thing, he was desirous to cure himself with the authority of our advice. I thought it good to be sure before you went any further, and you see what came of it."

tears. . . . for the destruction (I should say sin) of the daughter of my people ;" it takes from me all enjoyment, present and prospective ; if such things reach my ears, how many lie hidden, aye, and will do so until "the earth shall disclose her blood." God give us faith and strength, and *some* success. *Entire* success no man may or can attain, it is reserved for the Great Undoer of every heavy burthen !

Dec. 21st.—Broadlands. Minny unwell ; came here yesterday to comfort her. God be praised, she is better. I would rather be with her at the Saint,* when "my children are about me ;" but her dear, smiling face makes everything shine. Factory and Drainage concerns occupy my time and fill me with correspondence.

Dec. 23rd.—I have no time for reading and writing, for replenishing my armoury, or exercising my guns. Dodd's letters infuse both information and terror. "I increase knowledge, and increase sorrow." Nevertheless, I have put my hand to the plough, and, God being my Helper, I will not look back. And now I am involved in the Puseyite controversy. I did not seek it ; but the occasion seemed to call for an avowal of sentiment ; and, not hesitating to believe, I did not fear to speak. Letters of congratulation and gratitude without number have reached me ; I rejoice in it for purposes of future good. . . . But I have disturbed a hornets' nest ; they buzz about me in furious rage. The Press, especially the *Morning Post*, sweats with vituperation. But no matter. "In Thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded."

Dec. 25th.—Christmas Day. St. Giles's. * My sweet Minny absent. Took the sacrament ; peace, hope, and spiritual joy by God's blessed grace. It is an august and holy day. Oh ! that I could, for a few hours, forget the turmoil and anxieties of the world ! Many communicants ; the proportion to the population, immense—clean, simple and devout ; not only shopkeepers and farmers, but many of the working classes—really a beautiful sight ; it is a true specimen of a rural vicarage, a pastoral cure, a shepherd and his flock. May God in His goodness cherish this primitive simplicity ! Yet it has not been quite the same Christmas Day without a vacancy. Minny was away, who should always share the communion with me. I left her ill at Broadlands to spend the day here in the midst of the ancient families of the house, and be with my elder boys, who must not be quite alone, especially at this festival.

* St. Giles's House.

CHAPTER X.

1842.

THE end of 1841 and the beginning of 1842 found Lord Ashley engaged in warm discussion with the leading members of the Tractarian party. On the 15th of March, 1841, the Vice-Chancellor and the Heads of Houses held a meeting at Oxford to pass censure on No. 90 of "Tracts for the Times," in these words, "That modes of interpretation, such as are suggested in the said Tract, evading rather than explaining the sense of the Thirty-nine Articles, and reconciling subscription to them with the adoption of errors which they were designed to counteract, defeat the object, and are inconsistent with the due observance of the statutes of the University." On the following day Dr. John Henry Newman declared himself to be the author of the Tract.

Although the centre of the Tractarian movement was the University of Oxford, the whole country was shaken by it; every section of the Christian Church, and almost every leader of thought in the nation, felt its influence. Arrayed on either side were the great masters of argument. The principal leaders of the Oxford School were the "seraphic Keble," supported by Richard Froude—who died early in the fight—Dr. Pusey, and John Henry Newman. Their claim was that Rome had not fulfilled her high mission; that the real Catholic Church was the Church of England; that the Successors of the Apostles were to be found in her; and their efforts were directed to rouse the Church to what they considered to be her true mission. "There is something greater than the Established Church," wrote Dr. Newman, "and that is the Church Catholic and Apostolic set up from the beginning, of which she is but the local presence and the organ."

The causes which lay at the root of the movement were numerous and strong. It was a crisis in the history of religious thought. Rationalism, imported from Germany, was making rapid advances; the Church of England having been in a dull, cold, and apathetic state, was now threatened with assault from the Reform Party in respect of her rights and property; and the leading motive at the outset was to revive and invigorate her.

What were some of the results of this movement are only too well known. The battle of the Reformation had to be fought over again, and Lord Ashley, for forty years, was one of the leaders in the fight.

It was at a time when the controversy was at its keenest that the Jerusalem Bishopric was created. From first to last the Oxford School

were fierce in their denunciation of the whole scheme, while the Evangelicals and many leaders of the Broad Church were enthusiastic in its favour.

And it was at this time, too, that the incident now to be recorded occurred.

Among the papers of Lord Shaftesbury there was found a large bundle of letters and other documents endorsed:—

March 5th, 1874.

These letters were written at the outbreak of the Tractarian movement in 1841–2. They arose out of my letter in the *Standard* to Roundell Palmer (Lord Selborne) refusing to vote for Mr. Williams as Professor of Poetry at Oxford. The interest may have—indeed, it has—passed away. But they are curious as showing how zealous people were *then*, and how cold *now*. S.

The correspondence will speak for itself:—

Lord Ashley to Mr. Roundell Palmer.

ST. GILES'S HOUSE, Dec., 1841.

SIR,—In a letter which I have had the honour of receiving from you “to solicit my vote and interest in Mr. Williams’ behalf,” you desire also, on the part of the committee, a reply to their communication.

I hasten to forward that reply.

The Rev. Isaac Williams has presented himself for the vacant chair of the Professor of Poetry. I have no doubt whatever that he possesses all those amiable qualities and high attainments which his supporters put forward as the ground of his election, nor should I hesitate, as I replied to my friend Dr. Pusey, to render him any private service that may lie within my power; but the reverend gentleman claims a public post, and seeks to be invested with public authority, and it has become, therefore, the duty of every one who has a voice in the decision, to consider the consequences of raising him to such an office.

The Rev. Mr. Williams aspires to be a *moral teacher*. The Professor of Poetry, in a Christian university, must impart to his writings and his lectures, frequently on secular, always on sacred subjects, those sentiments and principles which he believes to be essential to the propagation of the truth. This we should expect of a layman; we should demand it of a minister. The late accomplished and amiable professor* was animated by this spirit, and published, with the attraction of his respected name, and the authority of his official station, sundry poems of admitted talent and disputed theology.

I am now summoned to consider whether a similar appointment would not confer a similar authority.

The venerable members of Trinity College have issued a disclaimer “for Mr. Williams himself, and have deprecated, on the part of others, any attempt whatever to introduce upon the occasion questions of theological controversy.” With all the deference that is due from a layman, I cannot believe myself at liberty to set aside these important considerations. I acknowledge the latitude of speculation that must be permitted to all the members of a common Church

* The Rev. John Keble.

but there are limits, I maintain, which must not be overpassed, at least without a solemn and indignant protest on the part of those who have an opportunity and a right to give an opinion.

I have endeavoured, then, to ascertain the principles of Mr. Williams, and I have found that he is the author of the Tract* entitled "Reserve in Preaching the Doctrine of the Atonement."

There is no power on earth that shall induce me to assist in elevating the writer of that paper to the station of a public teacher. I see very little difference between a man who promulgates false doctrine and him who suppresses the true. I cannot concur in the approval of a candidate whose writings are in contravention of the inspired Apostle, and reverse his holy exultation that "he had not shunned to declare to his hearers all the counsel of God." I will not consent to give my support, however humble, towards the existence of exoteric and esoteric doctrines in the Church of England, to obscure the perspicuity of the Gospel by the philosophy of Paganism, and make the places set apart for the ministrations of the preacher, whose duties must mainly lie among the poor, the wayfaring, and the simple, as mystic and incomprehensible as the groves of Eleusis.

These, Sir, are my reasons for refusing my vote to Mr. Williams, and I hope I have given my answer as candidly as you have required it.

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

ASHLEY.

Lord Ashley, at the request of Dr. Gilbert, Principal of Brasenose College, consented to support the candidature of the Rev. James Garbett, in opposition to that of the Rev. Isaac Williams;—his next step was to accept the chairmanship of Mr. Garbett's committee. A circular was drawn up by Mr. Cardwell† (double-first of Balliol), but to this Lord Ashley took exception on the ground that he did not rest his support of Mr. Garbett's claims "on his poetical acquirements and critical acumen," as stated in the circular, but upon his religious views. "I would vote," he said, "for Sternhold and Hopkins, Nicholas Brady or Nahum Tate, against a whole host of the mightiest geniuses in the art of verse, were they candidates, upon the same principles, for the office to which Mr. Williams aspires." A modified circular was, therefore, issued, and the canvass was vigorously prosecuted. The battle was to be fought, and, if possible, won, as a matter of principle and duty only.

Congratulations and offers of aid poured in from all quarters, and a specimen of a few of them, showing the opinions held, and the fervour of those who defended them, may be quoted here.

Lady Ashley was at Broadlands, in delicate health, but she wrote: "Nothing but compliments about your letter. Spencer says he heard it discussed at Lady Holland's by Macaulay and many savants, who all agreed it was so well written. Dr. Badham said everybody was so much obliged to

* Tract No. 80.

† Afterwards Viscount Cardwell.

you for it, so well done, and at such a moment when it was so much wanted."

The Hon. Wm. Cowper to Lord Ashley.*

CASTLE HOWARD, Dec. 16th, 1841.

MY DEAR ASHLEY,—Your letter on the Williams and Garbett affair will be most useful; it is admirable in laying open boldly and clearly the decisive point of the question. I was delighted to see it. A neighbouring clergyman told me that the clergy about here are rather unsettled, and that at the visitation at Malton he heard some of them starting questions about the nature and origin of their Orders, and hazarding opinions without being at all aware of the conclusions to which they lead, or of their tendency towards Romanism; and he thinks, but I do not, that it would be better for the Church that all who are just now Romanists at heart should break outward connection with her, but I think it's better to give them time to come round, and wait for the reaction.

Ever affectionately yours,

W. COWPER.

The Rev. E. Bickersteth to Lord Ashley.

WATTON RECTORY, WARE, Dec. 14th, 1841.

MY DEAREST LORD ASHLEY,—I cannot forbear to thank you for your most seasonable and most forcible letter to Mr. R. Palmer. It was of vast importance, just at this crisis, to make a stand against what I believe to be in this country "the unclean spirit out of the mouth of the false prophet," which the word of prophecy, at this precise time, so clearly leads us to expect, and which the affecting state of our Church so clearly manifests.

I do most heartily unite, I doubt not with thousands of God's own children, in earnest prayers that your Lordship may ever have a Scriptural judgment in all things, and be strengthened greatly to honour God and bless our country, by a wise, holy, and full use of all the talents which He has given you. . . .

EDWD. BICKERSTETH.

"Charlotte Elizabeth" (Mrs. C. E. Tonna) to Lord Ashley.

BLACKHEATH, Dec. 17th, 1841.

MY DEAR LORD,—What a noble dash you have made at the Puseyites! I used to be so rejoiced when you got angry in the House about the factory children. You know there is an anger *not* sinful, and I want you to bestow a little gunpowder on the Oxford gentry. I am editor of the *Protestant Magazine* since June last, and lately, in my chief article, "The Watchman," I mentioned something that I know to be true about Jesuits in the Church. Forthwith the *Christian Observer* attacked the Protestant Association for this, and some of our gentlemen were much frightened, and some talked of forbidding any attack on Puseyism in the magazine. On this I wrote to the committee a respectful letter *rather* in the Deborah-to-Barak style, and the result is that I am to have that dearest privilege

* Now Lord Mount Temple.

of womankind—*my own way*. So now, thanks to the Lord, I have two magazines at command, and can fire two guns. . . . Meanwhile, *fight the good fight*, be valiant, and do exploits. May the Lord of lords bless you and yours.

My dear Lord,

Yours very gratefully,

C. E. TONNA.

Among those who rallied round Lord Ashley and congratulated him upon the bold stand he had made “against the influence and pretensions of Puseyism and Popery,” were his brother John, Sir J. S. Pakington, J. C. Colquhoun, Sir W. R. Farquhar, Hon. and Rev. Montagu Villiers, Dean Garnier, Dr. McCaul, Rev. Chas. Priest, Sir Andrew Agnew, and many others whose names are still familiar.

Meanwhile angry letters from anonymous Puseyites to the press, and to private individuals, were issued abundantly, and the excitement grew rapidly.

Mr. Gladstone wrote to Lord Sandon urging him to entreat Lord Ashley to avoid, for the Church’s sake, the scandal of a contest. Others, among whom was Mr. C. Dodgson, wished to maintain a strict neutrality, partly on the ground that they did not attach the same meaning to the doctrine of “Reserve” that Lord Ashley had done, and would wish to vote for a third candidate unconnected with either party and sufficiently qualified for the office.

A scheme was set on foot by Mr. Gladstone to effect this compromise, but the manœuvre fell through, notwithstanding that the petition for Williams and Garbett to withdraw was signed by 244 non-resident Members of Convocation.

The contention of the advocates of Mr. Williams’s claims was, first, that the candidate’s success was not made to depend upon the possession of qualities suited to the office; and next, that electors were called upon to pledge themselves to opinions “perhaps only known to them through vague and imperfect representations.”

The position of the advocates of Mr. Garbett’s claims was that, sooner or later, a struggle upon the religious principle involved was inevitable, and that it could not come at a more auspicious season, and they would not hear of any compromise.

Many efforts in various forms were, of course, made to induce Lord Ashley to desist from the course he was pursuing. The following letter from Dr. Pusey is written in the vein which he found hardest to resist:—

The Rev. Dr. Pusey to Lord Ashley.

Ember Week, Advent, 1841.

MY DEAR ASHLEY,—You have not probably grey hairs, as I have, nor have you had sorrows like me, and both ought to soften your mind; yet I could wish that, without them, your language could be a little softened. I often used to think it stronger than you meant; and you are, doubtless, all the while milder

and more loving than one's self. You speak of "abhorring our principles;" are you quite sure that you know them? It is some years now since I saw you at your house, and you talked over them, and then you seemed to think that in much we agreed. No one objects to the Bishopric of Jerusalem for what I imagine you most value it—the sake of the Jews—but on account of the "experimental Church" (as it has been called) which they are going to make of Prussians, one knows not whom. Our Church never was brought into contact with the foreign Reformation without suffering from it; and certainly that Reformation is not in a state now to do us less harm than heretofore; besides the grave injury of countenancing heresy. I fear very few reformed German teachers would be found who would *uno animo* adopt all the truths of the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds.

Try and think more mildly of us; love us more; perhaps you will understand us better; pray for us, as I do daily for you.

The enclosed* is not my selection. God be with you.

Your affectionate Cousin,

E. B. PUSEY.

Lord Ashley to the Rev. Dr. Pusey.

ST. GILES'S HOUSE, *January 18th, 1842.*

MY DEAR PUSEY,—Your kind letter should have been answered a long time ago, but I have been so very much engaged that I have been obliged to postpone writing from day to day. It is true that I have not yet grey hairs, nor has it pleased God to visit me with sorrows; but though I have as yet been spared by His rich and undeserved mercy, I have not a heart hardened against the woes of others; and much do I sympathise with all that you have suffered;—with all that He has been pleased to impose upon you. God grant that it may be sanctified to your immortal part, and that the griefs of a day may issue in the joys of eternity!

You say to me, "Are you quite sure that you *know* our principles, the principles that you talk of abhorring?" I may reply, are you quite sure that you know them yourself? I know what you have written. I know what your co-thinkers have written. I find your principles (does any one deny them?) in your letter to the Bishop of Oxford. I find them in "Froude's Remains." I find them in the "British Critic." I find them in Tract 75 (*μη γένοιτο*). I find them in Tract 80, in Tract 87, in Tract 90. I find them in your opposition to the Bishopric in Jerusalem. I find them in your Protest. I find them in Mr. Palmer's letter. I find them in the adhesion of our Presbyters to the Romish Church; and I find them in the very letter to which I am now replying. You talk there, in allusion to the Bishopric, of "the grave injury of countenancing heresy;" this is the necessary language, the inevitable issue of your principles; thus you class with the Gnostics, Cerinthians, &c., of old, with the Munster Anabaptists and Socinians of modern days, the whole mass of the Protestant Churches of Europe, except England and Sweden. Every one, however deep his

* The enclosure was a selection of "Prayers for Unity and Guidance into the Truth."

piety, however holy his belief, however prostrate his heart in faith and fear before God and his Saviour, however simple and perfect his reliance on the merits of his Redeemer, is consigned by you, if he be not episcopally ruled, to the outer darkness of the children of the Devil, while in the same breath you designate the Church of Rome as the sweet Spouse of Christ, and hide all her abominable idolatries under the mantle of her Bishops. This is, to my mind, absolutely dreadful; and I say of your friends, as old Jacob said of Simeon and Levi, "Oh, my soul, come not thou into their secret."

You say, too, that "some years ago I talked with you, and that I seemed to think that in much we agreed;" it is more than probable; but had the Tracts then appeared? had Froude been published? had you recalled your spirited and unanswerable defence of Luther and the German Reformation? I dare say we then agreed; but you have ebbed since that time, and have left me stranded.

"Pray for us," you add, "as I do daily for you;" to be sure I will; he must have but a scanty feeling of the Gospel who does not ardently desire the repair of the breaches in Christ's Church. The Unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace is the main element of the blessings in the latter days; let us endeavour, by God's grace, to have a foretaste of that happy time; but certain I am that it is attainable only by a heart that is truly Catholic, by the imbibing and exercise of an immense philanthropy.

For yourself, I must ever entertain real kindness and esteem; no one, amidst all this conflict of passion and principle, has, at any time, doubted *your* sincerity and devotion. I wish we were one; it is sad that we differ, but let not that difference amount to enmity. I have enough of foes; my public course has begotten me many haters among the powerful and wealthy. You and I have now lived more than half our time according to the language of the Psalmist. We are hastening to the grand end of all things, and then may God lead you unto living fountains of water, and in His mercy wipe away all tears from your eyes!

Very truly yours,
ASHLEY.

Letters continued to pour in from men known and unknown. Among them were several from members of the University of Oxford of long standing—in some cases as many as thirty or forty years—who had never voted, but who now, impelled by a sense of duty, promised to come up and vote. Others, and some of these ill able to afford the expense, expressed their willingness, if additional votes were urgently needed, to come up to take their M.A. degrees. Curiously enough, Archdeacon Samuel Wilberforce was among those who warmly espoused the side of Lord Ashley in his efforts to procure the election of Mr. Garbett, as will be seen by the letter given below:—

Archdeacon Wilberforce to Lord Ashley.

ALVERSTOKE RECTORY, GOSPORT, Jan. 20th, 1842.

MY DEAR LORD,—The Rev. —, the minister of one of my district churches, is quite willing to accompany me to Oxford to vote for Mr. Garbett, but is not in a situation to defray the expenses of the journey. There are, of course, no general

funds available for any such purpose, but I will gladly defray his expenses myself if there is the smallest reason for apprehending that the issue is doubtful. . . . I imagine our majority is certain. . . .

Believe me, my dear Lord, to be most truly yours,

SAMUEL WILBERFORCE.

An interchange of letters between Lord Ashley and the Rev. John Keble—author of the “Christian Year”—with reference to some of the contents of the “Lyra Apostolica,” which had apparently been wrongly attributed to Mr. Keble, discloses the same courteous and kindly relations between the two men as we have seen in a similar case of difference with Dr. Pusey, although in this instance they were personally unacquainted. Lord Ashley concludes his letter, written from St. Giles’s House, Jan. 15th, 1842, by saying:—

Perhaps you have forgotten what I well recollect, that you were one of the examining masters when I took my degree some eighteen or nineteen years ago. Your amiable and gentlemanlike demeanour then made an impression on my mind which has never been effaced.

Cum talis sis utinam noster esses. I cannot take leave of you without adding that I shall always think of you with respect, not unmingled with affection.

The termination of the contest was thus announced by Mr. Gregson, the zealous secretary of Mr. Garbett’s committee:—

Mr. W. Gregson to Lord Ashley.

B.N.C., OXFORD, Jan. 20th, 1842 (noon).

DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—The contest has just terminated by the withdrawal of Williams, after a comparison of the promises claimed by the respective parties:—

Garbett claimed 921

Williams „ 623

Majority 298

Our majority was larger than our opponents reckoned on; the utmost they gave us credit for was 900. Still, their minority is large, but not larger than our friends in Oxford anticipated.

Believe me, dear Lord Ashley,

Yours faithfully,

W. GREGSON.

One significant result of the controversy was that Dr. Gilbert, the Principal of Brasenose College, a strong anti-Puseyite, and one of the leaders of the opposition to the candidature of Mr. Williams, was immediately appointed to the Bishopric of Chichester, in succession to Dr. Shuttleworth. This was regarded as a wise and courageous declaration of the Government against Puseyism.

On the 21st of January, the eve of the great Mohammedan festival of the Courban Bairam, Bishop Alexander made his public entry into Jerusalem; and the day was dedicated by Frederick William IV. to prayer throughout his kingdom for "the peace of Jerusalem." On the 22nd the King of Prussia was received as the guest of the Queen of England, to stand at the baptismal font, a few days later, as sponsor for the Prince of Wales!

The King was welcomed with the greatest cordiality everywhere, and by all classes, with the solitary exception of the Tractarians, who viewed uneasily these friendly relations with a Monarch who was avowedly anxious to bring about an alliance between his Protestant Church and the Church of England.

The climax to the uneasiness, and to the period of protest, was reached when the King of Prussia stood in the midst of the splendour at Windsor on the day of the Christening.

Jan. 24th.—The King of Prussia has come. May God bless him for it, sanctify his journey to both kingdoms, and pour on the Church, and on him personally, the richest mercies. Of all these things Peel will have the credit. And yet what trouble had I to obtain even an interview for Bunsen when he first came over!

Jan. 25th.—The King of Prussia's reception by the Queen and the people has been truly cordial and magnificent. It is worthy of a great, glowing, open-hearted Protestant nation.

Jan. 28th.—London. Everything is bright on the royal visit; its effects will, I believe, long survive the hour that produced them. I should have been almost broken-hearted had his reception been cold.

His visit to Eton is among the best fruits. The boys followed him with cries of joy, even to the Castle. Many a young heart will have been impressed by the visit of a great Protestant Sovereign, blessed be God. Surely the King will confess that I spoke truly when I wrote to him that "the people of this country loved Monarchy and loved Religion."

To-morrow I shall meet him at Bunsen's. I have asked leave to take Acroy and Francis there. They will long remember the sight of a "good King."

Jan. 31st.—Many things in a few days. On Saturday went to Bunsen's to be presented to the King of Prussia—150 at least present; proposed his health at Bunsen's request. Thence to Windsor. . . . While at luncheon at Bunsen's, the King addressed to me a question which I shall record while fresh in my mind, with the conversation that followed. He spoke across Lady Canning and Bunsen, and in the hearing of others. "What hope," said he in French, "have you of carrying your Factory Bill?" "None at all, sir," I answered in English (as he desired me), "none at all. The Prime Minister has written to me to-day to say he shall oppose me." "Indeed," replied the King in English. He paused, and then said, "We have done it for you in Prussia." "Yes, sir, I know you have, and there are thousands and tens of thousands of hearts that bless your Majesty for it." "I did not do it; it was begun by our merchants and manufacturers, I did not do it." "No, sir; but it was done by your Majesty's father." "Yes, all *great and good* things in Prussia were done by my father." Here it dropped.

Feb. 3rd.—Yesterday the “Jews’ Society” went up in deputation to present an address to his Majesty.

That day was one of the red-letter days in Lord Ashley’s life. It celebrated the completion of a scheme on which he had prayed, written, spoken, and laboured unceasingly, and in a cause which lay as near to his heart as any in which he had ever been engaged.

But the day was not to be one of unclouded happiness—few of the days of his life ever were—and immediately following the entry in his Journal, of the presentation of the address and its gracious reception, these words occur :—

Came home, wrote and sent a letter to the *Times* containing the announcement of Peel’s hostility to the Factory Bill ; painful enough, but it cannot be helped.

The steps which led to this decision may be briefly recounted here. On the 24th of January, Lord Ashley had noted in his Diary :—

Have written twice to Peel to obtain his final decision respecting the Factory Bill. It is manifest how the tide is setting. I must persist, and we shall break asunder. But it is a formidable step. God alone can strengthen me.

The first letter to Sir Robert was as follows :—

Lord Ashley to Sir Robert Peel.

ST. GILES’S HOUSE, Jan. 21st, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR ROBERT,—Nearly five months have now elapsed since the subject of the Factory Question was brought before you. I may, therefore, safely and justly request, in accordance with the wishes of many parties in the Northern Districts, that you will be kind enough to tell me whether you have made up your mind to resist or concede the prayers of the operatives for the further limitation of the hours of labour between the ages of thirteen and twenty-one. My efforts have hitherto been confined to this point, and it is on this only that an answer is required.

As the meeting of Parliament is close at hand, you will, perhaps, feel no objection to remove the suspense in which so many thousands are at present detained.

Yours truly,

ASHLEY.

To this letter Sir Robert Peel replied :—

Sir Robert Peel to Lord Ashley.

WHITEHALL, Jan. 22nd, 1842.

MY DEAR ASHLEY,—In reply to your letter of the 21st, I beg leave to acquaint you that I am not prepared to pledge myself, or other members of the Government, to the support of a Bill limiting the hours of labour to ten for all persons between the age of thirteen and twenty-one.

Sir James Graham, as Secretary of State for the Home Department, has

under his consideration a measure connected with the important question of labour in factories, and the education of children employed in them, and I am confident that he will, if you will allow him, be glad to have an opportunity of conferring with you, who have given so much of your attention to these subjects, if you will call upon him.

Very faithfully yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

The object of Lord Ashley's second letter on the subject was to obtain a distinct understanding whether it would be the determination of the Government to oppose a Bill if brought in from any other quarter; but to this Sir Robert replied that he considered his first letter was sufficiently explicit.

Thereupon, Lord Ashley wrote to the Short-Time Committees as follows:—

LONDON, *Feb. 2, 1842.*

TO THE SHORT-TIME COMMITTEES OF CHESHIRE, LANCASHIRE, AND
YORKSHIRE.

GENTLEMEN,—It is with the deepest regret that I am obliged to announce to you that Sir Robert Peel has signified his opposition to the Ten Hours Bill; and I conclude, therefore, as you will conclude, that his reply must be taken as the reply of the whole Government on this important question.

Though painfully disappointed, I am not disheartened, nor am I at a loss either what course to take, or what advice to give. I shall persevere unto my last hour, and so must you; we must exhaust every legitimate means that the Constitution affords, in petitions to Parliament, in public meetings, and in friendly conferences with your employers; but you must infringe no law, and offend no proprieties; we must all work together as responsible men, who will one day give an account of their motives and actions; if this course be approved, no consideration shall detach me from your cause; if not, you must elect another advocate.

I know that, in resolving on this step, I exclude myself altogether from the tenure of office: I rejoice in the sacrifice, happy to devote the remainder of my days, be they many or be they few, as God in His wisdom shall determine, to an effort, however laborious, to ameliorate your moral and social condition.

I am, Gentlemen, your faithful friend and servant,

ASHLEY.

The Diary continues; still on the same day when this cloud had arisen, namely, Feb. 3rd:—

To Lambeth;—an admirable party of bishops and dignitaries; no English laymen but myself and Inglis. It was a striking and affecting thing to see the King there, when I recollected the doubts and anxieties which attended our discussions on "the Bishopric" in the same palace, only six months before. "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

A day somewhat of trouble and rebuke, yet I should have been prepared for it—politicians are chameleons, and take the colour of the passing cloud. My letter approves itself to their consciences, but obstructs their wishes; they

feel that *I* am in the right, and *Peel* in the Treasury ; so the House of Commons will think with *me*, and act with *him*. I have had some cold praise, but no promises of support. I am complimented with some formal regrets ; but they all show me that the right hand of the chair presents objects in a different point of view from the left hand—some have suddenly found out that “I may be going too far ;” all seem secretly to wish that I would go no further. “Peel has made a propitiatory sacrifice to Cobden and Co., and why should not *you* to the whole party ?” These are their thoughts, though not, as yet, their language. “*Probitas laudatur, et alget.*”

I confess I feel sadly alone ; I am like a pelican in the wilderness or a sparrow on the house-tops. I have no one with whom I can take counsel, no one to aid me, no one to cheer me.

Feb. 4th.—By chance I lighted on the *Morning Post*, and found there the most violent and venomous article I ever read against any public man, directed against myself. . . . This is only a sample of the things I shall have to endure. Were I just coming into public life, fresh from school, and lessons of morality, I should die outright of astonishment and disgust ; but though affected, I am acclimated, and, having endured an attack, shall recover a part of my health, but no more. Those who do not openly desert, discountenance my progress ; some look black, all look cold ; the very men who patted me on the back, praised my exertions, rebuked the apathy of the Government (while we were in Opposition) now reverse all three. Sandon talks of it as very natural, if not very justifiable—“*To be sure,*” he says, “*when in Opposition your friends wished to annoy the existing Government ; now, of course, they look more carefully into the thing.*” This he did not condemn, but called it “human infirmity !” This was his tone throughout a long conversation, in which he endeavoured to show that, as much evil would be left after all that I could do, I might as well leave the whole.

When Lord Ashley was yet very young in Parliamentary life, he had laid it down as a rule, to govern him in all future action, ever to be honest and straightforward and true to principle, quite irrespective of party considerations. As early as 1834 he had recorded in his note-book that on a certain debate many Conservatives had stayed away on various pretexts, but none admissible. “Our single rule,” he adds, “should be, to do in Opposition precisely as we should do in Government, and not lose sight of principles in a burst of personal antipathy to the Minister.”

It was as a matter of practical Christianity that Lord Ashley had, in the first instance, taken up the Factory Question, and it was in the same spirit that he dealt with every fresh phase of it. Nor did he ever lose a chance of bringing the subject of personal religion before communities or individuals, as he had opportunity. On the 8th of February he received a letter from a man who bore the reputation of being an advanced and dangerous Socialist, requesting an interview, as he had recently made an extensive tour in England and Scotland to test popular opinion on various subjects, but particularly on Factory Legislation. He concluded his letter thus :—“That your Lordship may long be spared to advocate the rights of the

poor, the oppressed, and him that hath none to help him, and that you may continually enjoy that greatest of all rewards, the blessing of an approving conscience, is the sincere prayer of your Lordship's admirer and humble fellow-worker in the cause of the white slave, ——."

To this letter Lord Ashley sent the following characteristic reply :—

You have been represented to me as a Socialist and an advocate of principles that I regard with terror and abhorrence ; and you will therefore readily believe the pleasure with which I observed the spirit and language of your letter. I could not but apply to you the words of that Book whose expressions you have borrowed, and say, as was said to Ananias of Saul, "Behold, he prayeth !" I deeply rejoice in this, because I respect your talents, I admire your zeal, and I hope to find in you a true and faithful ally in these great and final efforts for the moral, social, and religious welfare of the working people.

The unfavourable attitude of Sir Robert Peel to the Factory Question was a source of continuous anxiety to Lord Ashley.

Feb. 24th. . . . All Peel's affinities are towards wealth and capital. His heart is manifestly towards the mill-owners ; his lips occasionally for the operatives. *What* has he ever done or proposed for the working classes ? His speech of last night was a signal instance of his tendencies. He suppressed all the delinquencies of the manufacturers, bepraised machinery, and treated the distress as severe but temporary. Now, he might have said that no small portion of the suffering was caused by the forced immigration of families in 1836, reducing the already low wages, and aggravating the misery, in the stagnation which followed. He might have said, too, that, while we cannot interdict machinery, we ought not to be blind to its effects : it may cheapen goods for the consumer, but it pauperises irrevocably thousands of workpeople, who can never resume their position, whatever be the activity of trade. In short, his speech was a transcript of his mind : cotton is everything, man nothing !

Feb. 25th.—Time creeps on, years fly past, and the city of oppression and vice has not capitulated ; the factory system stands erect ; millions of infants are consumed in other departments ; and, in the course of nature, it seems probable that before long I shall be removed to another scene of action—to the House of Lords. If I regard this event as a man only, I must see in it utter annihilation of all my schemes for the benefit of the working classes, and a total retirement from public life, because in that House, except for one who holds high official station, there is little or no power of originating anything which may conduce to the welfare of the poorer sort. The Peers act as breakwaters, and think as such ; this is their office, and they never rise above it. The House of Commons is the depository of Power ; any favour acquired there is more effective than ten times the amount in the House of Lords ; they are won, besides, by different qualities, and the station occupied by different men. I should be quite overwhelmed by such peers as Salisbury, Redesdale, and Wharncliffe. Character of *all kinds* is FAR LESS required and appreciated among the Peers. Lord Lyndhurst, both in Opposition and in Government, exercised an influence, and commanded an attention, which would be utterly denied to him in the House of Commons.

March 3rd.—Matters do not brighten. I see hardly a speck of day. There

may be a ray of light to break forth in God's mercy, but it is not yet above the horizon. It is manifest that this Government is ten times more hostile to my views than the last, and they carry it out in a manner far more severe and embarrassing. I find that the inspectors are terrified by Sir J. Graham. Horne and Saunders are now warmly with me, but they do not dare to say so. Now I fear delay; the Minister knows my position, and can defy me, because he has both power and speciousness on his side. Matters may be postponed to a late period of the Session, when I shall be more than usually helpless through the absence of many supporters. I am particularly dejected. I feel an unusual conviction of incompetency; every one seems more equal to the task, be it what it may, than myself. I am become quite timid. I have undertaken things that are too hard for me, and yet I have asked—at least I thought so—counsel of God in everything; but man oftentimes asks amiss. . . . I might have suspected what I now know, that I have raised up a host of enemies by my letter to Roundell Palmer. A body of them in the House have determined "to crush me," and they are resolved to do so through the Factory Question, for which purpose two went down in January last to the manufacturing districts. They cannot make any personal charge, but they may deeply and seriously wound me by depriving me, even for a year, of my hard-earned fruit. They may, and will, give me pain, but they cannot tarnish me.

March 5th.—Fresh labour added to old sinews. I am like a factory spinner—more toil and less wages. The Committee of Elections has now put me on the Chairman's panel (and I cannot decline it, for such is the law), and the panel have put me in their own chair. This is burdensome, because I am already over-occupied. . . .

News travelled leisurely in those days, and it was not till the end of February that the papers published the account of the entry of Bishop Alexander into Jerusalem, and his cordial reception by the authorities.

March 8th.—There must be something more than ordinary in the Bishopric of Jerusalem, else why this fury in England and on the Continent?—British Puseyites and French Papists against it! The *Journal des Débats* contrasts the entry of the Bishop with the humble ingress of our Saviour; but would our Lord have refused the courtesy of the Governing Powers, had they proffered it to Him? Lord Lyttleton stirs in the Lords, Dr. Bowring in the Commons, while all the realms of Pusey are vomiting out essays. God will turn the wrath of man to His own honour.

March 9th.—Awoke in high spirits. There is a strong feeling "*circum præcordia*" that all will go well.

March 11th.—Peel has been eminently successful in his plans; his Corn Bill has been sharply debated, but, on the whole, favourably received. His new taxes and new tariffs (to-night) almost gave satisfaction, a thing unheard of in the history of the Exchequer! To be sure, he had an astounding case of necessity, but that plea, even, has oftentimes failed. His success puzzles me; I cannot regard him in any light but as a mere seeker of human praise; his moral phraseology seems the result of calculation. His speech this evening was a *chef-d'œuvre* of self-confidence. This is unquestionably the next best thing to a vigorous faith; it leads to victory. I begin to fear that I have as little of the one as of

the other. I am quite down again; easily raised, easily depressed. I catch at a straw, and writhe under disappointment. The fact is, I am almost tired. I have laboured now for nearly ten years, and the haven recedes as I approach. . . . Not a cheer is given to Peel in the House of Commons that does not retard my success, multiply my toil, and add to my anxiety. This is a jovial prospect!

March 18th.—Spoke again last night on the Lunacy Bill. I seemed to myself to do it without force or point, and with difficulty; half left unsaid and the other half said ill. This is humbling and despairing, because I plough not in hope. How can I look to success in the great measures I propose, if I am so weak in the smaller? The House will despise schemes so brought forward. Am I working *in* the truth and *for* the truth? This doubt often arises now, and yet, what is my guide if I am not?

March 29th.—If things are not put down as they arise, they are either lost or are recorded with their point blunted. A reconciliation with Peel. We shook hands, and avoided all explanations. So much the better; an explanation only gets rid, for the moment, of the old quarrel, for the purpose of laying the grounds of a new one. Facts may be set right; but we should have had to deal with opinions and expressions. He was very cordial, and clearly much pleased.

April 9th.—This day is, perhaps, the last of leisure I shall have for a long time. Gave it to the reading of the Colliery Report, that I may be thoroughly furnished to the good work. I can never produce, in a speech, one-tenth part of the truth, and yet, unless that be fully told, I shall not accomplish my purpose. Great labour, great difficulty, first to read, and then to select and arrange the matter. But the Longford Committee will, I fear, occupy an alarming amount of time. "Who is sufficient for these things?"

April 26th.—I see the setting of the wind. People are already beginning to say, "You will do nothing this year with your Factory Bill; the Government will have no time," &c. &c., and all these commonplaces. Meanwhile, wrong, oppression, mutilation, death, with all the grim roll of physical and moral evils, are in full liberty.

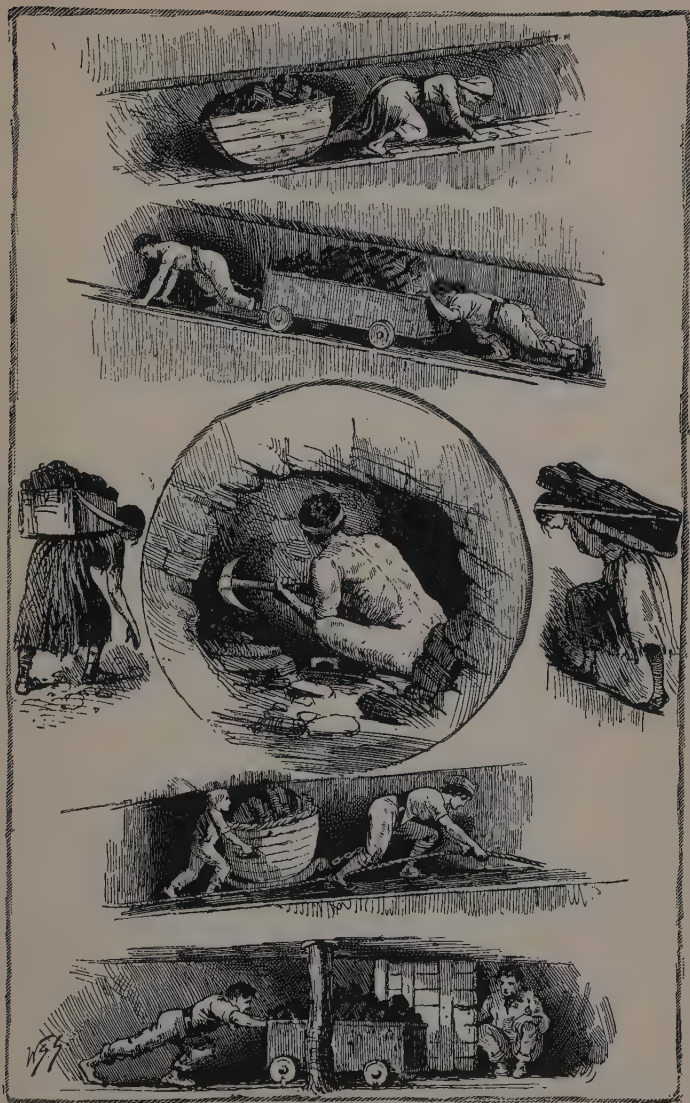
May 7th.—Yesterday the Jewish anniversary. Never had we such a meeting, never such sympathy, never such enthusiasm. Every one felt deeply moved, all hearts were lifted up, to God give the glory. Heartily did I wish our venerable President* many happy returns of such a day, in the Lord's name. A blessing manifestly rested on it. All that we had done was approved, all that we suggested was adopted, every one was pleased, and many were comforted. Everlasting love and praise to the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob!

In August, 1840, Lord Ashley had moved for a Commission to inquire into the employment of the children of the poorer classes in mines and collieries, and in May, 1842, the first report was issued.† Few, if any, Blue Books of the kind ever became so widely known. Continental as well as English reformers and philanthropists studied its fearful disclosures with intense interest. A mass of misery and depravity was unveiled of which even the warmest friends of the labouring classes had hitherto but a faint conception.

It would be utterly incredible, were not the testimony overwhelming, that,

* Sir Thomas Baring, President of the Society for Conversion of the Jews.

† Parliamentary Papers, 1842, xv., xvi., xvii.



HORRORS OF THE COAL MINES.

in the most Christian and civilised country in the world, such enormities could have been permitted; and if we dwell briefly upon a few of the details, it is only that this generation may be the better enabled to realise what was the actual state of things in the "old time before them," and how great was the deliverance that Lord Ashley was instrumental in effecting.

A very large proportion of the workers underground were less than thirteen years of age; some of them began to toil in the pits when only four or five; many when between six and seven, and the majority when not over eight or nine, females as well as males.

A man must have strong nerves who, for the first time, descends a deep shaft without some uncomfortable sensations. To a young, timid child, the descent was a cruel terror, nor was the first impression of the mine less horrible. It was damp, dark, and close; with water trickling down its sides, the floor ankle-deep in black mud; and around, a labyrinth of dark, gruesome passages.

The first employment of a very young child was that of a "trapper," and any occupation more barbarous it is difficult to conceive. The ventilation of a mine was a very complicated affair, and cannot be easily explained in a few words. Suffice it to say that were a door or trap left open after the passage of a coal-carriage through it, the consequences would be very serious, causing great heat and closeness when the miners were at work, and perchance an explosion. Behind each door, therefore, a little child, or trapper, was seated, whose duty it was, on hearing the approach of a whirley, or coal-carriage, to pull open the door, and shut it again immediately the whirley had passed. From the time the first coal was brought forward in the morning, until the last whirley had passed at night, that is to say for twelve or fourteen hours a day, the trapper was at his monotonous, deadening work. He had to sit alone in the pitchy darkness and the horrible silence, exposed to damp, and unable to stir for more than a dozen paces with safety lest he should be found neglecting his duty, and suffer accordingly. He dared not go to sleep—the punishment was the "strap," applied with brutal severity. Many of the mines were infested with rats, mice, beetles, and other vermin, and stories are told of rats so bold, that they would eat the horses' food in the presence of the miners, and have been known to run off with the lighted candles in their mouth and explode the gas. All the circumstances of a little trapper's life were full of horror, and upon nervous, sensitive children the effect was terrible, producing a state of imbecility, approaching almost to idiocy. Except on Sunday they never saw the sun; they had no hours of relaxation, their meals were mostly eaten in the dark, and their "homes" were with parents who devoted them to this kind of life.

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west.

But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly !
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

As they grew older, the trappers were passed on to other employments, "hurrying," "filling," "riddling," "tipping," and occasionally "getting" and in these labours no distinction whatever was made between boys and girls in their mode of work, in the weights they carried, in the distances they travelled, in the wages they received, or in their dress, which consisted of no other garment than a ragged shirt or shift, or a pair of tattered trousers. "Hurrying"—that is, loading small waggons, called corves, with coals, and pushing them along a passage—was an utterly barbarous labour performed by women as well as by children. They had to crawl on hands and knees, and draw enormous weights along shafts as narrow and as wet as common sewers, and women remained at this work until the last hour of pregnancy. When the passages were very narrow, and not more than eighteen to twenty-four inches in height, boys and girls performed the work by "girdle and chain;" that is to say, a girdle was put round the naked waist, to which a chain from the carriage was hooked and passed between the legs, and, crawling on hands and knees, they drew the carriages after them. It is not necessary to describe how the sides of the hurriers were blistered, and their ankles strained, how their backs were chafed by coming in contact with the roofs, or how they stumbled in the darkness, and choked in the stifling atmosphere. It is enough to say that they were obliged to do the work of horses, or other beasts of burden, only because human flesh and blood was cheaper in some cases, and horse-labour was impossible in others.

"Coal-bearing"—carrying on their backs, on unrailed roads, burdens varying from half a hundredweight to one hundredweight and a half—was almost always performed by girls and women, and it was a common occurrence for little children of the age of six or seven years to carry burdens of coal of half a hundredweight up steps that, in the aggregate, equalled an ascent, fourteen times a day, to the summit of St. Paul's Cathedral! The coal was carried in a creel, or basket, formed to the back, the tugs or straps of which were placed over the forehead, and the body had to be bent almost double to prevent the coals, which were piled high on to the neck, from falling. Sometimes these tugs would break in ascending the ladder, when the consequences would always be serious, and sometimes fatal, to those who were immediately following.

Another form of severe labour to which children of eight years of age and upwards were frequently put, was that of pumping water in the under-bottom of the pits. The little workers stood, as a rule, ankle-deep in water, performing their unceasing tasks during hours as long as those in the other departments of labour.

It sometimes happened that the children employed in the mines were required to work "double shifts," that is to say, thirty-six hours continuously,

and the work thus cruelly protracted consisted, not in tending self-acting machinery, but in the heaviest kind of bodily fatigue, such as pushing loaded waggons, lifting heavy weights, or driving and constantly righting trains of loaded corves.

In addition to the actual labour, the children, especially the apprentices, suffered terribly from the cruelty of the overlookers, who bargained for them, dismissed them, and used them as they pleased. The revelation of the brutal punishments inflicted for the most trifling offences, is too sickening to dwell upon, nor will we advert to the fact that the food of the children was almost invariably insufficient, was of the coarsest kind, and was eaten irregularly.

It is needless to say that the poor little creatures, who laboured thus like beasts of burden, and who scarcely ever saw the sunshine more than once a week, suffered terribly in health. The foundation of diseases of the heart and lungs was laid in early life; many died young, and at thirty years of age most colliers became asthmatic, while rheumatism was almost universal. Every person employed in a coal mine was, in addition, exposed to danger constant and imminent, and it was a common saying that a collier was never safe after he was "swung off to be let down the pit." The accidents, many of them preventable, to which persons were chiefly exposed, were falling down the shaft, coal falling upon them, suffocation by carbonic acid gas, drowning from the sudden breaking in of water, and other minor accidents, which better regulations and machinery have now made impossible.

Education was totally neglected and the morals of the people were in the lowest possible state. Nor can this be wondered at when it is remembered that in a great number of the pits men worked in perfect nakedness, and in this state were assisted in their labours by females of all ages, from girls of six years old to women of twenty-one, these women being themselves quite naked down to the waist, their only garment being trousers.

As a rule the wages paid to labourers in the mines, and especially to the women and children, were unreasonably low, and in some districts the iniquitous "truck system" prevailed, that is to say, the people were not paid in money, but by advances of goods from a shop in the neighbourhood where the necessaries of life were dearer by 25 per cent. than in shops farther off.

For all the revolting cruelty practised upon the poor children employed in mines and collieries; for all the dreadful sufferings to which they were subjected in their premature and destructive labour; for all the horrible indecencies daily passing before their eyes and inviting their imitation; for all the ignorance, licentious habits, and social disorganisation springing out of this state of things, the main excuse given was, that without the employment of child-labour the pits could not possibly be worked with a profit; that after a certain age the vertebræ of the back do not conform to the required positions, and therefore the children must begin early, and that unless early inured to the work and its terrors no child would ever make a good collier.

It was when the condition of things was in this state that Lord Ashley had demanded a Commission of Inquiry.

May 7th.—The Report of the Commission is out—a noble document. The Home Office in vain endeavoured to hold it back; it came by a most providential mistake into the hands of members; and, though the Secretary of State for a long while prevented the sale of it, he could not prevent publicity, or any notice of motion.

Perhaps even “Civilisation” itself never exhibited such a mass of sin and cruelty. The disgust felt is very great, thank God; but will it be reduced to action when I call for a remedy?

May 14th.—The Government cannot, if they would, refuse the Bill of which I have given notice, to exclude females and children from coal-pits—the feeling in my favour has become quite enthusiastic; the Press on all sides is working most vigorously. Wrote pointedly to thank the editor of the *Morning Chronicle* for his support, *which is most effective*.

Concurrently with the Factory Question, Lord Ashley was continuing his labours in other movements, and especially those on behalf of the Insane. Thus he writes:—

May 17th.—This day I have visited Hanwell, in company with Serjeant Adams, and well may I, ay, and by His grace do I, heartily thank God for all that I saw there. Could any man, who has the least regard for his fellow-man, as created and redeemed by the same Blessed Lord, behold such a triumph of wisdom and mercy over ignorance and ferocity and not rejoice, and give God the glory? These things cannot be expressed, no, nor felt, by any but the spirit of Christian love, of the love of that dearest Lord, whose very essence is the indivisible, necessary, and single principle of goodness itself. What sufferings mitigated, what degradation spared, what vices restrained, what affections called forth!

May 21st.—The Government had well-nigh given away Thursday (my day for the Colliery Bill) to C. Buller. It is clear that they desire to get rid of the motion. This day I received a formal proposition from Freemantle to give precedence to the Bridport case. No reason assigned why the Minister demanded precedence; there is quite as good reason why I should precede Buller, as he precede me. I told him that such a request came with a very bad grace from a Government which was hostile, not only to past measures of the kind, but, I really believed, to this one in particular! I, of course, refused; postponement would be total surrender.

May 23rd.—Peel, knowing my determination not to give way, advised Wynne this evening (Wynne told me so himself) to take Thursday for a *question of privilege*, thereby destroying me altogether. Never was there such treatment, such abominable trickery.

May 24th.—One would have thought that a “paternal” Government would have hastened to originate, certainly to aid, any measures for the removal of this foul and cruel stain! No such thing, no assistance, no sympathy—every obstacle in my way, though I doubt whether they will dare *openly to oppose* me on the Bill itself. Have no time for reflection, no time for an entry. I hear that no such sensation has been caused since the first disclosures of the horrors of the slave trade! God, go before us, as in Thy pillar of a cloud!

May 30th.—26th, day fixed; persisted, having received an assurance from Peel and Freemantle that the privilege question would not occupy two hours,

Peel having engaged to give me a day if I were disappointed. So it turned out; Wynne was absent; I was called; the first sentence was all but begun, when cries arose that Wynne was coming; I gave way, and this famous "two hours" debate occupied from five till twelve o'clock! Never did I pass such an evening; expecting, for six hours, without food or drink, to be called on at any moment—very unwell in consequence, and have been, in fact, ever since. Peel then gave me Tuesday (to-morrow), and just now—such is the apparent fate of the question—a horrid attempt to assassinate the Queen has caused an adjournment of the House.

. . . . A second attempt to murder our young Queen is really as shocking individually as it is alarming publicly. May God hear the prayer of those who faithfully adore Him, and shield her from every mischief!

May 31st.—This is the day; but I fear that all will be so engrossed by this terrible affair, that there will be no hearing for us! Wrote to Peel, and offered to release him from his engagement (which he was quite ready to hold to) seeing his great anxiety to finish the Income Tax Bill. He had lost his day by so terrible an event, that it would be kind and becoming on my part to anticipate his wishes and postpone my own. He wrote a grateful acceptance of my offer, and now I stand for Tuesday next, like the god Terminus on the Capitol, resolved not to budge.

June 1st.—I am glad I have done so. Peel has carried his Bill, and I am not the worse for the delay—at least, I hope so. I foresee a covert and spiteful opposition; the Great Northern coal-owners have produced a document of defence of themselves, which throws the mantle of their comparative merit over the enormities of the general practice. Here is party! It is a vain, insolent, and feeble paper, quite in the style of the old apologies of the Factory masters. These repeated delays have tried my patience, and stumbled my faith—God forgive me. I shall yet see that the harvest is retarded, not denied.

"There, Madam, is the greatest Jacobin in your Majesty's dominions." Thus spoke Lord Melbourne, in his laughing way, addressing the Queen and pointing to Lord Ashley, who was dining one day at Windsor during the Factory Agitation. Lord Shaftesbury also used to laugh when narrating the incident, but it is clear from the following entry that his sensitive nature smarted during this period under the badinage of men of that school:—

Met Melbourne at dinner—a good deal excited by his language and opinions, and spoke strongly. I will never henceforward say anything to him, I have protested fully and finally, and there the matter shall end. There is a decided change in feeling towards my measures—even Howick declared last night to me, that long as he had been opposed to interference, he was compelled to admit its present necessity. . . .

The Report of the Commission had aroused the indignation of the whole country. No one had the least conception of the enormity of the evil that existed; but it was reserved for Lord Ashley to expose the iniquity of the system in a speech so powerful that it not only thrilled the House, but sent a shudder through the length and breadth of the land.

June 9th.—Oh, that I had the tongue of an angel to express what I ought to feel! God grant that I may never forget it, for I cannot record it. On the 7th, brought forward my motion—the success has been *wonderful*, yes, really wonderful—for two hours the House listened so attentively that you might have heard a pin drop, broken only by loud and repeated marks of approbation—at the close a dozen members at least followed in succession to give me praise, and express their sense of the holy cause. . . .

As I stood at the table, and just before I opened my mouth, the words of God came forcibly to my mind, “Only be strong and of a good courage”—praised be His Holy Name, I was as easy from that moment as though I had been sitting in an arm-chair. Many men, I hear, shed tears—Beckett Denison confessed to me that he did, and that he left the House lest he should be seen. Sir G. Grey told William Cowper that he “would rather have made that speech than any he ever heard.” Even Joseph Hume was touched. Members took me aside, and spoke in a *very serious* tone of thanks and admiration. I must and will sing an everlasting “non nobis.”—Grant, oh blessed God, that I may not be exalted above measure, but that I may ever creep close by the ground, knowing and joyfully confessing that I am Thy servant, that without Thee I am nothing worth, and that from Thee alone cometh all counsel, wisdom, and understanding, for the sake of our most dear and only Saviour, God manifest in the flesh, our Lord Jesus Christ! It has given me hopes for the Empire, hopes for its permanence, hopes for its services in the purposes of the Messiah. God prosper the issue! . . .

June 11th.—Has not this carried, in fact, the Ten Hours Bill? Yet two such mercies in *one* year would exceed, not God’s goodness, but man’s capacity.

The masterly speech in which Lord Ashley introduced his Bill, gave an epitome of the Commissioners’ Report, and set forth the whole question in its physical, moral, social, and religious aspects.

“Is it not enough,” he said, in conclusion, “to announce these things to an assembly of Christian and British gentlemen? For twenty millions of money you purchased the liberation of the negro; and it was a blessed deed. You may, this night, by a cheap and harmless vote, invigorate the hearts of thousands of your country people, enable them to walk erect in newness of life, to enter on the enjoyment of their inherited freedom, and avail themselves (if they will accept them) of the opportunities of virtue, of morality, and religion. These, Sir, are the ends that I venture to propose; this is the barbarism that I seek to restore.” *

Lord Ashley’s motion, “and the copious and judicious speech in which he introduced it, were received with an unanimity almost unexampled in any political assembly. The noble Lord must have felt himself well rewarded, for his exertions in the cause of humanity, by the remarkable tribute of admiration and consent which he received from all parts of the House.” So spoke the leading journal, and Englishmen generally warmly united in the tribute of admiration. In passing through Committee, and at the third reading, there were innumerable difficulties to overcome, and

* A member, in a preceding discussion, had said that “this kind of legislation would bring back the barbarism of the Middle Ages” (Hansard, 3, s. lxii. 1320).

repeated attempts were made to modify and delay the measure. But, backed by the great body of the House, Lord Ashley was able to triumph over all obstacles. When, however, the Bill came down from the Lords on August 6th, it was found that its utility had been considerably impaired by amendments, which, however, it was thought politic to accept, rather than endanger the passing of the measure during the existing Session.

One of the most determined opponents to factory legislation, as proposed by Lord Ashley, was Mr. Richard Cobden. He was not only opposed to the measures, but to the man; and his view of the character of Lord Ashley was as ungenerous as it was unjust.

In one of his earliest speeches in Parliament, Cobden uttered his protest against the "Philanthropists." In a letter to his brother Frederick he says, "The part of my last speech that struck home the most was at the close. I had observed an evident disposition on the Tory side to set up as Philanthropists. Old Sir Robert Inglis sat with his hands folded ready to sigh, and, if needful, to weep over a case of Church destitution; he delivered a flaming panegyric upon Lord Ashley the other night, styling him the *friend of the unprotected*, after he had been canting about the sufferings of lunatics. Added to this, Peel has been professing the utmost anxiety for paupers, and Sir Eardley Wilmot is running after Sturge. When I told them at the close of my speech, that I had been quietly observing all this, but it would not all do unless they showed their consistency by untaxing the poor man's loaf, there was a stillness and attention on the other side, very much like the conduct of men looking aghast at the first consciousness of being found out."

On another occasion, turning to a member who was a great friend of negro slaves, and to another who favoured Church Establishments, and who had lately complimented Lord Ashley as the great "friend of humanity generally, and of factory children in particular," Cobden said, "When I see a disposition among you to trade in humanity, I will not question your motives, but this I will tell you, that if you would give force and grace to your professions of humanity, it must not be confined to the negro at the Antipodes, nor to the building of churches, nor to the extension of Church Establishments, nor to occasional visits to factories to talk sentiment over factory children—you must untax the people's bread!"

Although Cobden had steadily opposed Lord Ashley, step by step, both publicly and privately, he raised no opposition whatever to the Mines and Collieries Bill. On the contrary, when Lord Ashley had concluded his great speech—a speech he always considered one of the most successful he ever delivered—Cobden came over to him, at its conclusion, and sitting down on the bench beside him, wrung his hand heartily and said, "You know how opposed I have been to your views; but I don't think I have ever been put into such a frame of mind, in the whole course of my life, as I have been by your speech."

The impression produced upon the mind of Cobden was not evanescent. "In 1842," says his biographer,* "Cobden took a more generous, or rather a

* "Life of Richard Cobden." By John Morley.

more just, view of Lord Ashley's character than he had been accustomed to express in his letters and conversation. 'He would confess very frankly that, before he had entered that House, he had entertained doubts, in common with many of the employers in the North, whether those advocates of the Short Hours Bill, who supported the Corn Law, were really sincere; but, since he had had an opportunity of a closer observation of the noble Lord, he was perfectly convinced of his genuine philanthropy.'

There were occasions, in subsequent years, when Cobden considered that Lord Ashley's philanthropy was leading him astray, and he resisted him accordingly; but all personal animosity had ceased, and, in its place, a friendship sprang up which bore fruit in later years, when mutual sympathy helped them each to bear the sorrows of domestic bereavement that came upon them.

June 16th.—Accounts from all parts full of promise. The collier people themselves are delighted; the hand-loom weavers (poor people!) rejoice in the exclusion of the females, as they themselves will go down and take their places. Here is the first point of success.

June 23rd. . . . Last night pushed the Bill through Committee; a feeble and discreditable opposition! "Sinners" were with me, "saints" against me—strange the contradiction in human nature! . . . Had I trusted in man, I should have been lamentably forlorn: not a member of the Government, except Manners Sutton, who was necessarily present. Graham, it is true, apologised, as summoned to the Queen; but where were the rest? It is very curious (but so I have invariably found it) that those who promised support failed, and those who made no promises were present. I must except a few. Bell and his Northern gentry behaved admirably. Some who came down to support me spoke against me!

There was one in the House of Commons who, not for the first time, had come forward to show his sympathy with the oppressed poor, and with the man who was so nobly fighting on their behalf. That helper was Lord Palmerston, who pleaded that the measure might pass into law without any alteration that would affect its principle, and he was convinced that it would pass if it received the cordial and sincere support of the Government.

Nor did he leave the matter here. In its passage through the House he continued to resist the amendments which tended to remove the security against the employment of women. He "taunted Ministers with not having given that cordial support which Sir James Graham had promised. . . . He would not accuse them of backing out of their intentions, but their reluctance to object to these amendments proved that there was a power greater than their own which exercised a sort of coercion over them."*

June 24th.—A notice given last night, by Mr. Ainsworth, to refer the Bill to a Select Committee, to see whether it would not abate the wages of the working classes! This involves delay—long and serious delay. I suffer much from anxiety. George Anson gave me a kind message from Prince Albert, expressive

* "Life of Lord Palmerston." By Hon. Evelyn Ashley, M.P.

of his sympathy and the Queen's, adding that he had read every syllable of it to the Queen, who was particularly pleased with the message to herself from Isabel Hogg.* I found on my return home a most excellent and amiable letter from the Prince. May God bless him and prosper him!

H.R.H. the Prince Consort to Lord Ashley.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, *June 23rd, 1842.*

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—I have carefully perused your speech, which you were so good as to send me, and I have been highly gratified by your efforts, as well as horror-stricken by the statements which you have brought before the country. I know you do not wish for praise, and I therefore withhold it, but God's best blessing will rest with you and support you in your arduous but glorious task. It is with real gratification I see in the papers the progress which you made last night. I have no doubt but that the whole country must be with you—at all events, I can assure you that the Queen is, whom your statements have filled with the deepest sympathy.

It would give me much pleasure to see you any day that you would call on me, at twelve o'clock, and to converse with you on the subject.

Believe me, with my best wishes for your *total* success,

Ever yours truly,

ALBERT.

June 25th.—Late last night, or rather at two o'clock in the morning, forced my Bill through the Report, despite the resistance of Mr. Ainsworth. Thank God! but the day is not yet won. There may be difficulty on the third reading.

Waited on Prince Albert; found him hearty, kind, sensible, and zealous. He is an admirable man!

June 28th.—Deputation from South Staffordshire; very positive, very unreasonable. But they have secured Hatherton's co-operation in the Lords; and I, meanwhile, have not found any one to take charge of the Bill. Buccleuch, even, requires longer time for the exclusion of females. Locke, I hear (the agent of Francis Egerton), is secretly setting men's minds against the "female clause." The whole struggle is reserved for the Upper House. God be with us!

June 29th.—A day of expectation and hope. Disappointed at the last. The House was counted out, and my Bill again delayed. The mercy of God is ever qualifying evil. I have lost the day, but I have gained the Duke of Buccleuch. He will undertake the charge of the Bill; for him I will extend the time of operation to 1st of March.

July 1st.—Last night the Duke of Buccleuch informed me that his colleagues objected; they refused him permission to undertake the Bill; they would not make it a Government measure. Surely, after such promises of support from Graham, such unanimity in the House, and such feeling in the country, they should have done so; but they are hostile in their hearts. Hatherton has notified his opposition in the Lords. I have no one to take charge of the Bill.

* "Another witness, a most excellent old Scotchwoman, Isabel Hogg, says:—'Collier people suffer much more than others. You must just tell the Queen Victoria that we are quiet, loyal subjects. Women-people don't mind work here, but they object to horse-work; and that she would have the blessings of all the Scotch coal-women if she could get them out of the pits and send them to other labour.'"—Quoted by Lord Ashley in his speech, June 7th, 1842.

July 2nd.—Resisted again last night. Two divisions on the adjournment of the debate late at night. Peel and Graham voted with me on the first, but went away on the second. *Neither of them said a word in my favour.* Gladstone voted against me, and Sir Edward Knatchbull; Graham, the evening before, had changed his tone, and began to express his doubts to Jocelyn. Here again is “cordial support!” The Government will *openly* desert me in the House of Lords. Wharncliffe attempted to break his engagement, by desiring me to postpone all parts of the Bill *except that which related to females.* I positively refused.

July 5th.—On Saturday, Francis was respited; on Sunday, the Queen’s life again attempted. Had the first miscreant suffered, we should not have had this second! God be praised for her escape! I have great difficulty in finding a patron for the Bill in the House of Lords; I have tried the Dukes of Buccleuch, Richmond, Sutherland, to no purpose.

July 6th.—Ainsworth again resisted it as a “dropped order,” fixed it, however, *by right*, for the later part of the evening. It came on about nine, and, God be everlastingly praised, received, amid cheers, the fiat that “Lord Ashley do carry the Bill to the Lords.”

Palmerston told the Ministers that, “*if they* were sincere (and they would soon be tested), the Bill must pass the House of Lords.”

It is almost impossible to understand the prolonged trouble and anxiety Lord Ashley had to encounter and endure, both before and after any great public effort. As an illustration, the following entries from the Diary are quoted, even at the possible expense of weariness to the reader:—

July 8th.—Much, very much trouble to find a Peer who would take charge of the Bill. It is “the admiration of everybody, but the choice of none.” So often refused, that I felt quite humbled; I was a wearisome suitor for a moment’s countenance. All had some excuse or other; praised it, but avoided it. Have since tried Lord Abercorn, the Duke of Cleveland, Lord Dalhousie, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Carnarvon, who has given me no answer, and Lord Stanhope, who dissuaded me from urging my request by showing how *his* advocacy of the Bill might ruin it in the estimation of their Lordships. He was truly zealous and kind; but his plea was a just one for “non-interference.”

At last, this very evening, a debate still raging in the House of Lords, I obtained Lord Devon, who spoke, with shame, of the indifference of the Peers to such a measure.

Never did one body present such a contrast to another as the House of Lords to the House of Commons—the question seemed to have no friends; even those who said a sentence or two in its favour, spoke coldly and with measure. Hatherton gave notice of a Committee, and the Duke of Wellington approved it, and spoke with contempt and suspicion of the Commissioners. I could not guess at his motive, unless it were an attack on the late Government. And this, after he had told me ten days ago at Buckingham Palace that he entirely approved my speech, and that “the House of Lords would give us no trouble”! nay, more, in a letter I received from him still later, he assured me that “he should take the same line in the Lords as the Ministers had taken in the Commons”!

This is the accomplishment of “cordial and earnest support”! But God will overrule, and turn all things to His glory at last. There is, I doubt not, and will

be, more success than I now see, for disappointment and apprehension lie heavy on me. I sent the Bill to the Lords with deep and fervent prayer, consecrating, and committing it to God, as Hannah consigned her son Samuel, to His blessed service. May He, in His mercy, have "respect unto me and my offering!"

July 13th.—Last night fixed for debate in House of Lords, postponed to Thursday. Lord Londonderry attacked me, Clanricarde defended me. Misery makes one acquainted with strange bedfellows! He did it kindly and well. Government at last declared, by the voice of Lord Wharncliffe, that it would "*be quite passive, it would give no support to the Bill.*" This, too, after having promised great things in the House of Commons; and moreover, after having done the Bill a dis-service by recommending that it should be referred to a Select Committee.

Now then I am impotent—nothing remains (humanly speaking) but public opinion—were it not for this I should not be able carry *one* particle of the Bill; but something, please God, I shall attain through that His instrument; yet a very small portion of what I desired. It is impossible to keep terms with this Ministry, their promises are worth nothing.

July 26th.—Bill passed through Committee last night. In this work, which should have occupied one hour, they spent nearly six, and left it far worse than they found it; never have I seen such a display of selfishness, frigidity to every human sentiment, such ready and happy self-delusion. Three bishops only present, Chichester (Gilbert), Norwich (Stanley), Gloucester (Monk), who came late but he intended well. The Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury went away! It is my lot, should I, by God's grace, live so long, to be hereafter among them; but may He avert the day on which my means of utility in public life would be for ever concluded! . . .

Aug. 1st.—. . . Said Peel to me the other evening, "I shall be as great a sufferer as most people by the Bill, but it was perfectly right; the evidence could not be resisted—though I shall be so great a sufferer, I assure you *I have not offered the slightest impediment.*" I told him "I believed his statement." I could not, however, pay compliments, for he ought to have done far more than give this negative aid; *he ought to have co-operated vigorously.*

12 o'clock, night.—Redesdale moved the third reading. I was much buoyed up with the notion (which papers, bills, peers, and clerks confirmed) that the amendments (!) admitting the women into pits "only not to work," had been omitted; full of excitement and thankfulness; when I suddenly discovered that the words were added on a slip of paper. God forgive me for my bitter disappointment; God strengthen my faith and patience! I am in a fix: shall I accept the words, or endeavour to strike them out? If they remain, the Bill is neutralised; if they be objected to, the Bill is lost.

The long period of anxiety and disappointment came to an end at last. The Bill—one of the greatest boons ever granted to the working classes—passed the House of Lords successfully, and the celebration of the victory is thus recorded:—

August 8th.—Took the Sacrament on Sunday in joyful and humble thankfulness to Almighty God for the undeserved measure of success with which He has blessed my effort for the glory of His name, and the welfare of His creatures. Oh that it may be the beginning of good to all mankind! *Novus sæclorum*

nascitur ordo? Whatever has been done, is but the millionth part of what there is to do; and *even then*, should such an end be accomplished, which man never yet saw, we should still be "unprofitable servants." The more I labour, the more I see of labour to be performed, and vain at the last will be the labour of us all. Our prayer must be for the Second Advent, our toil "that we be found watching."

Owing to the depression in trade this year, there was a terrible amount of distress in the manufacturing districts. In the neighbourhood of Stockport the poor-rates had increased from £2,628 in 1836—7 to £7,120, and it was stated, at a meeting to memorialise the Queen on the subject of the distress, that more than half the master-spinners had failed, and 3,000 dwelling-houses were untenanted. At Leeds, one-fifth of the entire population were dependent upon the poor-rates. At Manchester, shopkeepers and operatives held almost daily meetings, to devise measures of relief. At Sheffield, 10,000 people were suffering the direst distress. Early in the year, bread riots of a serious nature had taken place in Ireland and in Scotland, and in August alarming disturbances broke out in the manufacturing districts of England, chiefly at Manchester, Stalybridge, Stockport, Macclesfield, Dudley, Boston, and Huddersfield, under the direction of Chartist demagogues. So serious was the disorder that, after a special Cabinet Council had been held, troops of Artillery and Grenadiers were despatched to Manchester, and special instructions issued to magistrates. Eventually order was restored, but from the 18th to the 25th of August there was a reign of terror. Excited mobs clamoured in the streets by day, and night was made fearful by incendiary fires, while seditious placards were issued by the Executive Committee of the National Chartist Association to keep alive the agitation. Arrests were made in great numbers; in one gaol alone there were 500 prisoners, who were tried by special commissioners sent down by the Government. They were troublous times; and those outbreaks were presages of the storm that was brewing, not in England only, but over the whole Continent of Europe.

August 18th.—Have visited St. Giles's with William; found it in beauty and peace. *Oh, si sic omnia!* The country is distracted by lawless mobs and sudden insurrections, throughout the trading districts, more general, prolonged, and systematic than we have seen for years. It is singular that the commotion began among the pitmen in Staffordshire, in those regions which, represented by Lord Hatherton and the deputation, succeeded in mutilating the Colliery Bill, asserting, as they did to me, that "any provision for time and education was wholly unnecessary in those parts, the people being moral, religious, and fully instructed." The resistance of the colliers to a reduction of wages found sympathisers in all the manufacturing communities. The disaffection being set afloat, every department of industry produced its own grievances, and all are acting together, not so much because they are carefully organised, as because they are all ill at ease. The affair, however, has now taken the colour of a political movement; and all minor objects (the Poor Law, Factory Bill, Truck System, &c. &c.) are subordinate to the grand and final remedy of the Charter!

For this we are as much indebted to Sir R. Peel as to Feargus O'Connor. Peel's refusals create an appetite for O'Connor's offers. At the dissolution of Parliament the mass of the working classes were with Peel, because they had *hope*; they are now against him, because they have *none*. His course on the Ten Hours Bill was taken as the test and measure of his sympathy for the operatives of the kingdom; his perpetual talk of "imports and exports" (his mind and heart never entertain higher projects in the responsibilities of Government) does not deceive them, for they know full well that a brisk trade would not bring to them a bettered condition. They see in their rulers no interest or care, and they will, therefore, feel no confidence. "Had we," said the Chartists of Leeds to me, "a few more to speak to us as you have done, we should never again think of the Charter."

In September, Lord Ashley again made a tour through the manufacturing districts, accompanied by Lady Ashley, and spent much time amongst the operatives, both publicly and privately, to warn them against the prevailing spirit of lawlessness, and to urge them to persevere in their efforts for emancipation in a quiet and peaceable manner. Then, for relaxation, a few days were occupied in a hasty journey to North Wales for the purpose of visiting Llangollen, the Menai Bridge, and other places of interest. On their homeward journey, the following entry was made at Cholmondeley Castle:—

Sept. 29th.—Spent three days at Gawthorpe admirably well with Dr. Kay-Shuttleworth (formerly my antagonist) and Mrs. Shuttleworth, visiting the cottages, consulting colliers and hand-loom weavers, and conciliating mill-owners. We conversed from morning till night, and scarcely ever touched a subject unconnected with the moral and physical condition of the poor, and the means of repairing it. The grace of God has done much for the man; he always had a kind heart, he has now a religious heart; his whole pleasure is centred in moral good, his whole life seems devoted to the essential welfare of the British nation; he gives daily manifest and undeniable proofs of his sincerity.

This is a mighty gain for me and my cause, and I heartily bless God, who has raised up agents for Himself where, in my infirmity, I least looked for it! Thence to Worsley; a happy visit. I enjoyed an opportunity of renewing my habits of friendship and intimacy with that dear and excellent woman, Lady Francis Egerton, one of the earliest, and certainly the truest friend I have in the world. Never did there live a more simple-minded or pure-hearted person, full of zeal for God's honour, and indefatigable in His service. Peace be to the house! Had several interviews with Col. Shaw, of Manchester; acquired most extensive and important information respecting the working population; he is a jewel to me; I bless God that I have found him. Perambulated the town on Saturday night in company with two inspectors, and passed through cellars, garrets, gin-palaces, beer-houses, brothels, gaming-houses, and every resort of vice and violence. These things cannot go on for ten years longer, with a people increased by three millions. Saw a darling little girl seven years old in the very depth of dirt and uproar; never did I witness such beauty of natural, untaught affection, towards its rough and unkind mother. I determined, God willing, to rescue it if possible. Descended a coal-pit 450 feet; thought it a duty; easier to talk after you have seen; so away I went, and had ever in my mind, "Under-

neath are the everlasting arms"—so I feared not. Passing through Manchester, Monday, Sept. 26th, received and answered an address from the Central Short-Time Committee.

While Lord Ashley had been giving his attention more especially to the underground workers, the factory agitation for a Ten Hours Bill had, necessarily, although not for that reason, made very little material progress. It was desirable, therefore, that the people should be stirred up, and he "wrote his Answer to the Address of the Central Short-Time Committee with great care, as he wished it to be a manifesto of opinions." He expressed his thanks for their approval of his past services; but did not disguise his firm conviction that the measures hitherto either carried or suggested, were but preliminaries in the great undertaking of domestic regeneration.

After alluding to the passing of the Collieries Bill, and the unexampled assistance given by an unanimous press, which had awakened a healthy and vigorous public opinion, he called upon them to persevere in their just and necessary demands for a reasonable Time Bill, for a measure which, by the more equal distribution of labour, should save them from the alternation of absolute idleness and intolerable toil. He continued:—

Nor must we omit to press upon the attention of the public the gradual displacement of male by the substitution of female labour, in a large proportion of the industrial occupations of the country—an evil we have long observed with fear and sorrow. This evil, as you well know, is not confined to the mills and factories of the United Kingdom, but is spreading rapidly and extensively over other departments, desolating, like a torrent, the peace, the economy, and the virtue of the mighty mass of the manufacturing districts. Domestic life and domestic discipline must soon be at an end; society will consist of individuals no longer grouped into families; so early is the separation of husband and wife, of parents and children.

Sept. 29th.—To Cholmondeley Castle. Dear and friendly and agreeable people—the old Duchess,* God bless her, was there—though deeply religious they are cheerful, nay, joyous; they *think* good, *do* good, and God gives them His grace and blessing.

Among Lord Shaftesbury's papers there were found a number of letters from Sir Robert Peel, many of them undated. There is one which refers to the excellent Duchess of Beaufort, and justifies all that the foregoing extract from the Journal states; but whether the letter relates to this particular time is doubtful; it may have been written some few years earlier.

Sir Robert Peel to Lord Ashley.

WHITEHALL.

MY DEAR ASHLEY,—I shall be much obliged to you to convey to the Duchess of Beaufort my sincere thanks for the kind consideration which induced Her Grace to send to me, through you, the volume of sermons which accompanied your note; and to assure her that the occupations of public business, and the contentions of political strife, do not so wholly absorb my thoughts as to make me insensible to the full value of her favourable opinion and kind wishes.

* Duchess of Leaufort, mother of the Marchioness of Cholmondeley.

I would say more if I did not feel that, in serious matters like those forming the subjects of your note, any approach to flattery would be misplaced, and give pain rather than satisfaction to the sincerity and simplicity of a virtuous and religious mind.

But I am truly grateful for being remembered in the prayers which such a mind offers up for the spiritual welfare of those who, placed in such positions as I am, are too apt to have their thoughts diverted from matters of the highest and most lasting concern.

Ever, my dear Ashley, most faithfully yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

October 5th.—Rowton. Have been reading lately Sidney's Life of Rowland Hill; he was one of a race of martyrs, or rather of confessors, who maintained their pious but painful ground in the face of a persecution which, to many minds, would be more formidable than racks or gibbets. He and Simeon and all their brethren withstood contempt, and ridicule, and desertion at a time when neither in private nor in public was there any refuge or kindness for an evangelical man. This was by God's grace, and *we* reap the fruits of it. . . .

Oct. 27th.—Bournemouth. Melbourne has received the merciful warning of a paralytic stroke, and poor Irby is dead at Newmarket, a kind-hearted amiable man, who maintained amid the turfites (is it not well-nigh impossible?) a generous, unselfish spirit towards his competitors in the game.

Oct. 29th.—Went yesterday with the Queen Dowager to see the Steeplehill Nunnery, near Canford. No males admitted generally, and the Lady Abbess made objection, but was overruled by the Priest, who declared that the invitation of a Queen to her suite, masculine though it were, contained a dispensing power. A Cistercian nunnery, a female *La Trappe*; rules very rigorous, observance of them much mitigated; among others a rule prevails that no one speaks to her fellow; words are never exchanged except with the Superior or Chaplain. And this, poor things, is to be their notion of Christianity, and of the requirements of Scripture. "Then they that feared the Lord *spake often one to another*, and the Lord hearkened and heard it."

November 9th.—Wilton.* Here for the first time in my life—a most magnificent dwelling-place—it is "ceiled with cedar and painted with vermilion," yet I rejoice to say that the occupier, though not the actual proprietor, Sidney Herbert, has entered into and shared the spirit of David; he has not been content to "dwell in a house of cedar, while the Ark of God dwelleth within curtains;" the new and noble Church in the town attests his zeal for the "Temple of the Lord." *Quod felix faustumque sit!*

Have been to London to transact business in Lunacy. This is a mighty subject, and one on which authority and power could be extensively and beneficially exercised. How often do I exclaim, for this and many other purposes—

"O Thou, my thoughts inspire,
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire."

But God's strength is "made perfect" in man's weakness.

* Wilton, Salisbury—the Earl of Pembroke's. Sidney Herbert, afterwards Lord Herbert of Lea, was Lord Pembroke's younger brother.

The history of our arms in Afghanistan in the unfortunate expedition to reorganise the internal condition of that region which has been called "the land of transition between Eastern and Western Asia," was studied very attentively by Lord Ashley, and his Diaries contain a digest of all the stirring events from the first visit of "Bokhara" Burnes, and through all the series of disasters that followed, until, in 1842, the result was that "after four years of unparalleled trial and disaster, everything was restored to the condition in which we found it; except that there were so many brave Englishmen sleeping in bloody graves."

It would be foreign to our purpose to quote at length from his Diaries on subjects that were not personal to himself, but his views on the Campaign in Afghanistan, as well as on the China War, may be given here briefly, as upon both those subjects he was before long to take a public stand.

China and Afghanistan remit us by every mail fresh accounts of useless successes and indelible disgraces. The wretched inhabitants and soldiery of that unintelligible empire are mowed down, with as little resistance, as grass for the oven; the narratives of Captain Bingham's work are the records of an abattoir. . . .

Nov. 15th.—And *this* is the way to recommend Christianity to the Orientals? Timour and Nadir Shah did more for Mahometanism. Have been studying, every morning, St. Paul's epistles. Well may St. Peter say, "there are some things hard to be understood"!

Nov. 22nd.—Intelligence of great successes in China, and consequent peace. I rejoice in peace; I rejoice that this cruel and debasing war* is terminated; but I cannot rejoice, it may be unpatriotic, it may be un-British, I cannot rejoice in our successes; we have triumphed in one of the most lawless, unnecessary, and unfair struggles in the records of History; it was a war on which good men could not invoke the favour of Heaven, and Christians have shed more Heathen blood in two years than the Heathens have shed of Christian blood in two centuries! I tremble the more, because I feel assured that vengeance will come in some terrible shape; these sins will not remain unpunished; failure might have mitigated our retribution, but success will prove our ruin.

Nov. 24th.—Intelligence yesterday of further success in Afghanistan. Capture of Ghuznee and Cabul, and consequent peace. This is a blessing, and saves us from further cruelty and sin; but I tremble; "Pride goeth before a fall."

Nov. 25th.—The whole world is intoxicated with the prospect of Chinese trade. Altars to Mammon are rising on every side, and thousands of cotton children will be sacrificed to his honour. What can be more disgusting than the total oblivion of all causes, modes, and results of these wars, in the foresight or forehopes of large profits? . . . The peace too is as wicked as the war! We refuse, even now, to give the Emperor of China relief in the matter of the opium trade. . . .

Dec. 16th.—The Home Secretary has appointed *one* special Commissioner—a limb of the Poor Law—to investigate the employment of women and children in Agriculture. The motive is manifest, when you know the man; it is calculated first to delay, and then to oppose my efforts. He will allow me to do nothing

* The reference is to the first Opium War.

until the report be made, and then, beside, qualify my doings by arguing that agriculturists are no better off. This would be inconceivably untrue, but quite enough for a Parliamentary statement, backed by official authority. What are the proportionate numbers of females, the intensity of their labour, the duration of absence from home, the hours of toil, the locality, and all the circumstances? As a million to zero.

Dec. 17th.—Anxious all night, full of suspicions that a trick is intended. . . .

Dec. 22nd.—The weather we have enjoyed throughout this whole year has been the temperature and climate of Eden. God be praised! the poor find their comfort in it. Yesterday was my father's birthday, on which he completed his seventy-fourth year, a most green and vigorous old age—God grant that he may turn it to his everlasting account!

Dec. 25th.—Christmas Day. There is very little seeming, and no real, hope for mankind but in the Second Advent; all our efforts are weak and transitory, and issue in works very little stronger or more lasting—if we succeed in any project having for its end the good of the human race; first, we have to contend against the various lets and hindrances which arise in the execution of every honest purpose, the abatements, the diversions, the overthrows of our schemes; next, we must consider how small a portion of our fellow-creatures can receive benefit from any policy of ours—the widest plan and the fullest success of benevolence never yet affected the twentieth part of mankind—nothing can be universal but the reign of our blessed Lord on the throne of David, when there shall be “Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and goodwill towards men;” “even so come, Lord Jesus!”

Dec. 26th.—The collect for the third Sunday in Advent contains the whole object and means of national and individual education. It exhibits (as is most true) the affairs of this world as subservient to those of the next; it shows the object to be the preparation of man's heart for Christ's Second Coming; the means, to be the general diffusion and maintenance of the Gospel by the “ministers and stewards” of God's holy mysteries. Here is wisdom! Now, had I my own way, as absolute Prince, or Prime Minister, of these realms, I would reduce these principles to action. I would recast the whole arrangement of parishes, especially in towns. I would assign to every three thousand souls a resident pastor, with a decent income and comfortable house; and I would then leave education to take care of itself, forbidding to the State any meddling, suggesting, directing, planning, in matters wherein it can have no knowledge. The State should insist and *enforce* that the duty be done, but not presume to interfere with its own theories and doctrines.

Dec. 31st.—It is manifest that my “public support” in the coming year will undergo considerable abatement. Publicity being one of my instruments, any means towards it being abstracted, I shall find myself in greater labour and less co-operation. Even the *Dorset County Chronicle* has imbibed the poison, and seems shy of rendering me any service among my constituents.

A man having neither an official station nor a party to back him, cannot, humanly speaking, afford to lose the assistance of newspapers. I am beginning to be a little anxious; I wonder now whether I am so for *myself*, or in behalf of “*the cause*.” I know full well that there is in all these things a leaven of personality.

CHAPTER XI.

1843.

"I HAVE undertaken," wrote Lord Ashley in 1842, "more than I know how to accomplish." Yet the year 1843 was destined to bring him an enormous accession of labour. Three gigantic questions—National Education, the Opium Trade, and Ragged Schools—were to be added to those which already occupied his attention.

Before proceeding to quote from his Journals on these subjects, or to narrate the position of affairs in relation to them, we must first glance at other matters concerning his own personal history and the movements of the time.

Jan. 1st.—St. Giles's. Here I am in Quarter Sessions: the same vice, the same misery—population increasing, and crime also. The evil and the danger growing hand in hand, and yet not an attempt at remedy! . . .

Jan. 10th.—Lord Londonderry has invited the formation of a league to attain the repeal of my Colliery Bill. Sharp practice, seeing that it will not come into full operation before next March! I see that the proposal is received with favour in Scotland. I can hardly believe that the Parliament will so speedily reverse its decision, or the Government their "support." It is, however, another element of anxiety, and another subject of prayer.

A grand oration by Gladstone at Liverpool in favour of Collegiate Institutions and education of middle classes. The papers bepraise him, his eloquence, his principles, and his views. Well, be it so; there is no lack of effort and declamation in behalf of fine edifices and the wealthier classes; but where is the zeal for ragged pin-makers, brats in calico works, and dirty colliers? Neither he nor Sandon (how strange!) ever made or kept a house for me, ever gave me a vote, or ever said a word in my support.

Jan. 12th.—Yesterday's *Times* and *Morning Post* are dissatisfied with their friend: he is but a hybrid in Puseyism for them. The *Times* says something that is true; the *Post* is unjust. Here is the awkward and half-ridiculous position of Gladstone: he has asserted principles in matters ecclesiastical that he cannot reduce to practice in the present hour: and yet he has taken office with a Ministry that neither can conform to them, nor even desires it. He is allied with men, and must, to retain office, act with men who feel differently, think differently, and speak differently from himself on questions of the highest moment. His public life has long been an effort to retain his principles, and yet not lose his position. He seems a kind of theological bat, partaking of two natures.

Early in the year there is a significant entry in the Diary:—"Peel will yet find his difficulties to lie in Ireland." And the prophecy met with its

fulfilment. We can only summarise, in this place, the course of events fully detailed in the Diary.

Throughout the year 1843 Ireland was, apparently, on the very verge of revolution. O'Connell had termed it "the Repeal year," and, by organising enormous gatherings of the people, called "monster meetings," had hoped to bring about a Repeal of the Union. At these meetings he exhorted his countrymen "to die freemen rather than live as slaves;" he held out to them the hope that, before twelve months had passed, "an Irish Parliament should sit at College Green," and vowed that, within that period, "he would himself be free or in his grave!"

Alarmists were astonished at the calm attitude in which these lawless proceedings were viewed by Sir Robert Peel and his Cabinet, especially when preparations were being made to hold a monster meeting of unusual importance on the 8th of October, at Clontarf, near Dublin, a spot famous in the war-annals of Ireland.

But, on the day before the intended meeting, a Proclamation was issued by the Lord-Lieutenant and Council of Ireland, warning all well-disposed persons from attending the meeting, organised by "factious and seditious men." This Proclamation struck terror to the hearts of the "Repealers." The meeting was countermanded. O'Connell, forsaken by the bulk of his former supporters, indulged in violent and ill-judged language, and on the 14th of October he, and eight of the most prominent leaders in the agitation, were arrested on the charges of conspiracy, unlawful assembling, and sedition. The result was that a fine of £2,000 and imprisonment for twelve months were inflicted on O'Connell, and his companions were also punished by fines and imprisonment; and thus a death-blow was struck to the agitation.

O'Connell survived his defeat only three years.

As already stated, the terrible events that occurred in Afghanistan in 1842 had been carefully studied by Lord Ashley, and every great episode noted from time to time in his Diary. Especially did he watch the policy of Lord Ellenborough (the Governor-General of India in succession to Lord Auckland), a man of brilliant talents, erratic genius, and overbearing temper, whose high-handed action and bombastic utterances reached their climax in the extraordinary Proclamation issued by him on the restoration to India of the gates of the Temple of Somnauth, carried off by his orders when Ghuznee was retaken by the English. It ran thus: "To all the Princes and Chiefs and People of India. My brothers and my friends,—Our victorious army bears the gates of the Temple of Somnauth in triumph from Afghanistan, and the despoiled tomb of Sultan Mahmoud looks upon the ruins of Ghuznee. The insult of 800 years is at last avenged. The gates of the Temple of Somnauth, so long the memorial of your humiliation, are become the proudest record of your national glory; the proof of your superiority in arms over the nations beyond the Indus." . . .

Jan. 22nd.—Is Ellenborough mad? Has any person, private or royal, ever uttered such a speech, or sent such a circular, since the days of Herod? *Nec vox*

hominem sonat. He is stately and oracular as a tutelary Apollo, a false and coxcombical deity. But this folly is serious; it vitally affects the honour and service of Christianity; the British Government is to conciliate the Hindoos by the repair of their temples and by the adoration of their idols! The Mahometans had been good enough to *do*, eight hundred years ago, what we could not *think of now*, to destroy the house of a beastly image, and now we are set on the restoration of it! . . .

Jan. 23rd.—Just finished Lieutenant Eyre's narrative* of the affairs at Cabul and the captivity in Afghanistan, deeply interesting, graphically yet simply told, with the force and painting of Captain Head. Much as I hated and dreaded the policy which prompted and executed the invasion of that country when it first began, I hate and dread it more *now*. What a mass of needless sin and suffering! What a mighty waste of virtue, courage, heroism, fortitude! What energies thrown away—nay, more—exerted in a wicked cause by noble and reluctant parties! Here were minds and hearts destroyed in that wilderness of misery, which might, in a day of necessity, have been, under God, the glory and strength of Great Britain!

This is bad enough in itself; but there is something yet worse; there is an immense national sin altogether unrepented of. People rejoice, and say, "they are glad we are well rid of the matter;" but are we so? . . .

March 10th.—Voted last night against the Government, to condemn Lord Ellenborough's Proclamation. What have I to do with the party-motives of the Whigs, who brought forward the resolution? Their motives may be vile, but they do not alter the quality of the fact. It is on this that I had to pronounce, irrespective of the sentiments of those who attacked and defended it. Talk of party, indeed! The defence was as much the work of a faction as the assault. Never was I more disgusted and depressed; never did I feel less regard for public men, or less pleasure in public life. The character of the Proclamation, its effects on the native race, on Christians in India, on Christians in England, were quite forgotten; everything sacrificed to the defence of the Governor-General.

Any attempt to palliate slavery was abhorrent to Lord Ashley, as the following entry will show:—

Jan. 25th.—Morpeth† has written a letter to the female editor of the *Liberty Bell* in America. . . . He shuns any part in the Slavery Question in the U.S.; but while his prudence may be applauded for abstaining from interposition in local disputes, his language seems somewhat to express a diminution of feeling on this great human wrong. He states his discovery that many persons of sense, refinement, and *piety*, defend and practise the institution of slavery. This is the first step towards the justification of it—perhaps by both parties. . . . Piety forsooth! I should much like to ascertain these points: do his pious slaveholders discourage, in every way, and between all parties, illicit sexual connection? Do they encourage—nay, compel—among their slaves the institution of marriage—God's holy ordinance in the days of man's innocence—and *all* the consequent domestic relations? Do they spread among them the knowledge and

* "Narrative of a Prisoner in Afghanistan."

† Afterwards Earl of Carlisle and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He was travelling in the States.

practice of Christianity? Do they provide for them the administration of the Sacraments, the free use of the Bible, the regular attendance at public worship? Or do they shut them out of such privileges as above the slavish station? Until he shall have *proved* these things, Lord Morpeth has no right to talk of pious slaveholders! . . .

On the 20th of January, Mr. Edward Drummond, Private Secretary to Sir Robert Peel, was shot when passing along Whitehall; and there was little doubt that the assassin, Daniel McNaughten, intended the ball, not for him, but for Sir Robert Peel. Lord Ashley wrote a letter of condolence and sympathy, as follows:—

Lord Ashley to Sir Robert Peel.

ST. GILES'S HOUSE, *January 30th, 1843.*

MY DEAR SIR ROBERT,—Perhaps a few words from me of condolence and sympathy with the great loss you have sustained in poor Edward Drummond will not be considered out of season, or out of place. He was to you so true a friend, and so valuable an assistant, that I may venture to rank him among those whom you most loved and honoured. God knows the loss is not yours alone; every one who enjoyed the acquaintance of the poor dear fellow must feel how ill society could afford the privation of so simple-hearted and so English a gentleman. But his melancholy end fills me with horror; it has pleased God in His wise and merciful, though unsearchable Providence, to permit him to fall by the blow that was, no doubt, intended for another. I cannot believe that it is a disconnected act; it is the beginning of sorrow. *Sursum corda*; these events must prove to us of what slight avail are all human precautions; that in the everlasting arms is our only safety; and that as we hope to die, so must we learn to live, in His faith and fear. May God, of His mercy, guide, protect, and cherish you! May He reserve you for His gracious purposes towards this country and mankind, for His service in this world, and for His glory in the next!

Yours very truly,

ASHLEY.

To this letter Sir Robert replied:—

Sir Robert Peel to Lord Ashley.

WHITEHALL, *January 31st, 1843.*

MY DEAR ASHLEY,—If anything could administer consolation to me for the dreadful loss I have sustained, under circumstances of the most painful nature, it would be the letter which you have written to me, full of the kindest assurances of sympathy, and inculcating, with all the authority of a lofty and virtuous spirit, solemn truths too often neglected. What human precaution can be availing? The assassin of my poor friend had no grievance that we ever heard of. He never preferred a complaint. He was ten times more affluent than the vast majority of his class in life.

I must have passed within three yards of him half an hour before the murder was committed.

Ever, my dear Ashley, with sincere regard,

Most faithfully yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

Feb. 22nd.—Dined with Peel on 18th; had much conversation. He asked me much about Puseyism. He now seems to hold it in horror.

The Second Report of the Children's Employment Commission, having reference to the condition of juvenile labourers in various branches of industry not affected by the Factory Act, was published early in 1843.* In this voluminous document and its appendices, it was proved that in many trades children began to work at seven, six, five, and even four years of age. Parents sent their children to work as early as possible; in many cases to pay off debts to the master by the children's labour. In other cases children were apprenticed for long terms of years to receive food and clothing, but no wages. The apprentices had no legal protection against unmerciful masters, but convictions of apprentices for breaches of contract were very numerous. Magistrates were opposed to cancelling contracts, even when neglect or cruelty was evident, lest the apprentices should return to be a burden on the parish. Bad treatment of the children by adult workmen was common. The average day's work was from ten to twelve hours. Ignorance and moral depravity were general; the Sunday schools inefficient; the evening schools of little use for overworked children. With all this labour there were associated great poverty and bad food, especially in the nail-making, needle, lace, hosiery, and tobacco manufactories, in the potteries, and the calico-printing works. The picture revealed by this investigation into the "free industries" (as they were termed), was much more melancholy than anything that had been reported with reference to the great factories. And yet, in spite of efforts by Lord Ashley, to which we shall have occasion presently to refer, only in one or two directions was anything done to remedy these terrible abuses, until the passing of the first Factory Extension Act in 1864.

The Factory Question, in consequence of the revelations made by the Reports of the Children's Employment Commission, became so closely associated with the subject of the Education of the Working Classes, that it was necessary to treat it in this connection, and on February 28th Lord Ashley moved an Address to the Crown praying her Majesty "to take into her instant and serious consideration the best means of diffusing the benefits and blessings of a moral and religious education amongst the working classes of her people." In support of this proposition he produced a mass of startling statistics, and unveiled a picture of widespread depravity. In concluding his speech he said:—

This, Sir, completes the picture I desired to lay before the House: it has been imperfectly, and I fear tediously drawn. There is, however, less risk in taxing the patience than in taxing the faith of indulgent hearers. I have not presumed to propose a scheme, because I have ever thought that such a mighty undertaking demands the collective deliberation and wisdom of the Executive, backed by the authority and influence of the Crown. But what does this picture exhibit? Mark, Sir, first, the utter inefficiency of our penal code—of our capital and

* *Parl. Papers*, 1843, xiii., xiv., xv.

secondary punishments. The country is wearied with pamphlets and speeches on gaol-discipline, model-prisons, and corrective processes; meanwhile crime advances at a rapid pace; many are discharged because they cannot be punished, and many become worse by the very punishment they undergo—punishment is disarmed of a large part of its terrors, because it no longer can appeal to any sense of shame; and all this because we will obstinately persist in setting our own wilfulness against the experience of mankind and the wisdom of Revelation, and believe that we can regenerate the hardened man while we utterly neglect his pliant childhood. You are right to punish those awful miscreants who make a trade of blasphemy, and pollute the very atmosphere by their foul exhibitions; but you will never subdue their disciples and admirers, except by the implements of another armoury. You must draw from the great depository of truth, all that can create and refine a sound public opinion—all that can institute and diffuse among the people the feelings and practices of morality. I hope I am not dictatorial in repeating here that criminal tables and criminal statistics furnish no estimate of a nation's disorder. Culprits, such as they exhibit, are but the representatives of the mischief spawned by the filth and corruption of the times. Were the crimes of these offenders the sum total of the crimes of England, although we should lament for the individuals, we might disregard the consequences; but the danger is wider, deeper, fiercer; and no one who has heard these statements and believes them, can hope that twenty years more will pass without some mighty convulsion, and displacement of the whole system of society.

Next, Sir, observe that our very multitude oppresses us; and oppresses us, too, with all the fearful weight of a blessing converted into a curse. The King's strength ought to be in the multitude of his people; and so it is; not, however, such a people as we must shortly have; but in a people happy, healthy, and virtuous: "*Sacra Deûm, sanctique patres.*" Is that our condition of present comfort or prospective safety? You have seen in how many instances the intellect is impaired, and even destroyed, by the opinions and practices of our moral world; honest industry will decline, energy will be blunted, and whatever shall remain of zeal be perverted to the worst and most perilous uses. An evil state of morals engenders and diffuses a ferocious spirit; the mind of man is as much affected by moral epidemics as his body by disorders; thence arise murders, blasphemies, seditions, everything that can tear prosperity from nations, and peace from individuals. See, Sir, the ferocity of disposition that your records disclose: look at the savage treatment of children and apprentices; and imagine the awful results, if such a spirit were let loose upon society. . . .

Nor let us put out of mind this great and stirring consideration, that the moral condition of England seems destined by Providence to lead the moral condition of the world. Year after year we are sending forth thousands and hundreds of thousands of our citizens to people the vast solitudes and islands of another hemisphere; the Anglo-Saxon race will shortly overspread half the habitable globe. What a mighty and what a rapid addition to the happiness of mankind, if these thousands should carry with them, and plant in those distant regions, our freedom, our laws, our morality, and our religion!

This, Sir, is the ground of my appeal to this House; the plan that I venture to propose, and the argument by which I sustain it. It is, I know, but a portion of what the country requires; and even here we shall have, no doubt, disappointments to undergo, and failures to deplore; it will, nevertheless, bear for us

abundant fruit. We owe to the poor of our land a weighty debt. We call them improvident and immoral, and many of them are so: but that improvidence and that immorality are the results, in a great measure, of our neglect, and, in not a little, of our example. We owe them, too, the debt of kinder language, and more frequent intercourse. This is no fanciful obligation; our people are more alive than any other to honest zeal for their cause, and sympathy with their necessities, which, fall though it oftentimes may on unimpressible hearts, never fails to find some that it comforts, and many that it softens. Only let us declare, this night, that we will enter on a novel and a better course—that we will seek their temporal through their eternal welfare—and the half of our work will then have been achieved. There are many hearts to be won, many minds to be instructed, and many souls to be saved; *Oh Patria! oh Divum domus!*—the blessing of God will rest upon our endeavours; and the oldest among us may perhaps live to enjoy, for himself and for his children, the opening day of the immortal, because the moral, glories of the British Empire.

This powerful speech met with the general applause of the House, and the motion was agreed to.

March 1st.—Last night brought forward my motion on “National Education.” Whatever I received from the goodness, grace, and mercy of God, when I introduced my Colliery Bill, I received in a tenfold measure here. Hearts were prepared, opportunities furnished, success vouchsafed. The unanimity was wonderful; the feeling in the House still more so; it presented the spectacle of a Christian assembly, invested with mighty power for Christian objects. Could this have been effected a few years ago? Such a speech would have been heard with cool indifference or shouts of derision! *novus scolorum nascitur ordo*; if we will but seize the blessing that God Almighty, who has long waited to be gracious, now holds out in His lavish, inconceivable, and undeserved mercy, the country will not only be saved, but rise to loftier degrees of dignity, usefulness, and virtue!

What lessons does such success as mine offer to the weak in faith! And what a lesson to myself in all my doubts and misgivings and ungrateful perplexities! But this comfort I have, that it is in the hope and strength of God’s word that I have laboured: the blessed words of our dear Lord have ever been before me, “feed My lambs.”

5th.—I am more and more astonished by the success of my motion, and by the excitement of fervour and sympathy it has raised. It is wonderful how God gives us more than *we desire or deserve*;—*deserve* so much is wicked to think of; desire so much was beyond all conception. Graham behaved well, and rose immediately after me to catch (as he said) the House in its warm and generous temper. I was much struck by the spirit and feeling of John Russell; he spoke like a man deeply impressed by some strong conviction. They tell me that on Wednesday morning shops and public-houses were thronged by persons anxious to read the papers. O God, in Thy mercy, grant that this be the grain of mustard-seed in the heart of the nation, which shall grow into a tree like the cedar of Lebanon, and stretch forth its branches unto the sea, and its boughs unto the river!

Why was it? About a quarter of an hour before I concluded, I stopped

suddenly, lost the thread of my discourse, and nearly broke down! Was this the "thorn in the flesh" lest I should be exalted beyond measure?

Thus ends this volume (of the Diary) with a triumph in my public career. To God in His mercy be all the honour, and may I have strength, and wisdom, and zeal, and power to persevere, and to see, and to do "yet greater things than these!"

On the evening that Lord Ashley brought forward his motion, Sir James Graham stated that a Factory Education Bill was in course of preparation. On March 8th this Bill was laid before the House; it reduced the hours of labour for children from eight to six and a half hours per day, the whole of which was to be accomplished either in the morning or in the afternoon. Children were to be allowed to begin working at eight instead of nine years of age. "Young persons" between thirteen and eighteen were only to work twelve hours, and females were to be deemed "young persons" till twenty-one years of age. There were some other protective clauses, and joined to these there was a scheme of education, to some extent compulsory. The schools to be provided were each to be under the care of a clergyman, two churchwardens, and four elective trustees. To this provision, which evidently gave a preponderance to Church influence, the Bill owed its eventual destruction. The opposition of the Dissenters was roused, and soon became formidable. When the Bill was read *pro forma* on the 1st of May, Sir James Graham said: "The petitions which have been presented against the Educational Clauses of the Factories Bill, to which I am about to advert, have been numerous almost without precedent." Well might he say so, for up to that date 11,611 petitions, bearing 1,757,297 signatures—mainly those of Dissenters—had been given in.

May 11th. . . . Education scheme seems to languish; foes active, friends supine; indeed, it has but few zealous friends. Many acquiesce under the pressure of necessity; doubtless it is pushed to the *very verge* of principle; a hair's-breadth in addition would render my acceptance of it impossible. Graham's interpretation of the teaching of the Scriptures is an exaggeration of the British and Foreign system; it would preclude any doctrinal explanation whatever; confine the child to grammar and syntax, and leave him in full possession, humanly speaking, should he have them, of the grossest and most perilous errors. Yet I will take the Bill, because the whole Word of God is put into the hands of the scholar and is read by him. My poverty, but not my will, consents. God, I hope and pray, in compassion to our infirmities, will bless the use of His Book, notwithstanding the denial of the oral teaching of His minister. Three times a week, moreover, the child will be trained in the tenets and discipline, the Creeds and Liturgy, of the Church.

To meet the views of the Nonconformists, the Government introduced some modifications into the Bill, but it became increasingly evident that these concessions were of no avail.

In presenting the Amended Bill, Sir James Graham posed in the new attitude of a peace-maker, but not until he had effectually used his arts of irritation beforehand.

"I am aware—for the symptoms are too evident," he said, "that upon this question the waters of strife have overflowed, and that they now cover the land; this" (the modified Bill the Right Hon. Baronet then placed upon the table), "this is my olive-branch. I tender it in the hope that the harbinger of peace ere long may return, with the glad tidings that the waters have subsided. On the part of the Government, I tender this peace-offering in the spirit of concord and of Christian charity and goodwill."

But the waters of strife were not to be spoken down into calm by Sir James Graham. By the 15th of June the petitions against the clauses in their amended form were almost as numerous as those against the clauses in their original form; in the City of London alone, 55,000 persons signed a protest against the further progress of the Bill. On that date, therefore, Sir James Graham gave notice of the intention of the Government to abandon the Educational Clauses.

June 16th.—Graham withdrew, last night, the Education Clauses of the Factory Bill. The Government are right, it could not have been carried in the House except by forced and small majorities; it could not have been reduced to practice in the country, without fierce and everlasting collisions—as harmony was the object, so harmony must have been the means. The fierceness and strength of opposition, however, were not the sole reasons of withdrawal; at least in my mind, the apathy of our own friends, lay and clerical, was a death-blow to any hope of immediate or final success. No one liked the scheme, though many acquiesced in it; all desired that it should not pass, because one part thought it would do real harm, and the other believed it would do no good. One result has issued to my conviction, and I dare say to that of many others. "Combined Education" must never again be attempted—it is an impossibility, and worthless if possible—the plan is hopeless, the attempt full of hazard. So I will never vote for combined education—let us have our own schools, our Catechism, our Liturgy, our Articles, our Homilies, our faith, our own teaching of God's Word.

June 17th.—Wrote on Wednesday to Peel, to relieve him from any obligation he might conceive himself to be under to me, to persevere in the Educational Clauses. I admitted his extraordinary and unprecedented difficulties. He returned a most thankful answer, and stated that, without my assent, he could not have withdrawn the Bill.

Sir Robert Peel's reply was as follows:—

Sir Robert Peel to Lord Ashley.

WHITEHALL, June 16th, 1843.

MY DEAR ASHLEY,—Your kind and considerate letter in respect to the Educational Clauses in the Factory Bill relieved the Government from the great embarrassment which they would have felt in abandoning those clauses, if, after the part you have taken on the subject of Education, and the religious and social welfare of the manufacturing classes, and considering your high authority on any question relating to the improvement of their condition, your opinion had been decidedly in favour of perseverance.

My own opinion is, seeing what has passed, that there would be no advantage to the cause of religious education in trusting to the co-operation of the Dissenting body in the measure we proposed, and that the abandonment of it is preferable to failure, after religious strife and contention. It is but a sorry and lamentable triumph that Dissent has achieved.

Most truly yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

June 16th.—Wrote yesterday to urge perseverance in the remaining clauses. Wrote *most strongly*, because I suspected Graham. I pointed out, in fact, that the Government could not, with honour, retire. This evening received his reply in the affirmative, yet I think that, without my letter, they would have surrendered the Bill! The clergy are not to be blamed; they have agreed to concessions never before heard of, but in the hope of conciliation and peace. . . . I never thought that I could have accepted such a scheme, and yet it was wise both to make it and receive it. Extreme necessity and extreme hope acted on my judgment, and I did what I never did before and will never do again. All was gulpable, but when called on to adopt "the teaching of the Bible," as proposed by Sir James, the simple text without note or comment or word of interpretation, the grammatical sense and nothing else, the actual leaving, as the case might be, of a Socinian in Socinian ignorance, of a Socialist in Socialist impurities, except so far as the grace of God might bless even the "letter" of His word—I did feel a nausea, almost to faintness; nevertheless, for the sake of peace, I agreed to even *that*.

The letter referred to above was in these terms:—

Lord Ashley to Sir Robert Peel.

June 15th, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR ROBERT,—Sir James Graham asserted this evening that the Factory Bill was so complicated with Education Clauses as to require very serious deliberation whether it could be proceeded with this Session.

Sir James's statement is tolerably incorrect, nay, I think, unfair; the Education Clauses were engrafted on a Bill found in the Home Office; a Bill which had been recommended by the Committee of 1841, of which I was Chairman, and introduced by Mr. Fox Maule.

This Bill contained the Six-hour Clause, the limitation of time for children under thirteen years of age, suggested and propounded some months before your Government came into office.

The Bill, if shorn of its Educational Clauses, is a complete measure, and has the sanction of a Committee appointed to investigate and improve the state of the Factory Acts.

Surely you cannot withdraw the Bill now on the table; such a step would be a departure from what is due to the House, to the operatives, and, I may say, to myself. I urged the late Government for years, and at last persuaded them to partial justice; their Bill was lost by the Dissolution. It can scarcely be necessary that I should recall all the private and public communications I have had with your Government on this subject. Nothing was done in 1841; I expected something, and was disappointed, in 1842, but excuses were assigned, and I lived on the promise for 1843.

I must appeal from Sir James Graham to you. I cannot believe that you will allow such a wanton abuse of power, for such it would be. I have no following in the House, and no party to rest on; I am therefore at the will of those who have; but I still trust that some consideration will be shown, not to myself, but to these wretched people in whose cause I have now begun the eleventh year of anxiety and toil.

I am, very truly yours,

ASHLEY.

On the 19th Sir James Graham declared that the remainder of the Factory Bill would be proceeded with, and moved that it be committed. The Bill then passed through Committee, and in the course of the discussion Lord Ashley deplored the dissensions that had broken out. "Wherever the fault lay, one thing was quite clear—that the really suffering parties were the vast body of neglected children, who, as present appearances went, were now consigned to an eternity of ignorance." Ultimately, the Government saw fit to abandon the measure altogether, promising, on July 31st, in reply to a question from Lord Ashley, to bring in another Bill early in the ensuing Session.

The introduction of Lord Ashley to the Opium Question is told by him in his Journal in these simple words:—

Feb. 13th.—On Saturday last Samuel Gurney and Mr. Fry called on me to lay the state of the Opium Trade with China before me, and request that I would submit it to Parliament, as a grand question of national morality and religion. I agreed in all they said, for I had long thought and felt the same; but doubted my fitness and capacity to undertake such a task—promised, however, to consider the proposition. They told me, and gave most excellent proofs of their correctness, that the Government were not averse to the abolition of the Opium Monopoly, though fully aware of its extreme difficulty; that the Board of Trade were actually favourable, and that Peel positively condemned the contraband trade.

This was the commencement of an official alliance with a cause which, for more than forty years, was to receive his advocacy. There can be little doubt that future generations of Englishmen will unhesitatingly condemn the policy that has so long been pursued with regard to this iniquitous traffic, and it will seem scarcely credible that in the nineteenth century, while British missionaries were preaching the Gospel in every quarter of the globe, and while British philanthropists were combating almost every known phase of evil under the sun, British statesmen could be found capable of defending, for the sake of the revenue, a system which has been again and again conclusively proved to be fraught with misery and ruin to tens of thousands of the Chinese people. Vainly have the best and wisest of Chinese statesmen opposed the introduction of the pernicious drug; English Ministers were determined that the revenues of our Indian Empire should not be curtailed, and did not scruple to secure, by fire and sword, the maintenance of the unholy traffic.

It may assist to a clearer understanding of the issues involved in this momentous question, if we very briefly state the salient facts in the previous history of the exportation of opium to China from our Indian dependencies.

Prior to 1773, some of the Civil servants of the East India Company, in defiance of the rules which were supposed to regulate their conduct, had been enriching themselves by the cultivation of opium, and the sale of it to Dutch merchants and others, who found a market for the produce. In that year the Company took the monopoly into its own hands. Either directly, by the Company's agents, or by those persons to whom they disposed of it, the opium was clandestinely sold to the Chinese. Several of the wisest Indian officials deprecated the raising of the revenue by a system of smuggling, and the Directors in London did not fail formally to prohibit the importation of opium into China against the wishes of its rulers. Again and again they advised against all illicit trade, but they calmly pocketed the proceeds, and spurred on their officials to increase the revenue. In one despatch, after condemning "illicit trade," they suggested a means of opening new markets for opium in the eastern ports of China. In 1796 fresh edicts were published by the Chinese authorities, enforcing severer penalties on the importation of opium. The Company now forbade its servants to be concerned in the trade, but openly sold the drug in Calcutta to merchants who shipped it off to China. Once, if not oftener, the Company compensated merchants who had suffered loss through Chinese interference with their traffic.

Notwithstanding Chinese expostulations and occasional active measures, the trade went on developing. Bribery and corruption were freely employed to procure connivance on the part of Chinese seaport officials. The intelligent ruling class in China saw that the nation was becoming weakened and enfeebled by the growing consumption of opium; vigorous efforts were made to prevent its sale, and the Emperor determined on a bold stroke for the suppression of its importation. Commissioner Lin came to Canton, seized 20,000 chests of the smuggled opium (worth three millions sterling), and had it all destroyed. England now declared war; defeated the Chinese in spite of their gallant resistance, and by the Treaty of Nankin, in 1842, five ports were thrown open to the British trade, twenty-one million dollars were paid by China as a war indemnity and as compensation for the destroyed opium, and Hong-Kong became a British possession. But in spite of all pressure brought to bear upon them, the Chinese steadily refused to legalise the opium traffic, although they saw that, for the present, it would be utterly useless to attempt to enforce the numerous laws and edicts which had been, from time to time, promulgated against it.

Such then was the state of things when Lord Ashley, Mr. Gurney, and Mr. Fry began the long crusade against the Opium Trade—a crusade that is far from having yet achieved its crowning victory.

March 15th.—Gave notice last night of a motion on the Opium Monopoly I did it with fear, anxiety, and trembling. I shrink from the task, I dread the

preparation, I quail before the execution of it. Yet it is the cause of Christianity and of God. I have not sought it; the thing has been forced on me, and I have not dared to refuse my labour in the cause. A deputation from several merchants made the request. Macgregor, a confidential officer of the Board of Trade, assured me of his assistance, and of the desire of the Government (privately) to receive an impulse. When I reflected on the enormous mischief and the enormous sin, I could not say "no."

March 23rd.—Prayer to begin, prayer to accompany, and prayer to close any undertaking for His service is the secret of all "prospering in our ways."

March 28th.—Have been in great anxiety—business crowded too heavily on me—I had in prospect for one week Opium, Factory Bill, and the defence of the Bishop of Jerusalem—by God's blessing relieved—Factory Bill postponed until after Easter; this I am glad of, as Sir J. Graham had determined to postpone the Education Clauses. Alas! what a weak faith I have! I have never yet failed of God's aid and favour, and yet I am ever in doubt and difficulty. "Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief." Oh, what a question is this Opium affair! Bad as I thought it, I find it a thousand times worse, more black, more cruel, more Satanic than all the deeds of private sin in the records of prison history. O God, be Thou with me in the hour of trial, speak to me the words that Thou spakest to Thy servant Joshua, and touch my lips, like Isaiah's, with fire of the altar—but take to Thyself all the glory; blessed Lord in Jesus Christ our Redeemer. . . .

March 31st.—Escaped from a snare laid for me—had I fallen into it, I should really (however undeservedly) have "sustained," as Cobden said to me, "a moral loss." Joseph Hume, for what purpose no one can say, has resolved to move a vote of thanks to the Ministry on the Ashburton Treaty; he cannot find an open day, he called on the Government to give him an opportunity, he appealed to me to surrender my precedence on Tuesday next—both declined; then Sir James Graham, whether in concert with Joey or not is uncertain, writes to me and urges my compliance. I reply to him that I do not dare to treat the Opium Question as of a secondary character, one that may yield to the ordinary, or even extraordinary, courtesies that I should wish to exhibit towards the Ministry. My own zeal in the cause, humanly speaking, saved me from the precipice—it did not occur to me until I reached the lobby of the House of Commons, that had I surrendered my day to serve the mere partisan objects of the Government, I should in vain have protested my sincerity, in vain my separation in these things from all Whig or Tory feelings! I should have been told that party was the first object, principle the second. . . .

As the day drew near for Lord Ashley to bring forward his motion on the Opium Question, he experienced—what he had so often felt before, and was to feel so often again, in prospect of any great Parliamentary effort—an intense depression, resulting from nervous anxiety. He knew of only one way in which relief was to be obtained, and that is indicated in the following entry:—

April 2nd.—Sunday. Lesson for the day at morning service, 3rd chap. Exodus, "Come, now, therefore, and I will send thee." "Who am I that I should go?" These words were not without their consolation.

On Tuesday, April 4th, 1843, Lord Ashley brought the subject before the House of Commons by moving "That it is the opinion of this House that the continuance of the trade in opium, and the monopoly of its growth in the territories of British India, are destructive of all relations of amity between England and China, injurious to the manufacturing interests of the country, by the very serious diminution of legitimate commerce, and utterly inconsistent with the honour and duties of a Christian kingdom; and that steps be taken, as soon as possible, with due regard to the rights of governments and individuals, to abolish the evil."

After presenting petitions against the Opium Trade from the Committees of the Wesleyan, Baptist, and London Missionary Societies, Lord Ashley referred to the war which had just come to an end, but with all its causes more rife than ever. He had no hostile feeling towards the East India Company, he entertained the strongest esteem, privately, for the character of several of that body, and publicly for many parts of their administration. "I am convinced," said the noble Lord, "that they have conferred very great benefits on the Empire they are appointed to govern; and, if there be any guilt in the system which I shall develop, the guilt is not theirs exclusively: it is shared by the Legislature and the whole nation; it is shared by the members of this House, which, in the year 1832, sanctioned by a law the revenue derived from the opium trade, commending the production of the drug, and actually approving its destination."

He quoted various authorities to show that this system of smuggling led to riot and disturbance, and that the Chinese people were naturally indignant when they saw native dealers in opium severely punished, whilst the foreign importer prosecuted his business with impunity. From the testimony of witnesses, he showed that all Chinese society, from the Imperial Family down to the lowest ranks, suffered from the baneful effects of the drug, that officials were corrupted and multitudes ruined, that with the traffic was associated in the Chinese mind every sort of embarrassment and penal infliction, and that the trade was a source of danger, shame, and disgrace to all concerned, and was a hinderance to legitimate commerce. These were the causes of the war, and they still remained in full activity. The vessels engaged in the opium trade had to be armed; those engaged in peaceful traffic had no such need.

Such a state of things was not only inimical to peace and honourable intercourse with China, but it had operated most injuriously on our trade by substituting a pernicious drug for the produce and manufactures of Great Britain, "and this," he said, "had seemed to him a connecting link between himself and the question, because the extension of commerce and opening of new markets seemed akin to his previous efforts to promote the welfare of the working classes." He showed that no progress had been made in commerce with China, but, on the contrary, that we had gone back in our importations into that country, whilst our manufactures and products had neither deteriorated nor risen in price. It was not the fault of the Chinese;

testimony was overwhelming that the Chinese were anxious for trade, but the opium traffic stopped the way. He then gave elaborate statistics showing how all legitimate commerce was swayed by the opium traffic, and stated his conviction that, if the temptation were removed, the Chinese would readily give their produce in exchange for our goods. He continued :—

But, Sir, another, and by far the greatest, consideration remains behind ; that for which kings reign and princes decree justice, the consideration of that which affects the moral welfare of whole nations. For what purpose, I ask, is all government instituted ? I speak not of the practice—that is too often corrupt—but of the principle of government. For what purpose are all rulers invested with power, but to encourage religion and morality, to protect and advance the real interests of those committed to their charge, and to hold forth to their subjects, and to the world, the example of wisdom and virtue ? Has it been so here ? Has such been our conduct in this particular ? Quite the reverse. I will venture to assert that our encouragement to this nefarious traffic has retarded the progress of Christianity, and impeded the civilisation of mankind.

Lord Ashley then proceeded to give a vivid description of the general effects upon its victims of indulgence in opium as a luxury—their physical, mental, and moral debility, their hideous disfigurement and premature decay—resulting in misery almost beyond belief, destroying myriads of individuals annually, and casting its victims into a bondage with which no slavery on earth could compare, and from which there was scarcely a known instance of escape.

There was immorality involved even in the cultivation of the plant, for such pressure was put upon the ryots that, in many cases, they were compelled to accept the Government grant and supply the needed quantity of poppy. In fact at every step the system was associated with evil, and only evil. Splendid regions were laid waste to supply the commodity (for poppies require a special soil) ; the trade was in the hands of desperate fellows who carried it on by fraud, violence, and oppression. It was an intolerable outrage to the feelings of the civilised and Christian nations of the world, that this iniquitous trade should be part of the fiscal arrangements of the Government—an important part of the Imperial policy of India. The opium was grown by advances from the Imperial Government ; carried down to Calcutta, and put up for sale under Government authority ; shipped in opium clippers lying in the river, and the clippers supplied with arms from the arsenals of the Government.

Lord Ashley frankly admitted that, for the sake of the revenue, Parliament in 1832 sanctioned the opium monopoly. “ I was in Parliament myself at the time,” he said, “ and I share in the responsibility ; but I had not, at that time, the most remote idea of the enormities which the details of the system have since brought to light.” Having now studied the whole question, the revelation of the facts of the case had filled him with horror. He saw that it stood in the way of the progress of society, the civilisation of man, and the advancement of the Gospel. It could never be that Opium and the Bible

could enter China together; he was constrained to endorse the testimony of missionary agents, who asserted that "the proud escutcheon of the nation which declares against the slave trade, is made to bear a blot broader and darker than any other in the Christian world."

Lord Ashley enforced this conclusion as follows:—

I am fully convinced that for the country to encourage this nefarious traffic is bad, perhaps worse than encouraging the slave trade. That terrible system of slavery does not necessarily destroy the physical and moral qualities of its victims. It tortures and degrades the man, but it leaves him susceptible of regeneration. But the opium trade destroys the man, both body and soul; and carries a hideous ruin over millions, which can never be repaired. You may abolish the evil this night, but you cannot restore the millions who have been tempted, by the proceedings of the Government of India, to indulge in the use of the pernicious drug.

Now, a fact has just occurred, than which nothing, I am certain, can reflect greater disgrace on all our conduct; it occurred on Wednesday last. The Baptist Missionary Society—a Society which has done a great deal in effecting the spread of the Gospel among heathen nations, and which has produced some most eminent and pious men—at a meeting last Wednesday, took into consideration the propriety of sending out missionaries to China; and it was decided to work through the agency of the American missions, because the public feeling in China was so strong against the English, that if the missionaries hoped to work at all, it must be through America, which had kept aloof, in a great degree, from the disgraceful traffic. And what was the result? Why, the Baptist Missionary Society of England voted £500 to be put at the disposal of the American missionaries for the propagation of the Gospel in China! So, Sir, it has come to this, that England, which professes to be at the head of Christian nations, is precluded by her own immoral conduct from sending her own missionaries to that part of the world which she herself has opened for the advancement of civilisation and the enlightenment of Christianity.

Having set forth the evil, with its causes and results, Lord Ashley demanded, in the first place, that Parliament should destroy the monopoly, which the East India Company possessed, of the growth and manufacture of opium in India, and thus abolish nine-tenths of the mischief; and in the next place, in order to remove another feature of the evil, that the cultivation of the drug in the territories of the East India Company should be prohibited altogether. In a series of masterly arguments he combated the opposition which would be raised to these proposals, and concluded in these words:—

This, Sir, is the statement on which I rely; and while I most sincerely thank the House for the kindness and indulgence with which they have listened to me, I may be allowed, perhaps, to express a hope that those who reply will answer me with facts and statements of equal authority. Now, Sir, let us make the case our own. What would be said, if any other nation were to treat us as we treat the Chinese? What would be said in this country, and what an amount of just indignation there would be in this House, if we were told that French buccaneers were ravaging our coasts, defying our laws, and murdering our fellow-subjects?

Should we venture to act thus towards any other State that was bold enough, and strong enough, to make reprisals upon us? Certainly not. And in admitting this, we admit that our conduct towards the Chinese is governed by our pride and our power, and not by our own estimate of justice. . . . Do you know, or are you indifferent to, the opinions and language of foreign nations? Can you take up a single foreign journal without finding it full of sarcasm and contempt of our conduct and policy? Have you heard the honest, sober, and conscientious opinions of foreign statesmen? Do you value the sentiments of foreign historians? Here is the language of Count Bjornsterna, in his authentic work on the British Empire in the East, a work that is widely circulated on the Continent. "Strictly speaking, the whole trade with India," says the Count, "rests at present on a highly immoral basis; on 15,000 or 20,000 chests of opium, of the value of £2,000,000 or £3,000,000 sterling, with which the Chinese are every year poisoned. Thus a country, which had for thousands of years accumulated the gold of the world, which is destined by nature to bear the finest fruits, and the dearest spices, which contribute to the enjoyment and refreshment of man, has been compelled in our days to bear a noxious drug, which spreads physical and moral debility among the millions of inhabitants of the Celestial Empire."

If such accusations as these were unjust, I should altogether despise them; but, knowing that they were richly deserved, they are to my mind absolutely intolerable. Sir, although I may be animadverted upon, and perhaps rebuked, for having presumed to handle so important a matter, I shall ever be thankful that I have acted as an instrument to lay this abominable evil before the eye of the public. I shall deeply regret to have given offence to this House, or to any individual; nevertheless, I shall rejoice in the disclosure, and the possible removal, of the mischief. Sir, the condition of this Empire does demand a most deep and solemn consideration; within and without, we are hollow and insecure. True it is that we wear a certain appearance of power and majesty; but, with one arm resting on the East, and the other on the West, we are, in too many instances, trampling under foot every moral and religious obligation. I confess I speak most sincerely, though few, perhaps, will agree with me; but I do say—it is in my heart, and I will bring it out—if this is to be the course of our future policy; if thus we are to exercise our arts and arms, our science, and our superiority of knowledge over the world—if all these are to be turned to the injury, and not to the advantage, of mankind, I should much prefer that we shrink within the proportions of our public virtue, and descend to the level of a third-rate Power. But a great and noble opportunity is now offered to us, of being just and generous in the height of victory. In such a spirit, and with such an aim, there is hope that we may yet be spared to run a blessed, a useful, and a glorious career; directing all our energies and all our vows—all that we have, and all that we shall receive—to that one great end of human existence, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, goodwill towards men."

This important speech occupied seven closely-printed columns of *The Times* on the following morning. It was the first great indictment of the Opium Trade uttered within the walls of Parliament, and it was felt to be unanswerable, even by those who thought it inexpedient to meddle with the

question. A debate ensued. Mr. Brotherton, Sir R. Inglis, Captain Layard, and others supported Lord Ashley. A few members argued that his proposals were impracticable, and would not have the desired result. Sir Robert Peel, on behalf of the Government, appealed to him to withdraw his motion, inasmuch as a vote upon it under existing circumstances would act prejudicially to the negotiations then pending in China. At the same time he indulged in a line of deprecatory argument, of which the gist seemed to be that, as we could not put down gin at home, we need not concern ourselves about introducing 20,000 chests of opium into China every year. Lord Ashley, in his reply, said that he would be the last man to act to the prejudice of negotiations now being carried on, and therefore acceded to the Ministerial request.* *The Times*, in commenting, a day or two afterwards, on the speech, said that "it was grave, temperate, and practical, well stored with facts, authorities, and arguments, and strictly confined to a consideration of those measures which it might be possible and expedient to take, for the prevention of the growth of opium within the British dominions in India, and its importation by British subjects into China." It was added that Lord Ashley's speech was "far more statesmanlike in its ultimate and general views than those by which it was opposed," whose arguments amounted to this: "That morality and religion, and the happiness of mankind, and friendly relations with China, and new markets for British manufactures, were all very fine things in their way; but that the opium trade was worth to the Indian Government £1,200,000 a year, and £1,200,000 was a large sum of money, which it would not be easy to make up from any other source without offending somebody in India; and, upon the whole, that we could not afford to buy morality and religion, and the happiness of mankind, and friendly relations with China, and new markets for British manufactures, quite so dear."†

April 5th.—Last night, Opium! Though I did not succeed in carrying my motion, yet I made a sensible impression on the House, and through that, I hope, on the country. I was, perhaps, more master of myself than on any former occasion, yet down to the very moment of commencing my speech I was in dejection and uncertainty. God, however, I see was with me, and I reached the consciences, though I could not command the support, of several members. Spoke for nearly three hours, nevertheless the House listened to me throughout with patience and sympathy. . . .

Ministers wished to avoid speaking, and called on me early to close the debate. I refused to do so, not choosing that such a question should be lightly treated, and dismissed without a word from a member of the Cabinet. They put up Bingham Baring to move "the previous question." He was feeble, though some of his matter was not bad. He had one argument, touching British goods exported to India, which was somewhat specious, but utterly unsound. Hogg was clever, but audacious, affirmatory, and almost false. Peel was forced to rise at last, and certainly took a line for which I was not prepared. I had expected a fuller condemnation of the traffic, and a less positive and contented defence of

* Hansard's Debates.

† *The Times*, April 6th, 1842.

the East India Monopoly. He *sneered* at our care for the health and morals of the Chinese, and altogether assumed the tone of a low, mercantile, financial soul, incapable of conceiving or urging a principle, which finally disgusted me, and placed him in my mind much below the Christian level, and not any higher than the heathen. But as he stated that the negotiations on foot by the Government would be really impeded by such a motion as mine, I of course withdrew it. His speech was shallow and feeble. . . . Very remarkable—not one person even *attempted* to touch the *morality* of the question; that seemed to be tacitly but universally surrendered. The prayer of the 28th was heard; the hand of the Almighty was with me. To Him, and to Him alone, be all the glory!

April 7th.—I have since heard spiteful comments on my determination not to divide the House; argued as a defect of principle in me; a proof of insincerity. Ah, well! I must submit to such things. How could I venture to throw myself between the Executive Government and a just and profitable treaty? Peel, it is true, hinted that legalisation of the traffic (which my enemies assume I ought to condemn, and *which I do*) was within his view. I said in my reply that, “probably, I should not concur in his conclusions.” This, however, was but a part, and the Minister moreover requested that the *whole* thing should be left in the hands of the Government. The House, too, would not have tolerated such a division; had Peel said nothing of the sort, I should have been very strong. After his declaration, my numbers would have been reduced so as to become ridiculous. . . .

The tone now is, among my adversaries, ‘A well-meaning, amiable sort of man, with no fragment of penetration.’ This is the second stage of my public character!

In many of his undertakings, and now more especially in these two great movements—National Education and the Opium Traffic—Lord Ashley was brought into close and frequent communication with Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell, and the estimate he formed of their characters is given in the following entry, written shortly after the withdrawal of the Educational Clauses from the proposed Factory Bill:—

July 8th.—They are invested with enormous powers of doing good to the human race, and they utterly neglect them. How, and by what means, from what cause, or what influence, have the Ministry so declined in public and private “estimation”? That it is so, is shown by the papers, by conversation, by noise, by silence, by open attack and no defence, by the joy of the Opposition, by the dejection of friends, by the looks, they say, and the language of the Government themselves. Their numbers are undiminished, and yet they carry nothing! They have committed no leading and palpable folly, and yet no one confides in their wisdom; no great and manifest crime, and yet who animates himself by conviction of their honesty? All is doubt, uncertainty, vain wishes, and disappointed hopes, much anger and discontent, personally and collectively, with present men, and yet an unwillingness to change them. I speak of the Houses and Clubs, for among the middling and other classes they seem irrecoverably ruined. It would not be easy for them to assign a definite reason, but they all feel displeasure, which would neither use nor admit argument at a general election. Compare the state of moral and political power they possessed in 1841 with

what they possess in 1843 ; and it is as Lord Bacon to a baby ! Among secondary causes a very principal one is the high expectations formed of the mighty contrast the Tories were to exhibit in comparison with the Whigs. Now, the contrast they have exhibited, and it is a beneficial one, is far less in what they have done than in what they have not done. They have produced and carried but few things, but they have introduced no mischievous legislation and made no wicked appointments. This, however, is negative merit, which few can appreciate—their positive deserts are neither abundant nor showy.

The war in Afghanistan, which they denounced and terminated, has been succeeded by one quite as unjust, which they began and now sustain. Lord Ellenborough boasted of the pacification of India, and censured, in a proclamation, the conduct of his predecessors ; he has become involved in a new and probably longer strife, and committed the same criminal folly he imputed to Lord Auckland ! The Cabinet, nevertheless, retain him ! They are parties, therefore, to his policy, and thus form the first equation with the expelled officials. Why did they not recall him, when he showed his character by that absurd and almost impious Proclamation about the old timbers of Somnauth ? Gladstone writes free trade articles in the reviews, and makes close trade speeches in the House of Commons ! “Does Peel concur ?” asks every suspicious corn-grower. “Not yet,” it is replied, “but his mind is that way.” Be it true or not, distrust, when once excited, is not very easily allayed, and it always leaves, in some degree, a sentiment of indifference.

I concurred in his Corn Bill, and even his Tariff, but I cannot overlook the truth that it took many by surprise, and infused the thought into some minds that, had they been foreseen, Peel would never have obtained such a majority at the elections.

Then comes a notion that they adopt the measures that they hotly and “conscientiously” resisted, and withhold those that they proposed. Reasons may be assigned, no doubt, but an explaining party has always a disadvantage !

Lord Ashley refers also, as follows, to Sir James Graham :—

Graham is Home Secretary, and consequently more frequently and intimately in communication with magistrates and members of Parliament than any other official. He has contrived to render himself so thoroughly odious that I cannot find one human being who will speak a word in his behalf. He has done very much to injure the Government ; for though he is clever, and discharges his business well in the House of Commons, he cannot persuade a single soul, nor produce the least effect by his most emphatic and solemn appeals. He is universally distrusted : and this by every one, from a prince to a beggar. Mainly by his influence the Ten Hours Bill has been refused, and the amendment of the Factory Act delayed. Nothing has had a more decided effect on the estimation of the Government by the working classes ; the Ministers know it not, and would be prepared to deny it. Many, who would not have been benefited by the enactment, regarded the conduct of Government in this particular as the measure of their goodwill towards the labouring people. They gained nothing by their shuffling in the cause of the Colliery Bill ; and this year they lost something, in the affections of a few, by their language on the Opium Traffic. The fact is, the disappointment is general ; men looked for high sentiments, and heard small opinions ; for principles, and were put off with expediency ; the world may have

been exacting and unjust, but you cannot reason with it. Peel has committed great and grievous mistakes in omitting to call his friends frequently together, to state his desires and rouse their zeal. A few minutes and a few words would have sufficed; energy and fellowship would have been infused: men would have felt that they were companions in arms; they have now the sentiment of being followers in a drill. Half the mischief a Ministry sustains is from the dissatisfied tones, and dissatisfied looks, of their own supporters; it spreads, like an infection of the atmosphere, unseen and unfelt, except in the result, and no one can say how. This half of the mischief, Peel, had he been less proud and less frigid, might have converted into positive and effectual good. Extreme and perpetual caution is not true and constant wisdom—free men will not, and cannot, be ruled by it; nothing is given to generosity, nothing to faith, nothing to the warm and self-denying impulses, which, even in our fallen state, lead oftentimes to noble actions and discharge apparently, for the moment, the work of religion. The Whig Government understood the value of popular feeling; the least difficulty was sufficient for them. They soon collected their troops, put the Minister on the rostrum, and acquired strength from the confession of their weakness.

So much for human reasons; but surely there are higher and more painful causes. I have inquired in vain, and felt, as it were, the pulse of the Minister. It seems to me that self-dependence and self-righteousness are his hope and joy. I see nothing of faith, and a vast deal of policy; much nice weighing of odds and ends of conduct; great reverence of capitalists; a mighty desire to reverse the rule of the Apostle, and be first peaceable and then pure; nothing that indicates a solemn and exalting belief of the text, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Doubtless other Ministers have been actuated by sentiments as worldly, and yet have prospered; but times, I am sure, have changed, and God will demand a more open and constant acknowledgment of His providence.

The third great addition to the labours of Lord Ashley at this period was the Ragged School Question. For some years the condition of the waifs and strays, the vagrants and outcasts of London, had been a source of considerable anxiety to him. It seemed as if they were utterly neglected, and were left to perish, body and soul. He was completely at a loss to know how the difficulty of reaching them, or, after reaching them, of retaining any hold upon them, could be met. Meantime, he saw with daily increasing sorrow that there was growing up in London an enormous population of thieves and vagabonds, and, as far as he could ascertain, no effort of any kind was being made to reclaim them. They lived in filthy dwellings or under arches; they begged or stole; they grew up in horrible ignorance of everything that was good, and with a horrible knowledge of everything that was evil; and sooner or later they became acquainted with the gaoler or the hangman. The sense that something ought to be done, and must be done, to check this growing mischief, was so borne in upon Lord Ashley's mind that it haunted him night and day, but, in the midst of the pressure of other things, and in the absence of any practical scheme to grapple with the difficulty, he was obliged to let the matter rest.

One day, however, in February, 1843, when glancing over the pages of *The Times*, his eye fell on the following advertisement :—

RAGGED SCHOOLS.

Field Lane Sabbath School, 65, West Street, Saffron Hill.

The Teachers are desirous of laying before the public a few facts connected with this school, situated in this most wretched and demoralised locality. It was opened in 1841 for instructing (free of expense) those who, from their poverty or ragged condition, are prevented attending any other place of religious instruction. The school is under the superintendence of the District Missionary of the London City Mission, and is opened on Sunday and also on Thursday evening, when the average attendance is seventy (adults and children). The teachers are encouraged by the success which, under God, has attended their efforts, as manifested by the increased numbers, and altered conduct of some of the scholars. This appeal to the Christian public is made to afford permanency to a work of charity, commenced and supported by a few laymen, whose means are inadequate to the expenses necessarily attendant upon the enlarged state of the school. Any lady or gentleman willing to assist as teachers will be cordially welcomed.

Donations and subscriptions will be thankfully received by the Rev. P. Lorimer, 12, Colebrooke Row, Islington; W. D. Owen, Esq., 43, Great Coram Street; Mr. S. R. Starey, Treasurer, 17, Ampton Street, Gray's Inn Road; or by the Secretary, Mr. P. Macdonald, 30, Great Sutton Street, Clerkenwell. Left-off garments sent to the school will be carefully distributed.

"I never read an advertisement with keener pleasure. It answered exactly to what I had been looking and hoping for," said Lord Shaftesbury, when narrating the circumstance to the writer. "I could not regard it as other than a direct answer to my frequent prayer."

Lord Ashley did not lose any time in replying to the advertisement, and his was one of the first, if not the very first, reply received. He was waited upon forthwith, and the scope and objects of the Society, and the views and hopes of the promoters, were fully explained to him. The scheme was exactly what Lord Ashley had been long anxiously waiting to see originated, and it seemed to him to be the best possible means of helping the neglected and destitute children of the metropolis. He threw heart and soul into the movement, and from that time forward, to the close of his life, he was the champion and leader of every effort in behalf of Ragged Schools.

It was not long before he made himself personally acquainted with the work and the neighbourhood in which it was carried on. Field Lane was the name of a district not far northward from the foot of Holborn Hill. It was one of the most disreputable localities in London, and West Street, where the Ragged School was situated, was in one of the most disreputable parts of Field Lane. It was in the heart of what was known as "Jack Ketch's Warren," so named from the fact that a great number of the persons who were hanged at Newgate came from the courts and alleys hereabouts. "The disturbances which occurred here were of so desperate a character, that from forty to fifty constables would be marched down with cutlasses, it being

frequently impossible for officers to act in fewer numbers, or unarmed.”* For a century previously, this district had been the resort of the most notorious evil-doers. Some of the houses were close beside the Fleet Ditch, and were fitted with dark closets, trap-doors, sliding panels, and other means of concealment and escape, while extensive basements served for the purpose of concealing stolen goods, and, in others, there were furnaces used by coiners, and stills for the production of excisable spirits. On the north side of the street were a number of tenements fearful to approach, called Black Boy Alley, and these, in the reign of George II., were a terror to the whole city. The method pursued by the inhabitants, who were called the “Black Boy Alley Gang,” was to entice the unwary by means of prostitutes; then gag them so that they should not give the alarm; after which it was the practice of these nefarious wretches to drag their victims to one of their depositories, and, having robbed and murdered them, to throw the dead bodies down into the ditch. These atrocities, however, became so notorious that special steps were taken by the Government to pursue the offenders, and no fewer than nineteen were executed at one time.†

Such were the traditions of the place, and up to 1843 it had held its own bad pre-eminence. It was exactly the kind of locality in which Lord Ashley had wished to see religious and philanthropic efforts undertaken, and it was not long before he became almost as familiar with the district of Field Lane as with the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square. If the outcasts were to be gathered in, it could only be done by providing the means of rescue in the midst of their daily surroundings; and if they were to be reached at all, it could only be achieved by the self-denying labours of those who would close their senses to the sickening sights and sounds and smells of these loathsome haunts.

It is difficult to realise, in the present day, what self-denial was involved in such an enterprise as the establishment of a Ragged School. Charles Dickens has thus described his visit to the scene of Lord Ashley’s early labours in this field:—

“I found my first Ragged School in an obscure place called West Street, Saffron Hill, pitifully struggling for life under every disadvantage. It had no means; it had no suitable rooms; it derived no power or protection from being recognised by any authority; it attracted within its walls a fluctuating swarm of faces—young in years, but youthful in nothing else—that scowled Hope out of countenance. It was held in a low-roofed den, in a sickening atmosphere, in the midst of taint, and dirt, and pestilence; with all the deadly sins let loose, howling and shrieking at the doors. Zeal did not supply the place of method and training; the teachers knew little of their office; the pupils, with an evil sharpness, found them out, got the better of them, derided them, made blasphemous answers to Scriptural questions, sang, fought, danced, robbed each other—seemed possessed by legions of devils. The place

* “Notes and Narratives of a Six Years’ Mission,” by R. W. Vanderkiste.

† “London,” by David Hughson, LL.D.

was stormed and carried, over and over again; the lights were blown out, the books strewn in the gutters, and the female scholars carried off triumphantly to their old wickedness. With no strength in it but its purpose, the school stood it all out, and made its way. Some two years since I found it quiet and orderly, full, lighted with gas, well whitewashed, numerous attended, and thoroughly established."

It would be out of place here to give a detailed history of the Field Lane Ragged School. It will be enough to say that no sooner had Lord Ashley taken it under his protection than it began to develop, and its usefulness to increase, until within ten years the committee were able to report, "It has established a free Day School for infants; an Evening School for youths and adults engaged in daily occupation; a Women's Evening School for improving character, and extending domestic usefulness, thereby making better mothers and more comfortable homes: Industrial Classes, to teach youths tailoring and shoemaking; employment in the shape of wood-chopping, as an industrial test for recommendation to situations; a Home for boys, when first engaged in places, apart from unwholesome contamination; a Night Refuge for the utterly destitute; a clothing society for the naked; a distribution of bread to the starving; baths for the filthy; a room to dry clothes, worn in the rain during the day; Bible Classes, under voluntary teaching, through which nearly 10,000 persons of all ages, but of one class, all in a state of physical and spiritual destitution, have heard set forth the glad tidings of salvation during the past year; a separate Bible Class for mothers and other women; a refuge prayer meeting; a Teachers' prayer meeting; quarterly conferences for committee and teachers, for minute examination into the detailed working of our institution; a School Missionary, to supply the spiritual wants of the sick, to scour the streets, to bring youthful wanderers to the school, and to rescue fallen females from paths of sin; and a Ragged Church for the proclamation of the Gospel and the worship of God!"

To all of these progressive movements Lord Ashley lent important aid.

Having taken the matter in hand, he at once proceeded to get a firm grip of it by seeing for himself everything that was to be seen in connection with the work, and hearing for himself all that was to be heard. He went into the vilest rookeries, and became acquainted with the most ignorant and depraved; he visited the few Ragged Schools that were in existence at that time, and inspired hope and courage in the teachers by his presence; he took his place in the school beside them, and spoke kindly words to the wondering listeners. A strange sight was a Ragged School audience in those days. There were to be seen "the cunning expression of the cadger; the sharp, acute face of the street minstrel; the costermonger out of work; the cropped head of the felon who had just left gaol; the pallid and thinly-clad woman, weakened by long-continued sickness and penury; the spare form of him who, once in affluence, had 'wasted his substance in riotous living.'" And among this motley assembly Lord Ashley would sit with his calm eyes gazing sorrowfully upon them, and his pleasant voice trying to utter words of hope.

It was obvious to him, however, that those who were under Ragged School influence were but as a drop of the bucket in comparison with the vast number in the metropolis, and other large cities, who were totally uncared for, and his heart bled for them. Happily, not *his* heart only; there were other workers in the field; and, in the following year, these were all drawn together in one band of brotherhood, known as the Ragged School Union.

We have broken the continuous thread of the personal history in order to give clearness to the action of Lord Ashley in the three great movements which signalised this year. We must now go back to the Diary to gather up some of the entries which have been omitted.

Good Friday.—Ramsgate. With thousands and tens of thousands of people in this Christian (!) land, this day will pass over without a notion that it is anything different from other days. Factories will run; apprentices will groan; coal mines explode; gin shops absorb and vomit forth; the labourers in absolute ignorance, the masters in practical infidelity, of God's saving truths!

To the parish church; heard a sermon from a gentleman of the new school—cold, declamatory, without unction or comfort. I find fault with him not for what he *did* say, but for what he *did not say*; it was a discourse of omissions. He could not fail on this day to speak of our Lord; but his whole sermon was in the style of a French *éloge*!

The reader bowed his head at every mention of the name of Jesus, whether it were in the lesson, the epistle, the Gospel, the creeds, or the sermon. This is the novel practice, and I think a very superstitious one. He took no notice of the name "Christ," though perhaps the higher name of the two. This is an affected obedience to the text in Philippians, "that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow," affected, I think, because if they really desired a *literal* obedience in the belief of a *literal* command, they would resort to a genuflexion instead of a reverence. But the text cannot be taken *literally*; the whole context is adverse to such an interpretation; it is said "That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven," &c. &c. Now what things in heaven have a knee to bow with? They can and do offer spiritual homage and reverence, but they do not, and cannot, offer any bodily worship. Neither do they listen to and adore "a name" as pronounced by human lips, but they contemplate and revere and extol the power, glory, and essence of the Saviour of mankind, and herein they set us an example, and in this way alone can we on earth join in simultaneous worship with the hosts of Heaven. The repeated bowings, where the name frequently occurs, savours of idolatry, not unmixed with a spice of the ridiculous. Why then bow at the name of Jesus in the creed? Because it is an old and long-established practice, conformed to, and understood, by all members of the Church, and one which it would be as unwise and unnecessary to change, as it is to introduce the other. To bow, when making the confession, is a representative homage of all that is due at all times and in all places to the authority, glory, majesty, and dominion, temporal and eternal, of our blessed Lord, for this is the true meaning of His "*name*" as is set forth in many passages of Scripture.

April. Easter Sunday.—The parish church, where we attended divine service on Good Friday, is infested with Puseyism, so to-day we went and took the sacrament at St. Lawrence, a small village distant much less than a Sabbath day's

journey. No show, "no form nor comeliness," but at least health in the service ! The little church of St. Lawrence is crammed and choked with high gawky boxes that they call pews; the common people are fairly elbowed out; the gentry and middle classes sit as if they were packed for security. I do dislike pews, they are always ungainly, and, in parish churches, *unjust*. The parishioners of the poorer sort are altogether excluded from their rights, and if they go to church at all, go, as it were, by sufferance, and for the chance of a sitting. Strangers, too, who walk in, are not sure of an hospitable reception; they must very often stand up, or walk out. This is not the House of God. There may be something to be said in respect of proprietary chapels, or other places of worship built, not for the masses, but for private accommodation; these are different from parochial churches. We have, it is a very sad thing, rendered pews indispensable in many places for the maintenance of the clergyman; they are a vile and painful source of revenue.

Minnie and I, through God's mercy, took the sacrament together: had afterwards, towards evening, a solitary walk on the seashore (while the blessed children ran about the sands), and recalled the past and anticipated the future, in faith, and fear, and fervent prayer.

April 26th.—The issue I have long foreseen is approaching;—a collision between the Clergy and the mass of the People. The Church will destroy itself. Undoubtedly a struggle of some sort is at hand. Sir George Grey expressed a wish that these violences and consequences of Puseyism should be noticed in some debate. He is right, and please God, I will do it.

April 27th.—The Popish aggressions in Tahiti have not contributed to render Puseyism popular among us. What a scene of fraud and violence is that, and yet can *we* complain? The same post brings us an account of our tyranny in Scinde. Power guided by no principle, restrained by no apprehensions, but stimulated by a sense of profit, influences and oppresses all mankind alike. . . .

April 28th.—My birthday. I am this day forty-two years old, more than half my course is run, even supposing that I fulfil the age assigned by the Psalmist to fallen man. "A short life and a merry one," says the sensualist's proverb; a long life and a useful one would be more noble and more Scriptural; but it is spoken to the praise of Solomon, and by God Himself, that he had not asked a long life; neither then will I; but I do ask, for to this we have the warranty of the Holy Word, that the residue of my years be given to the advancement of the Lord's glory, and to the temporal and eternal welfare of the human race. Surely I may also pray to see, and even to reap, some fruit of my labours, to discern at least some probability of harvest, although to be gathered by other hands! The Factory Bill drags along—ten years have witnessed no amelioration—the plan for Education is defeated; the Opium effort is overthrown. On the Colliery Question alone have I had partial success, and that even is menaced by evil and selfish men.

Early in January, Lord Londonderry had invited the formation of a league to obtain the repeal of the Colliery Bill; and by February there had been a "mighty stir in Scotland" to effect this end; while in Ireland there had been organised hostility to the Chimney Sweepers Act. It seemed in truth that there was a fatality attendant upon these measures, but as it proved the Colliery Act was yet to be added permanently to the list of successes.

May 16th.—Just returned from House of Commons. Cumming Bruce attempted a repeal of the Colliery Act. He called it a modification of a clause; but such tampering is suspicious and full of danger. I resisted his bringing in the Bill, and beat him by 137 to 23. God be praised! No one was thoroughly odious but Roebuck, who I thought was with me. He entered into a long and laboured argument about the interference with the rights of labour; and maintained all the positions that ignorance and heartlessness are so fond of taking up. The Government was cordial. I had many cases of benefit to show as having occurred in England, and thus to infer that, were the law obeyed, similar results would ensue in Scotland.

May 21st.—Brocket.* Found Melbourne better than I had expected. He looks older, and perhaps weaker; nevertheless, his intellects are clear, though his temperament almost seems subdued. With care he may yet do well.

The state of the Churches in the year 1843 was very remarkable. In England the Tractarian movement was advancing rapidly; in Ireland it was the "Repeal" year, and the Roman Catholics were making capital out of the political agitation; while in Scotland it was the year of the Disruption, and, on May the 18th, some five hundred ministers of the Church of Scotland, under the leadership of Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Candlish, seceded from the old Kirk and initiated the Free Church.

May 30th.—Dr. Pusey has preached a sermon at Oxford so strongly savouring of Popery that the Vice-Chancellor demanded a copy, and submitted it to the judgment of a Theological Board. The wisdom of this course will, in the opinion of most people, be determined by the result. Had they seized on Tract XC. and condemned it, the course would have been easier, clearer, safer. The means of evasion, in a discourse on such a subject, are far greater than in a treatise so bold, false, and unprincipled. Curious state the country is in—Ireland rent by Popery, within a hair's-breadth of rebellion; the Papists hearty, united, furious—the Protestants cold, discordant, indifferent—their bishops, clergy, and laity all as one man! ours as a multitude;—Scotland with her Church torn asunder, urging religion, but really sowing democracy, and preparing a forward movement—England with Popery in her Universities; her chapels, churches, societies rent in the midst; with nine-tenths of the people arrayed against the Ecclesiastics—if an aggressive movement be made by the Dissenters (and what more likely?) where is our power of resistance? All is gloomy, there is no dawn; it seems like a preternatural darkness—it fills me with grief and anger to hear the language, and watch the supineness, of the wealthy and great. "You have said the same thing for the last twenty years," "you have got out of difficulties before, and you will do so again," "there is nothing in it," "all flourish," "never mind," and so forth. Ah, well! a man who has recovered from four attacks of fever might just as well conclude that he shall certainly recover from the fifth; every additional access of the disease must find him weaker. But thus we shall go on chewing a moral opium, every one seeking to delude himself, and enjoy the passing hour. The deluge came on

* Brocket belonged to Lord Melbourne, and came, after his death, to Lord and Lady Palmerston. Lord Lawrence at one time rented it. It now belongs to Lord Cowper, Lady Palmerston's grandson.

the world in its moments of feasting and thoughtlessness; the world has not changed, nor will it. . . .

June 3rd.—Pusey's sermon condemned, and himself interdicted to preach for two years; this is good, simply as showing that we are not all of one complexion; but it will not operate as a check; all is running into confusion, the Low Church are becoming lower and talk of Dissent, the necessity of abolishing the Catechism, the Prayer-book, the everything. Mother Church will soon be eviscerated, Esau and Jacob are striving within her bowels, yet she consults not the Lord! . . .

June 6th.—Grand battles by the Indian mail, grand victories, and still grander injustice! Wrong and robbery on a splendid and successful scale are sure to be hushed up, if not applauded. I shrink with a combined feeling of terror and nausea from our national sins. . . . Whither are we going? Oh, England! England! *Magna luis commissa*, yet there is no repentance, no shame, no self-abasement; in vain God's ancient people, by their history and by their prophets, exhibit the peril and point out the refuge. "I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself thus: Thou hast chastised me, and I was chastised, as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke; turn Thou me, and I shall be turned, for Thou art the Lord my God." . . .

July 10th.—Every day adds to my burthen. I have just received a long treatise, by a medical man, written in defence of the Factory system. This will have its weight, and, humanly speaking, add another obstruction to the enactment of remedial measures.

Lord Ashley, it need hardly be said, had many friends, and, in the midst of the anxieties which, rather than the work, made the burden of life, he found help and encouragement in the counsel of those whose opinion he could value at once for its wisdom and sincerity. Among those for whom he entertained great esteem and affection was Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, who wrote to him at this time as follows:—

Mrs. Elizabeth Fry to Lord Ashley.

UPTON, 7th Month 10th, 1843.

DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—We were sorry not to see thee and thy dear children on the 8th, as the weather cleared here, and we therefore expected you, but we hope it is only a pleasure delayed, and that I may now have the satisfaction of seeing Lady Ashley also. My husband and myself are anxious for you to propose an early day to bring your children to pay us your country quiet visit. I do not know of our having any engagement this week of an evening except on the 12th inst., therefore any day but this we should be glad to receive you to dinner, as proposed, at half-past four o'clock. I felt thy observations, dear Lord Ashley, as to the little we appear to accomplish in our labours for the good of mankind. I observe that we do not at once see what we desire, but I feel assured that if in our labours we seek to do all unto the Lord, our labour will not be in vain in Him. Remember there is a seed-time as well as a harvest, and sometimes the seed remains long in the earth before it appears above ground; this I have found the case frequently in works of charity. I observe what thou saidst upon our remembering thee in our prayer; I did do it yesterday particularly, and was enabled earnestly and in faith to commend those who loved the Lord to His

holy keeping, and to pray for their being firmly fixed and established on Christ the Rock of Ages, and that they might be so strengthened to adorn His doctrine and live to His praise, as to be instruments in drawing others who were far off near unto Himself.

With kind regards to Lady Ashley,

I remain, with Christian esteem and love, thy friend,

ELIZABETH FRY.

July 15th. . . . Have sat for three days, now concluded, on the Durham Election Committee; in the chair; unseated Lord Dungannon.* I am resolved, whenever I have the opportunity, to run breast-high against all cases of bribery. This is a perilous, a wicked system; it is corrupting our people, and spreading moral and political mischief in all directions!

Hurried beyond all precedent; never a moment to myself; just now got an evening, and here I am alone, trying to think of past, present, and to come; but I have lost all power of consecutive meditation—all must be like my daily life, broken by interruptions.

Read and said, God be blessed, some of old Bacon's godly prayers, beautiful and comforting.

18th.—Met to-day, at Freemasons' Tavern, to consider best mode of combining the laity in one general movement against Puseyism; it was an unanimous and hearty assemblage. "Not many mighty, not many noble." We numbered but myself, Sandon, and Grosvenor, among Lords; Colquhoun, Sir G. Rose, among the M.P.'s; my brother William, and Frankland Lewis. This is a sad time; great dangers and no courage, much subtlety, and moderate penetration; great need, and very little activity; vast public hazard, and abundant self-seeking. Meroz would be a pattern of promptitude and self-denial to the religious and political patriots of our day. They shun trouble, they fear responsibility; they cannot hazard rebuke, or comment, or even observation. They will give wishes and praise, but no co-operation, at least, while the thing is uncertain—"it is better not to be committed," "are you quite sure?" "have you plenty of names?" Many rejoice that the thing should be done, but prefer that it should be done by others. And yet in zeal, in faith, and fear, and full hope, we signed the Memorial to the Powers of the University (I, leading as chairman), and consigned it for execution to a committee. And now may the God of all truth and love bless it and prosper it to His glory, and to the service of "the faith once delivered to the saints." We several times nearly ran aground on the shoals of caution, expediency and delay; but we were saved from shipwreck. . . .

July 27th.—All in a hurry; about to start for Antwerp by the steamer. The residence and regimen of Carlsbad is recommended for Minny.

Many things left undone. Cannot bear to leave the Session when I might be useful; but the season will not wait, we are already behind the proper time. Parted from the younger children—this is a sad and sickening drawback to any pleasure. May God, in His mercy, goodness, and power, protect and bless them, and restore us safe and happy to each other in Jesus Christ our Lord! Got in my Agricultural Bill, God be praised.

* Lord Dungannon, Conservative, was returned at the election for the city of Durham, by a majority of 101 over Mr. Bright, of the "League."

Following the course he had pursued in his foreign tour, ten years previously, Lord Ashley took with him a book, in which he recorded, from day to day, the principal incidents of the journey, and the impressions produced upon his mind by what he saw and heard. Every page in the Journal is interesting; but as it is only one of four such Journals, we must content ourselves with giving brief extracts from it here.

Arrived at Antwerp, his first visit was—

To the citadel to survey the scene of useless carnage and unwarrantable violence. Why did old Chassé bombard a defenceless quarter, and destroy the buildings, and ruin the inhabitants? A mere spirit of revenge. Why did the King of Holland cut open the dykes, and sluice a whole region of fertile lands? From the same motive. Why, above all, did he attempt a resistance to the combined forces of England and France, and hope (or rather pretend to hope) to hold the fortress in the face of such an army as never before laid siege to a place of such dimensions? It was a proud, wanton, shameless waste of human life.

The cathedral is unimpressive. No monuments of ancient champions in sword or spirit; no dim religious light; few recollections and few anticipations. The perpetual succession of shrines to the Virgin and to the saints, glittering with tinsel, and in a style of architecture altogether discordant with the architecture of the edifice, is unfavourable to solemnity of feeling. One nauseates the rivalry of these canonised sinners; disgust is excited in the heart of true Protestants, and unity of worship must be impossible to the devotion even of a Roman Catholic. . . .

It was natural to him to look at cities, as at events, in the light of the lessons they teach, and he adds:—

Contrast the city with what it was once, and with what Napoleon intended that it should be; and see the vanity of human wishes. Let us Englishmen take warning, and, while we quote our imports and exports, the amount of our tonnage and the number of our capitalists, call to mind that Antwerp, in her palmy days, could boast of a trade with half the world; count at one time two thousand five hundred vessels in her harbours, and exhibit on her 'Change five thousand merchants, whose business demanded their presence there no less than twice every day! "O Lord," well may our nation say, "make me to know the number of my days, that I may be certified how long I have to live!"

All went well with the travellers at Antwerp, Liège, and Verviers, but at Aix-la-Chapelle they were for some days detained by the indisposition of Lady Ashley, which gave Lord Ashley ample leisure to see the place, and also for quiet reading and meditation.

Saw the cathedral; parts of it ancient; little, I think, to impress the mind. The long high lancet windows are very grand; but there is a sad medley of architectures. Under the dome is the inscription, "Carolo Magno;" there was his body, and there is now his memory. Death brings the rich and the poor to one level; the resurrection will disturb that level, and raise many of the poor above the rich. The widow and her mite may carry it over Charlemagne and his churches. . . .

Have been reading Seeley's abridgment of Wilberforce's *Life*. How many things have we felt alike, what similar disappointments, misgivings, and disgusts ! Pitt comes out to advantage as a patriot, a worldly man of high sentiments and high actions, with a full and rich amount of heathen virtues and elevated philosophy ! but as a man of piety and religion, as a Christian man, he is like an unbaptised person. Policy and expediency were "a lamp unto his feet, and a light unto his path ;" he had no other, and they led him into many a quagmire.

Aix has an air of comfort among the people that is highly agreeable. I walk through all the streets and see no shoeless, shirtless paupers. The houses are clean and well built, the streets sufficiently broad, and fountains in abundance. The children look plump, and the natives easy and tranquil. Popery here does not wear a very degrading and superstitious aspect ; it must always be in unfavourable relief compared with Protestant countries, but these parts, if estimated by the standard of Italy or of Ireland, enjoy a form of religious freedom.

When the health of Lady Ashley was sufficiently restored, the journey was resumed in easy stages, and Cologne was the next resting-place.

August 4th.—What a hotel the "Belle Vue" ! the rooms looking on the Rhine and the City ; all is life and cheerfulness, and apparent friendliness. The Germans always pleased me ; I like their origin, akin to ours ; I like their history, their character, their social life. I like their patriotism, their depth of intellect, their powers of perseverance and research ; I hope mighty things from their fervour of spirit, their capacity for affection, their disposition to piety. What an union for the honour of God, and the best interests of mankind, might be formed between England and the German people !

Of the cathedral he says:—

Interior very splendid, architecture of the choir equal in lightness and purity to anything in the whole world—gold and frescoes and painted windows without stint ; the church, when completed, in all its similar details, will be perhaps, excepting St. Peter's, the finest temple in the universe erected to the worship of God ; but so long as it is disgraced and profaned by those intrusive Saints and Madonnas, it will be little better than a Pantheon. It has gained exceedingly in splendour by these renovations in gold and purple, but it has lost in venerableness. The hand of time is effaced, and everything you see is from the hand of man. I could not help thinking, as I walked out through the old grey pillars and dusky aisles, that there was more to stir the heart and the imagination in these sober and time-honoured solitudes, than in the gay and gorgeous surface of the youthful choir—"New lamps for old !" . . .

Such a night, and such a view along the river, the scene for hundreds, nay, thousands almost, of years, of ambition and patriotism, of attack and defence, of blood and violence, of public wars and private feuds, of untold sins and some few rude virtues, now all still and abounding in peace. "Give peace in our time, O Lord, because there is none other that fighteth for us, but only Thou, O God." War is erected into a science, and its professors enjoy, and will continue to enjoy, a prodigious share of the admiration and applause of mankind. It will

be curious (may we use such a term?) to observe the estimate and measure of such heroes as Napoleon, &c. &c., when weighed, hereafter, in the balance of the world to come.

From Frankfort, the travellers continued their journey, by road, in their own carriage.

Much apparent change of character in people, after passing frontiers of Bavaria. Good-humoured, but slovenly, and less clean. Country rural and agreeable. Poplar-trees quite magnificent. More trouble in Bavaria with passports, &c., than elsewhere.

In those days steam was a novelty, and at Eselbach—

They complained, as others do elsewhere, of railways and steam-boats, that these conveyances had abstracted large bodies of travellers. Mr. Sigar, of the Hôtel de Russie, said that they threw upon him such vast and sudden companies that he could not entertain them. So it is everywhere; all tends to ruin the small and simple proprietor, and swell the already enormous possessions of the great capitalist.

But whatever the drawbacks of steam might be, travelling by post was certainly not free from difficulties.

At Hardtfeld detained by want of horses at inn (The Anchor), which is also the Post. Manifestly a pre-determination on the part of the landlord to keep us all night. As manifest a determination on our part not to be kept. Various negotiations; alternately dignity and coaxings. Kruse (the tutor) paid several visits to shopkeepers and peasants. They promised frequently, and as frequently started from their promises. Excuses plenty as blackberries. We asked for oxen; promised, of course, and then told it would be a disgrace to Bavaria. At last two horses were procured. . . .

Bamberg is a handsome town, and so is Baireuth. Germany, like Italy, presents many specimens of ancient magnificence, formerly imperial, now provincial. Divided, as these countries have been, into many separate and independent governments, they offer, on the same extent of surface, a far greater amount of the works of art than is found in countries long united under the same capital. Bamberg possesses a noble cathedral, highly ancient and of a most dignified simplicity. There are few buildings in Europe to compare with it for majesty and reverence. The series of monumental brasses is unrivalled, and will repay a whole day's study. There are fewer of those intrusive saints here than in Popish churches generally; that's a relief, and adds to its imposing and venerable aspect. The prince-bishops all lie in the crypt, their resting-places marked by a stone only. This is striking. A long line of eighty-two ecclesiastical sovereigns, who were content to be "splendid in life" without being "pompous in the grave." In bed very late at Bamberg. Scarcely slept a wink. As I lay awake, heard the cock crow. I wonder how often that ordinary and rustic sound recalls to the mind of the hearer St. Peter's presumption and his fall. It struck me forcibly that *all* perhaps must say, with the cruel Bishop Gardiner, whenever they listen to that note, "I have sinned with Peter, but I have not wept with him."

On the 12th August the party arrived at Carlsbad.

Aug. 14th.—Dined at the Saxischer Saal. Drank coffee *sub jove* on the esplanade by the Wiese. Foreigners certainly surpass us in the nature and variety of their social enjoyments. What could surpass the simple and cheap luxury of a pretty scene, a splendid day, delicious air, well-dressed company, green trees, and coffee and milk enough to satisfy five persons, for about a shilling? Good, very good, if that were all. But I myself could not stand it. Such a facility and such a character of amusement would prove my ruin; I should fall like Hannibal's soldiers at Capua, and surrender all sense of duty, all effort for mankind, to the overwhelming fascinations of ease and selfishness.

There are many Jews here in their costume. They seem in comfortable circumstances, but separated from the Gentiles. I have bowed to several to show my respect for the nation. I shall next open a conversation with some of them. They are not oppressed here, but manifestly avoided. The veil is upon the hearts of the Gentiles in respect of that people nearly as much as it is on their hearts in respect of the Gospel. Blessed will be the day when it shall be taken away from both!

Aug. 17th.—What heavenly weather! Days of Paradise, and nights too! It sounds sometimes like freedom or affectation to say "God be praised for this," and "Thank God for that," which men may consider a mere trifle; yet I cannot but feel it. And surely every moment of innocent pleasure, every moment of averted mischief (His *unknown* mercies are endless), affords new cause of thankfulness, of joy. If, in addition to these delights, the soul be lifted up to communion with the spirits above, there is the foretaste of another life, and, so far, a preparation for it. I can never see a fine prospect, or a sun setting in glory, without blessing God for the wonders and beauties of His creation.

At Carlsbad Lord Ashley, as well as Lady Ashley, drank the waters, and he makes frequent allusion to them in his Journal.

Aug. 14th.—Saw Dr. Hochberger. Agreeable man. Asked his advice about drinking the waters. Sensible reply: "You need not have come here to drink them, but, being here, you may do so, and you will, I think, derive benefit from them." And so I shall begin my goblets and promenade to-morrow morning.

Aug. 16th.—The waters again from goblets. Felt half ashamed to drink them in my comparatively vigorous health, but really one need not entertain such delicate conceptions. Saw robust and muscular men, in full swig, who could sustain or undertake a siege, walk or eat for a wager. Took courage and affected as much necessity as they did. Baths and springs exhibit very few apparently sickly people. Seem bent on society and dissipation quite as much as on cure. Aug. 21st.—Advised by Dr. Hochberger to take seven goblets. It is the life of a whale! . . . Aug. 23rd.—The waters seem to produce on me neither good nor evil; a hogshead of the Thames would be quite as effective.

Aug. 27th.—Sunday. Psalms of the day contained that beautiful CXXII. with its touching prayer and promise, "Oh, pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love Thee!" I rejoice that I bear this blessed inscription on my right hand, in a ring carved at Jerusalem, and by the only Hebrew there who possessed such skill. It is rudely done; but that enhances the sentiment which arises from the discovery of genuine, though perhaps uninstructed piety, under a coarse and unpromising surface. I prize the ring; it was sent me (that

is, the stone) by the Bishop of Jerusalem. I do not say that I wish it to be buried with me, that would be ascribing to it a talismanic effect; I would rather wish it to be worn by generations of my descendants, like Urim and Thummim on the breast of the High Priest, on which they might, hour by hour, cast their eyes and read the mind of the Lord!

Aug. 29th. . . . Walked to Freundschafts Saal with Galitzin, and a Russian colonel, a good-natured chap, but the veriest coxcomb I ever saw—the victim of his own charms, a martyr to the admiration and love his accomplishments had begotten. The whole world, all the English lords, a Devonshire, a Buccleuch, Jersey, &c. &c., had all taken him by force and *compelled* him to stay either six weeks at Chatsworth or two months at Middleton, or take a sail in a yacht; he could not resist, not he; like Saturn he was eaten by his own children!

Sept. 1st.—Walked up the hill to enjoy the view; day beautiful. I love these open prospects; give me always an expanse of sky, I value not a handful of it. I then can fancy the dawning glories of the Second Advent. “Behold He cometh with clouds!” Oh that it were so in the providence of God that the intervening “days should be shortened” and a speedy and a closer limit be set to the sins, and coming sufferings, of mankind!

Sept. 5th.—Saw the most perfect and beautiful rainbow I ever beheld; so thought Minny, who was with me. “Behold I do set my bow in the cloud;” one could almost, without either revelation or tradition, infer that so much loveliness and grandeur were speaking truth and comfort to men. . . . Reading Jeremiah with Minny, how forcibly was the 15th v. of Chap. VIII. applied in my heart to the administration of Sir Robert; “we looked for peace, but no good came; and for a time of health, and behold trouble!” Never did Minister accede to office with such a force of moral power; never has Minister disappointed so many hearts.

Sept. 7th. . . . One must buy presents for one’s friends as reminiscences. The occasion enhances the value; you could not for thrice the money in England do so civil a thing. Yet the choice, &c., takes as much time as though I were set on a grand political movement.

There is much amiable simplicity and good humour about the people here of all classes; I am not disappointed in my expectations of finding the working classes, here as elsewhere, alive to kind words and willing—nay, anxious—to be obliging and courteous. They are very engaging, and the children are quite darlings.

On Sept. 14th, after a pleasant visit of five weeks, during which Lord Ashley had only seen two English newspapers (“never read one without injurious consequences; find in it a variety of things to excite imagination and stir bile”), he thus takes leave of Carlsbad:—

. . . Walked up the hill with Minny to enjoy final look of the sweet scene and offer up final prayer. The country has received me hospitably, treated me kindly, and dismisses me in peace. We delight in the scenery, and love the people, who are honest, civil, intelligent, and grateful. I can render them no service, but I wish them well, and beseech God to give them peace on earth and peace in heaven.

The next halting-place was Prague

Sept. 17th. . . . The Church of St. James, handsome and heavy. Prague is full of Protestant recollections, *læta tristia, ambigua manifesta*. Here began and here ended the terrible Thirty Years' War. Hardly a step can be taken, or a wall inspected, or a stone turned, without some reminiscence of faith or violence. Here have been piety, fanaticism, honour, fraud, valour, meanness, all that can ennoble, all that can disgrace, human nature. Popery now sits enthroned, but not triumphant; it has expelled Protestantism, but it has not struck deep the roots of the Papacy. Will no heaven-sent gust of wind soon arise to blow down the lifeless plant in the city of John Huss and Jerome of Prague?

If the scenery through which Lord Ashley passed incited him to piety and devotion, the haunts of men no less excited his benevolence and compassion. He could not bear to pass a public institution for the benefit of the poor or the sick, without looking in to see whether he could not gain some hint that would be of benefit to the institutions in which he was personally interested, or give some suggestions from his own experience that might be helpful to them. Thus at Prague he visited the Hospital of the Elisabethines, kept and administered by an order of Sisters of Charity, and noted that in such an institution were to be seen the good points of Popery, those excellent works being done openly and in corporations, whereas in Protestant lands, and in England especially, they are done privately and by individuals.

In the lunatic asylum at Prague he found in existence a system he had long wished to introduce into England, namely, the reception of some patients at the public expense, and others at their own, but all under public inspection.

For the first time in the course of this travel-diary the events occurring in the political world at home are referred to.

Sept. 21st.—Vienna. Dined with Sir R. Gordon. Denison* sat with me for an hour before bed-time. My letters give hopes that Address† “will not be a failure.” Already, they say, three thousand or four thousand signatures, but that is nothing; it must be multiplied by one hundred. So Mr. Maurice, of Guy's Hospital, has assailed me for my share in promoting the Address. I am neither surprised nor displeased. He is one of those who must be ranked, according to old Foxe's definition, as “neither sound Protestant nor true Papist.” . . . He once did excellent service in the cause of the Jerusalem Bishopric. This covers a multitude of sins, and if it gives him pleasure or does him good to assail me, he is welcome.

With Lady C., Denison, Minny, &c., to see the Jewel House. Splendid collection of beautiful things and precious stones; everything that can decorate and delude and cover the nakedness of human life. All brilliant and interesting, but most of all the Crown and Regalia taken from the tomb of Charlemagne, at Aix; very amusing for us, but very wrong in them. Who did it? What right had any one to plunder the receptacles of the dead? None, I suppose, and yet we do it every day. Our collections would be scanty enough were this scruple pushed very far. At what period then, after burial, are the dead put beyond the pale of the law?

* Afterwards Speaker.

† Oxford University.

We should be commended for despoiling the tomb of Alexander, but the whole world would cry out if we scattered and exhibited the bones and grave-furniture of Napoleon. However, be that as it may, these jewels belong to the German nation, and not to the Emperor of Austria. They ought to be placed in the keeping of the Diet, at Frankfort.

. . . Sir R. Gordon called, and Prince Esterhazy. Received a very kind note from Metternich, desiring to see me at any convenient hour of the morning. Went to his villa; very friendly reception and highly complimentary. He retains his old habit of haranguing rather than conversing; seems far better in health than I had anticipated; hair very white. Talked of A, B, and C; the only thing I remember as of political interest was "*Moi je suis fort Anglais; mais il faut que je vous dise que l'Angleterre a peu d'amis en Allemagne.*" Alas, it is too true; fools that we all are on both sides of the water.

Sept. 23rd.—Wandered about alone to examine old haunts; cannot decide in which of two houses I lived eighteen years ago. So it is; after an interval of eighteen years I find myself once more at Vienna, a married man with seven children! What a change since the time I first arrived here; yet I do not mourn over my *past*, but my *misspent* youth! Ill-directed feelings and wasted hours flit before me in long array; nevertheless, they were not without fruit, and, by God's blessing, good fruit; experience of various kinds was purchased by folly, though without criminality. . . . God in His mercy grant to me and mine (we ask Him not "for long life") that the years which He shall give may be years of usefulness; and that they present not, at the Great Account, a mere record of things received, but of things hoped and done in His worship and service.

Sept. 25th.—Dined with Gordon. Drank tea with the Princess Schönbourg; necessarily silent and stiff. I have no doubt that these parties might become very intimate and pleasant. To Princess Metternich. Nothing can be more gracious or kind. Metternich complains of the weight of affairs; unquestionably they must be heavy, but I smiled to think of his burdens compared with those of a House of Commons Minister in England.

Sept. 28th. . . . I feel more and more like Ulysses:

"Towards his loved coasts he rolled his eyes in vain."

The *heimweh* is so strong upon me that I am in a fever to be off. I rejoice in this as a healthy symptom, for the allurements of this place are such as would lead a man to a still, stagnant life of ease and sensuality, forgetfulness of duty and honourable toil; the more seductive and perilous because apparently permissible and harmless. What an extraordinary population is this of Vienna! What a power of enjoying existence! Their digestions must be strong and their circulations perfect. A placid, self-satisfied expression is diffused over all their features and actions; they sit together by hundreds like a warm statue-gallery. You may hear a pin drop among them after the claims of the stomach are gratified for the moment; it is almost the effect of a contented conscience, a life well spent, "a good man's latter days." Never have I seen, and never have I read of a place more fatal to religious activity; it is Laodicean to the heart's core. . . . To Pottendorf, a villa of Prince Esterhazy's. Esterhazy very kind and hospitable.

Sept. 30th. . . . Visited a cotton and flax mill near Pottendorf belonging

to an Austrian company, and under an English director. Found the people as everywhere, pale, yellow, and greatly fallen from their just position of strength and vitality. Hours of labour for all ages from 5 in the morning till 9 at night; no time allowed for breakfast, half an hour for dinner, and one hour for the education of the children! Children to be educated in the midst of 14 hours' daily labour. Oh, the pious humbug, the hypocritical spirituality! Both the directors, one who had been there forty-five years, and the other a young Englishman, three years ago from Manchester, assured me that the labour was far too long and oppressive. . . . The Austrian Government prides itself on being "paternal," and yet it knows and permits these things!

The mills on the whole not very bad; I have seen far worse in England; some of the spinning rooms, however, very filthy and close. Children never beaten. . . . All the dwellings of the work-people are on a fine dry soil, an open plain, well ventilated, and in every respect most favourable. If such, then, be the evil results in such a locality, what must they be in the crowded, undrained, filthy towns of Manchester, &c.?

October 1st.—Sunday. To cathedral to view the High Mass. What a sensual and alas! successful endeavour to stifle the heart by satiating the eye! Bells ringing, priests dancing, incense rising, fiddles playing, nothing calm or stationary but the worshippers, who remain there like fellows looking at a balloon. Half the world seems to think that to have seen the priest is an act of acceptable adoration. I cannot feel moved by this exhibition; there is neither rational devotion nor hot-headed enthusiasm; nothing to satisfy your judgment nor stir your sympathies. Great God, save Thy Church of England from such vain and silly babblings, and grant her grace yet to speak forth the words of truth and soberness!

One of the greatest drawbacks to the pleasure of Lord Ashley in foreign travel was the "Continental Sunday," especially in great cities. Vienna, and all places like it, he found to be fatal to Sunday contemplations and Sunday habits and feelings.

I could not bear to remain here. Give me my happy, precious, useful Sunday evenings in London, when one can surrender one's whole time, mind, and heart to thoughts of higher and better things. I wish increasing and unbounded happiness to all the inhabitants of Vienna; I pray, I would labour, for their welfare; I entertain a lively sense of their kindness, of the good-humoured courtesy of all classes, but I do not desire to reside among them. A man's virtue here would be no more proof against their seductive modes of thinking and living than a hothouse against a battery. And yet, thank God, I begin to feel "bored."

Oct. 3rd.—Lin. . . . It is a very displeasing characteristic of these countries, and principally in Bohemia, the general and abundant employment of females in all departments of labour. I have seen them in the fields, on the roads, and engaged in buildings, dividing, in their numbers and their exertions, the toil with the men. We Englishmen have no right to comment on this misusage of the female race; the horrors of the mines and collieries have put us, for a generation at least, out of court; all that we can urge is that these things were transacted in darkness, and hid from the public eye; but such would not

now be the truth, nor any excuse if it were so. The commercial spirit has gotten hold of us, and had the remedial Bill stood over to another year the public would have tolerated the degradation of the women. . . .

Oct. 6th.—Ratisbon. Walked through the fair, interesting to see the humours and products of the country. The town, nevertheless, is like a graveyard, full of stones and recollections, with a few people wandering through it, as the shorter cut to some other point. Its solitude is overwhelming—narrow streets, empty squares, dark, silent, dismal, old houses, each bearing on its face the traces of a fortress or a dungeon; few or no vehicles of any kind; a foot-passenger here and there, no groups of talkers, no voices in the streets. A judgment seems to rest on it; it shall be more tolerable for Sidon in the Day of Judgment than for a city that can produce, or rather that must face, such records of sin and cruelty as are displayed in the prisons of the Council-House. My whole heart quailed, and even my stomach sickened, at the sight of these enormous devices of human nature against beings formed by the same God, and redeemed (for these wretches pretended to talk of Redemption) by the same Saviour! The darkness and ferocity of the Middle Ages were concentrated for the antagonists of the Reformation; political and religious hatred have each had their day in these frightful chambers. . . . These times may yet return; the heart of man is not changed; it is, as it ever was, “deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.” If such be thy will, give us, blessed Lord, the spirit of ancient days; the glorious aspiration and courage of those holy martyrs “of whom the world was not worthy,” who fought a good fight, who kept the faith, and who received a crown of righteousness. . . .

. . . Drove to see the Valhalla. A strange name for the purpose. The great of Germany are classed together in a heathen Paradise; notoriety, not virtue of any kind, is the sole requisite for a niche. Goethe, Schiller, Alaric, King of the Goths (the scourge of God!), Genseric, King of the Vandals, Handel, Odoacer, Hans Holbein, Frederick the Great, all cheek by jowl. Luther is excluded from this hodge-podge of merit, and the bigoted, ignorant Papist who sits on the throne of Bavaria, and built this gorgeous stable of fat and lean cattle, believes that he has degraded such a prodigious mind by refusing it a place alongside the Huns and the Heruli of ancient barbarism! . . . A tablet in a Christian church, a bust in a great public institution, a periodical eulogium at some University, any glorification of such a kind, might be complimentary, if not a full satisfaction to ambitious hopes; but to be thrust, head and shoulders, into this receptacle of barbarian spirits; to be enrolled among the furies who placed all their bliss in swigging mead out of the skulls of their enemies; to be ranked with ignorance, not with civilisation; with Odin and not with Christ, is a singular reward, and founded on Satan’s opinion that it is “better to reign in hell than serve in Heaven.”

Oct. 8th.—Sunday. Nuremberg. Fallen from its high estate, and yet a great city. Why has she thus fallen? She pays the penalty of cruelty and injustice, of violence and oppression towards God’s ancient people, whom no one has ever afflicted without smarting for the sin. She banished them from her borders. She “left, too, her first love,” and in the days of persecution and savage ungodliness, refused to open her gates to the conscientious Protestants fleeing from the revocation of the Edict of Nantes! May God, in His goodness, give her space to repent!

In Nuremberg all the churches were visited, and in them all, but especially in St. Lawrence's and St. Sebald's, Lord Ashley was chiefly struck by the exterior signs of a Romanist establishment, in the midst of a Protestant population. Referring to this he says:—

The Reformation was introduced and confirmed here without noise or violence; no plunder, no destruction; every image is erect, the Virgin presides over every corner, the saints rejoice in their niches. Crucifixes in abundance. This may be tolerated, but I am offended to see those intrusive demi-gods in possession of their shrines and side-altars, though no longer worshipped. Why were they not ordered to give place, and their pictures and decorations transferred to galleries? . . . Was the Reformation at Nuremberg a sincere and heartfelt movement? Did the promoters and subjects of it clearly perceive, and sensitively acknowledge, the errors and evils of Romish heresy? I cannot combine this belief with the fact of their extreme tolerance of the daily and visible abuses of Popish superstition. Nothing has been removed and denounced as "Nehushtan;" the adored images of the Virgin crowd their churches, and still represent her as "Queen of Heaven;" the side-altars to saints require only the priest, and all would be found ready to his hand; the clean napkin is yet spread every week on each table! Truly, the zeal of God's house has not eaten them up! . . .

Oct. 10th. . . . Entered Wurtemberg.

The watchman here, as he goes his rounds, sings at each hour, some words of moral or religious wisdom. The voice may be harsh, and the notes without melody; but the stillness of the night, the lateness of the hour, and the truth of the counsel, give them grace and power. Many ears may be closed and hear them not, but one or two, restlessly awake, in sickness or sorrow, may catch and may apply the heaven-sent wisdom. "In a dream, in visions of the night when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed, then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction; that He may withdraw man from his purpose and hide pride from man." At eleven o'clock the watchman sang, that we should remember the parable of Our Blessed Lord, and, even at the eleventh hour, enter with confidence into His vineyard. At twelve he announced the close of the cycle of one day, and admonished all to bethink themselves "whether they should live to see the close of another." Here is the sum and substance, the beginning and the end, of all real wisdom; all the rest is but vain jangling, not to be carried out of this world, and utterly useless to disembodied spirits. Listen to it, ye wiseacres, neologists, philosophers, savants, saints, and sinners, old men and young, prince and peasant, and sit down in humility at the feet of such a Gamaliel!

Oct. 11th.—Heidelberg. Went to see the palace. It is one of the many standing monuments of the oppressions perpetrated by the French monarchy on Germany and mankind. This gorgeous residence was first desolated when the most polished villain that ever possessed and prostituted the gifts of God sent forth an army to ravage the dominions of his enemy, the Palatine. Fire, the sword, with their necessary results—starvation and disease—laid waste towns, plains, and villages. Thousands of men, women, children, who had never offended, even in thought, this unprecedented monster, experienced the most horrid sufferings, and died by the most cruel deaths. Which is the more hateful

in the sight of God, the wretch who perpetrates these crimes, or the authors who bepraise him? The great day of judgment will exhibit some fearful reckonings. If Herod be arraigned for his Massacre of the Innocents, so will King Louis the Fourteenth, for the blood of the numberless children whose souls are still "under the altar," crying for inevitable vengeance.

Oct. 12th.—Frankfort. For the last few days I have been reading to Minny, and Minny has been reading to me, "*Russie en 1839, par le Marquis de Custine.*" The condition of things in that vast edifice of power and ambition, if estimated by our proportions of feelings and opinions, is one below the condition of slavery. The picture of man, as there exhibited, is not the picture of a thinking being, but of a machine, or of an animal purely sentient. He is prompted and limited, even in his pleasures, by the rule of functionaries. "*Amusez vous, mes enfans,*" said the affable Dey of Algiers, "*et s'il y a quelqu'un qui ne s'amuse pas, il sera empalé de suite.*" The Russian people, prince and peasant, would obey and assume an artificial satisfaction—the only one possible to them. What a surprising, prodigious, and irritating description of a whole empire! Sixty millions of men subjected to the caprice and the fancies of a single creature, and such a creature as the heartless monster who now sits in the torture chamber of the ancient Czars! Civilisation and refinement add an extreme sensibility to the perceptions of tyranny. The ferocity of the Shah of Persia is far less distasteful to the rude and ignorant Asiatics, than the insolent prying, material, and mysterious oppressions of the Emperor would be to us.

Oct. 19th.—Ostend. A little woman has been singing under our windows on a guitar, and very nicely. We gave her some francs. I love to encourage street music; it pleases the people and softens them; indeed, unless they get it in the street, they get it nowhere. To-morrow we embark for England.

Oct. 20th.—London. Thus has terminated our tour of nearly three months' duration, and, in all this time and all this movement, there has scarcely occurred a single thing to cause even a momentary embarrassment. Minny was ill at Aachen, and God's goodness restored her. Excepting that event, not one of us has had a day's sickness, nor a bruise, nor a fright. The carriage even, faithful after thirteen years of service, lost not a pin, nor required a smith. We have seen much, heard much, I hope, too, profited much, especially the boys. It has been amusement, but amusement, God grant, combined with instruction. Health we have certainly attained, Minny particularly, for whose sake the journey was undertaken. Now let us pray that all may be turned to greater, more zealous, more fruitful service in the cause of our Lord and Redeemer.

On the last page of this Diary there is the following note, written in characters as firm and flowing as in the preceding pages:—

August, 1880.

Until this month have never, I believe, re-opened this book; a space of 37 years! Since it was written, three of the blessed ones mentioned in it, and their deeply, and still-beloved mother, gone to their rest. It recalls a hundred memories, none more touching and consoling than the records of a profound, constant, and ever-increasing solicitude for the welfare and safety of the children in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Immediately upon his return to London, Lord Ashley resumed the Journal of his busy public and private life.

Oct. 21st.—Found immense accumulation of letters and papers. Waded through many before going to bed last night. Old story of postmen, knockers, bells, visitors, business, questions, answers, hopes, fears, doubts, difficulties. Saw Crabtree. Newspapers. Ministers have proceeded against O'Connell for sedition! Why, he has been guilty of sedition for twenty years. I cannot judge; it seems to me the energy of feebleness—an acquittal on a trumpety charge will give him power—one on a serious and well-grounded charge could not entail contempt.

My heart sank within me as I walked to the Carlton. Reminiscences of toil, vexation, and broken promises, hopes raised, and efforts disappointed. Saw Bonham—in the dumps—Conservative candidate (an excellent one, by-the-bye) Thomas Baring, defeated by 127. Triumph of the Anti-Corn-Law League! . . .

Oct. 26th.—St. Giles's. Arrived here yesterday with the whole cavalcade of brats and nurses. . . .

Oct. 27th.—Walked yesterday to my post on the Downs above Brockington Avenue, and there thanked God, on the very spot where I had besought Him to bless my thoughts and prosper my undertakings. As He prospered me according to His wisdom and mercy in the last Session, so I again implored Him to prosper me in the next one. As yet, though much seed has been sown, no harvest has been reaped; the tree, indeed, has scarcely put forth blossoms; much less has it borne fruit; but let me confide in His blessed Providence, and be content that I am called even to the proposal of good things.

All the children with me, not without a tinge of melancholy. Probably, the last family walk before Antony* goes to school, possibly (for who can foresee all) the last that we may ever take together.

“Keep us, oh, keep us, King of kings,
Under Thine own Almighty wings.”

Oct. 28th.—The *Times* of the 25th contains a good and true article on our Indian policy! Right follows might, ambition squared with principles, principles being first contracted within the views of ambition. Afghanistan was a bad case, but Scinde is worse. . . .

Oct. 30th.—The last day that Antony will pass with his family before he enters on his new state (for such it is) of life. During many years I have passed every morning with him, hearing and reading the Word of God. I cannot bear to part from him; were I not deeply, entirely convinced, that the plan is for his real welfare, I should be miserable; “I commit him to God and to the word of His grace.” *Eleven o'clock at night.*—It seems to me almost incredible that I am about to surrender my Reuben to the care of a stranger. I have watched every moment, weighed every expression, considered every thought, and seized every opportunity to drop a word in season. All will now be left to an “hireling”; will he care for the sheep? O God, be Thou to him a guide, an instructor, and a friend! Probably, the course of his affections may be stopped, or made to run in another channel; they will not, at any rate, flow on in their clear and early simplicity. Yet *he* must be gradually introduced to the world; and *we* gradually severed from him. This is the order of Providence (and since it is His order, wise and good), that the children shall imbibe new loves, and form new connections, while the parents are left by the receding tide, stranded like sea-weed

* His eldest son.

on the shore, their time being come for decay and transmutation. This seems to be painful, and probably is so, but here is not our permanent treasure, or our final resting-place. If we have trained up a faithful servant of the Lord, to go forth and fight His battles, vigorous and young, while we are flickering at home, "I therein do rejoice, yea and will rejoice." . . .

Nov. 1st.—Why was not a syllable uttered by our rulers in behalf of the Chaldean Christians? We have suffered them to be butchered without a voice in their defence. Yet *Palmerston* spoke for the Jews at Damascus! . . .

Nov. 22nd.—Russia is the political Rome; she is to the politics of nations what Rome is to their spirituals, she seeks the same ends, and uses the same means. The Jesuit works by all instruments, at all times, and on every feeling; he is, according to his opportunity, an Absolutist, a Constitutionalist, a Democrat, an Anglo-Catholic, a Dissenter, an Infidel—so is the Russian Empire, having but one object, and ten thousand means. Universal dominion! . . .

Lord Ashley's philanthropic labours did not, as his Diaries abundantly indicate, meet with unqualified and universal approval. On the contrary, he was often attacked even by those upon whose support he had a right to count, as well as by those who differed with him in principle and policy.

His chief opponents, however, belonged to that party which appeared to look for a social millennium, to be brought about by the rigid application of the dogmas of political economy, and who considered that he was endeavouring to limit freedom of contract, and in other ways unduly to interfere between capital and labour. Miss Harriet Martineau may be quoted as the exponent of the views of this party. They either knew nothing of the relations between Lord Ashley and his father, which supplied the key to the whole situation, or thought it best not to appear to do so, that they might be able to represent the direction of Lord Ashley's philanthropy as strange and questionable. "His residence," says Miss Martineau, "was in an agricultural county where the labourers were reduced to the lowest condition then known to Englishmen. It was so on his father's estates; on the estates to which in the course of nature he was to succeed; yet he did not take under his protection his nearest neighbours, with whose needs he was, or ought to have been, best acquainted; but constituted himself the champion of the Lancashire operatives whose families had been earning £3 a week, while the peasant families, his neighbours, were earning from eight to ten shillings per week, living on food too mean and scanty to support strength, and sleeping under rotten thatch which let in the rain. Lord Ashley was agitating for the personal safety and for the education of the class, which was actually the most enlightened and the best able to take care of itself, of any working class in England, while the agricultural labourers of his own county were in a state of desperate ignorance and reckless despair, which demanded all his efforts to redress. Knowing nothing of "the manufacturing system," as it was called, he had to depend for information on persons from Lancashire and other mill districts; and it is notorious that his informants were not always respectable, and that he was largely duped; while he need but have gone into the hovels

of his father's peasantry to have seen misery and mental and moral destitution *which could not be matched in the worst retreats of the manufacturing population.*"*

The foregoing quotation is mild in comparison with a further statement giving currency to malicious reports concerning "*proofs* that came to light with regard to the bad character and unjustifiable procedure" of Lord Ashley's correspondents and visitors; and referring especially to a certain letter said to have been dropped by Lord Ashley at his Club, from a Lancashire correspondent of his, who wrote, as it was asserted, that there was no hope of carrying Lord Ashley's measure of that Session, but "by blackening the character of four mill-owners of the very first order"—"*men*," says Miss Martineau, "who had provided schools for the children of their operatives, who had built model houses for their people, opened lecture and reading rooms, and baths, and places of recreation; who had spontaneously spent many thousands of pounds in the largest liberality towards their industrial neighbours, and were ordinarily on terms of strong goodwill with them."

It is not intended here to "defend" Lord Ashley against attacks, which Time, and his own bright deeds, have long since silenced. They are quoted merely to give a specimen of the nature of the untruths that were freely circulated, even by those who should have been more jealous over their own reputations, than to endorse idle stories invented by political partisans to help out weak arguments. It may be mentioned, however, that Lord Ashley was by nature extremely sensitive, and that these repeated attacks caused him much pain and vexation.

In November of this year took place the annual dinner of the Sturminster Agricultural Society, in Dorsetshire, and, in reply to Lord Grosvenor (afterwards Marquis of Westminster), who proposed his health, he made the remarkable speech to which the following extract alludes:—

Dec. 1st.—Last night took chair of meeting at Sturminster. About one hundred and eighty to dinner. Very friendly and even enthusiastic. Spoke in giving thanks for my health. Wonderfully well received, though I uttered some strong truths respecting wages, dwellings, truck, delay of payment, and exclusion from gleaning.

Unhappily, this speech brought him into collision with his father, who only was responsible for any neglect of the peasantry on the family estate in Dorsetshire. The speech dwelt upon "the obligations which alone can sanctify the possession of property, and render its tenure a joy to all classes, alike honourable, beneficial, and secure." In the course of it, Lord Ashley drew attention to the stigma attaching to the county of Dorset. He said:—

The county of Dorset is now in every man's mouth—every paper, Metropolitan and Provincial, teems with charges against us; we are within an ace of becoming a byword for poverty and oppression. As Englishmen, as human beings, and as Christians, we ought to examine these accusations, refute whatever

* Harriet Martineau's "Thirty Years' Peace," vol. ii., p. 553.

is untrue, and remedy what cannot be denied. I do not think that your task will be very difficult; for these charges, though somewhat founded in truth, have been pushed, by other parties than those who first made them, with woeful exaggeration; that which is only partial is assumed to be universal; all that is good is suppressed; all that is bad most zealously produced; and the owners and occupiers of land in this county are represented as guilty of much that they have never done, and of much that they cannot control. . . . Gentlemen, are we prepared to look these charges in the face, discuss their justice, repel what is false, but correct what cannot be gainsaid? Do we admit the assertion that the wages of labour in these parts are scandalously low, painfully inadequate to the maintenance of the husbandman and his family, and in no proportion to the profits of the soil? If we are able to deny this statement, we shall also be able to disprove it—let us do so without delay; but if the reverse, not an hour is to be lost in rolling away the reproach. I do not pretend to give advice as to the precise mode of doing these things, I am not sufficiently practical, or conversant with the hiring or payment of labour; but this I know, that if a larger self-denial, an abatement of luxuries, a curtailing even of what are called comforts, be necessary to this end, let us begin at once with the higher and wealthier classes—it must be done; there is neither honour, nor safety, nor joy (setting aside all higher considerations), to dwell in a house, however fair the outside, which rests on such rotten and crumbling foundations. . . .

And now, gentlemen, notwithstanding the openness with which I have spoken to you, I hope, nay, I believe, I shall obtain your forgiveness; it would have been easy to take a safer course, hold a more flattering language, and, by suppressing the reality, indulge the imagination; but I should not then have done either my duty to you, or had respect to the consistency of my own principles. You ought to know and reflect on these things; and I ought not to be lynx-eyed to the misconduct of manufacturers, and blind to the faults of landowners. . . . Set yourselves to mitigate the severity of the poor-law; its greatest supporters admit that it is severe; but that severity may be mitigated or increased by the mode of its administration; begin a more frequent and friendly intercourse with the labouring man—we have lost much in departing from the primitive simplicity of our forefathers; respect his feelings; respect his rights; pay him in solid money; I say it again, emphatically, pay him in solid money; pay him in due time; and above all, avoid that monstrous abomination which disgraces some other counties, but from which, I believe, we are altogether free, of closing your fields in the time of harvest; give to the gleaner his ancient, his Scriptural right: throw open your gates, throw them wide open, to the poor, the fatherless, and the widow.

The effect produced by this speech was considerable, and the consequences to Lord Ashley were in the same proportion annoying. Frequent reference to these are made in the Journals.

Dec. 11th.—St. Giles's. *Times* anxious to be malevolent, but unable to find pretext against speech at Sturminster; *Herald* very kind and contrasting it with Cobden's, who, at that very time, was sneering at me in Covent Garden Theatre, declaring that, though he had always believed my honesty, he should cease to do so, unless I (did that which no one could do) brought a motion before Parliament to regulate wages for the county of Dorset!

Received yesterday letter from a Mr. Crofts to say that he and others (who greatly admired me) were oftentimes perplexed to defend my consistency, &c., &c., and then to quote the state of the school-house at Woodlands, and certain other cottages. Alas, too true! yet how can I prevent it? . . . God knows I have long mourned over these things, and long resolved on every self-denial, rather than not remove them. These unhappy facts will pass into hostile hands, and be used against me. I appeal to a higher than Cæsar; I appeal unto God. *Half-past 11 at night.*—I am awfully posted between two forces: the Anti-Corn-Law League on one side; my father on the other. He broke out to-night in severe reprehension of my speech; abstained from violent language or violent manner, but told me "I was exciting the people; inducing them to make extortionate demands; they were not easily put down when once up," &c.; "they got on very well, he did not know how, with seven and even six shillings a week; that their wages" (and he then passed through all the arguments) "could not be raised; that I was inexperienced," &c. "As for their dwellings, it was very easy to point out the evil: where was the remedy? He, at least, could not afford it" (my speech had only dealt in generals); "had been engaged all his life in gradually abating the mischief; these things cost too much."

What can I do? If I suppress the faults of landed proprietors, I rouse the accusations of the League; if I rebuke them, I stir the resentment of my father. But God be with him—open his eyes and touch his heart! . . .

Dec. 14th.—I think my long and violent attacks of illness are the *accompaniments and consequences* of a stirring question hotly opposed.

Dec. 19th.—Memorial has been presented to Vice-Chancellor and well received. It has now passed from my charge; now begins the responsibility. I suppose I shall be roasted! Been unwell of late; good deal of pain. To Salisbury to consult Coates; somewhat better to-day, thank God! Cannot, however, take much exercise; sorry for it; shall go to town unseasoned for the campaign. . . .

Dec. 24th.—The *Examiner* observed, one day, in an article upon me, and not ill-naturedly, that "this Lord must expect, if he go about telling every one the plain truth, to become odious." I see the dawn of accomplishment. . . .

Christmas Day.—"This is the day that the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad in it." Rose before six to prayer and meditation. Ah, blessed God, how many in the mills and factories have risen at four, on this day even, to toil and suffering! Equal laws and equal rights in this free country, or, at least, the equal administration of those we possess; yet what a shameful and cruel disparity here! There is the mockery of an enactment which we cannot enforce, and which, year after year, we vainly endeavour to strengthen. . . .

Towards the end of the year the painful intelligence was received that there had been a massacre of Nestorian Christians. To many the news came, as much of the news from the East was wont to come, merely as an item to excite momentary curiosity, and to be dismissed as one of the many matters of difficulty always arising in the East among men of different nationalities and conflicting creeds. But to Lord Ashley, who was waiting anxiously day by day to know what steps were being taken for the protection of the oppressed Nestorians, suspense became intolerable, and he wrote to Lord Aberdeen, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, as follows:—

Lord Ashley to the Earl of Aberdeen.

ST. GILES'S HOUSE, *December 19th, 1843.*

MY DEAR LORD,—Is it not possible, nay more, is it not absolutely right, that some effort should be made by the British Government on behalf of the Nestorian Christians? Lord Palmerston interposed in aid of the Jews at Damascus, and won golden opinions by such a becoming and manly policy. Surely an Administration, founded on such principles as those we profess, should be forward in the assertion of every claim of justice and humanity.

Had these unhappy Christians been willing to acknowledge the supremacy of Rome, they would have obtained (I cannot say enjoyed) the protection of France; is it to be endured that a power like Turkey (which in our folly we have saved from the grasp of Russia), “the very form and pressure” of ignorance and cruelty, should be allowed so to reward our exertions and uproot Christianity from the soil of her dominions? For God’s sake, my dear Lord, do something before the meeting of Parliament.

Yours truly,

ASHLEY.

To this letter Lord Aberdeen sent the following reply:—

The Earl of Aberdeen to Lord Ashley.

FOREIGN OFFICE, *December 21st, 1843.*

DEAR ASHLEY,—Sir Stratford Canning interfered on behalf of the Nestorian Christians some time ago, with the best effect; and he is now engaged, in consequence of the recent excesses, in following up similar endeavours, I hope with equal success. He has already received instructions on the subject; and these shall be repeated. You may be assured that all shall be done which can properly be attempted.

If the case were only between the Porte and its Christian subjects, their protection would be simple enough; but you are to recollect that the rival Christian sects delight to torment each other, and are animated by a hatred more intense than that which they entertain against the Turks themselves. It is sometimes not very easy to tell who is the real oppressor. I do not mean that this applies to the massacre of the Nestorians; but it is too often the case in the East,

Ever most sincerely yours,

ABERDEEN.

A few days later a further communication was received from Lord Aberdeen, enclosing despatches from Sir Stratford Canning to announce that the Nestorian Christians were “being attended to,” and that inquiry would be made into the causes which had led to the disturbance, with a view to their future protection. While thankful for what had been done, the warm heart of Lord Ashley shrank from the negotiations of “a frigid diplomacy” in any case where suffering and oppressed fellow-Christians were concerned, and he acknowledged Lord Aberdeen’s letter in the following terms:—

*Lord Ashley to the Earl of Aberdeen.*ST. GILES'S HOUSE, *December 28th*, 1843.

MY DEAR LORD,—Many thanks for the information you have so kindly communicated to me. May God bless your efforts in this righteous cause!

But, my dear Lord, are you tied, in such a matter as this, to all the tedious and hypocritical details of a frigid diplomacy? Would Russia allow her Greeks, or France her Papists, to be thus insulted and rooted out? Surely there is such a thing as an unjust and perilous discretion.

But God bless what you have done, and advance it still further.

Yours ever,

ASHLEY.

Dec. 27th.—Wrote a few days ago to Lord Aberdeen in behalf of the Nestorian Christians. Received a kind answer. "He had interfered and would do so again." He is a worthy man, but very timid and very slow. Why did he not interfere before? He might have averted the second massacre. So it was with Tahiti; a few words in the year preceding would have saved the island from the French and upheld the Protestant religion. . . . Walked to-day to talk with Friend, the farmer at Brockington; a blessing to have such a man on the estate: honest to his landlord, good to the labourer, a pious man, a sensible man, a just man! . . .

CHAPTER XII.

1844.

LORD ASHLEY was the sworn foe of oppression in whatever form it might be exercised. It mattered not to him whether the oppressed were nations or individuals, his whole nature rose against tyranny and injustice, and he could not forbear to throw himself into the breach and assist the weak against the strong. The year 1844 opened with heavy demands upon his sympathies. At home his aid was claimed by oppressed needlewomen—a class for whom he was always a willing advocate; and abroad by the ill-used Ameers of Scinde, who were suffering imprisonment and deprivation of their rights from no fault, as he conceived, of their own. As usual, he found himself either left almost alone to fight these battles, or else supported only by those from whom he had the least reason to expect help; and he writes in his Journal:—

Jan. 5th.—Prepared as I am, I am oftentimes distressed and puzzled by the strange contrasts I find: support from infidels or non-professors; opposition or coldness from religionists or declaimers! I sometimes pause to reflect whether I can be right, whether I have followed the true course, whether—when so many “pious” people either thwart or discourage me—I must not be altogether in error. They read and study the Bible; they pray for guidance and light; they ask, and surely obtain, God’s grace to judge aright; they surely, too, must make (is it so in fact?) their conduct the subject and consequence of fervent supplication before and after they have resolved to weaken my efforts? What can *I* do which *they* do not do? If I say with fervour before I act, “Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings,” &c., so do they, doubtless, when they prepare a resistance to me. They implore Almighty God that all their “works may be begun, continued, and ended in Him!” Is it so? If it be, I am indeed gravelled.

The efforts of Lord Ashley on behalf of the needlewomen arose out of the following circumstances:—

Jan. 13th.—Mr. Paget is to be indicted for defamation because he has published a book called “The Pageant,” in which he sets forth some of the Parliamentary evidence about the wretched milliners. An admirable work, full of talent, zeal, and truth. Is it come to this, that wicked abominations may not be proclaimed, and redress sought for helpless and oppressed women, but at the hazard of a prosecution at law? How can I assist him? He has applied through his solicitors to the Society for the Protection of Milliners and Dressmakers to give him aid by promising support to those young persons who shall offer their evidence. . . .

Jan. 17th.—Wrote to Mr. Paget on Monday; said that cause was common,

defence ought to be so too ; requested leave to subscribe £25 towards his expenses. Told that he is prepared to make a pitiful defence ; deny that the plaintiff was the person intended, and then plead in mitigation of damages !

Jan. 20th.—Heard from Mr. Paget, civil and grateful, but he declines pecuniary assistance. He is wrong in his opinion. His course is difficult, no doubt ; would take a bold line could he secure his witnesses from ruin. Seeley has offered to raise £100, and I the same, to indemnify any wretched girls who may, for that reason, be driven from their situations. His letter shows him in a fairer light ; think he will assent. Hope so for the cause ; and his friends should do so for his character.

Although, as far as Mr. Paget was concerned, the matter rested here, the cause of the needlewomen was not allowed to drop until its painful features had been dragged into the full light, and the wrongs thus exposed redressed.

On the 8th of February, 1844, Lord Ashley brought forward his motion for an address to the Crown praying that her Majesty will be “graciously pleased to take into her consideration the situation and treatment of the Ameers of Scinde ; and that she will direct their immediate restoration to liberty, and the enjoyment of their estates, or make such provision for their future maintenance as may be considered a just equivalent.” These princes were a fraternity of crowned heads, each having a separate and independent principality, but ruling conjointly and federally under the style and title of the Ameers of Scinde. They inhabited a country which their ancestors had acquired by conquest, and ruled over a people of different language and religion from themselves ; but, if that were to be used as an argument against them, it would recoil with tenfold force upon ourselves. The East India Company had recognised the Ameers as governors of Scinde, had entered into friendly relations with them, and had tried to prove to them that nothing but benefit could accrue from an extended intercourse with the British Empire. From 1758 to 1809 there was a period of varying favour and disfavour, suspicion and fear, confidence and jealousy. A Treaty was then made, declaring : “There shall be eternal friendship between the British Government and that of Scinde ;” and again : “Enmity shall never more appear between the two States.” Another Treaty in 1820 declared : “The two contracting Powers mutually bind themselves, from generation to generation, never to look with the eye of covetousness on the possessions of each other.” The Ameers asserted that they had faithfully observed the conditions and spirit of the Treaty. In 1832, 1834, and 1838, partial concessions were obtained in our favour as to the navigation of the Indus, and the placing of a British Resident at Hyderabad. Thenceforward there were suspicion and fear, and a tendency to mutual distrust. In 1840, however, when the insurrection at Gwalior broke out, the Ameers permitted the transit of British troops, when hostility on their part would have seriously injured us. Up to 1842, though strongly tempted by the disaffected, the same peaceable demeanour was manifested by them, with the exception of some petty intrigues, inevitable to Eastern courts. In November, 1840, Lord Auckland

declared their conduct to be "most friendly;" and in January, 1842, Lord Ellenborough expressed satisfaction at their friendly disposition. But on the 6th of May, 1842, Lord Ellenborough wrote to the Resident, Major Outram: "The Governor-General is led to think that you may have seen reason to doubt the fidelity of some one or more of the Ameers of Scinde."

Lord Ashley then traced the process of encroachment by the British Government, and argued that when the Ameers might have crushed us, they were prodigal in assistance, contributing, by every facility they could afford, to the recovery of our position and honour. Notwithstanding this, it was alleged that they had attempted our destruction when our troops, returning in victory, had rendered success in such an effort impossible. This, Lord Ashley denied, but added that even if they were guilty, a sufficient penalty had been exacted from them. "You have torn them from their thrones," he said, "reduced them to the level of your meanest dependants, seized their dominions, incarcerated their persons, plundered their houses, and exposed them to various forms of privation and insult." In conclusion, Lord Ashley said:—

Sir, we are often admonished, with oracular solemnity, that our empire in Hindostan is founded on opinion. Is it the opinion of our justice, our humanity, or our power? A wise and patriotic Government would ardently pursue such a noble combination; and this House, by the fulness and promptitude of its reply to an injured sufferer, would compensate for the enormous, though inevitable, concession of despotic authority to the rulers of those distant regions. Sir, the generosity of absolute power is cheap and safe and honourable; true principle alone is of so attractive a nature as to lead many to believe that a really Christian empire would soon acquire the sovereignty of the world by the voluntary and eager resort of all nations under the shadow of its wings. Whether, by such means as these, Great Britain shall accomplish the dominion of the East, remains to be seen. We have not, I fear, made an auspicious beginning; but if we are to gain no more by virtue, let us not lose what we have by injustice. Let us hasten to wipe out the awful rebuke passed by them on their Christian conquerors—

"Heu pietas, heu prisca fides!"

saying, as they were led away into captivity, "Now we perceive that there is no hope for us of judgment or justice, until God Almighty shall sit in the last great *adawlut*."*

Of the long and forcible indictment thus brought by Lord Ashley against the Indian Government, only a very brief summary has been given here. A journal that did not share in his views said of it: "The splendid speech of the noble mover was worthy of his humane and generous motive, and both were worthy of his high character."† Mr. Roebuck followed with a spiteful harangue, as usual abusing everybody all round; and, after the debate had run its length, Sir Robert Peel (the Prime Minister) defended the Indian Government, apparently basing his defence on the general principle that uncivilised nations were made to be conquered. He certainly did say, "I am

* Hansard, Debates, 3 s., lxxii. 364.

† *St. James's Chronicle*, March 8, 1844.

afraid there is some great principle at work wherever civilisation and refinement come in contact with barbarism, which makes it impossible to apply the rules observed amongst more advanced nations." He stated that the liberation of the Ameers was incompatible with the peace of India, but that they would be removed to a greater distance, where less restraint would be necessary, and £24,000 a year would be devoted to their maintenance and service.

The result of the motion is thus told by Lord Ashley in his Diary:—

Feb. 9th.—Wonderful success last night—*personal* success, I mean, alas!—in my motion respecting the Ameers of Scinde. But what is the use of making speeches which are admired and extolled? I obtained but sixty-eight votes against two hundred and two for the Government. Never did I see a more convincing proof of the pernicious effect of party on the moral sense: most were satisfied, indeed, some said so, and yet voted, because Peel did, point-blank against me! Peel, as usual, was narrow, and in a tone of morality lower, by far, than the ordinary run of Ministers; even John Russell rebuked him!

Feb. 10th.—I am certain that Palmerston and John Russell, influenced a little by Peel's specious, though legitimate, policy, in declaring that he objected to Roebuck's motion, voted against me, because, as they had not read the papers, it was safer to vote with Government than in opposition to it; Palmerston I found really ignorant of everything. But how wisely and mercifully God overrules all things! It had been suspected, and stated, that I had concocted this movement with the Whigs! Many Conservatives said to Jocelyn, "We never gave such an immoral vote before." Public opinion strongly with me. . . . Campbell, ex-Attorney-General, said to me, very kindly, "Any jury in England would have given you a verdict." Charles Wood said "It was one of the best speeches I ever heard in Parliament, and so was the reply." . . . A Christian kingdom may refuse all intercourse with its neighbours, but if it open an intercourse and derive advantages, it cannot turn round when well satiated and exclaim, "By-the-bye, a thought strikes me, you are so abominably wicked that really I must exterminate you!"

The affairs of Scinde were not the only "foreign affairs" engaging the attention of Lord Ashley. A dispute between England and France, with reference to Tahiti (Otaheite), threatened, at one time, to be attended with disastrous consequences. Queen Pomare, the sovereign of the Island of Tahiti, a convert of English missionaries, had placed herself—by compulsion, it was alleged—under the protection of France, while her sympathies, and those of her people, were with England. There arose, in consequence, a coldness between the French residents and the islanders.

The French Admiral, who had beguiled or compelled the Queen into placing herself under the protection of the French, arrived off the coast, and demanded that the French flag should be hoisted above her own. Upon her refusing to do this, he pulled down her flag, hoisted that of France in its place, and proclaimed that Tahiti was henceforth French territory.

Pomare at once appealed to England; but France, while disavowing the act of the French Admiral, considered that there was some intrigue on the

part of England to obtain possession of Tahiti, and would not remove the French flag or cancel the proclamation claiming the island as French territory.

For some time affairs remained in this critical state, and then a further complication arose. An English missionary, named Pritchard, had exercised a very powerful influence in Tahiti, and had been successful in gaining many converts to Christianity, among whom was the Queen herself. For some time prior to her deposition he had been acting as English consul in the island.

One day a French sentinel was attacked. In reprisal Pritchard was seized as the mover and instigator of the disturbances by the natives, and D'Aubigny, the commander of the French establishment, declared: "His property shall be answerable for all damage occasioned to us by the insurgents; and if French blood is spilt every drop shall recoil on his head." Pritchard was thrown into prison, and upon his release was expelled the island. On his arrival in England, the story of his wrongs produced a profound sensation, and stirred public feeling into great excitement. Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen both characterised his treatment as "a gross and intolerable outrage."

Satisfaction was demanded of the French Government, and M. Guizot, who, in the first instance, was loud in his condemnation of the French Government, was now equally loud in the profession of his anxiety and that of the King, that justice should be done in Tahiti and a good understanding restored with England.

For some months there was great excitement; popular passion was hot on both sides, and war between France and England at one time seemed inevitable. However, on September the 5th—the last day of the Session—Sir Robert Peel announced that "the outrage on Mr. Pritchard of Tahiti had been arranged amicably." Substantial compensation was made to Pritchard, and Queen Pomare was ostensibly restored to power. France would not withdraw her "protection," however, and to all intents and purposes Tahiti became, in time, completely subject to French rule.

The course of these events was followed very closely by Lord Ashley, and there are many passages in his Diary relating to them, one of which only we will quote here.

Oct. 4th.—Grief and indignation cannot go beyond what I feel against the French aggressions in Tahiti. A peaceable and helpless people, a State presenting, as such, the only Christian model in the world, are subjugated by savages and powerful Europeans, and inundated with bloodshed, devastation, profligacy, and crime. God gave the regeneration of this island to our people as a triumph of the Cross; and so it was a thing without parallel in the history of the Gospel. The missionaries made it Christian; they made it English in laws and Constitution. It had, by God's blessing, under their administration, everything but power and commerce. But, failing these, it has obtained no sympathies, and in the hour of danger, perhaps of extinction, finds not a single friend. The infidel and lukewarm are indifferent; the Tractarians are hostile; the Evangelicals wary. Public men estimate its value by political measurements and the probable effects on their own ease and tenure of office. What a disgusting and cowardly attitude

for England, thus to stand by and raise not a hand in defence of this merciful gift of Providence! God grant that the Tahitian people may endure and triumph over this fraud and violence.

Interest in affairs abroad did not distract Lord Ashley's attention from the more pressing affairs at home.

The demand for further limitation in the hours of labour had been urged by the working classes with increased vehemence, especially in Lancashire and Yorkshire, between the Session of 1843 and the opening of Parliament in 1844. The reports of the Inspectors of Factories, issued from time to time, had been eagerly read by those who were interested in the welfare of the working classes; and the agitation, headed by Lord Ashley, was daily gaining fresh sympathisers, and, in the same proportion, was concentrating the enmity of those who were opposed to it. The time was ripening rapidly for the great struggle which was to end in victory.

On the 5th of February, Sir James Graham introduced into the House of Commons his promised Bill for the Regulation of Labour in Factories. It contained no education clauses, but provided that children should be allowed time in which to receive education. The further objects of the Bill were to ensure that the working-time for children should be reduced to eight hours, and for persons above the age of thirteen, to twelve hours a day. The definition of a "child" was extended to mean children between nine and thirteen; that of "young persons" remained as heretofore, namely, from thirteen to eighteen.

"I propose," he said, "that such young persons shall not be employed in any silk, cotton, wool, or flax manufactory, for any portion of the twenty-four hours longer than from half-past five o'clock in the morning till seven o'clock in the evening in summer, and from half-past six o'clock in the morning, till eight in the evening in winter, thus making thirteen and a half hours each day, of which one hour and a half is to be set apart for meals and rest, so that their actual labour will be limited to twelve hours."

This was exactly what Lord Ashley did not want. His contention was that the hours should be limited to ten, and on that issue he would fight the battle to the end.

On the 12th of February the Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed.

Then went forth the rallying cry of "Ten Hours and No Surrender!" and it echoed through the length and breadth of the land. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Meetings were held, pamphlets were scattered broadcast, and all the paraphernalia of agitation was set in motion with a vigour that had never been known before. Twelve delegates were despatched to London to assist Lord Ashley in his labours, and nobly they worked. London and Westminster were divided into districts, and every Member of Parliament in these districts was canvassed, the working of the factory system explained, and its evils exposed.

The course of events is thus noted in Lord Ashley's Diary:—

Feb. 27th.—Factory Bill postponed. Shall I ever prosper in this? Will God smile upon the endeavour? Heard that Mr. Bright was waiting for his opportunity to make a most violent attack on me. I dare say. . . .

March 2nd.—Unpleasant rumours that Government (is it possible?) will exert their Parliamentary influence to defeat the Ten Hours!

March 4th.—Graham informed me this evening that “if I would not make an adverse statement,” so as to provoke debate and a reply from him, he would grant the Committee. He clearly fears a full *exposé*.

March 6th.—Moved for Committee last night in half a dozen words. Graham thanked me for my silence.

March 8th.—Strange accusation that in the *Times*. Surely a man wholly unconnected with the manufacturing districts was less likely to be influenced by hopes and fears, either commercial or personal, than one whose interests lay in the thick of them. I thought so myself when I undertook the charge. “It would have been more graceful,” it adds, “had I devoted my attention to agricultural grievances.” Why, that question was not uppermost, was barely thought of, when I laid hold of the Factory wrongs in 1833—at that time the prominent topic of conversation.

March 9th.—The *Times* bepraises Sidney Osborne’s letter to me, and adds: “These factory ten-hours men never dreamed of agricultural wrongs until forced to it by their fears.” Eight years’ exclusion from the paternal house, and three of *utter impossibility to interfere* while there, will answer any imputations.

March 12th.—Had intended to take the chair at public dinner of Journeyman Tailors’ Society (euphonious and dignified name!), but told by Cobden, as I entered the House, that he proposed to assail the county of Dorset. Obligated, of course, to send excuse, and sit out his speech—temperate and often true. Could not reply, taken by surprise, had no paper with me. This was unfair on his part; unwilling, too, to come into collision with Bankes; an unseemly sight. two county members sparring with each other; unwilling besides, by a vote, to come into collision with Lord S., who would assert that it was directed at him. No disguise on Cobden’s part that he wished to pay me off for exposing the factory districts. Felt humbled, dejected, and incompetent. Had no heart within me. O God, let not mine enemies triumph over me! . . .

On March the 15th the Bill went into Committee, and, in the discussion of the clauses fixing the limitation of the hours of labour, Lord Ashley endeavoured to obtain his purpose by moving that the word “night” should be taken to mean from six o’clock in the evening to six o’clock in the morning, thus practically limiting the factory day to ten hours.

In support of his proposition, he made one of his most forcible, comprehensive, and interesting speeches—a speech which took two hours and a quarter in delivery, and occupies twenty-eight pages of Hansard.*

In his opening sentence, Lord Ashley gave utterance to that intense anxiety which, as the Diaries clearly reveal, weighed down his spirit as he approached the struggle. “Nearly eleven years have elapsed,” he said, “since I first made the proposition to the House which I shall renew this

* Hansard, 3 s., lxx. 483.

night. Never at any time have I felt greater apprehension or even anxiety; not through any fear of personal defeat, for disappointment is 'the badge of all our tribe,' but because I know well the hostility I have aroused, and the certain issues of indiscretion on my part, affecting the welfare of those who have so long confided their hopes and interests to my charge." Disclaiming the accusation that he was actuated by any peculiar hostility against factory masters, he met them with the challenge, "Strike, but hear me." Taking for his standpoint the proposition that the State has a right to watch over, and an interest in providing for, the moral and physical well-being of her people, he proceeded to show what foreign powers were doing to recognise and enforce this principle. Then, expatiating upon the immediate application of this theme, he described minutely the amount of toil and exertion required in the various departments of factory labour, and the physical evils proved to have resulted from it, when too long continued. He entered fully into the question of the distances traversed daily by women and children, and gave evidence, founded upon measurements and calculations made, at his request, by one of the most distinguished mathematicians of the day, conclusively proving that those distances varied from seventeen to thirty miles, and that the exertion was materially increased by the strain of having continually to lean over the machine and then return to an erect position—a performance that had to be undergone not less than from four to five thousand times a day. The physical effects of this toil upon women was disastrous in the extreme, and he adduced ample medical testimony in proof of his assertion, besides pointing to the results shown in the bills of mortality and the statistics of pauperism and disease. Nor were the moral effects less disastrous. He showed how impossible it was that the obligations of domestic life could be performed by women employed for long periods in factories. He demonstrated, by incontrovertible facts and arguments, that this unnatural toil engendered every possible form of moral evil; intemperance, impurity, demoralisation were the inevitable consequences; all the arrangements and provisions of domestic economy were annihilated; dirt, discomfort, ignorance, and recklessness, were the portion of almost every household, when the time of the wife and mother was wholly monopolised by factory labour.

Such a system, affecting the internal tranquillity of the land and all relations between employer and employed, was a perpetual grievance, and must ever come uppermost in times of difficulty and discontent. It disturbed the order of Nature, and the rights of the labouring men, by ejecting males from the workshop and filling their places by women; it was destructive of the health of females, the care of their families, their conjugal and parental duties, the comfort of their homes, the decency of their lives, the peace of society, and the laws of God.

In conclusion, he repudiated, in tones of righteous indignation, the charge so often flung at him, that this contest was but a struggle between the country gentleman and the manufacturers, and that he was actuated by a wish to exalt the landed and humiliate the commercial, aristocracy. He said:—

Most solemnly do I deny the accusation. If you think me wicked enough, do you think me fool enough for such a hateful policy? Can any man in his senses now hesitate to believe that the permanent prosperity of the manufacturing body in all its several aspects, physical, moral, and commercial, is essential, not only to the welfare, but absolutely to the existence, of the British Empire? No, we fear not the increase of your political power, nor envy your stupendous riches; "Peace be within your walls, and plenteousness within your palaces!" We ask but a slight relaxation of toil, a time to live, and a time to die; a time for those comforts that sweeten life, and a time for those duties that adorn it; and, therefore, with a fervent prayer to Almighty God that it may please Him to turn the hearts of all who hear me, to thoughts of justice and of mercy, I now finally commit the issue to the judgment and humanity of Parliament.*

At the close of this appeal, Sir James Graham rose, and in a tone which he knew only too well how to use, declared emphatically that her Majesty's Government had determined to give the proposition of the noble Lord their most decided opposition. The mill-owners found an advocate in Mr. John Bright, who addressed the House at considerable length, and in a style "perhaps the most vindictive towards the working classes ever used in the British Parliament."† He ridiculed the notion that there was any need for a new Factory Act; he contradicted Lord Ashley's statements as to the unhealthiness and other miseries of the manufacturing districts; he violently attacked the whole body of operatives who supported the Ten Hours Bill; and he declared that high wages and general prosperity prevailed among the manufacturing population. Then, taking up the old libel as to the condition of the Dorsetshire labourers, he said Lord Ashley looked at Lancashire through a telescope, but when he looked at his suffering neighbours he reversed the glass. He reiterated the groundless charge that Lord Ashley's information had been obtained in an improper way, and from a notorious character, whose story was full of false statements and gross and malignant exaggerations.

This was more than Lord Ashley could bear, or would have been justified in bearing. He rose to his feet, and, aflame with impassioned earnestness, vehemently demanded a full explanation of the insinuations of Mr. Bright. The scene which ensued is still memorable in the annals of Parliament.

"I think," said Lord Ashley, "the House will feel that in some measure I have a right to make one or two observations on the remarkable speech of the honourable gentleman. I will thank the honourable gentleman to explain that charge against me which he has insinuated, and which he said he would not pursue. I will not allow it to pass. I therefore throw myself on the indulgence and on the protection of this House, and I do request all honourable gentlemen present to exert their influence, as members of this House, and as gentlemen, to make the honourable member for Durham pursue his charge, and state his case."

* Speeches, p. 115.

† Delegates' report quoted in "History of Factory Legislation," p. 75.

Loud cheers followed this challenge. Then, in evident confusion, and amidst loud expressions of disapprobation from both sides of the House, Mr. Bright at first attempted to deny that he had made any charge, and eventually concluded with an apology in these words: "I regret if in stating these things I have said a word that could be considered derogatory to the character of the noble Lord. I know I have a warm temper, but I meant no personal insult. I desired merely to state facts, and I readily withdraw any offensive expression."

It was then two o'clock, and, on the motion of Mr. Warburton, the debate was adjourned.

March 16th.—Factory Bill last night in Committee. Spoke for two and a quarter hours. What will be the issue? Had we divided last night, we should, I am told, have beaten the Government! The interval will be favourable to them; official whips will produce official votes.

March 18th.—Jocelyn came to me yesterday, after morning service, and said that "he had something important to communicate." Stanley had taken him aside on Saturday evening, and had urged upon him the mischiefs arising from the amendment for "ten hours" that I had proposed. "Ashley," he added, "does not know the condition in which he places the Government. If he carries his point, as it seems probable he will, two courses remain; we must either throw up the Bill, for Graham is pledged to carry it as it is, or throw it into his hands." He then said a great deal more about the effect such success would have in aiding the repeal of the Corn Laws, and remarked: "If Ashley is strong enough to beat the Government, he must take all responsibility: if he thinks himself strong enough to defeat them here, perhaps he thinks himself strong enough to take the Government." Jocelyn said: "What would you have Ashley do? He has given his life, you may say, to the question; what would you have him do? He could not surrender it." Stanley replied in a drawling, uncertain tone: "I don't know; I don't say what he could do." The upshot was that Jocelyn, without delivering a direct message, was to inform me of the Ministerial mind. He did so. I replied that "if my perseverance involved the repeal of ten thousand Corn Laws, and the dissolution of as many Governments, I would go on with all the vigour I could command; that, were I disposed to hold back, I could not do so in the smallest degree; that even in a mere question of politics, a man would be regarded as a sad specimen of faithlessness who retired simply to gratify the convenience of his Parliamentary friends, but that in this case, when I had toiled for so many years, and placed the whole matter on the basis of duty and religion, I should be considered, *and most justly, too*, a hypocrite almost without parallel." We rang the changes on all this, and Jocelyn went away. I saw him again in the street, just before I entered the Chapel Royal. "I have seen Stanley again," he said; "he never thought you could resign the question; you were too deeply pledged." "It would be a sad thing," continued Stanley, "for the Government to appear as alone resisting the wishes and feelings of the people; it would look very ill to the country if the question had a majority in the House, but was rejected solely by the Government." Then Lord Stanley added (*O tempora, O mores!*), "What I meant was that you (Jocelyn) and your friends should not bestir

yourselves so much to obtain votes, and Ashley might save his character by maintaining his point, and *yet allow himself to be beaten!*" If ever insult was put on an individual, here it was with a vengeance! I told Jocelyn that "the only difference was whether I should be an open or a secret scoundrel." I added that "I would exhaust all legitimate means to obtain my end, and that if defeated, I would never cease to work on the sympathies of the country."

On March the 15th the debate on the Ten Hours Bill was resumed. The discussion was animated almost beyond precedent, and the excitement grew to a point of intensity, when Sir Robert Peel, in a long and laboured speech, pointed out that other branches of manufactures required restriction more than the cotton, woollen, and silk factories, namely, the Sheffield and Birmingham wares, glass, porcelain, earthenware, calico printing, and, above all, dressmaking and needlework, and he maintained that by restricting labour in cotton factories, a premium was being placed on the laborious and cruel employment of women and children in these other manufactures. "Is the House prepared to legislate for all these people?" asked the Premier.

A tremendous cheer, and a cry of "Yes," answered the demand of the head of the Government.

Sir Robert Peel, evidently much astounded by this powerful and decisive response, continued: "Then I see not why we should not extend the restriction to agriculture." Another ringing cheer, from the agricultural members, again threw the Premier from his equilibrium, and Sir Robert Peel abruptly concluded his speech by declaring that he could not undertake a task which would involve so difficult and perilous an enterprise, above all human strength, and full of individual injustice. "I cannot, and I *will not*, acquiesce in the proposal of the noble Lord!" was the emphatic exclamation with which he sat down.*

Far-seeing as Sir Robert was in many things, he little dreamt that he had called forth a foreshadowing of Lord Ashley's future labours on behalf of the working classes.

Lord John Russell followed, and did good service to the cause by drawing attention to the fact that Lord Ashley's amendment introduced no new principle into the Bill, and that he (Lord John Russell) could not see what tremendous consequences would follow the limitation of labour in factories to ten hours when the Government themselves proposed a limitation, though to a somewhat longer period.

The division resulted in 179 votes for Lord Ashley's amendment and 170 against it, thus giving a majority of 9 for the amendment; but this vote the Government endeavoured, by a stratagem, to rescind, by going at once to a division on the original question; calculating, in all probability, that, by taking a second division immediately upon the other, the result would be confusion, out of which they might make capital. The stratagem failed, the result being: For Lord Ashley's proposition, 161; against it, 153. Majority for Lord Ashley's proposition, 8.

* *Morning Post*, March 18, 1844.

In face of these two divisions, Sir James Graham determined to make another effort to rescind the votes. "Sir," he said, rising amid profound silence, "the decision of the Committee is a virtual adoption of a Ten Hours Bill without modification. To that decision, with the utmost respect for the opinion of the Committee, I have an insuperable objection." Whereupon he announced that he would not drop the Bill, but would proceed with it up to the eighth clause, when Lord Ashley would move that the word "ten" should be substituted for "twelve" hours. He therefore moved that "You now report progress, and ask leave to sit again on Friday next."

March 19th.—Last night "adjourned debate" on Factory Bill, and division. Can I believe the result? "It is a night much to be observed of the Lord." Oh, gracious God, keep me from unseemly exultation, that I may yet creep by the ground to Thine honour, and to the recovery of the people from Egyptian bondage! The Red Sea is yet before me, the enemy are in pursuit, and the wilderness has shut us in; but we will, by His grace, "stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." He will cleave a path for us through the mighty waters, and ordain in our mouths a song of praise in the land of promise and of hope. My supporters wonderfully firm; had no whipper-in, yet they stuck to me admirably. The Government—that is, Peel and Graham—evidently out of temper. This seems as much the cause of their opposition as anything else. Their speeches, ingenious in argument, but wretched in principle and feeling, purely commercial: Peel urging a decay of trade; Graham, an abatement of wages. Neither touched my facts or arguments; but most unfairly Graham spoke a second time, and at great length, before others had spoken once. Peel argued, in fact, against all interference, and then appealed to the House on the merits of his Bill! denounced our legislation with factories as unjust, quoted the condition of thousands of children who are as yet unprotected (passing, in truth, on me the old sneer of the Millowners & Co., that I was one-sided), and speaking as Prime Minister, in detail, of all these horrors, declared that he had no thought of assuaging them. In the sight of God and man he abdicated the functions of Government. A curious division. My members included very many who represented the mightiest trading constituencies, and this on a *commercial* question!

The Ministers have signified their intention to try over again the whole question by a division on Friday next. The interval will be employed in every Government method of influence and coercion. What engine can I employ to counteract and extinguish their fire? They are unjust, bitter, headstrong, but powerful. I am alone, but I commit all to God, who will maintain his own work.

It is a wonderful event, an especial Providence; is there a precedent like it? A single individual, unaided by a party, with scarcely a man whom he could trust to second him, has been enabled to defeat the most powerful array of capitalists, overcome the strongest domestic apprehensions, and the most powerful Ministry of the last fifteen years! Struggle as they will, the question is passed; it may be delayed in its final accomplishment, but surely it cannot be reversed. God give us faith, faith, faith!

March 21st.—An oppressive weight appears to have been removed from my shoulders, and yet I cannot recover my elasticity. I feel like a man that has

been stunned or bled. I am conscious of a change, but hardly of relief: partly the effect of long habit, partly the effect of the foreseen Government hostility (and their power is great!). I find no real comfort but in beholding God as the *author*, and, I pray, as the *finisher*, of this work in His blessed Son Jesus Christ. Ministers quite mad, using every exertion, no reasoning, no misstatement, no falsehood almost, spared! Expresses sent off the whole of Sunday. I offered to delay "Ten Hours" for two years and a half. Every one satisfied except Peel and Graham, who are furious in temper.

On March the 22nd the debate on the Ten Hours Bill was resumed, when Lord Ashley moved that the blank in the eighth clause should be filled with the word "ten."

At the close of the debate there was a majority of three (186 to 183) against adopting the word "twelve" as proposed by the Government. Lord Ashley's amendment that the word "ten" should be inserted in the eighth clause was then put, when all who had voted for "twelve" now voted "No;" but, inasmuch as five who had previously voted "No" again did the same, confusion once more prevailed, and the result was that 188 voted against the amendment, and 181 for it, and it was lost by a majority of 7!

The stratagem of the Government had succeeded. The question was reduced to chaos. The Government proposal for a Twelve Hours Bill, and Lord Ashley's proposal for a Ten Hours Bill, had both been negatived, and the Bill was in extreme jeopardy.

In these circumstances, Sir James Graham postponed stating what the Government would do, and moved that the Chairman should report progress.

Lord Ashley bowed to the decision of the House, acknowledged that for the present he was defeated, but declared that he "would persevere to the last hour of his existence, and he had not the slightest doubt that, at no very distant time, he should, by God's blessing, have a complete victory."

March 23rd.—Last night victorious in rejecting Twelve Hours by 186 to 183; defeated in attempting Ten Hours, by 181 to 188! Yet the cause is mightily advanced. God, in His wisdom and goodness, demands a little longer trial of faith and patience. The consummation will then arrive, and it will be the more evidently seen to be His own work. The House of Commons never saw, before these events, such an utter resignation of party feeling on all sides to the assertion of a great act of humanity. The influence of Ministers, used unscrupulously and unsparingly, obtained at last but a majority of seven, and that not in support of their original proposition. . . .

March 25th.—*Globe* of this afternoon contains a most direct attack on me—"ambition, love of office," &c., &c.—"the Prince of Canters." What a scene in the House last night! The tiptoe of expectation, every one anticipating an Eleven Hours Bill. I was prepared to accept it, reserving to myself the power of moving whenever I pleased. It would have settled the question for at least two years. Graham, I am told, very hostile in Cabinet. Peel for it; determined, however, to resist. Graham notified his opposition, and signified that all who

supported me were entering on a course of "Jack Cade * legislation." Indecent, foolish, and stupid ; but he did himself thereby irreparable mischief. Consideration of Bill, or rather of withdrawal of it, deferred till Friday next.

March 26th.—Consultations without end ; annoyances of all kinds ; unabated anxiety. Prayed heartily for counsel, wisdom, and understanding.

March 27th.—Resolved to act in conformity with my first impression, and allow withdrawal of Bill. . . . Did so, and Graham pledged himself to bring in a new Bill. I can, therefore, do on *this* what I could not have done on the old Bill—take a debate and division on the simple question of ten hours !

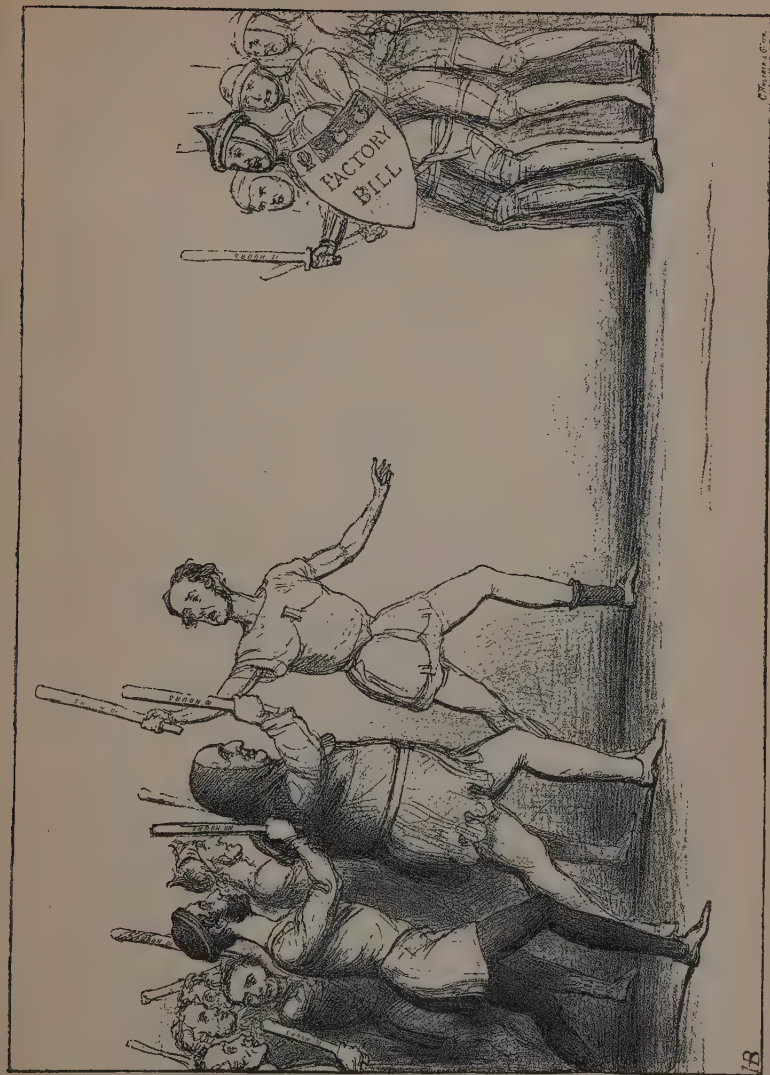
It was generally anticipated that the Government would endeavour to effect a compromise by proposing an Eleven Hours Bill. When, however, it became known that Sir James Graham proposed to bring in a new Bill, and to stand doggedly to the Twelve Hours principle, and when, moreover, he expressed this in words and actions which were intolerable, the excitement, especially among the operatives, became intense. The Committees united in memorialising the Queen against "the ill-advised perseverance in a course of cruelty and injustice of your Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, who has avowed his intention of withholding all relief from oppressed women and children, and has sought to effect his object, by means most insulting to the faithful representatives of your Majesty's loyal subjects in Parliament, and tending to degrade the high office bestowed on him by your Majesty."

At this period of his career, Sir James Graham was one of the most unpopular men in the country. Except by a few personal friends, he was almost universally disliked ; and it is not surprising to find in Lord Ashley's Journals some strong comments upon his character and conduct. The "novel and somewhat questionable course" he had pursued in endeavouring, by stratagem, to rescind the votes in favour of the Ten Hours Bill, had increased his unpopularity generally, and in a marked degree among the friends of factory legislation. But Sir James Graham had not yet shown the whole length to which he could go, when his will was thwarted ; and in the near future he was to make a display of some of those qualities which kept alive his unpopularity. He had an overbearing manner, which in itself raised opposition ; and, once having become convinced on any subject, his mind seemed to shut its eyes, and he plunged deeper and deeper into partisanship. "He exulted, as a strong man, in the power he possessed, and sometimes," says his biographer, "it must be owned, its exercise savoured of tyranny."† It did so during this year, when the Factory Bill was the burning question in and out of Parliament ; and the friends and foes of the movement were agreed in this perhaps more than in anything else—a common dislike to Sir James Graham.

In the interval afforded by the Easter holidays, between the withdrawal of

* "H. B." published a lively caricature on this. Lord Ashley as Jack Cade, followed by Lord John Manners, Sir R. Inglis, and Lord John Russell, advancing against Sir Robert Peel and Sir J. Graham on the defensive.

† "Life of Sir James Graham," by T. M. Torrens, ii. 199,



JACK CADE'S INSURRECTION!

Sir James Graham's Bill and the introduction of a new one, Lord Ashley, longing for a few days' repose, went on a short visit to Dover; but the Diaries reveal how little real rest there was for him while the great question on which his heart was set was pending.

April 3rd.—Dover. . . . Read the Bible with the boys; a useful and agreeable morning; beautiful day; walked to the top of Shakespeare's Cliff; enjoyed the scene, the refreshing air, the hope of renewed strength, and fuller service. . . . Home at seven, very tired. I often think, when fatigued, how much less my weariness must be than that of the wretched factory women. It has, at any rate, this good result—that I feel and make additional resolutions to persevere in their behalf.

April 5th (Good Friday).—Do what you will you cannot so entirely banish the past and disregard the future as to make the mind rest solely, simply, exclusively on the present hour. "This is the day that the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad in it." Much do I desire it, but I am haunted, and I know I shall be haunted by debates, divisions, spectres of attacks, defences, failure, success. I am of a very nervous and excitable temperament; an impression once made is not easily effaced; it hangs to me like a conscience. . . . As I taught the little children to-day, it seemed to me wonderful in how small a compass is contained the whole sum and substance of Christian religion. Volumes without end, years of study, years of controversy, immense thought, immense eloquence, all expended, and mostly wasted, to dilate or torture that which may be comprehended by the understanding, and relished by the soul, of a simple child. What will all the learning in the world, all the meditation of the profoundest spirits, add to the plain facts of the fall of man and his salvation by Christ? Little but perplexity and the embarrassment of that which is intrinsically simple!

April 6th.—Mill-owners have got out a manifesto contradicting me on every point, and specially on "the distances." I hold to my statements. If I be refuted, my career as a public man is over; I could never again make a speech in the House of Commons or elsewhere. I should be proved to be as near to a liar as a man can well be, short of the actual dealing in falsehoods. . . .

April 12th.—Panshanger. Rode with William Cowper to Watton. Saw Bickersteth.* Rejoiced to have some conversation with him; he is full of faith, and truly and dearly loves our Lord and Master. But there are few, like him, proof against temptation and expediency in the hour of trial. . . .

April 15th.—Wrote a few days ago a challenge to Greg and Ashworth to meet Fielden and Kenworthy and superintend the re-measurement of the distances. Will they accept it or no? I think not. However, I shall, thank God, have a triumph in either case. If they attend, I must prove my accuracy; if they refuse, I shall prove their dishonesty. . . .

There was a long paper warfare on this subject. The letters are still in existence, but it would be needless to quote them here. Suffice it to say that the challenge was evaded, and the accuracy of Lord Ashley's statement was proved by incontestable evidence.

* Rev. E. Bickersteth, Rector of Watton, Herts.

Sir Robert Peel saw, or thought he saw, a way out of the difficulty connected with Lord Ashley's Factory measures. It is referred to in the following entry :—

April 17th.—London. Well, what next? Can I believe my ears? Old Bonham* informed me (stating, while he did so, that it was almost a breach of confidence, inasmuch as no hint of any sort or kind was to be given) that Peel had determined to offer me the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, *with almost unlimited powers*, in respect especially of the Church. Peel, he said, had told him, and Graham confirmed it, that no one in the kingdom could effect such good in Ireland; no one but myself could grapple with the landlords and the prelates, and maintain, against influence, the rights of the working clergy. . . . I listened in silence and astonishment; a little gratified, *but not at all in doubt*. I quite admitted that I could, probably, do more with the Irish clergy than most men at present. . . . Silent, not offended, not puffed-up, not beguiled, *fully resolved never to do or accept anything*, however pressed by the strong claims of public necessity and public usefulness, which should, in the least degree, limit my opportunity or control my free action in respect of the Ten Hours Bill. . . . God give me a right judgment in all things! O God, grant that I may never be seduced by any worldly motive to abandon truth and mercy and justice! Keep me from all specious patriotism, and alike from all fear of man's reproach! . . .

April 22nd.—One thing now perplexes and annoys me. I perceive, or fancy that I perceive, within the last few months, a great diminution of intellectual power. I have no energy, no command. If I attempt to speak, my utterance is unsteady. I have no flow of ideas, and not much more of language. I feel no confidence, no hope, no satisfaction. I positively dread the necessity of presenting even a petition. I never open my lips without a prayer to God, and yet I tremble at the duty. All this adds greatly to my sorrow.

April 23rd.—Which is the more wicked, a covert or a barefaced rogue? Peter Borthwick went this evening to Henry Baring (who told me of it the instant after the transaction) and made a proposal. "Would you like to hear," said Baring to me, "a specimen of public virtue? Peter Borthwick has just said to me, 'I have a motion to-night; pray keep me a House. You remember how I voted on the Factory Bill. I voted *against* the Government. Now, if you will keep a House until I shall have made my speech I will vote *for* the Government.' Do not show me up," said Baring. How can I march through Coventry with such a tale as this?

On the 3rd of May leave was obtained to bring in a new Bill, and the occasion was utilised by Mr. Ward (Sheffield), Mr. Roebuck, and Captain Rous, to make a series of attacks upon Lord Ashley. The Bill was so worded that it would not admit of any amendment being proposed on any of its clauses, and it was therefore necessary for Lord Ashley to give notice that he would move the introduction of a new clause to the effect that no young person should be employed more than eleven hours a day, or sixty-four hours a week, and that from October 1st, 1847, these numbers should be reduced to ten hours and fifty-eight hours respectively.

It was a night, as he says, "of trouble and rebuke."

* Bonham was "whip."

May 4th. . . . I was the direct and indirect target. They fired at me without mercy, and left me, like a portrait of St. Sebastian, shot through and through by their arrows. Had not intended to make any reply; perhaps I felt incompetent, as I always do now. Strong in my cause and conduct, weak in my capacity. . . .

In moving the introduction of the new clause on the 10th of May, Lord Ashley set himself to the task of meeting the objections that had been urged against the Ten Hours Bill on commercial grounds—namely, that it would cause a diminution of produce; that there would take place a reduction, in the same proportion, of the value of the fixed capital employed in the trade; that a diminution of wages would ensue to the great injury of the workmen; and, lastly, that there would be a rise of price, and consequent peril of foreign competition. Having examined and refuted these arguments, he continued:—

Sir, this House is now placed in a novel position; it is summoned to rescind its resolution, not because new facts or new conditions have appeared, but because the Minister has declared his hostility. Nothing has been stated that was not stated before—no fresh knowledge communicated, no unseen dangers discovered. The House is summoned to cancel its vote, not upon conviction, but to save a Government. . . . Sir, the whole question of representative Government is at stake; votes have been rescinded before, but never such as this. You are almost declaring, to those who are your ordinary friends, they shall never exercise a vote but at the will of the Minister. This is a despotism under the forms of the Constitution; and all to no purpose; for your resistance will be eventually and speedily overcome, but your precedent will remain.

In concluding his vigorous denunciation, he uttered prophecies which, singularly enough, were soon to be fulfilled to the very letter, although the causes leading to those results were then entirely unknown. He said:—

The feeling of the country is roused; and so long as there shall be voices to complain and hearts to sympathise, you will have neither honour abroad nor peace at home, neither comfort for the present nor security for the future. But I dare to hope for far better things—for restored affections, for renewed understanding between master and man, for combined and general efforts, for large and mutual concessions of all classes of the wealthy for the benefit of the common welfare, and especially of the labouring people. Sir, it may not be given to me to pass over this Jordan; other and better men have preceded me, and I entered into their labours; other and better men will follow me, and enter into mine; but this consolation I shall ever continue to enjoy—that, amidst much injustice, and somewhat of calumny, we have at last lighted such a candle in England as, by God's blessing, shall never be put out.

As soon as the loud and continued cheering ceased, Sir James Graham rose, and for once appeared to be unequal to the task of answering the arguments arrayed against him, endorsed as they were by so many of his own party and supporters. And it may be noted, in passing, that, although the

debate lasted for two nights, there was no one in the House who even attempted to overthrow the arguments adduced by Lord Ashley. It was evident to the Ministry that a crisis in its history had come, and Sir James Graham declared it in these words :—"Sir, I shall not be unjust towards the noble Lord, whatever others may be; and I am quite satisfied that the cause which he has advocated this evening can never fall into the hands of a better advocate. I am quite satisfied that his motives are of the highest and purest nature, and he is no less an able and powerful advocate than I believe him to be a sincere one. He has, however, said, that her Majesty's Government seek to exercise a tyranny upon this occasion. Now, Sir, with humble submission, I say that I am quite prepared to bow to whatever decision this House may come to upon this question, but I can conceive no tyranny greater;—none greater upon the part of the Crown, and I should certainly say that it would be the extreme of tyranny on the part of a popular assembly, to expect that any Minister should remain responsible for the conduct of public affairs when the representative assembly of the nation, bearing so large a portion of the whole power of the Government of the country, demands a course to be taken which that Minister, in his judgment and in his conscience, believes to be fatal to the best interests of the country. I must say, with perfect submission and perfect frankness that I leave this case to the decision of the House; but with equal firmness, and with equal frankness, I am bound to state that, if the decision of the House should be that the proposition of the noble Lord should prevail, it will be my duty to seek a private station, hoping that the decision of the House may be conducive to the welfare of the country."

The debate was continued with great animation, Lord Howick, Mr. Bernal, Mr. C. Buller, Mr. Ferrand, Mr. Muntz, and others, supporting Lord Ashley; and Mr. Liddel, Mr. G. Knight, Mr. Mark Philips, and Mr. Roebuck, opposing him. Mr. Roebuck, who was always a strong enemy to Factory Legislation, distinguished himself by giving utterance to one of the most violent speeches ever heard in that House, even from him.

At one o'clock the debate was adjourned.

May 12th.—Sunday. At last a day of repose! Have been in a whirl by night and by day—occupied and anxious all day; sleepless, or if sleeping, like a drunken man, all night; my head quite giddy, and my heart absolutely fainting; too much to do, in quantity, in variety, and importance. Delivered at last, by God's especial mercy, on Friday night of my burden, not only *without failure*, as I felt at the time, but also *with honour*, as I learned afterwards. Oh, what trouble, time, and perplexity removed!

The adjourned debate was resumed on Monday, May 13th. It was evident that the great Parliamentary struggle upon the subject was approaching its end; the fate of the Ministry was trembling in the balance.

Among the speakers was Mr. John Bright, who again gave the hottest opposition, while Mr. Macaulay, who had hitherto voted against all legisla-

tion on the subject, now declared himself in favour of the Ten Hours Bill, and supported it in one of his brilliant orations. But the case was doomed when Sir Robert Peel, having addressed the House for upwards of two hours, concluded by saying, "I know not what the result may be this night, but this I do know—that I shall, with a safe conscience, if the result be unfavourable to my views, retire with perfect satisfaction into a private station, wishing well to the result of your legislation."

This was decisive. In the face of such a contingency there were many who felt they could not do otherwise than vote against the measure they approved, in support of a Ministry whose malevolent action in threatening to break up the Administration unless the House of Commons rescinded the vote it had given in favour of the Ten Hours Bill, they disapproved. On the question being put, the House divided. Ayes, 159; Noes, 297. Majority against Lord Ashley's amendment, 138.

It was a crushing defeat, but it was evident to all the friends of the movement that the future triumph could not much longer be delayed; and Lord Ashley left the House reiterating his determination to renew the subject at an early date.

May 14th.—Last night defeated—utterly, singularly, prodigiously defeated by a majority of 138!! The House seemed aghast, perplexed, astounded. No one could say how, why, and almost *when*. It seemed that 35 or 40 was the highest majority expected. Such is the power and such the exercise of Ministerial influence!! . . .

May 15th.—The majority was one to save the Government (even Whigs being reluctant to turn them out just now), not against the question of Ten Hours. . . . Freemantle went from one member to another assuring them of Ministerial danger, and thus each man believed that his own vote was the salvation of the Government.

May 16th.—Dined last night at the Lord Mayor's feast. Found much sympathy, as I do everywhere. This great majority far better for the question than one of, say, 25. It proves that there was no division *against the principle*, but one to save the Ministry; it begets, too, a high reaction.

"Cast down, but not destroyed." I feel no abatement of faith, no sinking of hope, no relaxation of perseverance. The stillest and darkest hour of the night just precedes the dawn. "Though it tarry, wait for it," believing that God sends you a trial, and yet bears you up with a corresponding courage; and, although you may pass not the stream of Jordan, it is something that God has permitted you to wash your feet in the waters of the promised land.

It is interesting to learn from contemporary sources what was the impression left on various minds by these stirring incidents, especially when these impressions were made on minds holding opposite views.

One specimen only can be given here. Mr. Charles Greville says: *—

"I never remember so much excitement as has been caused by Ashley's Ten Hours Bill, nor a more curious political state of things, such

* C. C. Greville's "Journal of the Reign of Queen Victoria, 1837-52," vol. ii., p. 236.

intermingling of parties, such a confusion of opposition; a question so much more open than any question ever was before, and yet not made so or acknowledged to be so with the Government; so much zeal, asperity, and animosity; so many reproaches hurled backwards and forwards. The Government have brought forward their measure in a very positive way, and have clung to it with great tenacity, rejecting all compromise; they have been abandoned by nearly half their supporters, and nothing can exceed their chagrin and soreness at being so forsaken. Some of them attribute it to Graham's unpopularity, and aver that if Peel had brought it forward, or if a meeting had been previously called, they would not have been defeated; again, some declare that Graham had said they were indifferent to the result, and that people might vote as they pleased, which he stoutly denies. Then John Russell voting for 'Ten Hours,' against all he professed last year, has filled the world with amazement, and many of his own friends with indignation. It has, I think, not redounded to his credit, but, on the contrary, done him considerable harm. The Opposition were divided—Palmerston and Lord John one way, Baring and Labouchere the other. It has been a very queer affair. Some voted, not knowing how they ought to vote, and following those they are accustomed to follow. Many who voted against Government, afterwards said they believed they are wrong. Melbourne is all against Ashley; all the political economists, of course; Lord Spencer strong against him. Then Graham gave the greatest offence by taking up a word of the *Examiner's* last Sunday, and calling it a 'Jack Cade legislation,' this stirring them to fury, and they flew upon him like tigers. Ashley made a speech as violent and factious as any of O'Connell's, and old Inglis was overflowing with wrath. Nothing could be so foolish as Graham's taunt. He ought to have known better how much mischief may be done by words, and how they stuck by men for ever. Lyndhurst rubbed his hands with great glee, and said, 'Well, we shall hear no more of "aliens" now; people will only talk of "Jack Cade" for the future,' too happy to shift the odium, if he could, from his own to his colleague's back. The Ministers gave out, if they were beaten last Friday, they would resign; but they knew there was no chance of it. Some abused Ashley for not going on and fighting again, but he knew well enough it would be of no use. The House did certainly put itself in an odd predicament, with its two votes directly opposed to each other. The whole thing is difficult and unpleasant. Government will carry their Bill now, and Ashley will be able to do nothing, but he will go on agitating Session after Session; and a philanthropic agitator is more dangerous than a repealer, either of the Union or the Corn Laws. We are just now overrun with philanthropy, and God knows where it will stop, or whither it will lead us."

The Bill passed to the House of Lords as a Government measure. It was warmly opposed by Lord Brougham on the third reading, but it became law on the 6th of June, 1844.

During the time that this great and memorable struggle was proceeding in Parliament, the whole country was in a state of great agitation. Friends

of the cause held meetings in all the large towns to support the action of Lord Ashley, whose movements the factory operatives and their friends watched with intense interest and anxiety. Among those who greatly assisted him in his labours were Mr. B. Jowett, Mr. W. B. Ferrand, Mr. John Wood, and Mr. William Walker, of Bradford, while eminent clergymen, dissenting ministers, medical men, tradesmen, and operatives, vied with one another in placing at the disposal of Lord Ashley evidence to assist him in his arguments, and sympathy to aid him in his toil. To the press he was greatly indebted; and Mr. Walter, in the columns of the *Times*, gave very material aid to the cause.

The new law, although not giving all that was required, was yet a distinct gain, as it acknowledged and established a new principle—namely, that adult female labour ought to be restricted.

Soon after these events, the political world was thrown into a state of great excitement by the rumoured resignation of the Ministry. On the 14th of June the Government were defeated in Committee on the Sugar Duties Bill, by a majority of twenty; and at a Cabinet Council, held two days later, it was settled that Ministers would resign unless the House accepted the Bill as originally framed. On the 17th, Sir Robert Peel held out the threat of resignation unless the House of Commons rescinded its vote of the 14th, a course which Mr. Disraeli described as “dragging his supporters unreasonably through the mire,” and denounced as a species of slavery, inasmuch as, at every crisis, he expected that his gang should appear, and the whip should sound. “The Minister,” he said, “deserved a better position than one that could only be retained by menacing his friends and cringing to his opponents.”

The result of the division was a majority of twenty-two (233 to 255) in favour of the Ministry!

Twice in one month had Sir Robert Peel summoned independent and responsible men to rescind their votes, a course that Lord Ashley described as “neither constitutional, loyal, politic, nor Christian-like.” He wrote a private letter to Peel on the subject, in which he said:—

I think it unconstitutional and tending to dictatorship, under the form of free government. I am unwilling to use the several terms my reflection suggests, by which I should designate the policy in its aspects towards the country, your supporters, and, above all, the Queen. I can think of it only with astonishment and grief, convinced that the mischief now done is irreparable, and destined to hasten the evil day which, in God's just anger, has long impended over us, and yet might have been averted. . . .

. . . The speech you made, and the events which followed it, have rendered it impossible that I should continue to entertain the hopes and feelings of former days; and duty, perhaps, demands that I should not conceal from you my opinions.

Referring to the correspondence, Lord Ashley noted in the Diary:—

June 22nd.—Peel wrote a kind reply, but assuming that I had totally withdrawn all support. I replied that I should still vote for most of his measures,

but could repose no great confidence. That I should never seek a leader among the Whigs. He rejoiced upon that, and expressed his great satisfaction.

But I have done good ; his tone is altered ; he has spoken in a conciliatory manner, and, in fact, cried "peccavi." I cannot doubt that my letter has materially contributed to it. He knows that though I have few followers in the House, I have many who think with me in the country. I tremble for the issue to the nation, and I cannot forget ancient friendships, ancient hopes, ancient co-efforts with Sir R. Peel. . . .

Among the measures of this Session was the Dissenters' Chapels Bill, relating to the condition of property vested in Unitarian trustees for religious and charitable uses. Soon after the Restoration, the Act of Uniformity had rendered illegal any gift for such uses, except to the Church of England. This restriction was removed by the Toleration Act of William III., as far as Trinitarian Nonconformists were concerned ; but Roman Catholics and Unitarians were exempted from the benefit. They, however, were relieved by statute in 1813. There was one exception to these acts of toleration still outstanding. It was that which "left endowments under deeds of gift which did not specify sectarian tests of application, to be interpreted by courts of equity as they might deem fit, on the doubtful balance of proof as to the opinions of the donor ; although the effect of such decision might be to divest a congregation of the place of worship, the cemetery, and school-house, they had uninterruptedly held for fifty years."

The Dissenters' Chapels Bill was designed to set at rest the doubts and the ceaseless litigation occasioned by the anomalous state of the law ; and although stoutly opposed by the Church and by evangelical Dissenters, it was carried, and passed into law before the end of the Session.

In addition to this Bill, a lengthened debate on the condition of Ireland, and, later, on the Irish Church, occupied much of the attention of Lord Ashley during the Session, and frequent reference to these questions is made in his Diaries.

Feb. 24th.—Debate on Ireland closed this morning at a quarter past three, after nine nights of discussion ; result favourable to the Government, unfavourable to Church. Peel and his colleagues amply justified their administration of Ireland, and their conduct in respect of the repeal movement and O'Connell. The Protestant Church was furiously and brilliantly attacked, and most feebly defended. Every argument, ingenious and true, urged against it ; scarcely one advanced in its behalf. The Ministers declared their resolution to uphold it, but assigned no reason which could conciliate any one affection or satisfy any one doubt. John Russell said truly that "all their prospective difficulties were but as feathers in the scale compared with the magnitude of the existing evil." The Church, in fact, is assailable on twenty points, defensible only on one, and that one is, that it testifies and teaches the truth. This ground the Peel Ministry will never take, and therefore, say what they will, they will warm no hearts, and appeal to no principles, and will have nothing but dry, shop-like details of possible, or probable, inconveniences, to set against the stirring and dazzling facts and sentiments of the complaining party. I, for one, could not

support the Church in Ireland, on the sole grounds taken by Sir Robert Peel. . . .

Feb. 27th.—Never did I hear such a speech from a Minister! never may I hear such another, as that last night from Sir R. Peel on the Irish Church! If the Church is defensible on those grounds only, I, for one, will vote against it. Half an hour of surprise that Roman Catholics did not act up to the engagement of “acquiescing in the Church arrangements,” and half an hour in ringing the changes upon this: “I assume there must be an Established Church; the Roman Catholic offers me one set of terms, the Protestant another; I prefer the Protestant;” and here was his conclusion: “I will not surrender the Irish Church except” (with my life?) “under some *overwhelming necessity* of public policy!” What, thou Minister! does the Church, then, rest on no principle? The arguments of the whole clique have a strong affinity in form and disposition on every subject. Sir W. Follett said, on the Dissent Bill, that though a Trinitarian might have founded a Chapel, we had no reason to believe that he wished those who came after him to preach the same doctrine! and that inexplicable statesman, Mr. Gladstone, intimated that all Dissent tended to Socinianism, and that a vast portion of the founders were, in fact, Unitarians!

June 28th.—Dissenters’ Chapels Bill read a third time and passed. Privately objected to a division, but was overruled.

July 16th.—Lords last night affirmed Dissenters’ Chapels Bill by a majority of 161!! . . . A public man, holding my position and entertaining my views, and bepraised (for I cannot say “supported”) by a certain portion of the religious community, is oftentimes in serious embarrassments. Some plan is proposed; he is required to assist it; he urges against the possibility, or expediency, some deductions of his experience; he is secretly suspected, or openly accused, of want of faith, self-seeking, or relying on an arm of flesh; he exercises no judgment, and falls into the scheme; he is baffled, and mischief ensues, both to the cause and to himself in reputation for common-sense. Will these gentlemen define the rules and the situations in which human judgment may be safely and lawfully exercised?

The condition of the lunatic population of the country, notwithstanding the legislation of 1828, still left very much to be desired. In 1842 Lord Granville Somerset had asked leave to bring in a Bill to extend the Metropolitan system of inspection to the provinces, and to appoint barristers as Inspecting Commissioners, who should devote themselves exclusively to the service, it having been found that the supposed annual visits of magistrates frequently never took place at all. Lord Ashley supported the Bill, which passed into law in July of that year.* The Metropolitan Commissioners, now invested with larger powers, thoroughly investigated the state of the English and Welsh asylums, and presented to Parliament in 1844 a valuable report, fitly called “the Doomsday Book of all that, up to that time, concerned Institutions for the Insane.” It revealed a deplorable state of things, however, in many asylums, notwithstanding the various Acts of Parliament that had been passed; but its publication laid the foundation for wiser and

* Hansard, 3 s. lxi. 806.

more comprehensive enactments, in the passing of which Lord Ashley was to take a leading part.

He notes in his Diary :—

July 2nd.—Finished, at last, Report of the Commission in Lunacy. Good thing over. Sat for many days in review. God prosper it! It contains much for the alleviation of physical and moral suffering.

It has been well said that the services which Lord Ashley rendered to this cause alone, would have carried his name down to posterity in the front rank of English philanthropists. His untiring labours in connection with it ceased only with his life.

On the 23rd July he brought forward a motion for an address to the Crown, praying her Majesty to take into her consideration the report of the Metropolitan Commissioners of Lunacy, as, in the following Session, the statute under which they acted would expire. He called upon the House to consider in what form and to what extent power should be confided to an administrative body for the government of lunatics throughout the kingdom, and stated that “it was the duty of the House to prescribe the conditions under which a man should be deprived of his liberty, and also those under which he might be released; it was their duty to take care that for those who required restraint, there should be provided kind and competent keepers, and that, while the patient received no injury, the public should be protected.” In commenting upon the immunity from visitation of houses for single patients, he said: “A power of this kind ought to be confided to some hands that would hunt out and expose the many horrible abuses that at present prevailed. No doubt there were many worthy exceptions, but the House had no notion of the abominations which prevailed in those asylums. It was the concession of absolute, secret, and irresponsible power to the relatives of lunatics and the keepers of the asylums, and exposing them to temptations which he believed human nature was too weak to resist.” There was the temptation to keep patients from recovery, because the allowance (often as much as £500 per annum) would then cease. So strong was his opinion of the bad effect of this, that, if Providence should afflict any near relative of his with insanity, “he would consign him,” he said, “to an asylum in which there were other patients and which was subjected to official visitation.” The only control they had over single houses was, that if patients resided more than twelve months in one of these, the owner of the house must communicate the name of the patient to the Clerk of the Commission. This rule was either disregarded, or evaded by removing the patient every eleven months.

The second class of houses to which he called attention was the county asylums, and, after specifying certain of these that were admirably managed, he pointed out that twenty-one counties in England and Wales had as yet no asylum whatever.

In speaking of the private asylums, which, on the previous 1st of January,

contained 4,072 patients, Lord Ashley referred to the evil of a system by which a profit was realised by the superintendents on pauper patients, who were taken in at rates as low as seven or eight shillings a week. It often happened that an old mansion, transformed into an asylum, was the residence of the superintendent and a few private patients, while the paupers were sent into offices and out-buildings.

After pointing out some of the glaring cases of cruel neglect and ignorant and brutal treatment, detailed in the Report, he adduced many facts and statistics to show the importance of treating lunacy in its early stages, as, where the practice had been adopted, the most beneficial results had followed, while an opposite policy led to confirmed madness, with little or no chance of recovery.

Turning to the question of restraint, he paid a high tribute to "those good and able men, Mr. Tuke, Dr. Hitch, Dr. Corsellis, Dr. Conolly, Dr. Vitre, Dr. Charlesworth, and many more, who had brought all their high moral and intellectual qualities to bear on this topic, and had laboured to make the rational and humane treatment to be the rule and principle of the government of lunacy."

Lord Ashley concluded his speech in these words:—

These unhappy persons are outcasts from all the social and domestic affections of private life—nay, more, from all its cares and duties—and have no refuge but in the laws. You can prevent, by the agency you shall appoint, as you have in many instances prevented, the recurrence of frightful cruelties; you can soothe the days of the incurable, and restore many sufferers to health and usefulness. For we must not run away with the notion that even the hopelessly mad are dead to all capacity of intellectual or moral exertion—quite the reverse; their feelings, too, are painfully alive. I have seen them writhe under supposed contempt, while a word of kindness and respect would kindle their whole countenance into an expression of joy. Their condition appeals to our highest sympathies,

"Majestic, though in ruin;"

for though there may be, in the order of a merciful Providence, some compensating dispensation which abates within, the horrors manifested without, we must judge alone by what we see; and I trust, therefore, that I shall stand excused, though I have consumed so much of your valuable time, when you call to mind that the motion is made on behalf of the most helpless, if not the most afflicted, portion of the human race.*

On the assurance of Sir James Graham, that the matter should receive attention next Session, Lord Ashley, after a short debate, which served to draw public attention to the subject, withdrew his motion.

Mr. Sheil spoke in the debate, on the condition of criminal and pauper lunatics in Ireland, and concluded with a eulogy upon Lord Ashley in these words: "It is a saying that it does one's eyes good to see some people, and I may observe that it does one's heart good to hear others; one of those is the

* Hansard, 3 s., lxvi. 1257. Shaftesbury's Speeches, p. 144.

noble lord. (Cheers.) There is something of a *sursum corda* in all that the noble lord says. Whatever opinion we may entertain of some of his views, however we may regard certain of his crotchets, there is one point in which we all concur—namely, that his conduct is worthy of the highest praise for the motives by which he is actuated, and for the sentiments by which he is inspired. (General cheers.) It is more than gratifying to see a man of his high rank, not descending, but stooping from his exalted position, in order to deal with such subjects—not permitting himself to be allured by pleasure or ambition, but impelled by the generous motive of doing good, and by the virtuous celebrity by which his labours will be rewarded. It may be truly stated that he has added nobility even to the name of Ashley, and that he has made Humanity one of “Shaftesbury’s Characteristics.”* (Much cheering from all sides.)†

July 24th.—Last night motion on Lunacy—obtained indulgent hearing. The speech did its work so far as to obtain a recognition from the Secretary of State that legislation was necessary and should be taken up in my sense of it. Sheil made a neat allusion, by way of compliment, to my great-grandfather’s works. He added, too, “the noble lord’s speaking is a *sursum corda* kind of eloquence;” this is the most agreeable language of praise I have ever received; it is the very style I have aimed at.

July 25th.—My friend, the *Times*, in character as usual, charges me with weakness. How can I be otherwise, not having in the House even a bulrush to rest upon? “No politician! no statesman!” I never aspired to that character; if I did, I should not be such a fool as to attack every interest and one half of mankind, and only on behalf of classes whose united influences would not obtain for me fifty votes in the county of Dorset or the borough of Manchester. “Rides but one hobby at a time!” Of course; a man who cannot afford to keep a groom, if he be rich enough to have two horses, must ride them alternately. I have no aid of any kind, no coadjutor, no secretary, no one to begin and leave me to finish, or finish what I begin; everything must be done by myself, or it will not be done at all.

Exceptional as were the public demands, in variety and extent, upon the time of Lord Ashley, he did not allow the claims of private and social life to pass unrecognised. How he managed to get through his labours is a mystery only to be understood by those who have made a study of the economy of time. It was a mystery to himself, and he makes frequent entries in his Diary like the following:—

So grievously hurried that I have not time to record anything. Hurried in body and mind; longing for a few days of repose. . . . In bed late; up early.

There are scattered throughout the Diaries, however, very graphic indications of matters that were filling his mind with joy or sorrow; of duties and engagements accomplished, and of plans and projects for the future. In the

* It will be remembered that the third Earl of Shaftesbury was the author of the well-known book called “Characteristics of Men and Manners.”

† *Times*, July 24, 1844.

early part of this year he placed his eldest son at school in the Isle of Wight; and a glimpse of his fatherly solicitude is given in the following entries:—

January 2nd.—Dear Antony is about to start for school. I cannot bear to part with him; he is a joy to me.

March 4th.—What a blessed letter Minny received from Antony this morning! So simple, and yet so deep in its feeling and its truth. Oh, well can I understand the gracious and precious wisdom, the more than manly intelligence, that shone in the hearts of Josiah and King Edward! O God, make him, like Samuel, to walk before Thee, in youth and in age, with joyful obedience, unwearied service, and ever-increasing love.

June 28th.—Yesterday to Isle of Wight to fetch Antony, and to-day returned with him. Praised be Thy holy name, O God, for all Thy mercies to us and to him! I found him well, happy, and full of gracious promise. Minny went with me, and also Francis, Maurice, and Evelyn. Very expensive; but we had incautiously made the promise. Children hold much to such engagements; and the loss of money is of less account than the loss of confidence. Admirable school; all the care of solicitous parents, with the encouragement of every manly thought and exercise. His master is watering the seed that, by God's grace, I was permitted to plant; He alone can, and will, give the increase.

The claims of friendship were not lost sight of in the pressure of other engagements.

March 17th.—Minny and I saw Mrs. Fry yesterday on the bed of sickness. Kissed her hand to show my respect and love. That woman has, assuredly, been called to do God's work, and love her blessed Lord and Master. May He yet spare her for further service, and then take her to Himself.

It was only when a demand was made upon his time that could do no more than gratify his own personal pleasure, that he refused to comply with it.

June 12th.—The Emperor of Russia is here, and firing away in visits. . . . Have never in my public life been more hurried than during last month; not an hour to do anything, not a minute to reflect. God grant that my engagements be good, for they are all-absorbing! Would have given a great deal, as the phrase is, to talk to the Emperor; did not succeed.

It was not until August that Lord Ashley obtained the rest he had so long desired; and even then it was but partial repose. On the 3rd of August he reached Ryde, in the Isle of Wight; but the entry following this record shows that on the 7th he "hurried up to town to be sworn in as Commissioner in Lunacy—heard and resolved to expose some shocking Welsh cases." Then back again to the Isle of Wight; but it is clear that his mind was elsewhere.

August 10th.—Visited Parkhurst to-day with Jebb.* What a harvest of misery and sin; actual sin, prospective misery. Vain, very vain, these corrective

* Colonel Jebb was head of the Convict Department.

processes ; yet they must be attempted, and duty must lord it over hope. One heart may be touched, and one soul may be saved ; and it is worth all the trouble and all the expense. But how ignorant and how criminal is the nation—quite as ignorant, and far more criminal, than these wretched boys—which permits, by its neglect, these tares to be sown, and then tediously labours to uproot them !

August 17th.—Long and solitary walk by sea-shore ; much and agreeable meditation. Thought over the example and history of Daniel as a model and guide for statesmen. The scantiness of his biography much to be regretted in this sense—his position and conduct as Minister of the Empire of Babylon, a beacon and a pole-star for the helmsmen of modern kingdoms. He ruled a nation of religious belief diametrically hostile to his own. What was his policy ? What his action ? A right understanding of this great and good man's government would open the eyes and smooth the path of a ruler in Ireland ! You would learn how Ministers can deal with religionists of a different complexion, leave an established faith untouched by power, and yet retain their own integrity.

A few days later he paid a visit to St. Giles's House.

August 23rd.—St. Giles's. "Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand." Left all my kids, Antony excepted, at Ryde. My heart misgave me as I saw baby straining her darling little face through the bars of the pier to get a last sight of us. "I commit them unto God, and to the word of His grace." . . . Here I am in perfect solitude, an immense house, a wide garden, hardly the step of a human being, and no sound but that of a distant sheep-bell ; it is a moment to reflect on God's prodigious and undeserved goodness to me and mine. "What am I, and what is my house, that Thou hast brought me hitherto?"

August 28th.—Heard this morning of the death of W. Fry.* I am deeply grieved ; a worthy man, a friend of the poor, and a devout believer. It is a most serious loss to those who desire to see many and mighty improvements in public and private conduct. I am indebted to him for requesting me to undertake the Opium Question, and for immense aid in the execution of it. I had hoped for still further aid in the next Session.

Sept. 2nd.—Ryde. To Portsmouth to see the gun-practice of the *Excellent*, commanded by my old friend Sir T. Hastings. . . . If the Government and nation would show half the zeal to defend themselves from the Devil that they do from the French, we should speedily become a wise and an impregnable people. . . .

Towards the end of September came the renewal of anxiety and work in a journey through the factory districts.

Sept. 26th.—May God turn the hearts of the mill-owners and give me grace in their eyes ! What a blessing were I quit of this undertaking, and able to direct my efforts to other and untrodden fields ! Glad to be with my ancient and well-beloved friend Lady Francis ; † I ever remember her in my prayers. They have built a fine house here ; they have done well to plant themselves, despite of

* William Storrs Fry, son of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry.

† Lady Francis Egerton, afterwards Countess of Ellesmere. She was a sister of Mr. Charles Greville. Lord Francis Egerton's place was Worsley, near Manchester.

the unpleasant neighbourhood, in the midst of their duties and responsibilities. Many people of wealth would have fled to brighter spots; may God bless them in their dwelling with years of peace and usefulness!

Sept. 27th.—I see by the papers that Dunn, the proprietor of the Chinese Collection, is just dead. Thus I have lost in six weeks two men (him and Fry) who most ably assisted me in the Opium Question. How mysterious are the ways of God! Well did old Hooker say: "The little we perceive thereof we darkly apprehend and admire; the rest with religious ignorance we devoutly and meekly adore!"

The campaign of Lord Ashley in the manufacturing districts was very arduous, but it was well worth all the toil. He saw, as he had never done before, how many of the mill-owners, desperate in adversity and unthinking in prosperity, were playing with men as with ninepins. He saw, in other cases, a growing readiness to accept a limitation of hours to eleven, if not to ten, on the ground that it would be physically and morally desirable. He went minutely into the question of "distances" travelled during the day by the operatives, and found that, despite the contradictions, he had rather understated than overstated them. He perambulated the towns to see for himself the actual condition of the people, and the filth and pallidness of house and person.

Lord Ashley met the Lancashire Central Short-Time Committee, and a few of their friends, at the Brunswick Hotel, to receive an address. In thanking them for it, and for their appreciation of his services, he paid an eloquent tribute to all the workers who had aided in the agitation, and particularly to Nathaniel Gould, of Manchester; the late Michael Thomas Sadler; John Wood, of Bradford; Mr. Brotherton, Mr. Fielden, Mr. Oastler, and Mr. Bull, men who, "when the question was surrounded with greater hazards than it is at present, did not fear to come forward and declare, in the face of contempt, and prejudice, and power, that, by the aid of God's blessing, they would strive against every difficulty, and persevere until they had brought the struggle to a successful termination."

In reviewing the position of the question, and contrasting it with that of sixteen years before, he enumerated some of their gains, which were: an enactment limiting the labour of children to six hours a day; protection against accident, death, and mutilation, from the unguarded state of machinery; and the important provision that no woman, of whatever age, should be employed in any mill or factory more than twelve hours a day. He explained to those who were not conversant with the forms of the House of Commons, the difficulties that had beset the matter in the last Session of Parliament, showing how the Bill was in constant jeopardy and how a false step would have caused the loss of it, the object being to preserve the Bill, in order to get what good they could from it, and at the same time to remain faithful to the main principle of the Ten Hours. In concluding, he denied that he was the enemy of the factory masters, or of the factory system. "I am an enemy of the abuses," he said, "but not of the system itself," and he exhorted them

to go forward with strength and resolution, promising, on his own part, that he would persevere with an unbroken and determined spirit until a happy consummation of their united labours should be reached.

During this visit a deputation waited on Lady Ashley at the Albion Hotel to present her with an address in which her self-sacrifice was recognised, and the aid she had given to the cause, in consoling and sustaining their leader in his arduous toil, was gratefully acknowledged.

Oct. 19th.—London. Have called on many master-spinners. Hear that they are gratified. Did so before I met operatives. Addressed a body last night. Admirable meeting; urged the most conciliatory sentiments towards employers; urged too the indispensable necessity of private and public prayer if they desire to attain their end. Told what I felt, that unless religion had commanded my service I would not have undertaken the task. It was to *religion*, therefore, and not to *me*, that they were indebted for benefits received! What a place is Manchester—silent and solemn; the rumble of carriages and groaning of mills, but few voices, and no merriment. Sad in its very activity; grave and silent in its very agitation. Intensely occupied in the production of material wealth, it regards that alone as the grand end of human existence. The operatives, poor fellows, to a man, distrust this present prosperity. Have visited print-works, Mr. Thomson's, Clitheroe; Mr. Dugdale's, near Gawthorpe; Mr. Field's, Manchester. Thirty-five thousand children, under 13 years of age, many not exceeding 5 or 6, are worked, at times, for 14 or 15 hours a day, and also, but not in these works, during the night! Oh, the abomination! Now, therefore, God helping me, I will arise and overthrow this Philistine. Oh, blessed Lord and Saviour of mankind, look down on the lambs of Thy fold, and strengthen me to the work in faith and fear, in knowledge, opportunity, wisdom, and grace!

Soon after his return to London, Lord Ashley began to revolve in his mind the programme for the Session, and resolved that he would devote his energies, in the first place, to the Ten Hours Bill for the Protection of Children in Calico Print-works, to a Lunacy Bill, and, after that, to such other matters as occasion offered.

His Diaries at this time are very full, and a few extracts will show the current of his thoughts and the scope of his aspirations:—

Oct. 26th.—Everything now is rushing at the “landed proprietary;” its overthrow is aimed at, *illuc cuncta vergere*. The comparative prosperity of other branches of industry brings forward agriculture in invidious contrast, and this feeling will continue, and perhaps increase, until the day of manufacturing convulsion. Entails, primogeniture, large estates, &c.: all to be got rid of. Many even of the Conservatives incline that way; they perceive difficulties in our social state, and catch at any solution. If so, the thing will be done, and God prosper the issue! But strange it is that all improvement and salvation should be found in the overthrow of the “landocracy,” while the enormous accumulations of banking, trading, milling are to be petted and praised as the very fountains of universal joy. . . .

Oct. 30th.—London. Fogs, smoke, muffin bells. Much need of *internal light*

and joy; very little *external*, yet promise myself occupation and amusement even. Must look up Societies, Committees, &c., and attend Police Courts.

Nov. 3rd.—Sunday. Windsor Castle. Arrived yesterday. Attended service in St. George's Chapel; exquisite chanting; cold and comfortless discourse, and yet better than the one I heard some two or three years ago. Queen and Prince Albert at private chapel in Castle. . . .

Nov. 9th.—Good deal of business. No repose. Sittings renewed in Lunacy. What a scene of horrors! If such be the condition of things under all our inspection, law, public opinion, and the whole apparatus of "philanthropy" (what a sad word!), what must it have been formerly, and what would it be again in a state of pure principle of non-interference? Long interview with Roper, secretary to Society for Protection of Needlewomen. I find, as usual, the clergy are, in many cases, frigid; in some few, hostile. So it has ever been with me. At first I could get *none*; at last I have obtained a few, but how miserable a proportion of the entire class! The ecclesiastics, as a mass, are, perhaps, as good as they can be under any institution of things where human nature can have full swing; but they are timid, time-serving, and great worshippers of wealth and power. I can scarcely remember an instance in which a clergyman has been found to maintain the cause of labourers in the face of pew-holders. . . .

Nov. 18th.—Visited Peckham Asylum on Saturday last. Long affair—six hours. What a lesson! How small the interval—a hair's-breath—between reason and madness. A sight, too, to stir apprehension in one's own mind. I am visiting in authority to-day. I may be visited by authority to-morrow. God be praised that there are any visitations at all; time was when such care was unknown. What an awful condition that of a lunatic! His words are generally disbelieved, and his most innocent peculiarities perverted; it is natural it should be so; we know him to be insane; at least, we are told that he is so; and we place ourselves on our guard—that is, we give to every word, look, gesture a value and meaning which oftentimes it cannot bear, and which it never would bear in ordinary life. Thus we too readily get him in, and too sluggishly get him out, and yet what a destiny!

Nov. 21st.—Went yesterday to Rugby to examine the physical and moral aspect of the place and see whether it would be a good school for Antony. Hope—nay, think it will do; universal testimony, so far as I hear, in its favour from all who have sons there. Saw Dr. Tait, and Cotton, the tutor; both advised the age of fourteen as, on the whole, the best; much, said they, will depend on the position he takes when he enters the school; "The great advantages we offer are found in the higher grades; every advance in rank is regarded by the boys as involving an increase of responsibility." I fear Eton; I dread the proximity of Windsor, with all its means and allurements; dread the tone and atmosphere of the school; it makes admirable gentlemen and finished scholars—fits a man, beyond all competition, for the drawing-room, the Club, St. James's Street, and all the mysteries of social elegance; but it does not make the man required for the coming generation. We must have nobler, deeper, and sterner stuff; less of refinement and more of truth; more of the inward, not so much of the outward, gentleman; a rigid sense of duty, not a "delicate sense of honour;" a just estimate of rank and property, not as matters of personal enjoyment and display, but as gifts from God, bringing with them serious responsibilities, and involving a fearful account; a contempt of ridicule, not a dread of it; a desire and a

courage to live for the service of God and the best interests of mankind, and by His grace to accomplish the baptismal promise : " I do sign him with the sign of the Cross, in token that hereafter he shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under His banner against sin, the world, and the Devil, and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end."

Graham has asked me to undertake the Lunacy Bill, promising to treat it as a Government measure. Prodigious work ! but cannot refuse to lighten the burden on a Minister's shoulders. Agreed on condition of *full Government support* in every respect. Oh, that I might prosper and do something for those desolate and oppressed creatures !

Nov. 26th.—Many starving people in the streets ; an alms here and an alms there very unsatisfactory ; no effectual or permanent good done ; a very small iota of the mischief abated. It makes me miserable, never absent from my thoughts, like having a bad taste always in one's mouth. Where is the root of the evil ? It cannot be inevitable to have so many poor. Poverty, of course, we must have, but not, surely, deep and extensive destitution. It is wrong, awfully wrong, that so many able-bodied and willing labourers should want employment and bread. What can be done ?

Nov. 28th.—Thoughts of a great scheme for relief of people pass through my mind. Would it be a measure of relief, or an aggravation of distress ? Repeal duty on tea to one-sixth of present amount ; sugar the same ; repeal the malt tax totally, and the Corn Laws at the end of five years ; keep on the income tax, raised to five per cent. for ten years. I like the scheme very much.

Nov. 30th.—A fellow has taken the trouble to sneer against me all across the Atlantic. Received this morning a New York paper with a prodigiously long account of a game-law case in England. On the margin, in manuscript : " A case for Lord Ashley's philanthropy, from an American slave-holder." Untrue in respect of me, for I hate, and have always hated, these excessive preservations of birds and beasts ; illogical in respect of the analogy, for there is no similitude between the trade in human flesh and the over-rigid custody of cock pheasants !

Dec. 1st—Sunday. To St. George's in afternoon. A melancholy sight : the parish church, with a handful of " genteel folks," and not twenty square inches of space for the vulgar fry, choked up by monopolising pews, excluding and affronting the working man !

Dec. 3rd.—Yesterday took chair of meeting on behalf of wretched seamstresses. Good Heavens ! that in such a cause there should have been so scanty an assemblage ! Happily, we had foreseen the event, and had proportioned our room to our expectations. The place of meeting was small, but, being filled, assumed a dignity it did not possess. No " quality," no wealth ; people very highly respectable. My chief supporters, always zealous and kind, W. Cowper and Redmayne, the wholesale dealer. . . .

It will be remembered that in 1839 the long estrangement between Lord Ashley and his father was followed by a hearty reconciliation. Unhappily, that reconciliation was not to remain unclouded. The career Lord Ashley had adopted, and the causes he had espoused, were not such as met with the sympathy of his father, and ever since the speech at Sturminster in 1843, in

which he had spoken plainly of the responsibilities of landed proprietors, there had been a growing coldness, which had resulted as shown in the following entry:—

Dec. 16th.—St. Giles's. The Sturminster speech is not forgotten. It is one of the ingredients of his hatred.* Curious occurrence; the League are reviling me for doing *nothing*, at the moment I am turned out of my father's house for doing *too much*.

Dec. 19th.—League busy; letter this morning to say that an attack was to be made by Cobden on me, drawn from state of dwellings at Martin and Damerham.† Duncombe tells me that a spy has been there for three days. God be with me! I am innocent as a child unborn, and yet it seems that they will strip me at last of all power to effect anything in the House of Commons. I commit it all to God. He will yet deliver me.

Dec. 24th.—Christmas Eve. Broadlands. "Hallowed and gracious is the time." What a season for united action, for mutual and reconciling prayer, for self-knowledge, for self-abasement, for inquiry who we are, what we are, whence we are, why we are! . . .

Dec. 28th.—Private hints and my own suspicions have led me to believe that my "favour" has been, for some time, on the decline in the county of Dorset. I have said but little, excepting my speech at Sturminster; but I am disliked, not only for what I have said, but for what I have omitted to say. I cannot do as George Banks does—attend the agricultural meetings and farmers' clubs, and roar out about Protection, the superhuman excellence of landlords, the positively divine character of tenants, tickle the ears with fulsome flattery, and rise in popularity as you rise in declamation. The labourers are generally ill-treated in houses and wages; the gentry and farmers know the fact, and know, too, that I think so; hence their aversion! The proceedings of the late agricultural meeting at Blandford confirm my opinion. I was mentioned but once, and my name—amid cheers and three times three to many others—attracted there but a cold "Hear, hear." It was introduced by Banks clearly not to honour me, but to furnish an attack on the Anti-Corn-Law League. Well, let them do as they like; I know—and God be praised for it—that I am right; and I will not abate one breath of my lips to save the seat for the county. Nothing but bulls of Bashan; I am encompassed on every side.

* The allusion is to Lord Shaftesbury.

† Martin and Damerham were outlying spots on his father's estate.

CHAPTER XIII.

1845.

IN the Ten Hours movement there was little to be done during this year, except to watch the working of the new Bill, and to keep the Committee well together, especially now that those who were pledged to Ten Hours were reinforced by such powerful allies as Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Lord Howick, and Mr. Macaulay.

The subject, however, was never out of Lord Ashley's mind, and in an early entry in his Diary for the year we find him reviewing his position :—

Jan. 11th.—It will be a singular thing if this great and much-agitated question ends in a mere vapour ; if the labours of twelve years, and the anxiety and notoriety of forty, commissions and committees, disclosures of sinfulness, cruelty, and peril, that make one's head to be sick, and one's heart to be faint—terminate as tranquilly and entirely as though nothing had been known and nothing attempted ; nevertheless (humanly speaking), such an issue appears to be most probable ; I can hardly anticipate a longer period (if so much) for efforts in the House of Commons than the duration of the coming Session. Should I be removed to the House of Lords, I shall be taken to an assembly where it would be vain to propose such measures, and I should leave the other without a successor to my office. Is there any one who would undertake the career from which I should have been removed ? I know not the man. It is possible that the duty *now* would not be so burdensome and painful ; it is possible that, Moses-like, I may have been a humble instrument to bring the people to the borders of Jordan, while to some Joshua, at present unseen, may be given the honour and delight of leading them into Canaan ; but if it be not so, and any one be called to pass through what I have already passed through, he will not do it willingly. Here are twelve years of labour, anxiety, and responsibility, especially the first and the four last ; but every year since 1836 has been one of toil and preparation, though nothing, by defect of opportunity, may have appeared in public. Eight years of open support and of suppressed antipathy from the Conservatives *while* in Opposition ; three years of coldness and one of decided resistance from the same *when in Government*. . . . Except Fielden, Brotherton, and Inglis,* I am certain of no one in public. I have borrowed and spent, in reference to my income, enormous sums of money, and am shut out from every hope of emolument and every path of honourable ambition. My own near kinsfolk dislike my opinions, and some persecute me. I am now a sufferer in domestic relations, and I am excluded from my father's house, in no slight degree because I was known to have maintained the cause of the agricultural labourer. No one but myself can estimate the amount of toil by day and by

* Sir Robert Inglis.

night, of fears and disappointments, of prayers and tears, of repugnances contended against and overcome, of long journeys, and unceasing letters; and will all this have no greater result than the simple and resisted issue of the Colliery Bill? "I will stand on my watch-tower and will see."

Not once or twice in his career had Lord Ashley been agitated already by the question of accepting or refusing office. Whenever that question came to him, it filled his mind with conflict. He was patriotic to the core, and the responsibility of declining to accept any position that would give him larger means of benefiting the country, weighed heavily upon him. On the other hand, the temptations to accept office were very great; his name was almost as familiar on the tongues of men as that of the Premier; there were large bodies of the people who looked upon him as the one upon whom their hopes were fixed, as the leader in all great social and religious questions; he was still young, with a young man's proper and laudable ambition; and, moreover, his private means were altogether inadequate to the demands upon them.

Jan. 24th.—Brighton. Colonel Wyndham has lent us his house, and here we are! Saw Bonham yesterday. Asked him who was to be successor to Lord Eliot as Secretary for Ireland. "Why should not you take it?" said he. "The Factory Question," I replied, "stands in the way." "Oh no," he rejoined, in a strain of droll logic, "that is an English question, and has nothing to do with Ireland. There may be perhaps some difficulty on your part to accept Peel's measures for Ireland, but I can see no other." He then showed me a letter from Sir J. Graham which he had just received. "Is Ashley quite out of the question for the Irish Secretaryship? The Factory Question is settled, and he would find ample room for all his activity and for the exercise of all his warm feelings in that career." . . . He closed by saying: "After all, you may never hear of this again."

Feb. 1st.—As Bonham said, "I have heard no more of it;" it would have been to no purpose, for nothing should have, or shall, induce me to surrender these social and moral questions. Many changes; Gladstone goes out, I know not why; Knatchbull, because Peel is sick of him; Sir T. Freemantle to Ireland; S. Herbert and Lincoln to seats in the Cabinet. It will be a Cabinet of Peel's dolls. Cunning fellow! How adroitly he has tarnished and then dismissed the two "farmers' friends;" thus he would dispose of every one either actually or prospectively troublesome to him; and so he would have done with me.

Feb. 5th.—Peel expressed to Jocelyn his earnest, most earnest, wish that I could be induced to take office—very likely. Graham, too, said the same; spoke of the folly of my perseverance; that the thing was hopeless; and that I kept up bad feelings! Bad feelings! Why, I never called any one Jack Cade! "But," added Sir James (it is curious to discover their calculations), "he will soon be removed to the House of Lords; *he can do nothing with his Factory Bill there*," (most true), "and then he will be sure to join us." So here is their device, to run their opposition against my father's life in the sure and certain hope that an elevation (!) to the House of Lords is a death-blow to my exertions! O Lord, I beseech Thee again and again, for Christ's blessed sake, turn the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness!

Although, as we have said, there was little to be done for the present in regard to the Ten Hours Bill, Lord Ashley's attention was much engaged upon a kindred subject, the Report of the Children's Employment Commission, for which he had moved in the year 1840, and especially, on the state of the Calico Print-works. The lives of the poor wretched children who were engaged in this branch of industry were made miserable by reason of their cruel bondage. Employment began generally at from seven to nine years of age, although there were cases known of children beginning to work at three or four years old. The hours were always long; lasting, for young girls, as well as for adults, from sixteen to eighteen hours a day, amid circumstances and conditions that were fearfully injurious to health. The rooms in which the work was carried on were hot and unhealthy, and in the "singeing room" the air was always full of small burnt particles, which irritated the eyes intolerably, so that all the children were more or less affected with inflammation and other diseases of the eyes. The nature of their work was distressing, as it required unremitting attention; their arms they had to keep in a continual rotatory motion, and they were upon their feet the whole time they were at work. The wages of these poor children were extremely low; their education was totally neglected; and they were being ruined in body and soul by their long hours of labour, often protracted far into the night. Altogether, the young calico printers seemed to be about the most miserable class of workers to be found in the industrial population.

On February the 4th Parliament was opened by the Queen in person, and on the 5th, Lord Ashley gave his notices, and obtained, by ballot, precedence for his motion respecting children occupied in Print-works. The interval, as usual, was full of suspense, and every day his hopes and fears are recorded, and all his thoughts run in the direction of his labours. Thus he writes:—

February 7th.—The progress of crime, both in amount and intensity, is dreadful! How mysterious are the ways of Providence! Why is it that children of the tenderest years are subjected to the fiercest tortures? God give us His Holy Spirit to amend our hearts and lives, for we are desperately wicked—they who do such things, and we who do not prevent them. Shall I deliver my poor children in the Print-works? God be with me!

February 9th.—Brighton. For days, and almost for weeks, I have prayed, in the words of Lot, "Give me this Zoar: behold, it is but a little one." This day that chapter was read as the first lesson; and then came the reply: "See I have accepted thee in this thing also." I felt it almost like an answer from Heaven that I should rescue my children in the Print-works, and, like the Israelites, "I bowed the head and worshipped."

On February the 18th Lord Ashley moved, in the House of Commons "That leave be given to bring in a Bill to regulate the Labour of Children in the Calico Print-Works of Great Britain and Ireland." Although the subject was much akin to others he had brought forward, and the nature of the evidence was of necessity almost identical, he startled the House, and eventually the country, by the revelations he made as to the condition of

these oppressed and almost forgotten children. In earnest and eloquent language he pleaded their cause, dwelling upon every point that could touch the heart of the House and draw forth sympathy to the sufferers, yet avoiding any expression reflecting on the conduct and character of individual Print-masters.

He was at a loss to conceive on what grounds an opposition would be made to his proposal, the third in the series he had brought before that House; but he hinted at the possibility in these words:—

Sir, in the various discussions on this and kindred subjects there has been a perpetual endeavour to drive us, who seek the aid of the law, from the point under debate, and taunt us with a narrow and one-sided humanity; I was told that there were far greater evils than those I had assailed—that I had left untouched much worse things. It was in vain to reply that no one could grapple with the whole at once. My opponents, on the first introduction of the Ten Hours Bill, sent me to the collieries; when I invaded the collieries, I was referred to the Print-works; from the Print-works I know not where I shall be sent, for can anything be worse? . . .

Sir, it has been said to me, more than once, "Where will you stop?" I reply, without hesitation, "Nowhere, so long as any portion of this mighty evil remains to be removed." *

The Bill, which received some opposition, and was also subjected to some mutilation in its passage through the House, became law on June 30th as "The Print Works Act, 8 and 9 Vict. c. 29." Its provisions were akin to those of the Factory Act of the previous year, and contained similar clauses as to inspections and penalties. The Act was defective, however, in many of its provisions, Lord Ashley's proposals having been modified on lines suggested by Mr. Cobden. But, although it did not remove all the evils, it mitigated many, and the condition of the children was greatly ameliorated thereby.†

Feb. 21st.—Time so occupied and harassed, no leisure for entry. Print-works speech over on 18th. The House is weary of these narratives of suffering and shame; the novelty is past, and the difficulty, the apparent difficulty, of a remedy remains; it catches, therefore, at any excuse for inattention, and damns the advocate for the toiling thousands, by courteous indifference. Civil and even kind to myself personally, though manifestly tired of the subject and somewhat of me. Here is another burden added to my shoulders, already bruised and peeled, to fight against an averted and reluctant audience. Sir James complimentary, cold, hostile, subtle, admitted the Bill, and made preparations to throw it out! Public opinion, too, either dead to the woe or preoccupied by trade; not a newspaper will give one syllable to the wrongs of these miserable whelps; and yet, how, without public opinion, can I make the least progress? However, be this as it may, I will against hope believe in hope; I will not throw up the cause; I will, God helping me, persevere; I may have to mourn over the blighted prospects of these children, but I shall find peace for myself.

March 26th.—Panshanger. Up at 7. Bright and soft morning. Birds singing

* Speeches, p. 165.

† Von Plenér's "Factory Legislation," p. 35

in a variety of notes. It is inspiriting and beautiful—a general and cheerful prayer of all Nature to God, the Author and Preserver of all. “Let everything that has breath praise the Lord.” Ay, children in Print-works no less than birds and beasts and creeping things; but a fierce resistance is begun, fierce as though their strongholds were assailed by a legion of angels. Alas! I stand alone; not a “penny-a-liner” with me: all dark, dismal, silent; but I shall yet “expect.”

March 31.—Beautiful morning—seems to tempt one from duty and business and make one idle. I could live in the country with joy, but I must, God willing, first accomplish my task in the active haunts of men.

Although there were so many questions pending, and under treatment, in which Lord Ashley was personally engaged, he was not in any way indifferent to the general drift of public affairs. On the contrary, his Diaries abound in comments upon these, although it is beside our purpose to record them here; but the following passage, relating to the defenceless state of our coasts in those days, will be read with interest:—

March 31st.—This evening Navy Estimates in House of Commons. Who will ably and effectively exhibit the defenceless condition of our dockyards, and the whole line of our shores? Never was a great nation, humanly speaking, in such a state of exposure. Now, here is the proof of it, and never has God in His mercy, no, not even to Hezekiah as against Sennacherib, exhibited a more singular and special providence. Sir Thomas Hastings told me that he had received and reported officially to the Government the intelligence that during the negotiations respecting Tahiti, the French had collected in the harbour of Cherbourg eight steam-vessels equal to the *Gomer*, fully equipped for war, with troops on board, and ready to start at a minute’s notice—the commander would have learned, by telegraphic despatch, that the negotiations were at an end, and, without declaration of war—for such, says the Prince de Joinville, is now unnecessary—would, in sixteen hours, have reached both Portsmouth and Plymouth! What was there to oppose them? Absolutely nothing. Not a steam-boat within a day’s sail, not a gun-boat in the harbour, not a cannon mounted on the batteries to fire even a salute! All this was confirmed on the visit of the King of the French to England the other day; he spoke to John Russell, who mentioned it to Palmerston, from whom I have it. “A war between England and France,” said he, “is much to be deprecated; we should gain some advantages at first, though we should, on the seas, be worsted in the end. I am glad that our negotiations on Tahiti terminated favourably; I should have been grieved to do any injury to your capital, the seat of civilisation and humanising commerce, but I was advised to make an attempt on London, and I should have been successful.” To be sure he would. Palmerston remarked that this was somewhat of a threat. I take a very different view. The King knows well that his dynasty depends on the position of England; and he gave this as a hint for our advantage, and not as an expression for insult! Well, well may we exclaim, “O God, we have heard with our ears the noble works that Thou hast done in our days!”

In the ecclesiastical world the sky was thick with clouds and the air with portents. It was in this year that the Tractarian Movement may be said to

have reached its crisis. Although Lord Ashley had keenly watched every fresh development of the controversy, he had not, hitherto, owing to the pressure of other matters, taken much active public part in it. The stages by which the present position had been reached may be briefly told in this place. Early in 1844, Keble had written: "We go on working in the dark, and in the dark it will be, until the rule of systematic confession is revived in our Church." Later on he had complained that it was impossible to ascertain the moral and religious condition of the people "for want of being able to use the arm of confession." Towards the end of the year Dr. Pusey had declared that he neither could nor would subscribe the Articles of the Church in the sense in which they were propounded by those who framed them. Many public meetings were held in various places, and it was the burden of their protests that the High Church party was attempting to bring back into the National Church usages which were associated in the minds of the people with the superstitions and corruptions of Rome. Throughout the year 1845 excitement ran high, notwithstanding the address in the early part of that year by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which he recommended to the clergy and laity mutual forbearance and concession on the points in dispute between the Tractarian and the Anti-Tractarian parties.

On February the 13th there was a meeting of Convocation at Oxford, to condemn a book written by the Rev. George Ward, M.A., entitled "The Ideal of a Christian Church, Considered in Comparison with Existing Practice," and to deprive the writer of his degree, on the ground that passages in his book were utterly inconsistent with the Articles of Religion of the Church of England, and with the declaration in respect of these Articles, made and subscribed by Mr. Ward previously, and in order to his being admitted to the degrees of B.A. and M.A. respectively.

On a division, the condemnation of the book was carried by 777 votes against 386, giving a majority of 391 against Mr. Ward; and the proposition to deprive him of his degree was carried by 569 to 511 votes.

February 13th.—To Oxford to join in proceedings against Mr. Ward; his censure and deprivation of degree most necessary, becoming, and just. Theatre full; attention good. Mr. Ward, by permission, defended himself in English: not insolent or impetuous, but Jesuitical and shallow. Never did I think that, within those walls, I should hear a clergyman of the Church of England use these expressions: "With others who, like myself, go to the full extent of the Roman Catholic doctrines;" and, "I renounce no one doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church, provided it be a Roman Catholic doctrine, and not one of corruption;—provided it be a Roman Catholic doctrine—I mean, sanctified by the Pope." Why, these two sentences cancelled his whole defence, and proved the spirit in which he had subscribed the Articles in a "non-natural sense," and decried the Reformation. Majority of 391 for the censure; 58 for the deprivation!

Among the non-placets were Mr. Gladstone, Dr. Hook, and Dr. Pusey.

Scarcely had the excitement caused by this decision died away, than another case, similar in many respects, came before the public. The Rev. F.

Oakley, incumbent of Margaret Street Chapel, and an intimate friend of Dr. John Henry Newman, had written to the Bishop of London claiming to hold the same principles as Mr. Ward, and challenging him to institute proceedings. The challenge was accepted, and on June 30th Mr. Oakley was condemned by the Judges of the Arches Court, his licence revoked, and he himself prohibited from officiating in the Province of Canterbury until he retracted his errors.

Events, soon after this, hastened to a climax. On October 8th, Dr. Newman, in a letter to a friend, announced his intention to seek "admission to the one Fold of Christ;" and on November 1st, he, Mr. Oakley, Mr. St. John, and Mr. Walker, all converts to Rome, received the sacrament of confirmation in the chapel of Oscott College, at the hands of Dr. Wiseman, while within the same month the Rev. F. W. Faber was also received into the Church of Rome.

It is noteworthy that in the midst of this excitement Archdeacon Samuel Wilberforce was called to the administration of the diocese of Oxford—the centre and focus of it all.

It was at a period such as this, when men's minds were greatly perplexed on ecclesiastical questions in general, and in particular with regard to any tendency towards Romanism, that the Prime Minister saw fit to bring forward a measure which was to produce anxiety, amounting almost to terror, in the ranks of Protestantism.

When Parliament met in February, it became known that Mr. Gladstone had resigned his post in the Ministry—the Vice-Presidency of the Board of Trade—and in the course of the debate on the Address, the reasons for this step were fully announced. Sir Robert Peel had intimated that the Government was about to take into consideration the existing Acts relating to the College at Maynooth, with a view to the improvement of that institution by further endowment, and the establishment of non-sectarian Colleges. These changes were at variance with Mr. Gladstone's written and spoken views upon the relations of Church and State, and he at once severed himself from the Ministry, in which he had rapidly risen to influence and power.

In a very short time there was a general commotion. The spirit of Protestantism was roused, public meetings and conferences were held, pamphlets were scattered, sermons were preached, the question was the main topic of conversation in every circle of society, and the most strenuous efforts were made to kindle religious feeling to a white heat, in order that the threatened extension of Roman Catholic endowment might be resisted to the death.

The College of Maynooth, intended for the education of the Roman Catholic priesthood and the laity, was not at that time in a position to supply the wants of either. The building was incomplete, and what was finished was falling into decay; the library was wholly insufficient; the funds were inadequate to meet the salaries of the professors, and the accommodation was altogether unequal to the demands. The proposal of the Government was to

place Maynooth on, at least, some approximate level with the other Collegiate institutions of the Empire, without, it was alleged, in any way interfering with its teaching or discipline.

The Maynooth Bill comprehended an increase in the salaries of the president and professors, provision for sixty additional students—making the number 500—and an augmentation of the grant to each. The annual grant of £9,000 hitherto contributed towards the expenses of the College, was to be increased to nearly £30,000, not subject to an annual vote, and the repairs of the College were to be executed, as in other public buildings, by the Board of Works.

The excitement in the House on the introduction of the Bill was prodigious, and the debate on the second reading lasted over six nights, in the course of which Mr. Disraeli launched philippic after philippic against the Premier. "Explain to us," he cried, "why, after having goaded Ireland to madness for the purpose of ingratiating yourself with the English, you are now setting England on fire for the purpose of ingratiating yourself with the Irish."

It was in vain, however, for Mr. Disraeli to utter his philippics, or for Colonel Sibthorp to say he would "submit to have his head shaved off, rather than forget that he was a Protestant;" the second reading was carried in the Commons by 323 against 176; majority for Ministers, 147. With the exception of Lord Ashley, Mr. Fox Maule, and Mr. G. Bankes, no one who had held political office voted in the minority.

The excitement in the ecclesiastical world was now intense; never before or since has there been such wild commotion. An unceasing torrent of petitions against the measure rained in; angry denunciations were hurled against the Government; and every Evangelical pulpit and platform in the land uttered its loudest protest.

Lord Ashley was a Protestant of the Protestants, and he stood forth in the name of the Evangelical body of the Church of England, both in and out of Parliament, in the strongest opposition to the measure. He was not at this, nor at any, time "an apostle of mere blind, unreasoning fanaticism." In 1829, as we have seen, he supported Catholic Emancipation by his vote, and, as we shall see, he held sentiments with regard to Roman Catholics for which few, who knew only one aspect of his character, would have given him credit; but he drew a strong distinction between the persecution and the patronage of Roman Catholics. Of the latter, now and always, he was a consistent and determined opponent.

In the great popular agitation he took an important part, and heavy demands were made upon his time, already crowded with manifold labours of other kinds. His speeches stand in striking contrast to those of some who identified Sir Robert Peel as the veritable Antichrist—of Dr. Croly, for example, who said that George IV. came to a premature end, and the Houses of Parliament were burnt down, because Catholic Emancipation—"that unhappy, harsh, ill-judged, fatal measure"—was passed in 1829.

Throughout this period Sir Robert Peel remained unmoved. Since he had overcome Mr. O'Connell, the bitterest of his enemies, he had become, as he thought, master of Ireland; and the panacea for soothing the irritation of the conflict in which he had been victor, was to be the extension of education in Ireland among the Roman Catholics as well as the Protestants.

He affected to regard the opposition to the Bill as "mainly the opposition of *Dissent* in England—partly fanatical, and partly religious—mainly unwillingness to sanction the germ of a second Establishment, and to strengthen and confirm that of the Protestant Church." He was of opinion that many of his opponents "merely yielded to the wishes of Dissenting constituents. Tariff, drought, forty-six shillings a quarter for wheat," he wrote to Mr. Croker, "quicken the religious impulses of some; disappointed ambition, and the rejection of applications for office, others."*

He looked upon the storm which the Bill had raised with indifference, being resolved to carry the measure, and he professed to be careless as to the consequences which might follow, so far as they concerned him or his position.

The result was as he anticipated: the Maynooth Endowment Bill was carried. Despite the repeated efforts that were made for its repeal, it continued in force until 1868. It was abolished by Mr. Gladstone's Government when the State Church in Ireland was disestablished.

As, in the course of this volume, we shall see Lord Ashley standing forth as the champion of Protestantism under circumstances in which his own individuality will be more conspicuous, we shall not quote from the many speeches in which he refers to the Maynooth question.

There are many references in the Diary to the same subject, only a very few of which we shall extract, as the interest in the matter has now, to a great extent, died out.

April 4th.—Last night Maynooth carried (first reading) by 216 to 114, the whole thing almost a counterpart of 1829; the same changes of principle, and by the same men. What a spectacle! Why were the Whigs displaced? These measures go beyond anything they ever proposed, or even imagined; and yet Peel was brought in to correct their mischiefs. The main cause of Whig unpopularity was their confederacy with the Romanism of Ireland, union with O'Connell, and supposed desire to act for the advancement of the Papal Church. Peel was their opponent, and led every one to believe that he was also their *opposite*, and therefore to support him. His conduct, then, is considered to be treacherous. And is it not so? As for the measure, it is useless and foolish—foolish because it irritates and insults the opinions and feelings of a large body of people in those realms; and useless, because it will not conciliate a single heart in England or Ireland. . . .

April 7th.—Maynooth will prove a stumbling-block; the House, as I foresaw, would readily pass it, but the country is becoming furious. The Free Church of Scotland, the "religious public" of England, Wesleyans, Dissenters, all alike are protesting and petitioning, probably with little chance of success, but with fixed

* "Croker's Correspondence," vol. iii., p. 32.

resolution, so far as in them lies, to cashier their representatives at another election. What a strange ignorance, or haughty contempt of the deep, solemn Protestant feeling in the hearts of the British people! Can a statesman, ought a statesman, to force a measure, by dint of a legislative majority, utterly hateful to the great mass of the nation? . . .

April 8th.—I am resolved to oppose it on this ground: I leave on one side the question of the increased grant and its lawfulness; because, upon that head, you are all at variance. I proceed to the *endowment* of the College by Act of Parliament, with a grant of large funds from the national purse—you thus make it one of the great institutions of the Empire, place it on a level in rank, and on an eminence in favour, as compared with Oxford and Cambridge, and confirm it by more powerful securities. This endowment and elevation lead necessarily to the endowment and elevation of the whole priesthood of Ireland—you must, having raised them to a certain level, keep them there, and this can be effected by adequate endowment only. Thence the establishment by law of the Roman Catholic Church, and the concurrent existence of two Established Churches! The thing is another term for ruin!

It was not until April the 17th, on the second reading of the Bill, that Lord Ashley made his speech on the subject in the House of Commons, although on one or two occasions he had gone there, during the long continuance of the debate, with the full intention of speaking. He felt considerable hesitation as to the line he should adopt. To argue it on financial grounds, would only be to give a handle to the supporters of the Bill; to argue it on Church of England grounds, would place him in the position of only representing the opinions of a minority; the theological objections were worn threadbare, and had become unpalatable; and the argument that there was political danger in the progress of the Church of Rome, did not seem likely to be effective. When he went down to the House he felt “dismayed beyond all former fears,” with not a thought in his mind, and his memory a blank. It was with pardonable pride, therefore, that he was able to make the following entry:—

April 18th.—I obtained last night nothing but compliments from Whig, Tory, Radical, and even Roman Catholics. I can hardly conceive why. I can only pray God that all may be turned to His future service. . . . Did all that I could to avoid harsh or personal expressions against Roman Catholics sitting in face of me, and yet to assert my Protestant principles. Glory to God, I effected both. Redington, a Roman Catholic, said, in reply (no paper has reported it), if all Protestants would so speak, and choose me for their leader, it would raise a more fearful enemy to Roman Catholicism than any other way. . . . This is very remarkable, an effect quite amounting to a sensation—produced by a single speech from a man in a private station on a worn subject, and in the middle of a prolonged and frequently adjourned debate; it passes my comprehension. D’Israeli said to me last night: “I think it quite a duty to tell you what an effect your speech has produced. I have spoken to-day to all kinds of persons, from Crockford’s up to the Bank, and have heard but one voice. You have hit out a line of action and argument;—great conciliation with *steady and full assertion of*

Protestantism. The very violent, the discreet, the lukewarm, have all concurred in expressions of approval. The peroration was of especial value." I thanked him, and replied that, "standing as I did so much alone, these things gave me hearty encouragement." "Yes," he added, "I have long observed your single efforts, and I thought it a duty to break the ice, and say what I have heard." . . .

Although the second reading was carried by a majority for Ministers of 147, that majority was curiously composed—viz., Conservatives in favour of the Bill, 158; Liberals, 165. Against: Conservatives, 145; Liberals, 31. Sixty-four Conservatives were absent from the division.

April 21st.—It was a fearful minority; 145 of Peel's friends voted against him. He had a majority of Conservatives in *opposition* to his Bill. He lives, therefore, moves, and has his being through John Russell.

The Bill was not read a third time until the 21st of May, but its eventual success was regarded as certain. Lord Ashley speaks of it in the following entry as if already achieved:—

May 3rd.—Ireland thankless, as I foresaw, for the boon. . . . Is it not to weaken the religious argument when you protest against Maynooth, not because of its purpose, but because of its effects? The effects have nothing to do with the arguments; were they even good, humanly speaking, it would be equally a duty to resist the national and permanent teaching of that religion which was declared and established by the Council of Trent. . . . What a blessing to me it is that I am not tied by the strings of a Party either indoors or out!

The month of May brought Lord Ashley many pleasures and duties in connection with the meetings of religious societies. Especially was his interest excited, at this period, in the Jews' Society, which was enjoying its palmy days. There had been everywhere a revival of zeal on behalf of "God's ancient people;" good news was constantly arriving from Jerusalem of the labours of the Bishop and his noble band of workers, and certain promises and prophecies of the Scriptures were regarded as about to be speedily fulfilled. As a matter of fact their fulfilment was not accomplished, but the anticipation stimulated faith and hope in those who read, what they thought to be, the "signs of the times."

It reminds one of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, to read the muster-roll of the "great cloud of witnesses"—the Fathers of the Evangelical Church—who were on the platform at the "exciting meeting," as Lord Ashley calls it, on the anniversary day in this year, most of whom have now gone to their rest. There were Sir Thomas Baring, the Bishop of Chester (Sumner, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), Lord Ashley; the Revs. E. Bickersteth, Hugh Stowell, T. S. Grimshawe, F. C. Ewald, W. R. Fremantle; Dr. Wolff of Bokhara, Hugh McNeile, W. W. Pym, and Dr. Marsh, of the large majority of whom it may now be said, "These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them and embraced them."

Lord Ashley was singularly happy in his speech from the chair. He said;—

Our Church and our nation have been called to the glorious service of making known the Gospel of Christ to the many thousands of Israel. Now, in whatever light I view this great question, whether I regard it as purely secular, whether I regard it as purely religious, or whether I regard it as partaking of both characters, I see no subject which can surpass, or even approach it, in magnitude and in all those attributes which feed the imagination and stir into life the warmest energies of the heart. . . . We rejoice in the end and hopes of this Society, as seeking the fulfilment of a long series of prophecies, and the institution of unspeakable blessings, both in time and in eternity, for all the nations of the world. We believe (and we act, too, as we believe) that, if the casting away of the Jewish people be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead; and turn where you will to examine the operations of this and all kindred Societies, and of every people on earth, and you will see in our tardy progress, and in our comparative unfruitfulness, the necessity of this revival. . . . It is our duty, our most high and joyous duty, that every effort be made, that no exertion be spared, that all our toil be given, by day and by night, that into every prayer, with all our souls, this special supplication should enter, for the revival and exaltation, be it figurative or be it literal, of repentant and forgiven Jerusalem.*

It was little dreamed by those who had taken part in the meeting, that before the year closed they would have to mourn the death of Bishop Alexander, the one, it was believed, who was to be the instrument for carrying out many of the great schemes on which their hearts were set. The sad event, and its effect on Lord Ashley's mind, are thus recorded:—

Dec. 15th.—Just received, in a letter from Veitch, the examining chaplain, intelligence of the death of the Bishop of Jerusalem at Cairo. I would rather have heard many fearful things than this sad event; it buries at once half my hopes for the speedy welfare of our Church, our nation, and the Children of Israel! What an overthrow to our plans! what a humbling to our foresight! what a trial to our faith! Alas, this bright spot, on which my eyes, amidst all the surrounding darkness, confusion, and terrors of England, have long been reposing, is now apparently bedimmed.

But what is our condition? Have we run counter to the will of God? Have we conceived a merely human project, and then imagined it to be a decree of the Almighty, when we erected a bishopric in Jerusalem, and appointed a Hebrew to exercise the functions? Have we vainly and presumptuously attempted to define "the times and seasons which the Father hath put in His own power?" God, who knoweth our hearts, alone can tell. It seemed to us that we acted in faith for the honour of His name, and in the love of His ancient people; but now it would appear that the thing was amiss, and not according to God's wisdom and pleasure.

And yet, short-sighted, feeble creatures as we are, all this may be merely a means to a speedier and ampler glory!

The year was memorable for a mania among speculators, as curious as that of the South Sea Bubble.

* *Jewish Intelligencer*, June, 1845.

The railway system had been in partial operation for some years, but there had not been any remarkably vigorous speculation in shares, due in great measure to the languor and depression that had prevailed since 1839. In 1843 a few adventurers had succeeded in doing "a good thing" in railways; and the notion soon became prevalent that the best way to make money grow was to invest it in railways. Speculative capitalists caught at the idea, and resorted to every available means to create a demand for investment of the money that had been lying idle for the past four years.

Success attended their labours; a railway speculative fever set in, and soon became an epidemic. Grave and sedate people, no less than the dreamers of dreams, seemed suddenly to have lost their senses; the old and the young, the millionaire and the thrifty artisan, people of all ages, of both sexes, and of every rank, were eager to risk all they possessed, so confident were they that timely investment was the sure road to fortune.

Parliament was besieged by the promoters of Bills for new railways; and every fresh scheme proposed brought forward a host of enthusiasts, who, despite the fact that the advantage to be gained from some of these wild and ruinous propositions could only be the saving of a little time and a little money to those who travelled or carried goods, were ready to back up the designing and unscrupulous few who were making gigantic profits by their frauds on the public. It was at this time that Lord Ashley's father, Lord Shaftesbury, so greatly distinguished himself as Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords. Much labour also devolved on Lord Ashley in connection with these railway matters in the House of Commons, and there are many entries in his Diary to the following effect:—

May 26th.—In the chair of Railway Committee! Six days in the week. Sharp work. . . .

June 7th.—Still in chair of Railway Committee!

This was happening at a time when he was more than usually pressed with Parliamentary duties. He had determined to bring forward further measures with regard to Lunatics and Lunatic Asylums, but "had been let hitherto." The subject was continually in his thoughts, and, at different periods of the early part of the year he refers to it in his Diary.

It was not, however, until the 6th of June that Lord Ashley found his opportunity, and then, at the request of the Government, who had pledged themselves in the previous Session to support him, he brought forward, simultaneously, two Bills: the first, "For the Regulation of Lunatic Asylums," and the second, "For the Better Care and Treatment of Lunatics in England and Wales." In reviewing the past history and present position of the question, he described the lamentable state of the law prior to the Act of 1828, and the partial benefits which that, and other Acts, had conferred; but pointed out that evasions of the law were frequent, and that horrors of almost every kind were possible under the existing system. He proposed now to establish a permanent Commission, and thereby secure the entire ser-

VICES of competent persons. The Bill would give the power of more detailed and more frequent visitations, fix the limit of expenses, and place all asylums or "hospitals" under proper regulations.

"My Bill will also provide an additional security against the improper detention of pauper patients, by requiring that the persons signing the order for their confinement shall personally examine them beforehand, and that the medical officer who certifies as to their insanity shall see them within seven days previous to their confinement. I may add that neither of these safeguards exists at present. I propose, also, that my measure should compel every person receiving a patient to state his condition, mental as well as bodily, when first admitted, and the cause of his death when he dies. It will also direct that every injury and act of violence happening to a patient shall be recorded, and will require a case-book to be kept, thereby affording additional securities against mismanagement, and showing how far the patients have the benefit of medical treatment. It will also authorise the visitors to enforce a proper supply of food (in licensed houses) to pauper patients, who are at present fed at the discretion of the proprietor. Further, it will enable the visitor to order the admission of a patient's friends; at present they are admitted or excluded at the caprice of the person who signs the order for the patient's confinement. It likewise will enable the visitors to sanction the temporary removal of a patient in ill-health to the sea-side or elsewhere. It, moreover, will enforce an immediate private return of all single patients received for profit, and authorise the members of a small private Committee, named by the Lord Chancellor, to visit them if necessary. This is the provision of the law in France: in that country licences are prescribed for every house, and certificates and visitors for every lunatic. The abuses and cruelties perpetrated in these retreats for single patients would surpass the belief of the House. . . . These returns are universally evaded at present, the law rendering it unnecessary to make any return unless the patient has been confined for twelve months. The Bill will give the Chancellor power to protect the property of lunatics against whom a commission has not issued, by a summary and inexpensive process, and it subjects all workhouses in which any lunatic is kept to regular visitation."

The purpose of the second Bill was to extend the system of county asylums. It provided that the erection of county asylums should be compulsory, the existing accommodation increased where necessary, and separate buildings provided for chronic cases. The Bill further provided for the prompt care and treatment of all classes of lunatics; that those whose friends could not pay for them should be placed in an asylum as paupers, and that all lunatics taken care of by their friends, instead of being placed in asylums should be inspected quarterly by a medical man, and lists of them returned to the Commissioners.

After giving details of the financial part of the question, and a characteristically vivid description of the horrors still prevalent in certain quarters under the existing system, Lord Ashley urged the necessity of utterly abolishing the practice of making pauper lunatics the prey of speculators. After appealing to the House—"an assembly of educated, humane, and Christian men"—on behalf of this utterly helpless class, who "were under

the marked visitation of a wise, though inscrutable Providence—a class who could not make the least compensation for their disinterested zeal and labours,” he paid a high tribute to the wise and humane efforts of Pinel, to the signal success of the Society of Friends, and that remarkable family of the Tukes who founded the retreat at York, and concluded his speech thus:—

To secure not only the progress, but even the continuance of this improved condition, we have need of a most active and constant supervision; if this be denied, or even abated, the whole system will relapse. There is the strongest tendency, and it is not unnatural, amongst the subordinate officers of every asylum, to resort to coercion; it gratifies all the infirmities of pride, of temper, and of insolence. . . .

It is our duty, and our interest too, when we have health and intellect—*mens sana in corpore sano*—leisure and opportunity, to deliberate upon these things before the evil days come, and the years of which we shall say we have no pleasure in them. Here are we sitting in deliberation to-day; to-morrow we may be subjects of this fearful affliction. Causes, as slight apparently as they are sudden, varying through every degree of intensity—a fall, a fever, a reverse of fortune, a domestic calamity—will do the awful work, and then, “Farewell, King!” The most exalted intellects, the noblest affections, are transformed into fatuity and corruption, and leave nothing but the sad though salutary lesson—how frail is the tenure by which we hold all that is precious and dignified in human nature.”*

After a debate, in which there was no opposition, leave was given to bring in the Bills, and Lord Ashley carefully guided their further course. The two Bills became law in 1845, and have been not inaptly called “the Magna Charta of the liberties of the insane.”

The permanent Lunacy Commission now introduced, whose functions were greatly widened, comprised six paid Commissioners at salaries of £1,500 each. Lord Ashley, who since its foundation had always been a member, became unpaid Chairman of the Commission, an office he retained until the end of his life.

June 7th.—I must enter an expression of humble, hearty, and unceasing thanks to Almighty God for my great success in the introduction of the Lunacy Bills yesterday evening. Sir J. Graham seconded the proposition in a very kind and fervid speech, and announced the full support of the Government. Just as I had concluded my speech amid applause from the House, two Masters in Chancery appeared from the Lords, and announced their acceptance of the Bill for the protection of women and children in the Calico Print-works. What an answer to my prayers; on the same day, and at the same hour!

June 30th.—Never have I suffered more anxiety than on these Lunacy Bills. I dream every night, and pass, in my visions, through every clause, and confuse the whole in one great mass. It is very trying—perpetual objections, perpetual correspondence, perpetual doubt; and yet there are good feelings exhibited.

July 30th.—Both Bills passed Committee in the Lords, and they are now quite

* Hansard, 3 s. lxxxi. 180.

safe. Most humbly and heartily do I thank God for my success. Such a thing almost before unknown, that a man, without a party, unsupported by anything private or public, but God and His Truth, should have overcome Mammon and Moloch, and have carried, in one Session, three such measures as the Print-works Regulation and the two Bills for the erection and government of Lunatic Asylums.

Aug. 20th.—Have been reading, in snatched moments of leisure, "Life of Cowper." What a wonderful story! He was, when he attempted his life, thoroughly mad; he was never so at any other time. Yet his symptoms were such as would have been sufficient for any "mad doctor" to shut him up, and far too serious to permit any "Commissioner" to let him out, and, doubtless, both would be justifiable. The experiment proved that Cowper might safely be trusted; but an experiment it was, the responsibility of which not one man in three generations would consent, or ought, to incur. We should, however, take warning by his example, and not let people be in such a hurry to set down all delusions (especially religious delusions) as involving danger either to a man's self, or to the public. There are, I suspect, not a few persons confined whom it would be just as perplexing, and yet just as safe, to release as the poet Cowper.

Parliament was prorogued on the 9th of August, but there was little time for Lord Ashley to rest. For him, repose consisted more in the change than in the total absence of occupation; and a mind like his, active and hungry, needed something to feed upon more definite and practical than speculation. It is not surprising, therefore, to find the lull in one kind of engagements occupied busily in other directions.

Sept. 1st.—The Society of Friends watch me with unparalleled love or unparalleled malignity. Wherever I turn, I see, or hear, or read, some token of their sleepless zeal. Mr. Bright gives me no rest in the House of Commons; Ashworth in Lancashire; Pease has paused but for a time in the public press. There is a Quaker, whose name I forget, but who keeps all alive at Fordingbridge; and now a Mr. Wright, of Pontefract, has written to denounce the oppression of the peasantry, "*thy tenantry* near thy residence in Dorsetshire!" as set forth in the *Times* of August 23rd. Replied to contradict his assertions, and express my sense of the love the Quakers bear me and their zeal for my reformation.

Sept. 12th.—Turning over in my mind some scheme of general education, such, at least, as may bring the vast mass of the juvenile population within the "reading of the Bible." It is sad to see, and quite awful to consider, the vast multitude of immortal creatures who live and die without ever hearing, except in an oath, the name of Christ. This every one admits, deplores, and leaves unredressed. The more I think, the more I am embarrassed and perplexed; the Church on one side, which ought to be respected; the Dissenters on the other, who will make themselves heard, seem to present insurmountable difficulties, and meanwhile the people perisheth!

In the early part of this year the Peel Administration was standing, apparently, upon the firmest possible foundation, and when Parliament was prorogued, on the 9th of August, there was not a cloud in the sky to give warning of the coming storm.

Only two days, however, passed, before Sir James Graham received a letter from a potato dealer, informing him that, from some unaccountable cause, a species of blight, or other form of disease, had fallen upon the potato crop of the country, and that all the potatoes sent to the markets bore indication, more or less, of the disease. The news soon received confirmation. It was found that throughout the whole of Kent and Sussex the disease was prevalent; and, later on, similar reports came from all quarters. In England, where the people—partly owing to the operation of the Poor Law—had not to depend upon the potato for subsistence, the threatened danger was not so alarming as to suggest the idea of famine. But in Ireland, if the disease should spread there—there was no evidence at present that it had done so, the crop being later in its yield there than elsewhere—the result would be disastrous in the extreme, as the vast majority of the working population were entirely dependent upon the potato crop for their existence, and its failure would mean nothing less to them than ruin and starvation.

The Government could not shut their eyes to this terrible contingency, and frequent Cabinet Councils were held. People began to inquire what these could mean, for, as yet, the public in general were ignorant of the approaching danger, and rumours were current that there was a division among the Ministers.

A few weeks sufficed to explain the mystery, and then there was a clamour for the immediate calling together of Parliament, and, on the part of the Anti-Corn-Law League, for the ports to be thrown open.

Sir Robert Peel had come into office in 1841 to maintain the Corn Laws, but now, seeing the extent of the danger, his first consideration was the necessity of throwing open the ports to the importation of provisions of every kind.

This in itself would have been an easy matter, if it were only to meet the present emergency; the difficulty would be to re-impose restrictions after they had been once relaxed.

Towards the end of October, the news arrived that the distemper was spreading throughout Ireland with frightful rapidity, and on the last day of the month a Cabinet Council was held at Sir Robert Peel's residence, to deliberate on the alarming prospects of the country. On the following day, he set before the Cabinet his opinion that the Corn Laws could no longer be maintained, that the existing duties should be at once suspended, and the ports thrown open. No definite action, however, was taken at that time; a Commission, consisting of the heads of departments in Ireland, was appointed to take steps to guard against the sudden inroad of famine, and the idea of an autumnal Session was abandoned. Shortly after this there arose a great cry in Ireland, and the Mansion House Relief Committee of Dublin interpreted it in a series of resolutions which stated that there was undoubtedly approaching, throughout that land, calamitous famine and pestilence, and which concluded by impeaching the conduct of the Ministry, for refusing to open the ports or to call Parliament together earlier than usual.

In this position of affairs Lord Ashley addressed a lengthy letter to his constituents setting forth his altered views upon the Corn Laws. This letter, published in the *Dorset County Chronicle*, was copied into all the principal journals. The *Diary* continues:—

October 25th.—I cannot see my opinion on the Corn Law question in a different light. I am sure it is safe, and even necessary, in the present position of affairs; and as for the insinuation that I am shifting or changing, I cannot treat regulations as principles. I have written this in reply to Melbourne, and stated the case fully.

October 27th.—Violent articles in papers; *sent to me*, of course. League paper absolutely truculent; every form of baseness ascribed to me. Surely this extreme and ferocious bitterness from the two opposites is a tolerable proof that I have hit the mean. This comes of speaking the truth. Good it is, no doubt, that the truth should be told, and it will, no doubt equally, at last prevail; but the man who speaks it is oftentimes a martyr to his sincerity, and others are enlightened to praise him when he is either dead or ruined. I fancy I see the motives of this eruption of anger. The high Protection party conceive that my letter gives an impulse to abolition, the very shadow of which is frightful to them; the Free-Traders conceive that it will aid to qualify their scheme of abolition by adding time and modifications. Thus I have grievously offended both sides; my strength, if I have any, will be found among the reasonable, thinking men of the land.

I do not, cannot, repent of the step I have taken. But by adopting this line I separated myself from many with whom I had hitherto acted. And I thus invited the assaults, the combined assaults, of two parties, and, standing alone, lost the countenance (such as it is) of the third! I had, in this way, nothing to rest on but my general influence and character. It was impossible to be blind to the ill-suppressed hatred of many individuals of all classes; and the tone and language of the public papers, metropolitan and provincial, develop the grounds of the animosity—"canting, saint, hypocrite, pretence of religion, &c."—everything, in short, that can pass a sneer on the principles I have ventured to maintain. It has always been so, and will be so to the end of time. God help me! . . .

For my own satisfaction and conscience I could not endure the annual repetition of sham-fights, so to speak. We were summoned, every Session, to make a plain, unconditional resistance to the repeal of the Corn Laws. I had long suspected that it would be ultimately unavailing, that the agricultural interest would some day be summoned, either by the presence of commercial difficulty, or by the will of the Minister, to reverse, in some following Session, the decision of the one that had preceded. The last debate confirmed both this opinion and that of utter hopelessness of continued resistance. What, then, was to be done? I could not think this without saying it. There are, no doubt, many occasions on which it is wise to be silent; but *here* I could not with propriety refrain from speaking out. I could not deceive those whom I represented, by urging them on to protracted resistance, by promising results which I was sure would never arrive. I could not myself coldly persist in a line of conduct which was (I thought at least) fatal to the interests of the landed gentry, and at variance with my own judgment of what was required. I said it, therefore, and awaited, and do await, the personal consequences! . . .

The action of Lord Ashley had raised a storm around him, such as was novel even in his experience. Two years before, the *Examiner* had said, "If this man goes on as he now does, telling the truth to every one, he will soon become the most hated person in England." The prophecy now appeared to be about to receive its fulfilment.

Nov. 3rd.—At times I almost quail when I think of the concentrated hatred against me.

Nov. 24th.—After all, what have I done to provoke such constant, minute, and pointed hatred? The League hate me as an aristocrat; the landowners, as a Radical; the wealthy of all opinions, as a mover of inconvenient principles. The Tractarians loath me as an ultra-Protestant; the Dissenters, as a Churchman; the High-Church think me abominably low; the Low-Church some degrees too high. I have no political party; the Whigs, I know, regard me as leaning very decidedly to the Conservatives; the Conservatives declare that I have greatly injured the Government of Sir R. Peel. I have, thus, the approval and support of neither; the floating men of all sides, opinions, ranks, and professions, who dislike what they call a "saint," join in the hatred, and rejoice in it. Every class is against me, and a host of partisans in every grade. The working people, catching the infection, will go next, and then, "Farewell, King:" farewell any hopes of further usefulness.

On the 22nd of November, a letter from Lord John Russell, written from Edinburgh, and addressed to the electors of London, appeared in the daily papers, announcing his unqualified conversion to the principles of the Anti-Corn Law League, and expressing his surprise that, with calamity of an unprecedented nature threatening, Ministers had separated, apparently, without having taken any steps to meet the impending scarcity. It concluded in these unmistakable words:—"The Government appear to be waiting for some excuse to give up the present Corn Laws. Let the people by petition, by address, by remonstrance, afford them the excuse they seek. . . . Let the removal of restrictions on the admission of the main articles of food and clothing, used by the mass of the people, be required in plain terms, as useful to all great interests and indispensable to the progress of the nation."

On the re-assembling of the Cabinet two days afterwards, it became evident that Sir Robert Peel had resolved either to repeal the Corn Laws or to resign. On the 4th of December it was announced in the *Times*, with all authority, though not using the word itself, that Parliament would meet at an early date, and that the repeal of the Corn Laws would then be proposed by the Ministers.

- It is quite impossible now to realise the intensity of the excitement caused by this announcement. How the information found its way into that paper, remains to this day a mystery, and it was indignantly denied by the Ministerial press.

Lord Stanley and the Duke of Buccleuch intimated to the Premier that they declined to be parties to any measure involving the ultimate repeal of the Corn Laws, and refused further to retain office; and a feeling having

become prevalent that others would do the same, Sir Robert Peel, on the 5th of December, repaired to Osborne, and tendered his resignation to her Majesty.

Lord John Russell was summoned to form a Government, but his arrangements fell to the ground, and before the end of the year Sir Robert Peel was again First Minister of the Crown.

Dec. 23rd.—A question will shortly arise, which we, M.P.'s of a certain complexion, shall be called on to answer—"Do you intend to vote for the Bill of Sir R. Peel, which will take away all protecting duties (though gradually, perhaps) from British Agriculture?" I will look to my own case; I was elected by an agricultural body, who expected, undoubtedly, that what they called "Protection," should be maintained. I was not tied, by their language or by my own, either to mode or to extent, to sliding scale or sixty-shillings; it was not a matter on which they could have demanded, or I would have given, a pledge—but a new case has arisen, one not then in the contemplation of either party, the case of total abolition, one on which the electors would have had a right to ask, and possibly I should have been ready to give, a decided engagement. It seems then that, if I were to vote for abolition, I should vote in a sense diametrically opposite to the sense of their hopes and views when they chose me as their representative, and in a way which, had it been then foreseen, would have, in all likelihood, prevented my election.

Now we must take heed what we do, and pray earnestly to God for a sound judgment, for counsel, wisdom, and understanding, that those especially, who make profession of religion, may bring no scandal on honesty and truth.

The last entry in the Diary for the year finds Lord Ashley face to face with this alternative:—

Dec. 31st.—If Peel's plan be for total abolition, and I be disposed to support it, must I not previously resign my seat? What a tremendous sacrifice? The Ten Hours Bill abandoned, and all my projects at once extinguished! God in His mercy give me wisdom and prosper the issue.

CHAPTER XIV.

1846.

ON the 22nd of January Parliament re-assembled. For some weeks previously public feeling had been strained to the uttermost, and the announcements to be made by the restored Minister were awaited with feverish anxiety. But, although it was clear that Sir Robert Peel had become a convert to the Manchester School, and that it was his intention to abandon the Corn Laws he had come into office to maintain, he did not make any definite statement: "I will reserve to myself the unfettered power of judging what will be for the public interest," he said; "I will hold office unshackled by any other obligation than that of consulting the public interest, and providing for the public safety."

A few days later, however (Jan. 27), he announced his policy, into the details of which it is not necessary that we should enter here. The important part of the explanation was, that he proclaimed himself "an absolute convert to the Free-Trade principle, and that the introduction of the principle into all departments of our commercial legislation was, according to his intention, to be a mere question of time and convenience."

Throughout this period Lord Ashley was full of anxiety. He had ever been an opponent of the Repeal of the Corn Laws; he had been sent to Parliament to defend them, but now he felt that defence was no longer possible. Staunch Protectionist as he had been, he could no longer conscientiously retain his old opinions; and he felt it to be his duty forthwith to avow his conviction, and, as a consequence, to resign his seat in Parliament. That this resolution was not arrived at without a struggle, the entries in the Diary abundantly testify. He was supported in the step he was about to take by Lady Ashley, who went with him, heart and soul, wherever duty called.

Jan. 15th.—Ought I not to be deeply thankful to Almighty God that He has given me a wife capable of every generous self-denial, and prepared to rejoice in it, if it be for the advancement of religion and the welfare of man? Oh, that my children may inherit, by God's grace, of their mother's spirit, and find their truest pleasure in the virtue and happiness of others!

Jan. 27th.—Ten o'clock at night. He (Peel) has just made his statement, and, to my mind, it is most satisfactory. The landed gentry ought to be content with the proposed adjustment; nay, thank God for it. If they do their duty by their estates and the people on them, they will be richer and more powerful than ever; but I rejoice that this repeal of the Corn Laws will compel them to care, and to some effort, at least, towards improvement.

If I remain an M.P. I shall vote for it in all its parts, and throughout all its stages; but can I remain so? Though no pledges were given or asked, was there

not between the electors and myself an "honourable understanding" that "Protection" of some kind should be maintained? If this be the case, I may not vote in direct contradiction of the principle; neither will I vote for it. Public necessity and public welfare both demand the repeal of the Corn Laws. I could justify such a vote before God, because I am convinced that it would be for the best for every material and moral interest; but I have entered into relations with men, and I must observe them, though it be to my own detriment. The slight influence I possess is founded on an estimation of character; if that be lost, I shall have nothing left for a "stock-in-trade;" besides, I must recollect the principles I have maintained, the language I have held, the public professions I have made; and it will then appear far better that I should suffer any loss than give "occasion to the enemies of God to blaspheme," and say that, "after all, your religious men, when they come to be tried, are no better than any one else." Many would say this; many more would think it; and I should thus, by a deliberate act, have myself brought discredit on the public profession of religion; and, when I have endeavoured and prayed that all my conduct might be to the honour of God, I should have done more, in a single hour, to cast a stain on "pious statesmen," than I could render of service to His holy name in the labours of twenty years.

I remember, therefore, those blessed texts: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." "Commit thy ways unto the Lord; and He will direct thy paths." In this hope I will surrender all; and maintain my integrity, while I lose my office.

I shall resign my seat, and throw up all my beloved projects; all for which I have sacrificed everything that a public man values; all that I had begun, and all that I have designed. Nearly my whole means of doing any good will cease with my membership of Parliament.

But God's will be done: "Though he slay me," said Job, "yet will I trust Him."

Notwithstanding the fact that the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws was occupying the attention of the great bulk of the people, the Ten Hours Bill was not allowed to languish. There was still strong opposition in Parliament, but many of the supporters of the League had stated that if the Corn Laws were repealed they would vote in favour of the Ten Hours Bill, although many entertained the curious notion that the necessity for factory legislation would cease in that case. Mr. Cobden had said, "The demand for labour will be so great that three masters will be looking after one man." The staunchest opponents, however, were those who on principle objected to State interference with private rights. Lord Ashley, knowing that there was little time for him to act in the present crisis of affairs, left no stone unturned to advance the cause he had so much at heart, and his skill and judgment, his indomitable perseverance and importunity, were now displayed in the midst of circumstances of a peculiarly embarrassing nature.

On the 31st of January he resigned his seat. Two days before taking that step, he re-introduced into the House of Commons his Ten Hours Bill with every prospect of success. In support of his views, he adduced a large

mass of important facts and information recently collected, including the results of experiments tried in several of the leading factories, as to the effects of shortened hours of labour.

From this testimony he deduced the strongest case for further restrictions, and argued that the present system gave to female children a certain amount of teaching until the age of thirteen, and that then, at a period when the acquisition and experience of whatever is practical should begin, they were advanced to the full extent of adult labour, and debarred, by their unceasing occupation, from the attainment of the knowledge, indispensable to their welfare in life. They became unsexed in nature and habits by such constant abstraction from domestic duties, and all the community suffered in consequence. "There was wisdom," he said, "concentrated wisdom, in the saying of Madame de Staël, who, in answer to a question of the Emperor Napoleon, 'What shall I do for the benefit of France?' replied without hesitation, 'Give us, sire, a generation of mothers.'"

All the strength of his opponents was put forth in the debate that followed, and Mr. John Bright was again conspicuous for the warmth of his opposition. Lord Ashley was well supported by Lord John Manners, Mr. Wakley, Mr. Fielden, and others, and the Bill was read a first time. Everything was ready for a further, and, it was hoped, a successful campaign. But its future conduct was reserved for other hands.

He probably little thought when, on the 10th of May, 1844, he had said: "It may not be given me to pass over this Jordan; other and better men have preceded me, and I entered into their labours; other and better men will follow me, and enter into mine,"—that his words were to be, in some respects, so speedily fulfilled.

But, as we have seen, two days after he had re-introduced the Ten Hours Bill, conscience demanded that he should resign his seat in Parliament, and the future charge of the Bill devolved on Mr. Fielden, the Member for Oldham.

Jan. 30th.—Last night Ten Hours Bill. Through it, God be praised, without failure. Not in heart, not in vigour; but again I say, God be praised! . . . Most awfully reviled by Messrs. Bright, Trelawney, Roebuck, and Escott, of which I took no notice, except to clear away a misstatement by the belligerent Quaker. . . .

Jan. 31st.—Heard from Farquharson. He gave me his own opinion, and, no doubt, the true one, that the yeomanry would consider me as "acting in direct reversal of the principle," &c. &c.; wrote, therefore, immediately for the Chiltern Hundreds, and am now, for the first time in nearly twenty years, no longer a member of Parliament! Many will condemn me, some for doing that which they ought to do; some for appearing to sanction the principle of delegation. Others will approve the course as wise and safe for public men. Much touched by the honest and virtuous sincerity of Fielden, Wood, and Philip Grant. They are, if any men be, deeply anxious and deeply interested that I should remain a member of Parliament, yet they did not hesitate for an instant,

Moved almost to tears they were, while they applauded my decision, and hoped and believed that it would prove, eventually, the best.

Feb. 6th.—Bonham very anxious to see me yesterday before the post went out. It was to say that a few persons had contributed two thousand pounds towards the expenses of a re-election. I found that Peel and Graham (is there an end of wonders?) were among them! Their language was generous and delicate; they instructed Bonham to say that they considered a great public principle was involved in my re-election; that their assistance conferred no personal obligation; that if I were returned, and the next night moved the Ten Hours Bill, and by success drove them from office, they should consider that is was simply within the compass of my inevitable duty. I did not refuse at once. Such a decisive course has always somewhat of harshness in it; but refuse I shall, because acceptance of aid of that kind, however guarded and delicate the terms, limits independence of thought and action. The parties who confer the favour may expect nothing, but the party who receives it has a sensation of being fettered. A requisition, I hear, to be got up on Protestant grounds. God grant that I may ever stand firm *there!*

Feb. 9th. . . . Wrote to decline, very civilly, and even thankfully, offer of two thousand pounds. . . . *Times* of yesterday contains address of the Short Time Committee to electors of Dorset. It is excellent, and, to me, most gratifying. . . .

Feb. 13th.—Wrote yesterday address to announce that I could not fight the purse of the County, and must, therefore, decline a poll.

On the nomination of a candidate to supply the vacancy caused by his retirement, Lord Ashley took the opportunity to explain in person to the electors of Dorset his altered views.

Feb. 19th.—Dorchester. *Non nobis Domine.* I have never spoken so forcibly in my life. It touched, I could see, and I have heard, half convinced, many of my opponents.

Having taken so important a step, which seemed vitally to affect the Ten Hours movement, and consequently the welfare of tens of thousands of operatives, it was necessary that Lord Ashley should seize the earliest opportunity to go again amongst the factory hands to explain to them his action, and its bearings upon the great question in which their interests were so deeply involved.

March 2nd.—Manchester. . . . It was a mighty comfort to these excellent operatives that I promised to visit them. Large and crowded meeting in Town Hall. . . . Operatives in general feel that I have advanced the question by the mode and subject of my retirement. I told them that I had nothing to serve them with but my personal character; that had I continued in Parliament, while I retained my seat, I should have lost my reputation; holding the opportunity, but throwing away the means to do them service. . . .

March 4th.—Preston. . . . This is hard work. Shall I accomplish it? Would to Heaven I were home again! Monday, from London to Manchester, and meeting in the evening; Tuesday, to Preston, and meeting; Wednesday, to dine with Thomas Fielden, and meeting at Ashton; Thursday, to inspect large

mad-house, and a meeting at Bolton ; Friday, Oldham ; Saturday, to Bradford, and dinner with Walker. God grant that Sunday may be quiet ! Monday, meeting at Bradford ; Tuesday, Halifax ; Wednesday, Huddersfield ; Thursday, Leeds ; Friday, homeward, God be praised. This is the pertinacious, unwearied revolution of a steam-engine ! . . .

Not satisfied with myself. Monstrous difficult to find a fresh speech every night, and more difficult, too, to make them run on the soft, conciliatory line ; to avoid all exciting topics, and, so that we may attain our end, to leave out, in fact, all our reasons for it ! I want to propitiate the masters, and yet encourage the workpeople. "Soft sawder" to the mill-owners (unless it be skilfully applied) is a damper to the men ; and a stirrer to the men is a damper to the mill-owners. Nevertheless, by God's blessing, I have hitherto been passably successful. . . .

March 20th.—London. Received two days ago an address, agreed to unanimously by the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, and signed by Dr. McFarlane, as Moderator. It spoke of my services and of the good that, under God, I have been enabled to effect for the working people of the realm, with many expressions of esteem, gratitude, and affection. Surely this is a remarkable event ; that it is a most gratifying one I can best decide. Its peculiar value is well described in Seeley's* letter to me on the subject. "I was much struck with the movement of the Free Churchmen. . . . It was such a spontaneous motion ; the people have so little connection with you. There is no party object concealed, all these things gave it value. Also, these are sour, hard men, the Cameronians of our time. Also, they have raised, among the middle classes and the poor of Scotland, nearly a *million sterling* in the last three years—a thing unprecedented. Therefore I hold that document to be of value to your children. I hope, too, that it is a *shadow cast before*."

The second reading of the Ten Hours Bill, which Lord Ashley had introduced, was moved by Mr. Fielden on the 29th April, and a debate, lasting the whole day, ensued. At its close Sir James Graham announced the determination of the Government. "There ought to be no hesitation on the part of the executive Government in a question of this kind," he said, "and I announce our firm determination to resist the further progress of this Bill."

For days beforehand, Lord Ashley had been in a state of great anxiety and suspense, and it must have been with a heavy heart that he went to the House on the night of the second reading ; he refers to it in his Diary very briefly:—

April 29th.—Factory Bill in House of Commons. Waited in lobby. Had not the spirit to attend under the gallery. Many things will be started in debate which no one can refute but myself. Alas ! alas !

April 30th.—So Sir James Graham and his colleagues have declared themselves against the Factory Bill. Heartless and dishonest men ! The whole debate proceeded, and will proceed, on a lie ; on the lie that the Bill is directed to the control of the labour of grown men ! Alas ! alas ! I must have fallen very low, or this proposal would not *now* be treated so contemptuously.

The debate was adjourned for a week. It was resumed on the 13th May, and again on the 22nd, when Lord John Russell spoke warmly in its

* Mr. Seeley was the well-known publisher of that name.

favour, and Mr. Macaulay supported the Bill in one of his brilliant orations. When the House divided, however, the result was the loss of the Bill by a majority of 10. For, 193; against, 203.

But influences were at work which were nevertheless greatly to expedite the movement.

On the 26th of June, the same day that saw the Corn and Customs Bill receive the Royal Assent, the Ministry of Sir Robert Peel was defeated on the Irish Coercion Bill, by a majority of 73. The result was, the resignation of Sir Robert Peel and the return to power of Lord John Russell and the Whigs. It was now felt that new prospects of success were opening up to the advocates of the Ten Hours Bill, as Lord John Russell, and several of the members of his Government, were pledged to the principle of that Bill. It was impossible to renew the question in the House that Session, and therefore the whole energy of its supporters was directed to keeping the interest in it alive in the country.

The fall of the Peel Ministry was a source of considerable satisfaction to Lord Ashley. We append two extracts from his Diary, in which he gives, very clearly, his estimate of the character and career of the deposed Minister:—

May 18th.—On Friday evening Corn-Law Repeal Bill passed third reading. Disraeli made one of his invectives against Peel—very pointed and powerful. Though I should not have spoken it myself, I am forced to admit the truth of it; though bitter in principle and motive, it is hardly exaggerated in imputation. This statesman's career is without precedent in the history of politicians: he has begun by opposing, and ended by carrying (not simply supporting) almost every great question of the day. He has availed himself of the virtues and vices, the wisdom and the prejudices, the desires and fears, of his friends and adherents; for them or against them, as his purposes required. He denounced "party" that he might set up "Peelism," led the Tories and followed the Whigs, holding power by the first and seeking praise in the second. His opinions, I suspect, have ever been discordant with his conduct. He thought with Canning on the Roman Catholic question, but acquired consequence, distinction, power, and a party, by heading the resistance to it. When resistance had become troublesome, and raised impediments in his way, he changed his front, developed his opinions, seduced some of his followers, and browbeat the others.

He is forced out of office. His whole life is bent to discredit the Whigs, and weaken their hold on the helm of power. All the changes that could be rung on the bells of Popery, O'Connell, Protestant Church, are performed by his friends; he stands by, and, though he guards himself against any precise and indisputable statements, which may rise, ghost-like, out of Hansard, he leaves every one to suppose that he shares the sentiments and approves the policy. Can any one doubt that he saw and encouraged those notions in the public mind, hoping and believing that they would restore him to power? His language to the Scotch deputation, as recorded by Fox Maule in the Maynooth debate, would alone be sufficient to prove that assertion; his language in private once to me, as I rode with him in the Park, that the cry of "No Popery" had become necessary,

plainly exhibited what was passing through his imagination. I do not doubt, myself, that he had at that time resolved, should he arrive at office, to endow Maynooth!

Again, in 1841, had he not conceived—nay, more, devised—the plan which he has since propounded? Had he not long disliked the men by whom he was supported? and had he not determined to sacrifice them to the commendations of his antagonists?

Cunning, I fear, has ever ruled him; he has employed it ardently, though awkwardly, in the Factory Question; he will employ it, should he remain in office, in the matter of the Protestant Church in Ireland! . . .

June 26th.—Government defeated by a majority of 73! Far larger than I had expected. Peel must retire, having reduced Parliament, party, and men's minds, to the original chaos. Will he learn from this result his own miserable want of foresight and discrimination? Not one of those whom he had hoped to conciliate, not a Whig, or a "Leaguer," to whose principles, and for whose applause, he had sacrificed his own consistency, voted in his behalf! All the Whigs against him! Cobden against him! Bright against him! Where are his hopes, and Graham's, drawn from their resistance to the Ten Hours Bill?

Before proceeding to describe Lord Ashley's manner of occupying the time during which he was out of Parliament, a few extracts from his Diary, which have been omitted in order not to break the thread of the narrative relating to Factory Legislation, may be given here.

Referring to reverses in New Zealand, in 1845, when Colonel Despard was defeated by the Maoris, with a loss of 500 killed and wounded, he writes:—

We cover the world with our colonies, and yet we have not, or practise not, one single healthy principle of colonisation! This last was the best imagined of all. Religion went hand-in-hand with political government, and we have, nevertheless, fallen short of the mark. I should like to make each colony, so far as possible, a transcript of the mother-country. I would protect and train it unto its riper years, and then give it, like a full-grown son, free action and absolute independence. Thus Old England would not be ashamed when she "spoke with her enemies in the gate." . . .

In Indian affairs Lord Ashley always took a deep interest, and day by day, as the news arrived, commented on the war in which our arms were engaged.

February 24th.—Details from India show a sad loss in officers and soldiers. Sir Robert Sale killed! But we have gained a victory, and a just victory, without rapacity or aggression. Yet, glorious as it is, I rejoice as much in the noble proclamation of the Governor-General, as in the triumph itself. Here is, at last, for the first time since the days of Nelson, a direct, open, and pious recognition of God's goodness in giving success to our arms. The order is dated on Christmas Day, and closes with these paragraphs:—

"These grateful and heartfelt acknowledgments to the army for its services cannot be closed without humbly remembering that our thanks are due to Him who is the only Giver of all victory, and without whose aid the battle is not to the strong.

"The Governor-General, therefore, invites every British subject at this station, to return thanks to Almighty God, this day, at eleven o'clock, for the mercies He has so recently vouchsafed us, by assembling at the Governor-General's tent, where prayers and thanksgivings will be read by the Governor-General's chaplain.

"By order of the Right Hon. the Governor-General of India.

"F. CURRIE,

"Secretary to the Government of India with the Governor-General."

April 1st.—A third great victory over the Sikhs in India. God has put honour upon Hardinge, who humbly offered honour to Him.

April 2nd.—I trust that Hardinge will not fail through excess of magnanimity. His conditions must be severe; he must demand, and see effected, the total dispersion of the Sikh army. The interests of civilisation, the only object which has reconciled us to this war, are involved in such a policy. . . .

April 3rd.—Hardinge's despatch (*Times*, April 2nd) containing his ultimatum to the Sikh Government is of the noblest order—dignity, moderation, justice, good feeling, and sound sense, appear in every expression. He has done inestimable service to the character of his country. . . . I admire nothing more than the unanimity and unselfish friendship of all the officers; no jealousy, no self-seeking; the interests of the country predominant. What faithfulness in the native troops! Surely, this speaks well for the equity of our Indian Government. . . . "I could have wept," says the gallant old Gough, "over the carnage in the Sutlej, had I not remembered the deliberate cruelty those men had exercised towards the wounded and dying." Never was Divine retribution more manifest, never justice more signal! This army, stained with years of profligacy and murder of kings and ryots, of friends and foes, wantonly invades the British Empire, threatening fire, spoliation, and bloodshed, even to the walls of Delhi; and, almost in the twinkling of an eye, is "melted like snow in the glance of the Lord." . . . These events have seized hold of my imagination; and, thank God, I do feel the sentiment of gratitude and glory very deep in my heart.

April 5th.—Sunday. A thanksgiving is to be appointed. Praised be God for this! Heard yesterday from Peel. "We shall thus break through a bad principle, which has hitherto prevailed, of not returning thanks to God for Indian successes." These are his words; I am grateful for them.

Towards Sir Henry Hardinge Lord Ashley entertained feelings of strong personal friendship. A letter from Sir Henry, who was this year created Viscount Hardinge, bearing upon the important events just recorded, will be read with interest:—

Sir Henry Hardinge to Lord Ashley.

SIMLA, May 20th, 1846.

MY DEAR ASHLEY,—I am very much obliged to you for your letter. There is no man's approbation I value more than your own, proceeding from a friend who has proved the sincerity of his principles by his actions.

It has been a source of great consolation to me, in the midst of the turmoil of

the camp, that the war into which I was so reluctantly forced, is admitted by all to have been a just war, and that no efforts were omitted to avert it. A righteous cause is the best propitiation for the aid of the Great Disposer of all events.

This overgrown Empire requires consolidation and peace. We have the protection of the whole, as the paramount Power, with the resources of one-half only of the soil; and I should have been very glad indeed, as the most prudent policy at the present time, to have kept the Sikh nation as the advanced guard on our north-west frontier, opposing a Hindoo Government to the Mohammedans and Afghans, on this the most vulnerable point of our Empire.

I have strengthened our own frontier by annexing a valuable portion of the Punjab to the British Empire. I have established a Rajpoot Principality of the Hills as a counterpoise to the Sikhs in the Plains. I have disbanded their mutifous army and deprived it of 256 pieces of artillery; one and a quarter million has been exacted for the war expenses, and the Sikh power, curtailed of more than one-third of its territories, now only exists by the aid of the British garrison occupying Lahore.

I could not have annexed a very difficult country, larger than England in extent, with 15,000 infantry, including 3,200 British infantry, in February last. But if the experiment of re-establishing a Sikh Government should fail, we must annex the whole, *even up to Peshawur*. It is too early to say whether the experiment will fail or succeed. It was impossible to have done more for want of means. What has been done has been accomplished in sixty days, and whilst it lasted, I hardly ever recollect severer fighting.

Our countrymen are noble fellows, and these Sikhs, drilled by French officers, are undoubtedly the most warlike race to which we have been opposed in the East.

Jocelyn is a most satisfactory Secretary to have to deal with. He comes to the point, and is very clear, and the Board of Control will suffer a severe loss whenever he retires.

Conceive what an army this is to move. I had 15,000 infantry at Lahore, and, in camp followers, &c., 100,000 mouths to feed daily. The Sikh army, having no difficulties of caste, are rough and ready, and I long to enlist 10,000, but then, we shall not find them so docile and faithful as our Hindoostanees.

Ever, my dear Ashley,

Yours very sincerely,

H. HARDINGE.

A charge, if charge it may be called, was brought against Lord Ashley very frequently, and at various periods of his life, that he took a gloomy view of things, and was too apt to look upon the dark side of every prospect. He refers to this in the following entry:—

Jan. 19th.—Yesterday Elliott* gave us, as he always does, blessed be the man, a most pious and excellent sermon—he touched the signs of the times, and took, first, the good signs, reserving the bad ones for a second discourse. He spoke of those who (and therein, probably, with a glance at me) ever saw what was dark, and never what was bright on the far horizon. Well, it is true. Evil is more powerful and lasting than good; evil is natural, good is unnatural; evil requires

* Rev. H. V. Elliott, of St. Mary's, Brighton.

nothing but man as he is, good must find the soil prepared by the grace of God. It is far more difficult, in a period of specious tranquillity, to alarm than to soothe, to rouse than to lull, mankind. For one who is active to avert a distant peril, I will find a hundred who repose in present security. The prayer is as needful for nations as for men, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

It was not always that he entertained these gloomy views, as an entry on another page testifies :—

Wilberforce was much harassed by letters and interviews on cases of conscience ; he was selected as the spiritual adviser of many parties. No one holds such a place in the present day ; and we may draw, from this fact, the pleasing inference that the number of good, and pious, and qualified men is very greatly increased. The revival of religion and activity among the clergy has furnished, to nearly all who may desire it, the means of spiritual edification and support ; a true counsellor may be found nigh at hand in a thousand localities.

No sooner was Lord Ashley "out of Parliament" than he entered on a campaign to which he had long looked forward, whenever he should have the leisure to undertake it. That campaign was a visitation of the slums of the Metropolis, with a view to assist the work of the Ragged Schools, the London City Mission, the Labourers' Friend Society, and other organisations for the welfare of the poor, and also to institute a rigid examination into the dwelling-houses of the humblest of the working classes.

Before we follow him in this crusade, we must go back a little in order to see what progress had been made in the development of the Ragged School system, and to speak of the history and operations of the London City Mission and also of the Labourers' Friend Society.

Thankful as Lord Ashley had been to have his attention drawn, in 1843, to the Field Lane Ragged School, and earnest as were his endeavours to assist the labourers there, it was clear to him, and to everybody who had anything to do with the poor of London, that no isolated efforts could affect the general condition of the waifs and strays of the Metropolis. There were thousands of the children of the lowest and most ignorant classes springing up, "sturdy of growth as weeds in a wheat field, and, like the latter, gaining daily increase of strength, at the expense of the honest grain." They swarmed the streets ; they gamboled in the gutters ; they haunted the markets in search of cast-away food ; they made playgrounds of the open spaces ; they lurked under porches of public buildings in hot and wet weather ; and they crept into stables or under arches for their night's lodging. They lived as the pariah dog lives, and were treated much in the same way ; everybody exclaimed against the nuisance, but nobody felt it to be his business to interfere.

The first practical effort to reach these outcast "city Arabs," as they were called, was to lure them to the Ragged Schools. But these were few and far between, and, each having an isolated and independent existence, was helpless to grapple with the evil, in any degree commensurate with the need.

It became evident, to some who were deeply interested in the matter, that the strength of these organisations would be greatly increased by union, and in April, 1844, the first steps were taken to institute a society which has done an amount of good altogether incalculable—the Ragged School Union—with which the name of Lord Shaftesbury will always be intimately associated.

Lord Shaftesbury was scrupulously exact in giving “honour to whom honour was due,” and would not allow himself to be styled the “Founder” of a society when that honour was due to another. As we have seen, he was not the founder of Ragged Schools, nor was he the founder of the Ragged School Union.

On the 11th April, 1844, Mr. S. R. Starey, at that time a solicitor’s clerk, invited a few Ragged School Teachers to meet him at his rooms, No. 17, Ampton Street, Gray’s Inn Road. Only three responded: Messrs. Locke, woollen-draper, Moulton, dealer in second-hand tools, and Morrison, a City missionary; an uninfluential band to all appearance, and yet they discussed the hardest problem of that day, and came very near to a solution when they resolved, “That to give permanence, regularity, and vigour to existing Ragged Schools, and to promote the formation of new ones throughout the Metropolis, it is advisable to call a meeting of superintendents, teachers, and others interested in these schools, for this purpose.” That was the first decided step towards the foundation of the Ragged School Union, and those four uninfluential men were the founders.

On the 26th April forty superintendents and teachers responded to the invitation and met at the St. Giles’s Ragged School, held in the loft of a cowshed in Streatham Street, Bloomsbury—a neighbourhood known as the Rookery of St. Giles’s; notorious for its filth and fever, its riots and immoral revels, its rickety and dirty dwellings, and its teeming population of the lowest of the low. Here this little band of Christian workers formed themselves into a Central Committee, and on the 5th of July they decided that this association of teachers should be called “The Ragged School Union.” At first they were anxious to affiliate themselves to the London City Mission, and a formal proposition to that effect was made, but it was wisely declined, as the City Mission had, even then, more work in hand than it knew how to manage. Messrs. Locke and Starey were appointed Honorary Secretaries, and requested to draw up the rules for the regulation of the Union. It was only for a comparatively short time, however, that Mr. Starey was able to act as Secretary, owing to business demanding his removal from London, when Mr. J. G. Gent was appointed to fill the vacancy, an office he retained for thirty-five years. He was succeeded by Mr. Kirk, who for twenty years had been associated with Ragged School work, and who has for the past seven years conducted the arduous duties of the Secretaryship with an unflagging zeal. In November, six months after the Union was originated, Lord Ashley was asked to give the weight and influence of his name and personal assistance to this feeble and somewhat insignificant body of workers, by becoming President of the Union. He responded thus:—

Lord Ashley to Mr. Wm. Locke.

November 21, 1844.

SIR,—At the instant I had the pleasure of receiving your letter I was contemplating a walk to Field Lane, that I might hear what progress was making in your admirable undertaking.

I shall be happy to aid you to the full extent of my power, but I am disposed to advise a little deliberation before we set up a Society with all the apparatus of a President and Patrons. I shall return to London, I hope, on Monday next; it will then give me pleasure to see you and hear your report. We may, I think, do much for these poor children.

God be with us!

Your obedient servant,

ASHLEY.

MR. WILLIAM LOCKE.

From the time that Lord Ashley joined the movement, the Ragged School Union grew in importance and usefulness, and for over forty years his love for and zeal in the cause never knew abatement or change. For a great portion of this time the Union was under the direction and responsibility of a Committee elected at each anniversary, and of an Executive consisting of *Shaftesbury*, President, *Wm. Locke*, Hon. Sec., *Joseph G. Gent*, Secretary, whose names appeared in all public announcements, and on the certificates obtained by deserving scholars. These are not very common names, and yet we find them standing in similar relative positions 200 years ago.

Charleston and Carolina are names given in honour of our King Charles II. The city of Charleston stands on a narrow slip of land, bounded on the north side by the Cooper River, and on the south side by the Ashley River. The names of these magnificent streams, which, at their junction, form the harbour of Charleston, were given in honour of the first Earl of Shaftesbury. The greater part of America was at that time a wilderness, and at the disposal of King Charles II. By means of a Royal Charter, the King gave to the Earl of Shaftesbury and some others, the whole tract of country between the parallels of 29 deg. and 31 deg. 31 min. N. latitude, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This included an area of 500 miles from North to South, and of 2,500 miles from East to West. Now comes the remarkable coincidence of names. *Shaftesbury* was the most active and able of the eight proprietors, and, by agreement, undertook to frame a constitution for the embryo colonies, suitable to the period and the vastness of the territory. Assistance was required by him, which he obtained from the illustrious *Locke*. The constitution drawn up contained 120 articles, and in its day was considered a grand model; but, in reducing the theory to practice, mighty difficulties intervened. With a view to lessen these difficulties, and to facilitate the working of the great scheme, the services of a Mr. T. A. *Gent* were secured. This gentleman visited the country, and afterwards brought out a volume entitled "A Complete Discovery of the State of South Carolina," which seems to have been eagerly caught up by the public, as three ships were soon sent out filled with emigrants. They settled at Oyster Point, as the neck of land was

called, at the junction of Ashley and Cooper Rivers. On this spot they built a village which grew into a town, and, at length, developed into one of the strongest cities—so strong as to seem to be impregnable.

Such were the labours of Shaftesbury, Locke, and Gent 200 years ago; and, in another sense, such were the labours of Shaftesbury, Locke, and Gent in recent times; but “the labours of the latter trio have been to reclaim the moral wilderness, to purify and cultivate the moral wastes, and to set up spiritual fortresses that shall be unassailable by the great enemy.”* The services rendered by Messrs. Locke and Gent to the Ragged School cause cannot be too highly estimated, and Lord Shaftesbury never lost an opportunity of acknowledging them.

The years 1844-6 were memorable in the life of Lord Ashley if only on the ground that they saw him publicly espousing the cause of poor ragged children and organising fresh efforts in their behalf. The years were memorable in the history of the metropolis, for they saw the commencement of a series of philanthropic labours which were, in some measure, to improve the condition of the outcast poor, to check the existing evils, and to avert the calamities which many feared.

A few extracts from the Diary on the subject of Ragged Schools will show the progress of his thought and action in their behalf:—

Nov. 27th, 1845.—Last night Broadwall Infant Ragged School; very humble, but very useful; well received. . . . Many Dissenters; but it is high time to be thinking where we agree, not where we differ. Tens of thousands of untaught heathens in the heart of a Christian Metropolis cry aloud to God for vengeance.

Dec. 11th.—Just come back from a tea-meeting in Jurston Street Sunday School, given to the ragged, half-starved, neglected children of the locality—a sight to thank God for! a sight to pray Him to perpetuate and extend!

I conceive I am acting in the spirit of the Bible and the spirit of the Church of England. I conceive that I am proving myself a true son of the Church in which I was baptised, and in which, by God's blessing, I will die. I am violating none of her laws, precepts, principles, or prayers; none. But, if the conduct I pursue be at variance with the doctrines and requirements of the Established Church, I shall prefer to renounce communion with the Church to abandoning those wretched infants of oppression, infidelity, and crime.

March 19th, 1846.—Last night tea party at Jurston Street Ragged School; in the Chair. A wondrous company on the platform; these things are now becoming “fashionable.” Humanity will soon be considered “elegant,” “genteel,” &c. &c. Bishop of Norwich came; † a kind-hearted man, who goes, as he says, wherever he sees my name. Strange as it was to see a Bishop in the middle of a Dissenting school, surrounded by Dissenters, and supporting their efforts, yet it was well and usefully done.

* *Ragged School Union Magazine.*

† Dr. Stanley, father of the Dean of Westminster. He was the only Bishop who was ever seen on Ragged School platforms. All the others were, at that time, afraid of meeting Nonconformists.

During the long period of Lord Shaftesbury's Presidency of the Ragged School Union he was always in the Chair at the annual meetings. But this was the least part of his work. Much of the success of the Ragged School movement was due to the public meetings which were held in a great number of churches and chapels and halls in London and in the large towns. At these meetings Lord Ashley took the Chair on innumerable occasions, and in short, pithy addresses set forth the claims of the poor. More important still were the quarterly meetings of delegates from the Metropolitan Ragged Schools, at which he always presided, when every conceivable topic that could assist the teachers in practically carrying on the work was discussed, new plans were formed, and progress was reported. A merely cursory glance through the thirty volumes of the *Ragged School Union Magazine* and *Quarterly Records* will give some idea of the stupendous amount of work undertaken by him in this movement, but even a close study of those volumes will not give a full conception of what he wrought. For many years the ragged children of London were rarely out of his thoughts waking or sleeping; he visited them in their wretched homes, he saw them at their daily work, he sat beside them in their schools, he let them come to his house to tell him their troubles; he pleaded for them in religious and political assemblies; he carried their cause into the House of Commons and into the House of Lords; he interested the whole country in their welfare, and, as we shall see, he achieved wonderful results in their behalf.

The London City Mission had been established by David Nasmyth, who had already set on foot similar institutions in Glasgow, Dublin, New York, and elsewhere. It was in a room of his little house in Canning Terrace, on the bank of the Regent's Canal, on May 16th, 1835, that he met two of his friends by appointment, and the story of their interview is recorded by him in these simple words: "After prayer we three founded the London City Mission, adopted our constitution, assigned offices to each other, and after laying the infant mission before the Lord, desiring that He would nurse and bless it, and make it a blessing to tens of thousands, we adjourned."

Such was the origin of one of the most admirable and valuable institutions of our time, and one that has been the means of conveying temporal and spiritual good to untold myriads.

Although Lord Ashley's name appears for the first time on the records of that Society towards the end of 1845, he had, immediately after his discovery of the existence of Ragged Schools, been in communication with it, and henceforth, in all his labours on behalf of the poor, he was to be indebted to the aid of the London City Mission, as it, in turn, was to be indebted to him.

How best to improve the condition of the labouring population of the country, was a question which he had long been revolving in his mind and which had demanded a large share of his energies. While recognising the value of every agency for bringing about the physical and moral elevation of

the people, he was more and more convinced, as his knowledge and experience of their actual state increased, that it was utterly futile to attempt to educate and raise the masses unless at the same time they were provided with decent homes.

Already he had stood forth as the pioneer of the great question which, in after years, was to become so conspicuous a feature of his labours—the Housing of the Poor.

In 1842 he had assisted in founding what was then known as the “Labourers’ Friend Society,” but was afterwards named the “Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes,” the object of which was, not to accommodate the people on a large scale—such an undertaking would have been far beyond the power of a simple Committee—but to ventilate the whole question, and to keep in view the erection of Model Dwellings for all the varieties and grades of industrial life, and to show, in the buildings it would raise, what was necessary for the comfort and health and decency of the inmates, and also the lowest cost at which the structures could be provided and the rents imposed, consistently with a moderate though fair return of interest on the capital expended. It had also another object in view; it wished to prove that in such amelioration “the moral were almost equal to the physical benefits; and that, although numbers would decline or abuse the boon extended to them, many would accept it joyfully and turn it to good account.” *

At first Lord Ashley met with scant success in his labours in this direction, but once having put his hand to the plough, he was not the man to look back. The time had not yet come for him to make any great public stir in the matter, but meanwhile he never lost an opportunity of advocating the need of better dwellings for the poor.

In 1844 the first public meeting of the Society for the Improvement of the Labouring Classes was held at Willis’s Rooms, and an influential company supported Lord Ashley in the chair. He vigorously exposed the lamentable state of affairs, in regard to the shameful dwellings in which the poor were compelled to live, and urged that if the Society thus inaugurated only did the work that lay before it, it might, by strong representations to the Government, produce most beneficial results. “Unite all your efforts,” he said, “for this one great object; give it a fair trial; be not discouraged by arguments, however specious, and failure is impossible. Soon you will see dawn great moral, social, and political blessings for those who are the noblest material God ever gave a nation—the working classes of this country.”

This appeal went far and wide, and one of the first to respond to it was the Prince Consort, who, in the following July, was graciously pleased to accept the office of President of the Society.

Now the time had come when, owing to the cessation of his Parliamentary duties, Lord Ashley had that leisure for labour which he had long coveted, and, as we have said, he determined to devote it to visiting the homes and

* Article by Lord Shaftesbury in *Nineteenth Century*, xiv., p. 934.

haunts of the poor in the Metropolis. He chose for his companions a medical man, and one of the missionaries of the London City Mission.

There were two objects he had specially in view in the perambulations he was about to undertake; first, to explore the unknown parts of London and to see for himself the lanes and alleys, and more particularly the houses, in which the poorest of the poor and the lowest of the low dwelt; and next, to bring himself into personal contact with the people, so that he might better understand their thoughts and habits, and qualify himself to grapple with their need.

Such a mission needed no ordinary man, and Lord Ashley brought to it no ordinary gifts. Let any one who thinks it an easy task to win the confidence of the poor and the outcast; to speak words to them that shall draw out their real thoughts and feelings; to seek to benefit without patronising; to give counsel without preaching; to preserve his own dignity amid the rough and lawless, without placing any barrier to mutual approach; withal, to enter the abodes of filth and wretchedness, where every sense sickens, and yet to appear at home, and at ease; let any one try the experiment, and then—and not till then—the difficulty will be apparent.

Lord Ashley could do all this as few other men could. He saw in the miserable creatures before him, not thieves and vagabonds and reprobates, but men with immortal souls that might be saved, and with human lives that might be redeemed from their corruption. In the woman with unkempt hair and tattered garments, he saw, not the abandoned harlot, but the "woman that was a sinner," who might yet be brought to the feet of Him who would say to her, in the tenderest of all human accents, "Go, and sin no more." But the whole heart of Lord Ashley went out to little children; he grieved over their past neglect, their present lack of opportunity; and he yearned over their future. It is no exaggeration to say that, in the whole course of his life, he hardly ever passed a ragged child in the street without the desire to stop and talk to it. Morning, noon, and night, the welfare of the uncared-for and the unthought-of children weighed upon his heart, and he looked upon any day as lost in which he did not do something, however little it might be, to make the weariness of their lives less weary and their sadness less sad. The words of the Master were ever ringing in his ears—"Feed My lambs."

He possessed, in perfection, the art of speaking to children, and few men ever spoke to them with greater effect; not because he was a "lord," nor because he brought sensible benefits wherever he went, but because he could lay hold of the heart of a child, and soothe it with gentle words, and because the accent, the tone, the smile, the whole bearing of the man, impressed even little children with the fact that he was intensely in earnest. No man ever received greater encouragement from visible results. Year after year he had seen the law of kindness produce the most wonderful effects on the minds of the wildest, the rawest, the most ungovernable children; often he had seen the heart melted, for the first time, by the language of sympathy and of love; often his voice had been like the voice of God speaking to the heart of a

child. It was always through the children that he hoped to win the parents. As the shepherd with refractory sheep will carry the lambs into the fold, certain that eventually the sheep will follow, so his efforts were mainly directed to reaching the children and to putting them in places of safety, as the surest means of alluring their parents thither. Wherever Lord Ashley went during these perambulations, the people clustered round him in groups, and received him with respect. And it may be remarked here that, throughout his life, although he went freely among vagrants, paupers, harlots, drunkards, thieves, and criminals of all kinds, the refuse of society, he never, on any one occasion, or in any circumstance, received an insult. Everywhere the people were grateful to him for the interest he took in their condition, and, in the large majority of cases, answered freely the questions he put to them.

Bad as he had expected to find certain quarters of the Metropolis, the actual state of things was a thousandfold worse than he had conceived possible. He found, in some cases, hundreds of human beings—equal to the population of a whole village—compressed and hidden in a dozen small and wretched houses packed in a court, the houses and court occupying less than the area of a good-sized barn, or a village church, or a moderate-sized emigrant ship. He saw how the people became liable to disease; why contagious maladies were not only bred and extended, but likewise why they clung to these places. He saw how utterly impossible it was for the physician to minister in them with any degree of satisfaction or success, for everywhere the drainage was bad, the ventilation worse, and the light of heaven almost excluded. He saw, too, that Nature was attempting to do her part towards that which sanitary reformers recommended: she was attempting to reduce the number of inhabitants by commissioning fever, scrofula, and other diseases, to slay them.

One of the things that appears to have struck him with great force, and to have strongly laid hold of his imagination, was the terrible injustice involved in the want of sufficient accommodation. He found that in a large number of instances, it was not extreme poverty that had driven the inhabitants into these dreadful dens—as they were earning what, with proper management, might be called a decent living—but the exorbitant prices charged for accommodation. There were few house-rents so extravagantly high as those paid by the veriest outcasts of our streets. The tenant of a mansion paid a lower nightly rent, in proportion to the space he occupied, and the cubic feet of air he breathed, than did the miserable urchin who spent his two or three pence for permission to stow himself under a bed of a low lodging-house filled to suffocation by the most abandoned of all ages—one of the twenty or thirty inmates of a space not large enough for the accommodation of more than two or three.

It was necessary to the purpose Lord Ashley had in view that publicity should be given to this state of things; and on the 22nd of May we find him at a meeting of the "Society for Improving the Condition of the Working Classes," held at the Hanover Square Rooms, bringing the subject before

an influential audience as vividly as it could be brought. "I do not," he said, "speak merely from book; I do not speak merely from the accounts that have been given me; because I have, not only in past years, but during the present year (having, from certain circumstances, rather more leisure than I formerly had), devoted a very considerable number of hours, day by day, to going over some of the worst localities in various parts of this great Metropolis." He startled his audience by some of the revelations he made, of rooms "so foul and so dark that they were exposed to every physical mischief that can beset the human frame"—so foul that when a physician, habituated to enter such places, visited them, he was obliged to write his prescription outside the door; of courts and alleys thronged with a dense and most immoral population of every caste and grade of character, but almost every one of them defiled by perpetual habits of intoxication, and living amid riot and blasphemy, noise, tumult, and indecency.

It was not enough, however, to state the evil; active practical steps must be taken to meet it, and Lord Ashley announced that it was the intention of the Society, if funds were forthcoming, to erect in the heart of the parish of St. Giles's a Model Lodging-House—a house where a young man coming up from the country for the first time, or others who wished to live in a place where some, at least, of the decencies of life were observed, might find a place of retirement and shelter at a moderate rent. This was the germ of that great Model Lodging-House system, which has now sprung up in the neighbourhoods once occupied by reeking courts and alleys.

Not by lip only, but by pen also, Lord Ashley turned to good account the results of his perambulations. In the *Quarterly Review* for December, there appeared a startlingly graphic article from his pen, on "Ragged Schools," in which he gave the results of his own observations of the habits of the *clientèle* of those schools, founded upon his recent visitations.

This admirable article was the means of giving a great impetus to Ragged School work. It was the talk of the town; people ran wild about it; extracts were inserted in all the papers; and innumerable people made applications to be taken to see the Ragged Schools.

Lord Ashley was greatly amused one day at hearing two men discussing the article. "I believe it was written by Lord Ashley," said one. "I don't think so, because his name isn't mentioned, and it isn't like his style." "Those are the very reasons that make me think he wrote it," was the answer. A few extracts from his Diary will show how completely absorbed Lord Ashley was in the beneficent work in which he was engaged:—

April 28th.—St. Giles's. This is my birthday. I am this day 45 years old. Praised be the Lord that hath fed me all my life long until this day. . . . Starting for London, though day be tempting here, to take Chair at Ragged School as a sort of thankful offering and appropriate duty.

May 29th.—Dined yesterday with . . . The courtesies of life and ancient friendship demanded it. A splendid display of luxury and grandeur, yet unsatisfactory. The contrast so great to the places where I have passed so many hours

lately, that I felt almost uneasy. The few pounds, too, that I want, and shall not obtain, for the establishment of Ragged Schools, seemed wasted in every dish. All this is very well, according to their wealth and station, now and then; but the crumbs which fall from their table are in scanty proportion to the number and abundance of their feasts. A greater simplicity, however, even in permitted things, would be more beneficial to the poor, to society, and to themselves. A life so led rivets "the world in the heart;" and all the externals of good humour, pious language, and occasional charities, &c., &c., only contribute a hollow and delusive sanction to that system of things which the individuals, and the world at large, have pre-determined to be right, because they know it to be pleasant. . . .

May 31st.—Whitsunday. Broadlands. . . . Day beautiful, rose early, and went out, like Wilberforce, to make the field my oratory; but the prayers of the birds, and of all animated Nature, had more, no doubt, of sincerity and less of murmuring than mine. We know well what we dislike and deplore; but little do we know or consider for what we ought to be thankful. I wish that every one would daily and hourly set before his eyes, and confess his sin and the sin of his people: what we have received and done as individuals and as a nation; what we have left undone; what, in the despite of God's long-suffering, we persist in leaving undone; our hopes and fears; our loves and hates; our enormous wealth, and still more enormous covetousness; the cry of the poor, and the sensuality of the rich; and then, if there be but the smallest spark of grace in the soul, we shall, one and all, exclaim with Job, "Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

June 8th.—Went to Lambeth on Ragged-School business; called on a poor Irishwoman whose husband had just committed suicide; bought, alas! a "pledge medal" from the widow of a man who had hung himself in a fit of intoxication! Took a short walk afterwards in Park with my sweet Mary and the baby; dear Evelyn accompanied me. May God be praised. Oh, if some Dives would give me two or three hundred pounds, the price of a picture or a horse, I could set up schools to educate six hundred wretched children! . . .

June 12th.—I am now begging for four objects—circulars out upon each. God give me, first wisdom, and then success! Busy in founding a Ragged School; peculiar evils require peculiar remedies. Alas! alas! I can set up a school which shall give education every evening to 280 children for £58 a year—hardly more than it costs to prosecute one criminal—and yet I can barely collect the sum!

The labours of Lord Ashley were all-consuming. His time was so broken to pieces by small details, public and private, that if, perchance, he had a quarter of an hour to spare, he hardly knew what to do with it; so many things offered themselves, that the period was exhausted in making the selection. For a long time he was only able to get through one book, of which he writes:—

June 16th.—Have crawled by degrees through a very entertaining *Life*, by Tytler, of Sir W. Raleigh. Energy, genius, speculative and practical knowledge of all kinds, unlimited courage and perseverance, promptitude at every moment, and adaptation to every circumstance. What a chequered life! what an unhappy close! Indignation and contempt towards that despicable reptile of the human race, James I., are impotent; but I feel them as though he stood before me. As

dreams may be urged as an argument in favour of the immortality of the soul, so may this sense of injustice, perpetrated whole centuries ago, be maintained as a proof of final retribution!

Lord Ashley could not but think with some anxiety of the future, and ask himself the question, whether he should ever return to Parliament. Useful as his present labours were, he felt himself "like a man at sea without a rudder." He was constantly moving on, but not to the point he desired. He was collecting facts, examining evidence, and instituting inquiries, none of which he could turn to account as he wished. He felt that there was "no attraction or compensation in the study of human misery and degradation, except in the prospect of abating them," and in order to do this he must be back again in Parliament.

At length the future shaped itself to him with some distinctness, and he wrote:—

June 1st.—I assume, if the Lord will, that I shall return very speedily to the House of Commons. What, then, shall I do? I must throw aside many questions in which I take a deep and glowing interest, because I have neither time nor strength for them all—Ireland, India, the Colonies. . . .

I will take, first, the long-agitated, much-desired, and most blessed Ten Hours Bill; this, with a Parliamentary effort in behalf of the "Ragged Children," will constitute the work of next Session. I will then proceed with Church Reform, a reform that shall restore it to the scheme of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, and revive, if possible, the primitive examples; and the last that I dare to contemplate will open a series of exertions to aid spiritually and physically, the oppressed, forsaken, and heathen children described and reported on by my Commission of 1840—a vast and foul mass, which our avarice has engendered, and our luxurious ignorance overlooks, and increases, and perpetuates. "Who is sufficient for these things?" Not I alone, but any one, if God be with him. And, now, O God, the Father of the forsaken, the help of the weak, the supplier of the needy, who hast diffused and proportioned Thy gifts to body and soul, in such sort that all may acknowledge and perform the joyous duty of mutual service; who teachest us that love towards the race of man is the bond of perfectness, and the imitation of Thy blessed self: open our eyes and touch our hearts, that we may see and do, both for this world and for that which is to come, the things which belong unto our peace. Strengthen me in the work that I have now undertaken; give me counsel and wisdom, perseverance, faith, and zeal, and in Thine own good time, and according to Thy pleasure prosper the issue. But, O Lord, pour into me a spirit of humility and fear; let nothing be done in a vain and wicked notion of righteousness and merit, but in devout obedience to Thy will, thankfulness for Thine unspeakable mercies, and love to Thine adorable Son, Christ Jesus, with a constant and hearty confession of sin and unworthiness, and everlasting hope through His merits alone, our only Redeemer and Saviour.

June 3rd.—Another object I have, but I can leave the special conduct of it to others, because societies are formed and joint-stock companies on foot; slow, it is true, and not very sure, but nevertheless in action—the health of towns and

dwellings, of all *physical* questions the most important by far, and exercising a terrible influence on things *spiritual*.

In religious circles there was an almost restless activity; many important movements were beginning to strike root, and, to employ a Scriptural metaphor, often used by Lord Ashley to denote the early indications of new life in religious work, there was "the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees."

Never was there a time when religion was brought more prominently forward, and public prayer more largely attended. To Lord Ashley this did not suggest relaxation of effort; on the contrary, he felt it was an hour in which every one should be up and doing, and he himself came forward more than ever into the forefront of the battle. It was in this year that he became officially connected with the British and Foreign Bible Society as Vice-President—that Society which, in his youth, he had been taught to regard as revolutionary, and as undermining the foundations of Church and State! A few years later he became its President, and, until the close of his life, he never ceased to take the deepest interest in its operations.

Two other movements, of which more will have to be said hereafter, are referred to for the first time in his Diaries, in this year.

Feb. 28th.—Night before last took chair at "Young Men's Christian Association." Four hundred persons to tea, a very striking scene—young shopmen, with their mothers and sisters, attending really in a religious spirit. Last night presided in Covent Garden Theatre at Anniversary of Metropolitan Drapers' Association for early closing of shops. Both these Societies have their origin in the Ten Hours movement.

The death of Bishop Alexander of Jerusalem had been a terrible blow to the friends of the enterprise he inaugurated. He seemed to have been a man with the special gifts and graces essential to the trust reposed in him. His own zeal helped to keep alive the zeal of those who, full of hope for Israel, lived in anticipation that the hour for their restoration to their own land would speedily arrive. The death of the Bishop, cut off in the midst of his labours, when engaged in his first episcopal visitation of the darkened kingdom of Egypt, threw a gloom over these hopes, which, as the years rolled on, were never again revived in the same intensity.

According to the terms of the arrangement made on the foundation of the bishopric, it was now the turn of the King of Prussia to appoint a successor to the see of Jerusalem. He selected Dr. Gobat, of the Church Missionary Society, a German by nationality, who was duly appointed, and retained his episcopate for thirty-three years. He was a man of high character and principle—an excellent man in every respect. Unfortunately, however, he was not without enemies, and, prior to his consecration, Lord Ashley had to defend him from some odium and calumny. He believed in the man thoroughly, and, throughout his career, gave him hearty and persevering support in the difficult position in which he was placed. Notwithstanding opposition,

Dr. Gobat's influence was felt throughout the countries over which his jurisdiction extended, and many abiding works have been left behind as memorials of his labours. As the years went by, other difficulties and dissensions arose; the bishopric did not answer the expectations formed of it; Jerusalem showed no signs of being "a city at unity with itself," and the saying of Newman, "I have never heard of any good or harm that bishopric has ever done," was bandied about until, at last, it was endorsed even by some of those who in 1844 were most enthusiastic in its favour.

On the 7th of July Lord and Lady Ashley, accompanied by their four sons, started on a tour in Switzerland in quest of health and repose. There were important reasons why—"at this season, in a time of great interest, of changing government, of schemes of his own, of Commissions in Lunacy, and sittings on the Malta College"—Lord Ashley should leave London. It was, however, contrary to his own wishes, and throughout the journey he was depressed and harassed by the claims of his many conflicting duties. "I am not very full of agreeable anticipations," he writes; "a little low-spirited. My heart returns to my objects in public life."

From his ample Diary we shall only quote very briefly. The first halting-place on the journey was at Ghent.

. . . Went to see the Church of the Beguines. . . . I cannot get over these Beguines; they seem to be the "ne plus ultra" of uselessness. What purpose do they serve, 750 of them, beyond making a sight for curious foreigners, materials for a handbook, and aids to a rhapsody! Doubtless, the first view of the church was singular and, to a certain extent, impressive, but only from its novelty. The large white covering on the head of each gave an appearance as if the church were studded with pigmy tents, but then the silence of the assembly, and the attitude of prayer, struck the imagination, until the bursting of the organ into something like a jig, after a few notes of more reverential music, raised the eyes to the figure of the Virgin, the great object of their adoration, a doll of about two feet in height and figged out in a pink court-dress!

There is evidence in the Diary that, to Lord Ashley, the first few days of the tour were full of irritation and unrest. The cares and anxieties which had thickened around him of late, had left their impression; he was out of health, and jaded in body and mind.

The first real relief came to him, as it came in old time to the Psalmist, "in the sanctuary of God."

Sunday.—Attended Service. An unknown man preached a sermon from the text, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." He proceeded to enlarge on the hopes and duties of perseverance—never to be weary in well-doing, to banish despair, or even despondency, in the pursuit of things tending to the honour of God and the welfare of mankind. He directed his discourse specially to ministers with cure of souls; to philanthropists, and to parents. His observations were just, true, and affectionate; he dwelt more particularly on the cares, anxieties, and disappointments of parents, and showed that they were seldom, if ever, without their fruit at the last; he considered

their labours and their prayers as seed which might lie long before it sprang, and still longer before the harvest, but he held it to be nearly sure, as the fulfilment of a Divine promise. His entire discourse seemed a special message to my doubts and apprehensions, a spur to my discouragements, a balm to my failures, a word of exhortation to invigorate the mind into which I had fallen during the last few days! Blessed be His name!

At Carlsruhe, ("built like a fan, of which the streets are the ribs, and the tower from which you see it, the bulb,") he enjoyed the forest scenery, and pronounced his rest there to be "good, very good."

July 16th. . . . Baden. Certainly, it is a lovely spot; nothing is common, nothing is without its point. The undulating hills all around, clad with the deep, close velvet of the Black Forest, keep the place at all times in a dress of state. But I am sure that it shares the climate of Aix and Carlsbad, and, down in its luscious valleys, would suck out every energy of mind and body. Ascended hill in a carriage to view Alte Schloss. . . . When one stands on the pinnacle of these remnants of former days, and surveys, even to giddiness, the terrible abyss below, the almost unassailable strength of the fortress, and endeavours to estimate the vice and violence against which these preparations were made, and the sorrows and fears their inmates must have often endured—first one heartily, ay most heartily, blesses God that our lot is cast in a milder and a better age; and then one proceeds to sympathise with those victims of robbery and murder, who, to flee from power, had made their nest in a rock. All this sentiment continues in full force until you descend to the Neue Schloss below, and there inspect the distressing dungeons and all the various inventions and appliances of incarceration and torture. These scoundrels inflicted as much as they suffered; it was defect of means, not excess of compassion, that restrained their hands; the wretch that screamed on the rack, or pined in the oubliette, had forecast the same for the monster that thrust him in. These things, although memorials of events long past, turn me quite sick. I felt the same at Ratisbon three years ago; I felt it here. Ay, well may we say with David, "Let me fall into the hands of God, and not into the hands of men!"

July 17th.—Read one of the "Tales of the Genii" to the kids, making such verbal alterations and omissions as propriety required. Works of fiction may be read in moderation with considerable effect; and specially such as these, where there is always a high tone of morality and sentiment. The author, by a hazardous attempt to render, by his descriptions, the indulgence of the passions odious, has excited thoughts which should ever be suppressed. The best way to avoid sin is not to know it; the knowledge of evil brought in both the practice and the love thereof.

July 18th. . . . These Germans lead an easy, sensual, sleepy life of placid and noiseless current. It is wonderful that creatures of such a vegetative habit should have produced, and should still be producing, men and things of so high an order. Intellectually they are very great; were they physically equal in their energies to the British people there would be nothing on earth to compare with them—but it is not so. One Englishman will perform his work in half the time that it takes two Germans to consider it, and whether it be the stoker of a steain-

boat, a banker's clerk, or a commissioner of police, or a gentleman at dinner, the British nation will save both time and trouble. Surely their mode of life in the present day, their constant and friendly intercourse, their tranquil smoking, their baths, their gardens, their naps, their mid-day retirement, are a wonderful contrast to the savage conflict, the uproarious festivals, the dirt, the prisons, and the everlasting watchfulness against danger, of the Middle Ages.

In Strasburg a visit was paid to the grand monument of Marshal Saxe.

The piece of sculpture has made a great noise in Europe.* I confess that, greatly as I admired many parts of it, the figure of the Marshal made me laugh. He looks like a principal singer coming forward to the lamps at the theatre to give us a popular air; all smiles and self-possession. The female figure is unequalled, and there is much original genius and execution in the figure of Death. As for the British lion, the Dutch bear, and the sentimental Hercules, they are good, but irresistibly comic!

Much later in life Lord Shaftesbury took an active part in the movement in London for funeral reforms; and was even an advocate of cremation. It is interesting to catch a glimpse of his views on these subjects at this early date.

. . . Taken to see a dried Count of Nassau and his dried daughter, all in their fine clothing as they were embalmed and buried four hundred years ago. What is this passion that people have had, and still have, to battle with Nature, and resist, if they can, the decree, "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return?" Do they believe in the resurrection of the body? If so, let them trust the power and goodness of God. Do they disbelieve it? What satisfaction to prolong the existence of a shrivelled, sapless, disfigured, and disgusting carcase! . . .

Alsace suggests to him this query:—

Why did the Allies in 1815, when they adjusted the kingdoms of Europe, leave this German territory in the hands of France? It was acquired by fraud and violence, by the actions of war in a period of peace, under the authority of that arch-villain and exceeding charlatan, Louis "*le Grand*." It is "as one of the royal cities," and should be restored to the German Confederation. I believe, however, that it is not ill-governed; and had it been restored to Germany would probably have been annexed to some second-rate Duchy.

In his journeys Lord Ashley always took care to try and find out what signs of activity were being shown in Christian work, and at Basle, the "Holy City" of Switzerland, he discovered more regard for religion than in any other town of the Republic. There were missionary establishments and Bible societies and Evangelical preachers and Sabbath observances.

Called on the Professor Hoffmann; found him kind, intelligent, and pious. He gave an encouraging account of the progress of Christian principle and Christian action in Germany. He stated that, seven years ago, he knew but five

* It represents the Marshal as in the act of descending into the tomb, opened for his reception by Death, while a female figure, symbolising France, strives to detain him; and Hercules, in mournful attitude, leans upon his club.

persons of station who took any interest in missionary operations; he now knows fifty; and that their meetings, which at one time were "well" attended by twenty persons, numbered at present nearly four thousand.

As set against this, however, he found that the progress of systematic and avowed "Freethinking"—the foe he was hereafter to meet in constant battle—was increasing to an alarming degree, and spreading even among the poorer sort.

Here is a peculiarity among the German *literati*; professorial chairs are held, and public lectures given, by men of open, acknowledged, and boastful Atheism; nor does opinion frown them down. We have bad people in England, but few dare to parade their make-beliefs with ostentation and joy.

. . . Saw the cathedral—curious, and worth the walk if it were only to pay respect to the memory of Erasmus. I have always a sneaking sympathy with that man; he saw the truth, loved it, and yet he dared not to be a martyr in the hour of trial. I fear I should have been a hare like him.

The fountains of the towns and villages, combining ornament and use in a signal manner, were to Lord Ashley a most agreeable feature:—

Had I a landed property I should erect them in every village for the convenience of the people. The resort to them in the evening recalls the primitive times and the narratives of Scripture. Just now, under the window, there are assembled at one fountain several women with their vessels, a number of naked-legged children, and many cows and oxen drinking. "Our father Jacob gave us this well and drank thereof himself, his children, and his cattle!" . . . The sunset was lovely: and, as it lighted up the distant peaks of the snowy range of the Alps with its parting rays, revived the consolatory words of our blessed Lord, "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come again unto you!"

Even at such an early date as 1846, the hand of change was working wonders in Switzerland:—

Aug. 1st.—Interlaken. . . . I saw this place two-and-twenty years ago; it was then a beautifully rural spot, an Auburn to have delighted Goldsmith. Cows, cottages, and peasants, everything in harmony with the scenery around, and the few strangers who fitted past, or stationed themselves for a while in the modest inn, had all the air of travellers, persons who had trodden, or were preparing to tread, the mountains. This evening I drove along a miniature revival of the Parisian boulevards—shops, benches, groups of fashionables in suitable conversation, hotels, casinos, and all that can banish the country and bring in the town. The hills are still high, and the pastures green, but they are peopled by a different race, and

"All, save the spirit of man, is divine!"

At Grindelwald the freshness and vivacity of the air gave all the party elasticity and spirit, "with a capacity," says Lord Ashley, "I, at least, had not known since I left England, to enjoy life." His admiration of the glacier was unbounded:—

Never was a river born so suddenly and so magnificently. It does not come creeping in a thread-like stream, from small and silent fountains, but gushes

forth in full size, like Minerva from Jupiter's head, and rushing with thunder into an amphitheatre of mountains, escapes through the windings of the valley. On either side of these mighty pyramids of ice, stands an enormous mountain of naked granite, and behind them rise the lofty and terrible peaks of the Vischerhorn, covered with masses of everlasting snow. There they all stand in the stillest and most awful majesty, engaged, as it were, to watch the only thing that has sound and motion, the river, which issues forth from a beautiful archway—beautiful in the form and colour of the ice—at the foot of the glacier.

The illness of his son Maurice, who was one of the party, had given cause from time to time for great anxiety, and on the 4th of August, the following entry appears in the Diary:—

Maurice has become languid as a drooping flower; the good effects of the place are gone back; we must return without delay to England. . . .

The determination was not altogether in opposition to Lord Ashley's desires.

I felt wonderfully well, and gloriously enjoyed existence, when on the Wengern Alp; I know not that I have been really elastic at any other time during this tour.

They returned at once to Interlaken, and from thence the travellers proceeded to Berne, *en route* for Rotterdam.

Aug. 19.—Rotterdam. Went to see a Dutch Fair, amused beyond all precedent; could have spent hours, had but minutes. We must, if it please God, have at some future time a tour in Holland, and a leisurely one; nothing could be more interesting and instructive. . . . Why did we ever (God forbid that we should repeat such a folly) go to war with the Dutch? Our interests are alike; one or two trifling questions of trade may, for a while, place us in opposition, though on false grounds, but our great political interests, all that concerns our social and national positions, are the same. . . .

The passage from Rotterdam, occupying thirty-six hours, was accomplished in a dreadfully rolling sea, with an adverse wind, heavy rains, and an awful thunder-storm, but owing to a severe attack of *mal de mer*, Lord Ashley says:—

I regarded them with the indifference of a man who has more important things to think of.

On the last page of the Diary there is the following note:—

This journal, like the three of preceding dates, re-opened for the first time (after having being written) in August, 1880. Never kept, afterwards, the journal of a tour. The re-perusal of them is best described in Cowper's words:—

“How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again and louder still,
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on!
*With easy force it opens all the cells
Where memory slept.*”

And so here. What experience of life ! what tenderness of feeling, what truth of heart ! what depth of simplicity in these lines !

In all these journals, which I bequeath to my beloved daughter Victoria, there may be seen consistency of the past with the present. May have been right, may have been wrong, but at least do not contradict myself and make the last half of my life antagonistic to the first. Great infirmity, much trace throughout of original sin, and yet, though now, on a revision, could wish, were it possible, to add much to what is gone by, see nothing to take away. Never intended for the eyes of any one but of myself and of that beloved woman now gone to her rest, they are the entries of one day after another ; and everything may be said against them but the charge that they were not hearty and sincere. Victoria may find them interesting and, possibly, even profitable.

Almost immediately after his return to London, Lord Ashley received two important letters, one from Bath, and the other from Oxford, inviting him to be the representative in Parliament of each of these constituencies. He briefly records the fact in his Diary, and adds :—

Nightmare ! and dreams all night. Went up, of course “for my degree.” *

Later on he writes :—

Oct. 3rd.—Offers from Bath to represent that place at the next election—replied that I wished to have some assurances and guarantees as to support and expense. Many, from the county, urge my reconsideration of Dorset ; but the matter is very doubtful. The Protection party are determined to regain all that they have lost, and will, therefore, oppose my *at least quiet* return. I am not prepared with any seat, nor have I, except Bath, any prospect of one.

Dec. 26th.—Many kind letters from Bath, still urging me to become a candidate, and engaging to bear every expense. I am not anxious to accept the offer ; I have, indeed, ceased to be anxious, at least I fancy so, to enter Parliament again ; but I must receive the deputation. I should prefer, no doubt an honourable return to my own county, but my enemies there are bitter and my friends are slow—every word that I read from the county confirms me in my judgment, that I ought not to place myself forward unless invited by a requisition, which, in all likelihood, I shall never have. . . .

The month of October found Ireland on the brink of starvation. Lord Ashley had maintained that every one ought, by private self-denial, to aid the legislative effort for relief, and abridge his own consumption, that “all might have a little.” He never advised others to do what he was not prepared to do himself, and it is not surprising therefore to meet with these records :—

Oct. 7th.—Found all provisions rising in price. Gave orders that no more potatoes should be bought for the house. We must not, by competing in the market, raise the cost on the poor man. He has nothing after this to fall back upon. . . .

Dec. 12th.—Ireland is manifestly set for our punishment, the slow but just

* He used to say that, whenever he had a restless or disturbed night, his dreams always recurred to the “going up” for his degree at Oxford.

punishment of a ruling power that thrust upon it Popery, anarchy, and unsympathising proprietors. The nation is irreconcilable to the Saxon authority. Our late repentance, and numerous benefits, are perverted to our injury. Famine stalks through the land. We expend money for their maintenance at the rate of £127,000 a week; and the starving peasantry can save, from this effort of mercy and munificence, enough to purchase arms to a greater extent than was ever before known for the assault and overthrow of their benefactors! And yet so besotted are we, that all this is turned into an additional argument for the endowment of the Irish priesthood! . . .

December 29th.—Ireland is terrible, terrible, terrible. And the year 1847 will be worse than 1846. Counsel has perished from among us. We are at our wit's end. It is a just retribution for our sins towards that country. "Be sure your sin will find you out."

A few extracts from the Diary, selected from many, will tell, in the briefest way, what were the subjects pressing upon the thoughts of Lord Ashley towards the end of this year of ceaseless activity:—

Sept. 1st.—A Pope called Pius IX. has mounted the Roman throne. He is "like the Son of Nimshi," he "driveth furiously." He will soon be the most popular, as he seems to be the most liberal, man of his day. Shouts attend him wherever he goes. His plans for "reform" are more rapid and more extensive than the capacity, at the moment, of the people to receive them! To what will all this grow? Most assuredly these political advances cannot co-exist with the maintenance of ecclesiastical monarchy.

Sept. 16th.—The "Evangelical Alliance" is, like the Anti-Corn-Law League, a "great fact." It does not appear likely, however, to have practical results in the same proportion—its chief result, for the present, must be that such a meeting could have been collected and conducted on such principles and in such a manner.

Oct 25th.—Dined last night with Kingscote, to consider plan for larger admission of laity to services in the Church. To be submitted to the Bishop of London. Our consultation seemed to prosper, and all present were of one mind. It is a great undertaking, and involves, so far as our human eyes can see, the permanency and efficiency of the Church of England.

Two days later Lord Ashley wrote to Lord John Russell to request an interview, in order that he might talk to him on the state of the Church, and on the 29th he called on him by appointment. The interview was a hurried one, but the conversation then commenced was resumed at a further interview on the 31st.

Oct. 31st.—I have, thank God, done my duty; I have "testified" to this Prime Minister, as I did to the last; the fruit from both may be about equal; but I prefer Russell as a man to Sir R. Peel.

Nov. 14th.—Yesterday to Broadwall to meet Committee on Ragged School—established a class of industry for one evening in the week: tailoring and shoe-making for the boys, needlework for the girls—have undertaken to pay the expense; am in hopes of making nearly sufficient by one article in the *Quarterly Review* on "Ragged Schools." . . .

Macaulay argues, and well, that the term "superficial" is relative, and can seldom be applied accurately. That which is profound in one day becomes shallow in another; the utmost depths of Roger Bacon would be paddling-pools for the schoolboys of our day. This is not the objection to be raised against education altogether, or even the education of the present era. My objection is that all are taught alike, whatever their stations, hopes, views, and necessities—there is little practical, little of use for future application, and boys are ill-educated, not because their knowledge is acquired by rote and lies mainly on the surface, but because they are lifted above their political and social station, filled with personal conceits, and inflated with notions that they are fit to reform the world, and then govern it.

Dec. 31st.—Cræsus would be pauperised if he were to meet half the demands that are made upon me every month! Alas, I must refuse the largest proportion, and give very sparingly to the remainder. I say "alas," because the cases are oftentimes meritorious, and I shall always be misrepresented, and frequently misunderstood. Many people choose to believe that I am rich, and ask accordingly; yet more than half of my income is borrowed, to be repaid at some future day, with heavy accumulations of interest; eight children, the two eldest costing me more than £200 a year each; a ninth coming, and an allowance from my father of only £100 annually more than I had as a Bachelor at Oxford! Are these sources of wealth? . . .

CHAPTER XV.

1847—1850. THE TEN HOURS BILL.

THE great struggle for the Ten Hours Bill was drawing near its end, and, by the irony of fate, the victory was to be achieved while Lord Ashley was out of Parliament. The winter of 1846-7 had seen him in Lancashire, attending meetings in every large town, and adopting all possible means to support the efforts which Mr. Fielden was to resume in Parliament in the ensuing Session. Everywhere Lord Ashley met with an enthusiastic reception. He reminded his hearers that his opponents used to taunt him about the Corn Laws, and argue that there lay the obstacle which prevented the passing of his Ten Hours Bill. "With respect to myself," he said, at a public meeting at Manchester, "I know the arguments I used to encounter while the Corn Law was yet in force—how often it was said, 'You are the cause of the long-time vexation; it is you who are to blame, because, for your own exclusive interest, you keep up the price of bread, and prevent us from entering into competition with foreign manufacturers.' I recollect perfectly well one of your present members saying, 'If I vote for the noble lord on the Ten Hours Bill, will he follow me into the lobby for a division on a motion for the repeal of the Corn Laws?'" He went on to say that, now he had voted for repeal, he asked for concession in return.

The object of Lord Ashley on all occasions, was to encourage and stimulate the friends of the movement to rally round Mr. Fielden with the same enthusiasm with which they had rallied round him. Many, out of friendship for himself, had said, "We may as well relax our efforts, and wait until Lord Ashley is again in Parliament," not realising that he was anxious, not for his own honour, but that the measure might be launched on the crest of the popular wave.

It must not be supposed that he alone was bearing the whole brunt of the battle. In various parts of the country Mr. Oastler and others were vigorously prosecuting similar labours, while a weekly periodical, *The Ten Hours Advocate*, published by Mr. Philip Grant, an able and zealous colleague, was, under the advice and guidance of Lord Ashley, doing good service to the cause.*

On the 26th of January, Mr. Fielden moved for leave to bring in the Ten Hours Bill; the motion was seconded by Mr. Ferrand, and leave was given. On the second reading (Feb. 10) the subject was discussed for several hours,

* Alfred's "History of the Factory Movement," p. 248.

Mr. Hume strenuously opposing the measure on grounds of political economy, and Mr. Roebuck, who never lost an opportunity of attack, assailing it on all sides.

There is a natural and mournful ring in the following words from the Diary:—

Feb. 10th.—Factory Bill is under discussion in the House of Commons. I lingered in the lobby; had not spirit to enter the House; should have been nervously excited to reply, and grieved by inability to do so.

March 1st.—Intense anxiety about Factory Bill. I dream of it by day and by night, and work as though I had charge of the Bill.

March 12th.—Lady De Grey observed to me, last night, that I was grown silent, and had lost all my spirits. It is quite true. I have, during the last two or three years, been growing more melancholy and even stupid. It is, perhaps, because I have little or no play, and that makes Jack a dull boy.

March 17th.—Long labour yesterday in furnishing John Russell, at his request, with notes for a speech.

Notwithstanding all opposition, the second reading was eventually carried by a majority of 108, and on the 3rd of May the third reading, after an animated debate, was likewise carried by a majority of 63!

When, ten days later (May 13), the Bill was introduced into the House of Lords, it was observed that the attendance of bishops was larger than had ever been known on any previous occasion.

The Earl of Ellesmere (formerly Lord Francis Egerton), moved the second reading, which Lord Faversham seconded. Lord Brougham then rose, and, apologising for interrupting the unanimity which Lord Faversham had hoped would characterise their proceedings, at once addressed himself to “the large number of right reverend prelates whom he saw assembled opposite,” and laid before them his views of the question in its relation to the morals of the people. The vote for the second reading was carried by a majority of forty-two.

On the 17th of May the bishops again mustered in full force. The debate was one of the most interesting ever listened to in the House of Lords, the most remarkable speech being that of the Bishop of Oxford, who set himself to the task of meeting the arguments used in opposition to the Bill, which were grounded in great measure upon a number of untrue assertions, and then, passing on to the discussion of the practical question at issue, he asked, “Could their lordships believe, that upon the last two hours’ labour of trembling hands, tending upon that machinery, after long, unceasing, and heart-consuming attention, when Nature almost refused to perform her functions—could their lordships believe that upon those two last hours depended all the profits and accumulations of the manufacturers? He believed that the work done in those two last hours was infinitely inferior in quality to that which was done in any other portion of the day; it was demanding work when Nature refused the power of working!”

The Bill was read a second time without a division, nearly every member

of the Bench of Bishops voting in its support, and on the 1st of June it passed its final stage.

May 18th.—The Bishops behaved gallantly—13 remained to vote; three spoke, and most effectively: London, Oxford, St. David's; Clarendon (!) and Brougham (!!) in opposition. This will do very much to win the hearts of the manufacturing people to Bishops and Lords—it has already converted the hard mind of a Chartist Delegate.

June 1st.—Six o'clock. News that the Factory Bill has just passed the third reading. I am humbled that my heart is not bursting with thankfulness to Almighty God—that I can find breath and sense to express my joy. What reward shall we give unto the Lord for all the benefits He hath conferred upon us? God, in His mercy, prosper the work, and grant that these operatives may receive the cup of Salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord! Praised be the Lord, praised be the Lord, in Christ Jesus! . . .

This great victory was received throughout the country with intense enthusiasm. The rejoicings in the manufacturing districts were such as had never been seen before. Lord Ashley and Mr. Fielden were greeted with ovations wherever they went; many of the mill-owners welcomed the change, and arranged for festivities in honour of the occasion. Medals were struck in commemoration of the event, and the Queen was graciously pleased to receive, at the hands of Lord Ashley, one of these medals sent to her by the factory operatives.

The importance of the Act of 1847 becomes very apparent, when we remember that out of 544,876 persons employed (according to the returns of that year) in the textile industries, no less than 363,796 were young persons and women, whom the Act directly affected; the time of their labour being limited, from the 1st of July, when the Act came into force, to eleven hours a day or sixty-three hours weekly, and from May the 1st, 1848, to ten hours a day or fifty-eight hours weekly.

For forty years the subject had been before the world, and for fourteen years Lord Ashley had been working incessantly for the boon now granted. He had, at the first, demanded that the agitation should be carried on in the most conciliatory manner possible, and now that the great principle of the Ten Hours' limit had been affirmed by the Legislature, he urged that there should be no noisy or affronting exultation. Three days after the Bill had passed its final stage, he addressed a letter to the Short-Time Committees as follows:—

MY GOOD FRIENDS,—Although there is no longer any necessity to name you collectively and as united together for the purpose of obtaining a reduction of the hours of working in factories, I will address a few words to you, in your capacity of representatives of the whole operative body, on questions of the highest and dearest interest.

First, we must give most humble and hearty thanks to Almighty God for the unexpected and wonderful success that has attended our efforts. We have won the great object of all our labours—the Ten Hours Bill has become the law of

the land ; and we may hope, nay, more, we believe that we shall find in its happy results, a full compensation for all our toils.

But, with your success have commenced new duties. You are now in possession of those two hours which you have so long and so ardently desired ; you must, therefore, turn them to the best account, to that account which was ever in the minds of your friends and advocates when they appealed to the Legislature on behalf of your rights as immortal beings, as citizens and Christians.

You will remember the principal motive that stimulated your own activity, and the energetic aid of your supporters in Parliament, was the use that might be made of this leisure for the moral improvement of the factory people, and especially the female workers, who will now enjoy far better opportunities both of learning and practising those duties which must be known and discharged if we would have a comfortable, decent, and happy population.

You will experience no difficulty, throughout your several districts, in obtaining counsel or assistance on these subjects. The clergy, the various ministers, the medical men—all who have been so forward and earnest in your cause—will, I am sure, be really delighted to co-operate with your efforts.

I need not, I know, exhort you to an oblivion of past conflicts, and to hearty endeavour for future harmony. I trust that there will be no language of triumph, as though we had defeated an enemy. Let us be very thankful that the struggle is over, and that we can once more combine, not only the interests, but also the feelings, of employer and employed, in a mutual understanding for the comfort and benefit of each other, and for the welfare of the whole community.

I cannot entertain a doubt that you will have anticipated me in this respect ; it has been my endeavour from the beginning to seek and to advise all methods of conciliation ; and I can safely declare, that in the periods of the greatest ardour or disappointment, I never heard, either in meetings or from individuals, a single vindictive expression.

Although the final completion of this great measure has been achieved by another, I could not, after so many years of labour, take leave of it altogether without a few words to you of advice and congratulation. To no one could the lot have fallen so happily as to our friend Mr. Fielden. He joined me in 1833 in the introduction of the first Bill, and has been ever since, as you well know, your able, energetic, and unshrinking advocate.

In bidding you farewell, I do not retire from your service. I shall, at all times, hold myself in readiness to aid you in any measures that may conduce to the moral and physical welfare of yourselves and of your children ; and I shall, indeed, most heartily pray that it may please God to prosper this consummation of our toils with every public and private blessing.

I remain, your very affectionate friend and servant,

ASHLEY.

It will be well in this place, perhaps, to glance at some of the subsequent features in the history of the Ten Hours movement.

At the time of the passing of the Act a great commercial crisis caused many factories to stop working, or at least to work only half time. There was, therefore, at first, a reduction of wages, solely due, not to the Act, but to a concurrent stagnation of trade. When, however, in May, 1848, the Ten

Hours Day came to be adopted, a revival of production had taken place. The legal working day was reckoned to begin at 5.30 a.m. and to end at 8.30 p.m., and the manufacturers took advantage of this to work their young persons by a system of "relays" and—what was still worse—of "shifts" of hands, so as to keep the operatives employed, and the mills in action, the whole of this time. The masters who kept the time prescribed by the Act, were loud in their denunciations of the practice. There was a struggle between the manufacturers and the Inspectors on this point; and the country justices, of the manufacturing class, assisted the mill-owners in thus evading the purposes of the Act. Great alarm was created among the operatives, and, in order to allay it, a test case was got up by the Lancashire Central Short-Time Committee, and tried, when the bench decided that the law was not explicit enough to enable them to convict, and an appeal was entered to carry the case before a superior court.

Throughout the year 1849 there was intense anxiety amongst the friends of the Ten Hours movement, who feared that the whole question would have to be re-opened in Parliament. The old Committees were re-established, tours of inspection were organised; all the machinery of agitation had to be called again into use, and it was found that the system of "relays" was spreading in all directions. The Masters' Association, on the other hand, was equally active, and petitions were drawn up against the Ten Hours Bill, and circulated freely.

A few extracts from the Diary will show Lord Ashley's attitude towards the question during this anxious time:—

March 5th, 1849.—The Ten Hours law is in jeopardy: God gave it us in His mercy, and admirably has it worked, no reduction of wages, no flight of capital, no misuse of vacant hours, nay, the reverse of all this. Some of the masters, a small, thank God, though powerful minority, have discovered a means of evasion. The Government say that they cannot prevent it, and they will, therefore, partially legalise it! Here is fresh toil, fresh anxiety. Would to God it were settled for ever!

June 8th.—Old John Fielden is dead. . . . Poor old Fielden; he had many kind qualities, and was a true and energetic friend to the Ten Hours Bill: greatly, indeed, am I, and the operatives also, indebted to him, and we shall miss him very seriously now, when wealth and capital and avarice and power are again in arms against weakness and poverty. The mighty boon of the Ten Hours law is nullified by fraud and abused justice; and they seek now to annihilate it by open legislation!

Oct. 4th. . . . The Ten Hours agitation still alive. Mr. Oastler and Mr. Stephens have seized the opportunity to revile me and place themselves at the head of the operatives; but I rejoice to say that the operatives will neither believe them nor accept them. This matter must be speedily determined by an appeal to one of the Superior Courts: it is disgraceful that the Home Secretary has so long neglected this pressing necessity.

Nov. 1st.—Mr. Oastler and a crew of others (I can use no milder term), including Sam Fielden (why he?) are denouncing and reviling me in every

society, by day and by night, in speech and on paper, as a traitor, and a thousand other things, to the Ten Hours Bill. God knows my sincerity, my labours, vexations, losses, injuries to health, fortune, comfort, position in that cause. It is true I told the workpeople that I would assent (if *they* would assent, but not without) to the concession of *half* an hour, provided they received in return the immediate and final settlement of the question, and the limitation of the range from *fifteen* to *twenty* hours, a concession the masters alone could make. Here is my offence, and I am too busy, and also too tired to begin a controversial defence. Like Hezekiah, I "spread it before the Lord." . . . I wish I could be cheerful, but mirth hath perished.

It was not until the 8th of February, 1850, that the test case came on for hearing in the Court of Exchequer. The decision was awaited with feverish anxiety, as it seemed that the whole effect of the statute hinged upon it, and the adverse judgment of Mr. Baron Parke, in which it was decided that the system of "shifts" and "relays" was not contrary to the letter of the Act, was received with dismay.

Feb. 1st, 1850.—Judges will decide adversely on factory case submitted to them, and thus legalise relays! The Attorney-General said to me this afternoon, "They will give judgment, not according to law, but on policy. Judge Parke," he added, "observed to me, 'I have no doubt that the framers of the Act intended that the labour should be continuous, but as it is a law to restrain the exercise of capital and property, it must be construed stringently.'" Might not this judge have said and thought, with equal justice and more feeling, "This is a law to restrain oppression and cruelty, and alleviate an actual slavery under a nominal freedom. I will, therefore, construe it liberally!" . . .

Feb. 15th.—Adverse judgment in Court of Exchequer. Great remedial measure, the Ten Hours Act, nullified. The work to be done all over again; and I seventeen years older than when I began! But, as I did not commence, so neither shall I renew it, in my own strength. My sufficiency, if there be any, is of God.

It was now clear that the cruel system which had been declared legal, would spread rapidly throughout the manufacturing districts. But Lord Ashley was equal to the emergency, and, having in the interval taken his seat for Bath, he, four days after the decision had been given, introduced the question into the House of Commons, by calling the attention of the Government to the necessity for "taking some steps to obviate the very evil consequences of that decision;" and on March 14, after a smart discussion, obtained leave to bring in a Bill. He insisted upon immediate action, as, in the then present state of things, with the mills going for fifteen hours, and the actual labour of young persons restricted to ten, it resulted in their being turned out into the streets at different intervals during the day, which was not only an incentive to vice, but it made it impossible for Inspectors to ascertain how many hours the hands really worked. Even Mr. John Bright acknowledged the need for settling what was, he admitted in some degree, an unsatisfactory state of the law; but he took occasion to charge Lord Ashley with posing at one time as the "hired advocate" of those who were anxious

to paint in the blackest colours the condition of the manufacturing districts, "and at another time as if he were engaged, in consequence of the passing of the Ten Hours Bill, to paint an entirely different people."

Throughout the Session the Ten Hours question was constantly before the House, and every stage in its progress was guarded anxiously by Lord Ashley. Sir George Grey, on behalf of the Government, proposed a plan to which Lord Ashley had previously agreed—namely, in return for the strict limitation between six and six, to allow ten and a half hours labour per day, and not more than sixty hours per week. The real compensation in this was—and it was worth all the rest—that the time of labour was limited to a range of twelve hours with a *certain termination* at six o'clock. There were many amendments to this proposal, and endless discussions in and out of Parliament. Lord John Manners moved that the factory day should be limited to half past five in the afternoon. Mr. John Bright seconded a proposal to legalise the hateful system of "shifts and relays," and to fix the factory day from half-past five a.m. to half-past eight p.m.! Both of these motions were lost, as was also a motion by Lord Ashley, that children between eight and thirteen years of age should be included in the six to six clause. But although this was lost then, it was afterwards effected by Lord Palmerston, when at the Home Office in 1853.

March 11th, 1850.—Saw Grey; he proposes, in fact, an eleven hours' bill, and admitted that it was so, offering at the same time advantages in the reduction of the range from 15 to 12½ hours; all mills to close at six o'clock. He would not interdict relays, and by permitting them, enable masters to work for eleven hours; why this? All has prospered under the ten hours, why thus propitiate Bright and Ashworth? Evasions would be universal; detection, impossible.

May 7th.—Harassed day after day by this Factory Bill—impossible to get a stringent clause to prohibit relays; tried many and failed—have resolved then, as only hope of getting anything good and secure for the operatives, to accept Government Amendments. I am sure that they are the best terms that ever will be offered, and probably that this is the last time of their being offered. I fear, too, division among the operatives, for, if some reject, some will accept the terms; once divided they are lost, the masters will effect an Eleven Hours Bill!

May 8th.—Harassed exceedingly by Factory affair—resolved to adopt clauses of Government, and wrote letter to *Times* announcing it. Expect from manufacturing districts a storm of violence and hatred. I might have taken a more popular and belauded course, but I should have ruined the question; one more easy to myself, but far from *true* to the people.

May 9th.—Two considerations have greatly determined me to take the resolute course of accepting the Government proposals. First, I felt most distrustful of the disposition of the House to support me in the full demand for the "ten hours." The majority, that, in 1847, gave victory to the old supporters of the Bill, were governed, not by love to the cause, but, by anger towards Peel and the Anti-Corn Law League. Had not these passions interposed, there would have been no unusual "humanity." Our position in this respect, is now altered. Secondly, it is manifest that neither party (the employers, or the men) is striving

for what is considered to be really essential. The two additional hours could give nothing of value to the amount of production; the two hours spread over the week, could take nothing of importance from the operatives, the rule being constant and rigid that the mills should be closed at six o'clock every day. They are struggling merely for victory; no side chooses to be beaten. This may be natural, but I could not consent to be the tool. Doubtless it is a blow to my reputation, because many will misunderstand, while many will misrepresent, my position and conduct.

After a long and wearisome course, the Bill was passed, and received the Royal assent on July 26, 1850. It reduced the legal working day for all young persons and women, to the time between six in the morning and six in the evening, with one and a half hours for meals. This permitted ten and a half hours work on five days in the week; on Saturdays no protected person was to work after two. Such was the main feature of the Act 13 & 14 Vic. cap. 54, which has, since 1850, regulated the normal day in English factories.

The principle established by the Ten Hours Bill has had an effect, the importance of which it is difficult to over-estimate, and, owing to the perseverance of Lord Shaftesbury, that principle has been extended, until to-day we have "a complete, minute, and voluminous code for the protection of labour; buildings must be kept pure of effluvia; dangerous machinery must be fenced; children and young persons must not clean it while in motion; their hours are not only limited, but fixed; continuous employment must not exceed a given number of hours, varying with the trade, but prescribed by the law in given cases; a statutable number of holidays is imposed; the children must go to school, and the employer must every week have a certificate to that effect; if an accident happens, notice must be sent to the proper authorities; special provisions are made for bake-houses, for lace-making, for collieries, and for a whole schedule of other special callings; for the due enforcement and vigilant supervision of this immense host of minute prescriptions there is an immense host of inspectors, certifying surgeons, and other authorities, whose business it is 'to speed and post o'er land and ocean' in restless guardianship of every kind of labour, from that of the woman who plaits straw at her cottage door, to the miner who descends into the bowels of the earth, and the seaman who conveys the fruits and materials of universal industry to and fro between the remotest parts of the globe!"*

One of the most interesting circumstances in connection with the later labours of Lord Shaftesbury on behalf of factory operatives was, that his steady perseverance, in the long run, brought round to his side many of those who had most stoutly opposed him. In 1860, Mr. Roebuck, who had formerly been bitterly hostile, stood forth in Parliament and made his public recantation. The question before the House was the labour of children, young persons, and women employed in Bleach-works. He said: "I am about to speak on this question under somewhat peculiar circumstances. Very early in my Parliamentary career Lord Ashley, now the Earl of

* Mr. John Morley's "Life of Cobden."

Shaftesbury, introduced a Bill of this description. . . . I opposed Lord Ashley at that time, and was very much influenced in my opposition by what the gentlemen of Lancashire said. They declared then that it was the last half hour of the work performed by their operatives which made all their profits, and that if we took away that last half hour we should ruin the manufacturers of England. I listened to that statement, and trembled for the manufacturers of England—but Lord Ashley persevered. Parliament passed the Bill which he brought in. From that time down to the present the factories of this country have been under State control, and I appeal to this House whether the manufacturers of England have suffered by this legislation?" (Loud cheers.)* The burden of his speech throughout was, that in his former tooth-and-nail opposition, he had been wrong in almost every particular.

No sooner had Mr. Roebuck concluded than Sir James Graham came up to him, and, laying his hand on his shoulder, said, "I am glad that you have read your recantation, and I will read mine to-morrow." Roebuck's recantation was more fully announced in the following letter, written a few days after his speech in the House :—

Mr. Roebuck, M.P., to Lord Shaftesbury.

19, ASHLEY PLACE, S.W., *March 24, 1860.*

MY DEAR LORD SHAFTESBURY,—I am much obliged by your kind expressions and by your flattering appreciation of my labours on behalf of the women and children working in Bleaching and Dye-works. The praise, however, if any be due, belongs to yourself, for the evidence supplied by the enactments which you promoted made a convert of me, and led me, as far as I was able, to imitate your example and follow in your footsteps. That good will come of last Wednesday's division I feel certain. The success of the measure is now assured, and much misery, which has hitherto disgraced us, will now be prevented. The present state, however, of these poor women and children is a serious lesson to all legislators. It teaches us, in a way not to be mistaken, that we ought never to trust to the justice and humanity of masses of men whose interests are furthered by injustice and cruelty. The slave-owner in America, the manufacturer in England, though they may be individually good men, will, nevertheless, as slave-owners and masters, be guilty of atrocities at which humanity shudders; and will, before the world, with unblushing faces, defend cruelties from which they would recoil with horror if their moral judgments were not perverted by their self-interest. It is happy for us that we have an impartial public around us, who, being unswayed by evil interests, can, without a sacrifice, give a just judgment.

Thanks again for your approval,

Believe me, very sincerely yours,

J. A. ROEBUCK.

True to his word, in a debate upon the same subject (the Bleaching and Dye-Works Bill), Sir James Graham rose and said: "I have a confession to

* *Times*, March 22, 1860.

make to the House. Experience has shown, to my satisfaction, that many of the predictions formerly made against the Factory Bill have not been verified by the result, as, on the whole, that great measure of relief for women and children has contributed to the well-being and comfort of the working classes, whilst it has not injured their masters. . . . By the vote I shall give to-night I will endeavour to make some amends for the course I pursued in earlier life in opposing the Factory Bill." *

In March, 1864, Mr. Gladstone, in a speech on interference by prohibition, referred to the Factory Acts, and said, "It is an interference, as to which it may be said that the Legislature is now almost unanimous with respect to the necessity which existed for undertaking it, and with respect to the beneficial effect it has produced both in mitigating human suffering, and in attaching important classes of the community to Parliament and the Government." In a note written by Lord Shaftesbury in the margin of Mr. Grant's "History of Factory Legislation" are these words: "He does not retract with the honesty of Roebuck and Graham."

In all quarters, testimony was borne to the beneficial effects produced by the intervention of the Legislature in the employment of women and children in factories. To quote such testimony would be an endless and unnecessary labour. One extract only, as a sample, shall be given here. At a meeting of the British Association in Manchester, in September, 1861, Professor Newmarch, in his opening address as President of the Economic Science Statistics Section, after referring to the progress of Factory Legislation, and the "wholly successful" issue of the limitation of hours, said: "It had consolidated society in this part of the island, swept away a great mass of festering and growing discontent, placed the prosperity of the district on a broad, solid, and safe basis; on the orderly, educated, contented labour of Lancashire, a security against foreign competition, a guarantee of power, and fund of undivided profits. These results had followed from the sagacious, persevering, and moral exertions of the advocates of the Ten Hours Bill."

By far the most interesting summary and comment upon the great Factory struggle, is supplied by Lord Shaftesbury in some manuscript notes appended on fly-leaves to Mr. Philip Grant's "History of Factory Legislation." They were written towards the end of his life, and are as follows:—

My friend Grant has made some omissions, and especially in p. 145. He has left out the whole history of what follows on my acceptance of Grey's offer of a "limitation of the hours between 6 and 6, with an hour and a half off for meals," thus making the working day 10½ instead of 10 hours.

It led to a violent disruption. Oastler, Walker, and the Fielden family denounced me as a *traitor*, and never ceased afterwards to hurt and slander me.

I assented on the ground that twenty years of well-balanced conflict showed that neither party could gain its full purpose; and that compromise was the only solution. And the gain to the people was far beyond the concession to the

* *Times*, May 9, 1860.

employers, who, for an additional half hour, surrendered their right to take the hours of labour over an interval of 15 hours with all the means of evasion, and agreed to close their works at 6 o'clock.

This was recognised, at the very first, by very many of the operatives, and, eventually, by all.

It, moreover, prevented a "sore place" by giving neither party the absolute victory. And in nothing have I seen more reason to admire and trust the factory-workers, than in their readiness to conform to my advice (which I gave in abundant letters and speeches) that, while there was much joy, there should be no insolent exultation, no language of triumph, but expressions of gratitude, addresses of friendly sentiments, and desire for harmony and common action.

All this had the desired effect; for the masters, instead of a sulky opposition, were zealous to aid the operations of the measure, and hence, under God, its success.

From the first hour of my movement to the last, I had ever before me, and never lost sight of it, the issue of a restoration of a good understanding between employer and employed.

He has also omitted to note the completion of the Act by bringing, in 1853 (this we owe to Palmerston), the children between 8 and 13 under the 6 to 6 Clause. To this time, though the adults and young persons were liberated after 12 hours' detention on the premises, the children of tender years were detained 15 hours, many of them, in Yorkshire, coming 3 miles to their work.

These new measures (the Extension Acts) were mentioned in the Queen's Speeches both at the opening and the closing of Parliament in 1867.

The next entry, on another fly-leaf, appears to have been written at a later date:—

Forster* suggested that, in the preface to my "published volume" (!) I should set forth many of the obstacles that had beset my progress. This could not be done by myself; the narrative would savour of egoism. But for my children, if this book survive me, I may say that they were many and severe. I had to break every political connection, to encounter a most formidable array of capitalists, mill-owners, doctrinaires, and men, who, by natural impulse, hate all "humanity-mongers." They easily influence the ignorant, the timid, and the indifferent; and my strength lay at first ("tell it not in Gath!") among the Radicals, the Irishmen, and a few sincere Whigs and Conservatives. Peel was hostile, though, in his cunning, he concealed the full extent of his hostility until he took the reins of office, and then he opposed me, not with decision only but malevolence, threatening, he and Graham, to break up his administration and "retire into private life" unless the House of Commons rescinded the vote it had given in favour of my Ten Hours Bill. The Tory country gentlemen reversed their votes; but, in 1847, indignant with Peel on the ground of Corn Law repeal, they returned to the cause of the factory children.

Fielden and Brotherton were the only "practical" men, as the phrase then went, who supported me, and to "practical" prophecies of overthrow of trade, of ruin to the operatives themselves, I could only oppose "humanity" and general

* John Forster, author of "Life of Dickens," and many other works.

principles. The newspapers were, on the whole, friendly ; some very much so. A few, especially the local journals, inconceivably bitter, though balanced by local papers sound and hearty in their support.

Out of Parliament, there was in society every form of "good-natured" and compassionate contempt. In the provinces, the anger and irritation of the opponents were almost fearful ; and men among first classes of workpeople, overlookers and others, were afraid to avow their sentiments. It required, during many years, repeated journeys to Lancashire and Yorkshire, no end of public meetings in the large towns ; visits, committees, innumerable hours, intolerable expense. In very few instances did any mill-owner appear on the platform with me ; in still fewer the ministers of any religious denomination. At first not one, except the Rev. Mr. Bull, of Brierley, near Bradford ; and even to the last, very few, so cowed were they (or in themselves so indifferent) by the overwhelming influence of the cotton lords.

I had more aid from the medical than the divine profession ; and ever must I record the services and skill of Mr. Fletcher of Bury.

The demands upon time and strength were quite up to my powers, and, indeed, much beyond them. I suffered a good deal.

The operatives themselves did their duty. Their delegates, whom they maintained at their own cost, were always active and trustworthy men : specially my friend and fellow-labourer, Philip Grant, who was, in my support, as two right hands.

Perhaps the various efforts made by Sir R. Peel to induce me to take office were amongst the greatest of my difficulties. The attractions of office were not weighty ; but Sir R. Peel wishing, not so much to have me as a member of his Government as to withdraw me from the Factory Bill, spared no entreaties, no "flatteries," no almost falsehoods, to entice me. He shifted his ground in every way, first one thing, then another. Among other things, the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, as "a man who would have great influence over the clergy to induce them to accept reforms."

In the *Times* of Saturday, April 11th, 1868, there is a review of the Life of Wilberforce ! There are many things said in it of him that might be said of me, but they never will be. He started with a Committee and a Prime Minister to back him. I started to assail home interests, with every one, save a few unimposing persons, against me. O'Connell was a sneering and bitter opponent ; Gladstone ever voted in resistance to my efforts ; and Brougham played the doctrinaire in the House of Lords.

Bright was ever my most malignant opponent. Cobden, though bitterly hostile, was better than Bright. He abstained from opposition on the Collieries Bill, and gave positive support on the Calico Print-works Bill.

Gladstone is on a level with the rest ; he gave no support to the Ten Hours Bill ; he voted with Sir R. Peel to rescind the famous division in favour of it. He was the only member who endeavoured to delay the Bill which delivered women and children from mines and pits ; and never did he say a word on behalf of the factory children, until, *when defending slavery in the West Indies*, he taunted Buxton with indifference to the slavery in England !

Lord Brougham was among my most heated opponents. He spoke strongly against the Bill in 1847.

Miss Martineau also gave her voice and strength in resistance to the measure.

By degrees some public men came round. Russell, then Lord John, did me disservice while he was Minister ; he espoused the cause when turned into Opposition. Then Sir G. Grey adhered ; and, towards the end, Macaulay gave us one of his brilliant and effective speeches. My latter years in the House of Commons were dogged by Oastler and the Fieldens, who resented my policy in bringing all things to a happy conclusion by making and accepting concessions to abate too much exultation in the operatives, and too much soreness in the mill-owners.

The pressure upon purse and upon time was very great ; the pressure upon strength was greater, but the pressure on the mind was greatest of all. I endured terrible anxieties.

(I have omitted above that the famous O'Connell was, for a long time, very bitter and hostile, and spoke of the "good-natured nonsense" I delivered. He became, afterwards, much milder.)

What follows was written evidently after another long interval:—

On May 15th, 1869, a great celebration at Bradford to uncover Oastler's statue. The reception the operatives gave me was wonderful. There must have been one hundred thousand people present ; many had come from distant towns in Yorkshire.

CHAPTER XVI.

1847.

THERE were many who did not hesitate to declare that the scare produced by the threatened failure of the potato crop in 1845, and the consequent famine, was neither more nor less than a political *coup*. It was, nevertheless, a terrible fact, and Ireland had been plunged into unprecedented distress. In the autumn of 1846 the disease reappeared with greater virulence than ever; and in 1847 Ireland was in a state of absolute famine. It is impossible to describe the terrible condition of that unhappy country; tens of thousands were threatened with actual starvation, and thousands more were suffering from disease consequent upon insufficient food. Then it was seen that the repeal of the Corn Laws was a stroke of the wisest policy; the ports had not been thrown open one day too soon, nor had the intimation to countries from whence grain could be imported, been given an hour too early. The descriptions in the daily press were of the most harrowing kind, and the whole world was horrified by their shocking details, to which there is, happily, nothing similar on record in the annals of this country. Despite all the efforts that were made, "there was not a house where there was not one dead." It was ascertained by the census of 1851 that a million and a half of persons, of all ages, had disappeared—either starved to death, destroyed by pestilence, or fled the country.

In a great variety of ways the sympathies of Lord Ashley were called out towards the suffering people, to whom constant reference is made in the Diary throughout these years of famine.

February 21st, Sunday.—Sermon for relief of Irish; held one of the plates in Park Street. Largest collection ever known here, £192 14s. 11d. Sad to see how many well-dressed people pass by and give not a brass farthing . . .

February 26th.—Wrote to Bishop of London to urge day of humiliation. It is something to reverence God as a nation, though it be only externally.

March 24th.—The day appointed for fast and national humiliation. At ten o'clock, prayers being ended, some bread and cocoa. The savings in the household-books to go (it is the homage, not the sum) to some Irish fund. Were this done in every family, thousands of pounds might be collected. It has been a comfortable day to me; the service, the reading, the conversation, have all been consolatory and profitable. Seldom have I known my heart more touched, or my eyes more full. . . . O God, may this people stand before Thee in penitence, in prayer, confession, and forgiveness! May they yet be Thy instruments, for honour to Thee and welfare to the human race, Thy chosen soldiers of the Cross of Christ against ~~sin~~ and the devil!

In the early part of the year Lord Ashley was engaged in rendering important service to Lord John Russell, who was about to submit to Parliament a scheme for the education of the people, based upon the grant of £100,000 to be asked for during the Session. He proposed to exclude Roman Catholics from the benefit of the grant, and to take up their case in a separate form. The details of his plan were submitted to the House on the 19th April, when he expressed his belief that any proposal for making State education purely secular would be opposed to the opinion of Parliament.

April 1st.—Much engaged in endeavouring to bring the Wesleyan body to accept and support new scheme of education.

Lord J. Russell to Lord Ashley.

CHESHAM PLACE, April 7, 1847.

MY DEAR ASHLEY,—Your exertions to induce the Wesleyans to accept our Minutes will, I trust, be successful.

But at all events, I cannot refrain from expressing the obligations which I feel to you for your very active and judicious endeavours to obtain the support of that most valuable body to our Minutes.

I remain, ever yours faithfully,

J. RUSSELL.

April 15th.—All is well! The Wesleyans have accepted the Minutes. May God prosper the issue! Took chair in evening yesterday of great education meeting in Freemasons' Hall. Very enthusiastic, very successful; everything prospered.

April 23rd.—A majority last night on the Education Minutes of 345, forty-seven only voting against it! I am truly thankful. May the measure be prospered to the advancement of true religion! Now, where would the Government have been had the Wesleyans joined the Dissenters? Their union would have damped the ardour of the Church, and all would have been in confusion.

Lord Ashley had accepted the invitation of an influential deputation that had waited upon him, urging him to stand for the representation of Bath, at the forthcoming General Election, and offering to pay all his expenses; and on the 25th May he addressed the electors. In his opening remarks he gave a graphic description of Parliamentary life. He said:—

I was almost willing to retire from public life, and all its distracting vocations; for, however tempting to the young and inexperienced—however full of promise of usefulness and of honour to those who have never tried it—the House of Commons does not present, to its more practised members, such an amount of unalloyed enjoyment as to render it, of all sublunary things, the most to be desired.

The immense consumption of time, the constant demand on the moral and physical energies, the enormous effort which is required to do the smallest good, and the misunderstanding and abuse which constantly attend that attempt—these circumstances, when seen and felt, greatly diminish the attraction of Parliamentary honours. Add to these the state of public parties, the uncertainty of

the opinions of your own ordinary political friends, and the total impossibility of reposing entire confidence in any public man—consider all these things, and you have but little left to inspire any inordinate desire of senatorial privileges.

The subjects he principally brought forward were those connected with the social condition of the labouring classes, indicating principles rather than precise measures, and holding himself free to decide the time and mode of asserting them; but, in all, he pledged himself to maintain the “great principles of the Constitution in Church and State—those great principles which, ever since the Revolution of 1688, have been recognised and cherished by the people of these realms—the Crown, the Bishops, the Houses of Lords and Commons, and every institution ecclesiastical and civil.”

His opponent was Mr. Roebuck, then his bitterest antagonist in the Factory agitation. Mr. Roebuck had arrayed on his side capital, as well as considerable influence, the Jews alone subscribing £2,000 towards his expenses, and he made, moreover, the usual extravagant display which produced no inconsiderable impression upon a certain class of electors in those days. Lord Ashley, on the other hand, declined to allow banners, processions, or even ribands; determined that if he triumphed, it should be a triumph of principles.

July 24th.—Bath. Arrived yesterday—all seems quiet, and appearances are not bad. It would require a world of argument to make me vote for the repeal of the Septennial Bill; a more frequent repetition of the toils, expenses, excitement, and evil passions of a contested election would be awfully injurious to all parties.

July 26th.—Mobbed on Saturday, and struck in the evening by a man, who was instantly seized, his blow having been broken—yet I shall continue to walk about. Violence is expected at the hustings; I trust that the police will do their duty. Attended several committees, very crowded and very hot—all looks pretty well, but “*Dieu dispose.*” Mr. R. is determined, I hear, to wither me by sarcasms—doubtless he will have the opportunity to revile, and I shall have none to answer; but God judge between us!

July 28th.—The nomination has passed off quietly—people noisy, but good-humoured. An immense meeting; Mr. Roebuck, piano in comparison of what I expected, so much so that I could not produce the only part of my speech that I had prepared in answer to his invectives!

Perceived a change in the popular feeling towards end of my speech: cries of “Ashley for ever!” ten times more frequent all this evening than before.

July 31st.—London. No time for entries till this morning—many events; returned, however, thank God, at the head of the poll! * A., 1278; D., 1228; R., 1093.

August 2nd.—I am deeply sensible of the immense value of the mode in which I have been returned, and of the principles asserted in it. I can never sufficiently thank God for the whole event, and for the prospect it has opened to me of restoration to public usefulness. I have been excluded from Parliament

* Lord Ashley, Lord Duncan, Mr. Roebuck. The latter was left at the foot of the poll after a connection of fifteen years with the constituency.

for two Sessions, but the time has not been entirely lost ; and I am now replaced in it in a way the most honourable, and the most pleasant on record in the history of elections. I did not ask a single vote ; I appeared but once in Bath, and made a single speech before the week of the dissolution ; I did not pay a single farthing ; I had not an inch of ribbon, a banner, music, or a procession ; not a penny during six months was expended on beer ; nor had I one paid agent ; the tradesmen conducted the whole, and with singular judgment and concord. This is indeed a model for elections, and heartily do I thank God that the precedent has been set in my instance. We had no mob, no bludgeon-man, and trusted entirely to the police and common sense. . . .

Aug. 7th.—The unanimity of the London press, great and small, the blue-bottles and the gnats, against *me* and for *Roebuck*, is very remarkable. *Punch* of yesterday added his sting. Such perseverance cannot fail of some general effect on the public mind ; for, as Mr. Hardwick, the architect, told us a few days ago, the repeated jars of a train, passing over an *iron* bridge, were equal, in the aggregate, to one mighty blow !

The interest excited in Ragged Schools and the London City Mission showed no sign of diminution. Many influential persons were eager to see the strange sights which Lord Ashley so graphically described by pen and speech. The newspaper press lent material aid in making the subject popular ; and the mustard seed was beginning to spread itself into the largest of trees. Frequent notes similar to the following occur in the Diary :—

March 27th.—To Pye Street at 11 o'clock to show Ragged School to Fox Maule and Mr. Guthrie. Lord, how we ought to bless Thee for this measure of success !

May 1st.—An article in the *Edinburgh Review* on "Ragged Schools," written, evidently, by one who knows nothing of them. No mention of our Ragged Union, no recognition of our labours and services. The spirit of it is good—no tendency to irreligion. Now, I discern the reason of their silence ; I see a contemptuous allusion to factory legislators, and any praise of the Union would involve a praise of myself. Such things are in themselves of no value ; the result is the sum and substance, wherewith we should be content ; but to a public man, the praise of successful efforts, especially if he be a "philanthropist," is stock-in-trade for further enterprise ; to withhold it where it is due, is not so much to injure the man as to retard humanity.

The Broadwall Ragged School in South London owed its existence to the indefatigable labours of Mr. Roger Miller, a City missionary, who had at first gathered about 130 of the most destitute and forsaken children he could find, and, in a tumbledown building, had laboured, week-days and Sundays, to lead them into better paths. Soon the crowds of applicants were too numerous for the accommodation ; and Lord Ashley happening to hear of this, sent for Mr. Miller, to see if something could not be done to assist him in his work.

Lord Ashley seemed to know instinctively the men he could trust, and with whom he could work ; and once having taken kindly to a man he would trust him implicitly, and work with him ungrudgingly. It was so in this case ; and Mr. Miller was soon entered upon his list of friends. This was no meaningless distinction implying mere patronage. He sought out in men

beauty of character and singleness of purpose, and it mattered not to him whether they belonged to the humbler walks of life or to the higher: he gave them his friendship in no ordinary sense of the term. He accepted the motto of the poet Young:—

“Judge before friendship, then confide till death.”

Roger Miller was a man whom Lord Ashley highly esteemed. He was a frequent, and always a welcome visitor, and his simple, earnest devotion to the poor, his practical piety, and his cheerful, hopeful faith, were often helpful to the spiritual life of Lord Ashley. The death of this faithful missionary, just at a time when his labours were more than ever needed, was a serious blow, which deeply affected Lord Ashley.

June 7th.—This morning overwhelmed with grief; but God give us faith and obedience. Miller killed in the Birmingham train on Saturday night. I had seen him in the morning, well and full of zeal. He was going to Manchester to bury his mother. How inscrutable are Thy ways, O Lord! Write this lesson on our hearts. Here was a man rich in good works, piety, truth, service to God and man, labouring by night and day for humanity and religion, and especially amongst the poorest of our race. He is suddenly cut off, his work unfinished, his wife and children left destitute! And this, too, when so many profligate, idle, mischievous, useless, survive. Let us rejoice that we know the issues of life and death to be, not only in the *power*, but in the care, of our Father which is in Heaven! He is gone, I believe, to his rest; and now, O God, give us the will and the means to aid his widow, who is a widow indeed, and the children, who are orphans! But where shall I find another such for the charge of our Ragged School? Where another so full of love, piety, earnestness, discretion, and labour? Lord, Thou knowest. Blessed Saviour of mankind, remember Thine own words—“Feed my lambs.”

June 9th.—A far greater man might have gone out of the world with much less effect. All was grief on Monday at Broadwall; children and adults wept alike, and blessed the memory of poor Miller. I have known men of a hundred thousand a year depart this life, and every eye around dry as the pavement. Here goes a City missionary at thirty shillings a week, and hundreds are in an agony of sorrow. I have lost an intimate friend. We took, I may say, “sweet counsel together.” A gap has been made in my life and occupations which will not easily be filled up.

Lord Ashley had in early life often wished to devote himself to science. At this period in his career he seemed about to devote himself to literature. Two articles from his pen appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for 1847. The first was on Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, whose biography it reviews.

The second article was on “Lodging Houses,” and was written to assist the efforts being made by the Labourers’ Friend Society, in the same way in which the article on Ragged Schools had assisted the Ragged School Union.

It was successful, and paved the way for attempting greater things, not only by the Labourers’ Friend Society, but upon their model, and not in London only but in many of the large provincial towns and cities.

In August Lord Ashley set off on a round of visits, to take a little relaxation before the labours of the new Parliament should commence.

Aug. 12th.—Broadlands. Went over yesterday to St. Giles's. Minny, and the four boys; no one there; place solitary as the plains of Tartary, but, thank God, it looked well and *uninjured*. A few years ago I could have adopted a rural life; I could not, I think, now! My habits are formed on metropolitan activity, and I must ever be groping where there is the most mischief. . . .

Aug. 23rd.—William Cowper writes to Minny, "I hear Ashley sometimes spoken of as the only man who is calculated to lead the majority of the Conservative party, and certainly if he were an ambitious man he might assume a leadership with many followers next Session, particularly on subjects relating to the Church, &c., &c." Well, this is a new view of my futurity; what sport for the newspapers! If they shot at me while I was merely a cocksparrow, what would they do when I had become a Popinjay! no, no, no; I have opinions and feelings, strong and deep; they may be right or wrong; but, right or wrong, they can never lead a party, because no party would follow them.

Aug. 30th.—Ryde. Reading "Missionary Enterprises" by Williams. It may well make us all blush—blush by contrast with the missionaries, blush by contrast with the natives of the South Sea Islands. Zeal, devotion, joy, simplicity of heart, faith and love; and we, here, have barely affection enough to thank God that such deeds have been done. Talk of "doing good" and "being useful in one's generation," why, these admirable men performed more in one month than I or many others shall perform in a whole life! O God, bless our land to Thy service, and make every ship an ark of Noah to bear the Church of Christ and the tidings of salvation, over all the waters of the ocean.

Sept. 17th.—Galloway House. There cannot be a lovelier or more enjoyable spot. The air is so elastic and bracing that it saves one from Sybaritish affections; one feels up to doing something. God give me a stock of health to be used in His service!

Dear old Duchess of Beaufort here; talked much with her on the Second Advent; we both agree and delight in the belief of the personal reign of our blessed Lord on earth. I cannot understand the Scriptures in any other way; it is, however, a doctrine much abhorred by certain people, and greatly ridiculed and persecuted in those who profess it; the adversaries argue and revile as fiercely as though they attacked or maintained the fundamentals of the Christian religion, whereas the reception of this text, however comfortable, is no matter of faith.

Sept. 25th.—Wishaw, Lord Belhaven's. Arrived here yesterday, hospitably received; found Miss Strickland, authoress of "Lives of Queens of England"; put up my bristles in fear, and prepared for an onslaught of blue-stocking Tractarianism; agreeably disappointed; a good-natured, kind-hearted woman. She spoke gloriously of my public exploits, hence I suppose my becalmed spirit. . . .

Sept. 30th.—Achnacarry. Visit to Lord Malmesbury. Found here Ossulston, the Castlereaghs, and a Mr. Giles, a skilful limner. Rose this morning at 6. The purple hills were tipped with the rising sun, and all around is heathery mountain. It is like living at the bottom of a teacup with lovely edges.

Oct. 2nd.—Impossible to describe the fascinations of these Highland regions;

the hills must be seen, and the air must be breathed; one's old limbs become elastic, and we "leap exulting like the bounding roe;" it is a joy which fills the heart with thankfulness.

The colours and tints of every kind and hue, in most abundant variety, enliven the valleys and mountains with a brilliant glory. It looks as if some mighty giant, intending to do a landscape, had used a whole district for his palette, and spread it over with all the colours that singly or combined can exist in Nature. And as for the whole effect, language is altogether impotent; one's vocabulary will supply no adequate terms, and must be content to admire in silence or by short and emphatic ejaculations. . . .

Oct. 9th.—Rossie Priory. Been here since Wednesday; it is a fine possession, people hospitable and kind; found here Sheriff Watson—very glad indeed to meet him—a tutelar saint of Ragged Schools; also Sir David Brewster, a dear old man, combining beautifully science and religion. . . . I have been in good spirits since my arrival in Scotland, and have laughed a great deal, perhaps too much.

Oct. 20th.—Bolling Hall, near Bradford, in Yorkshire. Yesterday evening the Short Time Commissioner of the West Riding presented to Minny a full-length portrait of me, painted by Bird, and an excellent likeness, as a memorial of gratitude for my services. Nothing could have been more acceptable in every sense.*

On his return to London Lord Ashley found abundant labours awaiting him. One matter in particular claimed his attention, and it was characteristic of him that he would carry an urgent case to its final issue, however pressing other claims might be. A lady, Mrs. H., had been shut up as a lunatic, but, as far as Lord Ashley and three other Commissioners could judge, she was as sane as any woman in England; and he was pained and alarmed to find how, with all the safeguards of the law, there were still facilities for incarcerating a victim. He spared no pains in sifting the evidence on both sides, and prosecuted the investigation day by day until he had proof indisputable that the lady was the victim of a cruel conspiracy, and was perfectly sane. It need not be added that she was set at liberty with the least possible delay.

The patience and skill and unwearying labour of Lord Ashley as a Commissioner in Lunacy can never be told. One story out of many, illustrating the characteristic promptness with which, even late in life, he would examine a case and take immediate action, may be cited here.

A lady, Mrs. A., residing in the West End, was on visiting terms with Mrs. B., a woman of fashion and position. There was very little in common between the two, and the visits of Mrs. A. would have been less frequent than they were, had she not taken a more than passing interest in a young lady, Miss C. who was staying, indefinitely as it seemed, in the house of Mrs. B. There was a great charm in her conversation, and the visits of Mrs. A. seemed to afford her considerable pleasure, although they were only of an occasional and somewhat formal kind. One day when Mrs. A. called,

* It now hangs at St. Giles's House.

Miss C. was not there, and on making very pointed inquiries, she was, after some hesitation, informed that her young friend was out of her mind, and was in an asylum fifty miles away from town, the name of the asylum being mentioned.

That evening Mrs. A. felt troubled and distressed; she had seen Miss C. only a week or ten days previously, and perceived no indication of a disordered mind. It was true she had observed indications of sadness and depression of spirits, and had feared that her young friend was not happy; but that she was out of her mind and fit to be in an asylum, she could not and would not believe. She was greatly troubled, not knowing what to do, or where to go. At length it occurred to her that the Earl of Shaftesbury was a Commissioner in Lunacy, and she went straight away to his house, found him at home, and told him the whole story. It was evening when she arrived in Grosvenor Square, and dinner was on the table, but within a quarter of an hour Lord Shaftesbury was on his way to the railway station to go down to the asylum and investigate the matter for himself. He did so, and on the following day the young lady was released, it having been authoritatively ascertained that she was not in a state to render it necessary for her to be an inmate of an asylum.

The new Parliament was opened by the Queen in person on the 23rd November, and her speech was, for the first time, transmitted to the chief towns in the kingdom by the electric telegraph.

At the preceding General Election Baron Lionel Rothschild was returned for the City of London—the first Jew ever returned to the House of Commons; and, in order that he might be allowed to take his seat, the question of the removal of Jewish Disabilities was revived. The subject had been frequently under discussion since Mr. Robert Grant, in 1830, first brought forward a Bill to enable Jews to sit in Parliament. At that time a Jew was liable to every kind of humiliation: he could not vote unless he took the prescribed oath; he could not be an attorney, or practise at the bar, or be employed in a school, and, in many other respects, was “conspicuous in a free community as a man under a social and political ban.” In the course of years, however, various concessions had been made, until all the privileges of citizenship were accorded to him, except the most coveted honour of all—the right to sit in Parliament.

Lord John Russell moved a resolution to enable Baron Rothschild to take his seat, and, although it was strongly opposed by the Conservatives, the resolution—“for the admission of Jews into Parliament”—was carried by a majority of 253 to 186. The Bill was eventually thrown out, however, in the Lords.

Lord Ashley took part in the debate, and his speech told with considerable effect. His objection was not to admitting them as Jews, but that the Oath of Allegiance should be altered to suit them. “What I said in effect was this,” said Lord Shaftesbury, when telling the story of these times to

the writer: "You call on us to alter the oath by striking out the words 'on the faith of a Christian,' and ask the Legislature to affirm that this is unnecessary. I will not be a party to playing with the name of Christ, by striking it out of an oath, to please any one. If you like to have no oath at all, well and good, but I will have nothing to do with its alteration, which is a practical denial of the faith."

The closing events of the year are thus recorded:—

Nov. 15th.—Dined with John Russell on Saturday last. I had some thought of avoiding any "private" civilities; but I determined otherwise—he made a friendly advance and quasi-apology; let us forget all in the common necessity. . . .

Nov. 19th.—Windsor Castle. Came here on Wednesday evening. Queen kind and hospitable: may God shield her and hers from every mischief, and, above all, incline her heart to thoughts of service and of love. My visits here mark the lapse of time and the progress of things; as such they have a tinge of melancholy in "looking after those things that are coming upon the earth." Sir G. Grey here also; he is "a good man and a just." . . .

Dec. 13th.—A singular correspondence in the paper to-day. The Bishops (twelve in number, Winchester and Ely surprise me) remonstrate with Lord J. Russell for his appointment of Dr. Hampden! Their letter is weak, almost foolish, his reply is clever and just. My opinion is quoted as having been given to Russell in support of the appointment. He did not previously consult me on it. He asked me subsequently what I thought. I replied, "I should not, had I been Prime Minister, have made the appointment myself; but now that it is made, I venture to say that more good than evil will, I think, come out of it. His appointment as Regius Professor was infamous, because his writings at that time were Neological, of the school of Strauss; but during the last four or five years he has written and published very beautiful and orthodox discourses." . . .

Dec. 15th.—To-morrow Jew Bill in House of Commons. I must speak; may God give me a mouth and wisdom; if I fail I shall be discouraged for any future effort: my spirit is far from elastic, I was always easily depressed, I am more so now. . . .

Dec. 17th.—Who ever trusted in God, and was disappointed? Spoke last night, and obtained (I am full of wonder) astonishing success. How curious! I was so frightened and dejected that I had almost determined not to rise. A minute more of my predecessor's speech would have consigned me to silence! . . .

Dec. 20th.—Now, is this result traceable, in His free mercy to past faith? I resigned my seat in Parliament, and all my public hopes and public career, that I might not give "occasion to the enemies of God to blaspheme," and I surrendered everything to His keeping. Mark the issue: my Ten Hours Bill is carried in my absence. I am returned to Parliament in a singularly and unusually honourable way, and within three weeks I begin to occupy a higher position than at any antecedent period: surely it is a completion of the promise, "Them that honour me, I will honour." . . .

CHAPTER XVII.

1848.

THE year 1848 was ushered in amid distrust, perplexity, and doubt. Everywhere there was foreboding of some unseen and undefined misfortunes. Men's souls were stirred by strange presentiments.

It was not long before the first rumblings were heard which presaged the approaching storm.

"Events are coming to the surface," wrote Lord Ashley, early in the year. "We see the stir on the waves, and we shall soon see the mass thrown up by the volcanoes. Italy is in open revolution; Austria is crumbling to pieces; France internally is threatened by reform conflicts; England is harassed by falling revenue, want of employment, republican principles, and Church dissensions; America is rushing to debt, foreign conquest, and dissolution of States."

The great event which was to become the signal for the pent-up fires to break forth all over Europe was not a surprise to some, although unexpected by the majority—a third revolution in France, the proclamation of a Republic, the expulsion of the Orleans dynasty, and the election of a Provisional Government and a National Assembly.

It is not necessary to trace here, however briefly, the causes which led to the Revolution. The spark which caused the explosion was an arbitrary attempt to stop a proposed Reform banquet.

Lord Ashley took an intense interest in watching the progress of events; and his Diary gives a complete epitome of the revolutionary epidemic, which spread over nearly all the courts and capitals of the Continent. If we quote from it only sparingly, it is because we wish to confine our extracts more particularly to those passages which show the current of his own life.

Feb. 25th.—Are we not in times of wonder, distress, and danger? To-day the grass is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven. On Tuesday the King of the French was in all the plenitude of his power, with an army of a hundred thousand men in Paris alone; and on Thursday he is an outcast from his dominions, expelled with indignity from his capital, his palace plundered, and himself cast down to a private station. Revolution and anarchy are in the ascendant; the whole royal family is exiled, a Republic proclaimed, and France, apparently, on the eve of a democracy, a consulate, and an empire! "Woe, woe, woe, to the inhabitants of the earth!" None of this surprises me, except the electrical suddenness of the event. The King has, for seventeen years, been combating the principles that placed him on the throne, resisting the national

feelings that were evoked and cherished to prepare the Revolution of 1830, and fighting the whirlwind that he himself sowed as a storm. How could he, and his Minister Guizot, suppose that a nation of thirty-two millions would rest content with an electoral system based on 240,000 voters, one-half of whom were Government placemen? One thing alone surprises me: that they should have fallen into the same error as Charles X., and have been deceived in their estimate of the fidelity of the soldiers! This is really a judicial blindness, that with such an example to guide them, they should have fallen into the same pit!

Feb. 26th.—A Republic is proclaimed, and anarchy reigns in Paris. Revolutions, which in former days required years, are now perfected in days; a week is an age for these extraordinary events. "So great power in one hour is come to nought;" all his schemes about dynasties, his astute and false diplomacy for the Spanish marriage, his rigorous and absolute laws for the foundation of despotism, his terrible army schooled in Africa, his vast fortifications of the capital, his mighty authority among crowned heads as the ruler of thirty-two millions of a military nation, all blown away like a soap bubble! "Afflavit Deus." . . . We are not safe here; a falling revenue in the face of a necessarily, I fear, increasing expenditure, and a determination to admit no new taxes. Trade, too, is fearfully stagnant, and distress prevails universally. In this state of things comes a French Revolution! . . . Now what sufficient ground is there for all this rebellion? The sagacious Cobden said, a week ago, in taunting contrast with the English system: "The French are most happy, they have no privileged orders, no large properties, no established Church; they have obtained all that they want, another Revolution is impossible!"

With the flight of Louis Philippe from France the spirit of Revolution was let loose in Europe. Every country suffered more or less, but those countries which suffered least were England and Belgium. In England, however, disaffection had, in a limited degree, been for some time growing, and the events in France brought it to a head. The Chartists, led by mad Feargus O'Connor, who had been returned for Nottingham at the General Election of 1847, immediately commenced an agitation for "their rights." Their programme included "Down with the Ministry," "Dissolve the Parliament," "The People's Charter," and "No Surrender;" and preparations were made to hold a monster demonstration in April to demand these points.

The state of England was to some extent alarming. In the manufacturing districts distress, almost unprecedented, prevailed, and a revolutionary spirit was abroad; nevertheless, the people remained tranquil—thanks, in no small measure, to the boon of the Ten Hours Bill—and in Manchester alone, some thousands of the operatives enrolled themselves as special constables. In London there was a spirit of turbulence and lawlessness, excited partly by Mr. Ernest Jones, and others like-minded, who urged the people not to fear "the vile men of the law, the police, the troops, or the shop-keeping 'specials.'" In Ireland the *United Irishman* was urging its readers "to sell all that they had to buy a gun." In Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Liverpool, there was rioting and loss of life among the starving and the unemployed.

Everywhere these symptoms caused a sense of uneasiness; no one knew

what surprise and alarm the next hour might not bring forth. Meanwhile, events in France were hurrying on.

March 2nd.—If the King, instead of signing his abdication, had thrown himself among the troops which remained firm, he might have prolonged the monarchy of the barricades. But he has been “demented” for a long time past; his obstinate maintenance of all the corruptions of France, both in public men and public things, because he chose to govern by them; his eager pursuit of wealth and place for his own children, the history of the Condé property, the appanages, the Montpensier marriage, regarded simultaneously with his apparent indifference to the social welfare of France, led the whole nation to believe that he was Harpagon engrafted on Louis XIV. Like the present Bishop of Exeter, he overreached himself by his over-cleverness, and has now found that all the sagacity and experience of the most tried of men are not necessarily “counsel, wisdom, and understanding.” . . . But we are in a social revolution; the first was against aristocracies and established Churches, the second against a particular dynasty, the third against that which alone remains, the possession and rights of property! The workpeople have thrust their special representatives, Blanc and Albert, into the highest offices, and have propounded their own code of laws for the regulation of labour. . . . In England we have yet Conservative feeling enough to resist a storm. Our peril will arise from a calm. A storm of violence we should shrink from or withstand; the calm of Republican success would inevitably breed a spirit of imitation.

March 4th.—Louis Philippe is actually in England. He landed at Newhaven, in Sussex, from an English steamer, on one of the points selected, by his son Prince Joinville and others, as the fittest for a descent upon the British territory! He was kindly and hospitably received. God be praised, adversity covers a multitude of sins.

March 8th.—Noise and disturbance yesterday and to-day in Trafalgar Square; windows, lamps, and heads broken; a mass of housebreakers and pickpockets, swollen by idlers. In these days, however, everything must be noted. More serious riots at Glasgow; many shops of great value plundered.

March 10th.—Breakfasted with Mahon, to meet Macaulay and Carlyle; pleasant, but strange.

Provisional Government have fixed wages of cab-drivers at three francs and a half a day; and the Minister of Instruction has issued a circular to announce to the electors that “education” and “fortune” “are not required for a Deputy.” An unlettered peasant “would be better for an agricultural district.” Go it, my hearty!

“France for the French.” All English workmen have been expelled, and with circumstances of great oppression and dishonour. They were driven out by the bayonet; not allowed to bring away even their property, nor to receive their arrears of wages. Yet, without their aid, not a railway could have been constructed in France, and, I believe, hardly a factory carried on.

A general panic among the English residents in Paris ensued. They fled in various directions, and abandoned the city. Those only were left behind who had no means of flight—artisans and domestics, dependent for employment upon the better classes of their countrymen. Nor was the situation of

the English artisans in the provinces any safer. There were many thousands scattered over France; in the factories of Normandy alone there were no less than 2,500 English workmen employed. There, and elsewhere, riots were of frequent occurrence, all masters who gave employment to British artisans being marked out for attack. At Boulogne, from one single factory, English workmen, numbering, with their wives and families, 700 souls, were dismissed in compliance with the demands of the rioters.

Turned out of their homes, denied employment or public relief, with rents half a year in advance imposed upon them, involving them in losses; met at the savings bank, where their earnings had been deposited, with the answer of "No funds," their case was desperate. They crowded the French outposts, and clamoured to be sent back to their own country.

With Lord Ashley originated the scheme for their relief. An influential committee was called together, over which he presided; funds were collected, agencies were set to work, and Lord Palmerston and the authorities at the Foreign Office gave effect to their aims in various instances in which it might have been difficult for the committee to have realised them.

Among the results of their efforts, upwards of 6,000 refugees were brought over, cared for on their arrival, and passed on to their respective destinations, while special provision was made for the children of the British Orphan School in connection with the Marbœuf Episcopal chapel in Paris, which had been broken up during the general panic in that city.

In referring to these and kindred efforts, and also to a speech made by Lord Ashley, on the 16th of March, on better "Medical Relief to the Sick Poor," the *Times* said, "Political economists and men of the world vote Lord Ashley a bore, but there is none of them who would not rather have twenty speeches from him on matters of Humanity, than one circular from Ledru Rollin;" while the *Morning Chronicle*, treating him with contemptuous kindness, said, "No thinking man concurs with Lord Ashley; but it is a very good thing, in these days, to have a nobleman who brings forward the distresses and needs of the people, and gives them assurances that their case will be considered."

It was in allusion to these remarks that the following entry in the Diary was made:—

March 21st.—Amidst all this contempt and desertion, I may rejoice and heartily thank God that the operatives of Lancashire and Yorkshire, suffering as they are, remain perfectly tranquil. Such, under God, is the fruit of many years of sympathy and generous legislation. In Manchester several thousands enrolled themselves as special constables.

While uneasiness was increasing at home, "men's hearts were failing them for fear" on the Continent.

March 23rd.—Insurrection at Berlin! Insurrection at Vienna! The Prince Metternich deposed! It is astounding at first to see how these great monarchies fall! They seem as though they had no roots, nor ever had any. The truth is, that for years their foundations have been undermined; they were as rotten a

quarter of a century ago; but either the gale of wind was not strong enough, or it failed to hit them on the weak side, and at the right moment. The first Revolution in France shook the whole system; but war and terror diverted men's minds. Peace brought reflection, comparison, anticipation. The second Revolution gave a blow on the other side, and completely snapped the roots and loosened the earth; the third brought down the Cedar of Lebanon in a single gust!

March 25th.—Revolutions go off like pop-guns! Lombardy is in full revolt; it will doubtless be severed from the Austrian Empire. . . .

March 30th. . . . We have yet a tumult in store, English Chartists and Irish Repealers are to have their day. "Count no man happy before he be dead," count no event small until it shall have passed.

Happily, the event so much dreaded—the great Chartist demonstration—collapsed in a most ignominious manner. But the alarm had been serious, and the precautions unprecedented. The military defence of the metropolis was under the care of the Duke of Wellington; troops were ready everywhere; a quarter of a million citizens were enrolled as special constables; Downing Street was barricaded. But on the day before the "Demonstration" the Chartist leaders quarrelled amongst themselves; on the morning of the day these dissensions were renewed; the police informed the rioters that they would not be allowed to cross the Thames, and the whole affair ended in a ridiculous fiasco.

April 10th.—The threatened day has arrived. How will it end? Referring to all the circumstances, I think it will close peaceably, but who knows? We are in the hands of God. He has told us, and would that one and all recognised from our hearts, "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

April 12th.—It ended, how shall we sufficiently praise God, according to our minutest prayers. All was peaceable. The meeting at no time exceeded thirteen thousand. No more actual disturbance than on ordinary days. The procession was abandoned, and the petition came down in a hack cab. Surely the glory must be to Him "who stilleth the raging of the sea, and the madness of the people."

April 13th.—Nevertheless, I remain of the same mind. All things are tending to a change. We are entering on a new political dispensation; and many of us probably will outlive the integrity of our aristocratical institutions. Men are talking, they know not why, and they do not reflect *how*, of *this* slight concession and *that*; of an "enlargement of the franchise," and other vagaries. No one, except the Chartists, has asked for it, and they will rest satisfied with nothing short of the whole. The middle classes are content, and so are nineteen-twentieths of the working people; but this will be of no avail against indistinct terrors, ignorant uneasiness, and speculative, not social policy. A Sanitary Bill would, in five years, confer more blessing and obliterate more Chartism than universal suffrage in half a century; but the world, when ill at ease, flies always to politics, and omits the statistics of the chimney-corner, where all a man's comfort or discomfort lies. . . .

In the "Life of the Prince Consort," Sir Theodore Martin, after describing

the turbulent state of the country and the anxiety with which it was regarded by the Queen and Prince, proceeds to say: "An opportunity arose during this month (May) for the Prince to take the position before the world which he afterwards occupied with so much honour, as the advocate of measures for improving the condition of the labouring classes. Four years previously he had testified his interest in the subject—one that always lay nearest to his heart—by becoming the President of the Society which had been established with this special object.* The Society, in the meanwhile, had been making its way steadily, but slowly, for public attention had yet to be awakened to the importance of the subject; and it was considered by Lord Ashley, and others of its active promoters, that the appearance of the Prince in the chair at a public meeting to advocate its interests at this time might be attended with excellent results. The Prince, ever ready to show his sympathy and interest for that class of our community which has most of the toil, and least of the enjoyments, of this world,† at once fell in with their views."‡

It is somewhat singular that Sir Theodore Martin, who elsewhere has described so fully the circumstances leading up to any important event in the life of the Prince Consort, should, in this instance, have omitted all mention of them, and passed over in silence not only the action of Lord Ashley in the matter, but also some interesting details as regards the action of the Prince. These omissions we are fortunately able to supply.

Under the date of the 19th April, Lord Ashley entered in his Diary:—

April 19th.—Osborne, Isle of Wight. The Queen has sent for me to talk over the condition of the working people; and here I am. I was obliged to put off Golden Lane Ragged School (W. Cowper took the chair for me). Her Majesty very amiable and very considerate for the poor. God be praised, who has put such thoughts into her heart! May they bring forth fruit to His glory on earth, and her own peace in time and eternity! . . .

From a memorandum found among the papers of Lord Shaftesbury, and from conversations with him upon the subject, noted down at the time, the following particulars are obtained:—

The Queen sent for me to Osborne; the *Fairy* was ready for me at Gosport, and I went. The Queen was greatly alarmed, and so was the Prince, by the Revolution in France and the exile of Louis Philippe. They feared the continuance of commotions in England, and were desirous to know how they could exercise their influence to soothe the people. The Queen, on my arrival, expressed this sentiment very warmly, and added at dinner, "The Prince will talk to you to-morrow. We have sent for you to have your opinion on what we should do in view of the state of affairs to show our interest in the working classes, and you are the only man who can advise us in the matter."

On the following morning, during a long walk in the gardens, lasting for

* The Labourers' Friend Society.

† His own words in his speech at the meeting of the Society, 18th May, 1848.

‡ "Life of the Prince Consort," vol. ii., p. 46.

over an hour and a half, I discussed with the Prince the condition of affairs and the state of the nation. He asked me my advice, and how he could best assist towards the common weal.

"Now, sir," I said to him, "I have to ask your Royal Highness whether I am to speak out freely, or to observe Court form?"

"For God's sake," he answered, "speak out freely."

"Then, sir, I would say that at this juncture you hold a position in which you can render to the country far greater assistance than if you were its king. You can speak as a king, represent a king, without the necessary and inevitable restrictions of a king. Your presence, though formally different, is virtually the presence of the Queen. My earnest advice to you is, that you should put yourself at the head of all social movements in art and science, and especially of those movements as they bear upon the poor, and thus show the interest felt by Royalty in the happiness of the kingdom."

"What can I do?" the Prince asked, eagerly.

"On the 18th of May next, the anniversary of the Labourers' Friend Society will be held, and if your Royal Highness will accompany me, first to see some of the dwellings of the poor, and afterwards to preside at the meeting, I am satisfied it will have a good effect. You should come in three carriages, and have the footmen in red liveries—even these things are not without their influence."

The Prince at once fell in with the suggestion, and arrangements for carrying it out were discussed. But when Lord John Russell heard it he was frantic, and brought to bear every possible opposition, as he often did with regard to other schemes which he did not originate himself.

It was with no little regret that Lord Ashley received the following letter from the Prince:—

H.R.H. the Prince Consort to Lord Ashley.

OSBORNE, April 23rd, 1848.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—Lord John Russell did not like the idea of my presiding at Exeter Hall on account of the risk of a disturbance. I begged him to consider the question a little longer, and to consult Sir George Grey before committing himself against it. I have received this morning the enclosed, which, I am afraid, is decisive against the plan. Though I must admit that there is strong reason against it, I sincerely regret it, as it will be difficult to find another becoming opportunity for expressing the SINCERE *interest* which the Queen and myself feel for the welfare and comfort of the working classes. You may have opportunities for conveying our sentiments. At any rate, *our Society* ought to be more prominently brought before them, and they ought to be invited to make suggestions for the amelioration of their own condition, to have these gone into by those who understand the matter, and to give, in this way, the means to the higher classes to assist them in their work.

Ever yours truly,

ALBERT.

The enclosure referred to in the above letter was as follows:—

Lord John Russell to H.R.H. the Prince Consort.

CHESHAM PLACE, April 22nd, 1848.

SIR,—On considering further Lord Ashley's proposal to your Royal Highness, it seems to me that the risk is greater than the probable advantage. Any Chartist

might attend and attempt to speak; such an attempt would be resisted by the meeting, and much confusion might ensue. The triumphant reception of your Royal Highness would not compensate for any disturbance of the meeting. Sir George Grey, to whom I have spoken, concurs entirely in this opinion. The Repealers in Dublin have become more violent since my declaration, but the well-affected are confirmed in their loyalty. In England the Chartists seem to be declining in numbers and mischief.

I have the honour to be

Your Royal Highness's

Faithful and obedient servant,

J. RUSSELL.

Soon after this Lord Ashley had another interview with the Prince—at Buckingham Palace—and urged him to persevere in his intention. "This is a matter," he said, "in which your Royal Highness is perfectly free to act as you may please, and my advice is that you tell Lord John Russell that you are as good a judge as he is."

On the 29th April the Prince wrote to Lord John Russell:—

The book which you sent me certainly shows great disposition on the part of some mischievous folks to attack the Royal family; but this rather furnishes me with one reason more for attending the meeting, and showing to those who are thus to be misguided, that the Royal family are not merely living upon the earnings of the people (as these publications try to represent), without caring for the poor labourers, but that they are anxious about their welfare, and ready to co-operate in any scheme for the amelioration of their condition. We may possess these feelings, and yet the mass of the people may be ignorant of it, because they have never heard it expressed to them, or seen any tangible proof of it.*

Eventually the advice of Lord Ashley prevailed, the opposition of Lord John Russell was overruled, and the Prince wrote:—

From H.R.H. the Prince Consort to Lord Ashley.

B.P., $\frac{3}{8}$, 1848.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—I am glad that all difficulties are removed with respect to the meeting. Thursday, the 18th, at twelve o'clock, will suit me perfectly. I must see you soon upon the subject; perhaps you could call here to-morrow at four o'clock.

Ever yours truly,

ALBERT.

On the appointed day the Prince arrived with a brilliant cortège, and, accompanied by Lord Ashley, went to George Street, St. Giles's, and other streets in that neighbourhood, entered house after house to examine the actual state of affairs, and was received everywhere with the utmost enthusiasm.† Later on the Prince took the chair at the public meeting, and, as Sir Theodore

* Quoted in "Life of Prince Consort," vol. ii., p. 47.

† "If the Prince goes on like this," said a Socialist to the Rev. Mr. Branch, a zealous evangelist to the working classes, "why, he'll upset our apple-cart!"

Martin says truly, "made it the occasion for the speech which first fairly showed to the country what he was."

Lord Ashley refers to it in his Diary thus:—

May 19th.—Yesterday, a glorious meeting of the Lab. Friend Soc. Prince Albert in the chair—Non nobis Domine, non nobis Domine! but, God give us grace to bless Thee; no drawback at all, it is new life to our efforts. . . .

May 20th.—Hear little but satisfaction at the success of the meeting, "So wise, so opportune, so very happy," all this because it succeeded. What would have been the indignation and contempt against me had it failed! But God was my helper; I may now, on this stock of reputation for good judgment, obtain influence to do good in other things. "Put into my heart good desires, and enable me to bring the same to good effect." Prince Albert did his part admirably, with remarkable grace and modesty. His speech, too, was excellent in itself; and it was his own. The success has been hitherto complete; almost every paper bepraises the step, and writes upon it in an anti-revolutionary tone. Ay, truly, this is the way to stifle Chartism. . . . Rank, leisure, station, are gifts of God, for which men must give an account. Here is a full proof, a glowing instance! The aristocracy, after a long separation, are re-approaching the people; and the people the aristocracy.

It was, however, a long time before any very sensible effects were to be felt generally from these efforts. In proportion, however, as the mischief became apparent, the labours of Lord Ashley increased, and we find in his Diaries many entries with regard to the state of the people and their needs. Thus:—

May 25th.—What will be the event in Ireland? Everybody they say is armed to the teeth against the Saxon. The Saxon meanwhile is giving from Saxon funds nearly four hundred thousand meals every day to his Celtic assailant. But a moral poison pervades the whole European atmosphere, and we here in England are beginning to be affected. It is painful to listen to the desperate weariness with which many declare that "Repeal" would be better than the present state of things. . . .

Lord Ashley took a leading part in two great efforts in the summer of this year, namely, the passing of the Public Health Act, and the ventilation of the question of Emigration for the ragged population of London.

In the early half of the present century sanitary science may be said to have had no existence. Until the visitation of cholera in London in 1831, no one seemed to think that evil lurked in overflowing cesspools and contaminated water, beyond the fact that the odour of the one and the taste of the other were unpleasant. When, however, a terrible plague threatened the land, the causes were investigated, and to the inroad of cholera we owe the first real impetus given to sanitary research.

Progress, however, was very slow. When the calamity abated, people returned to their old ways, and allowed the interest, which had been awakened in a time of fear, to die out. But not so men of science, who patiently investigated facts and traced out hidden sources of malaria; and not so

philanthropists, who continued to preach the good doctrine that cleanliness is next to godliness.

In 1839 the first Report of the Registrar-General and the fourth Report of the Poor Law Commission were published, and they made such a startling revelation of the state of the public health, and of mortality, that general attention was again directed to the subject of sanitation. Interest was sustained by a further Report of the Poor Law Board in 1842, and culminated in the first Report of the Health of Towns Commission in 1844.

From that time forth the necessity of sanitary reform was never lost sight of, although practical steps were taken slowly. A series of "Nuisances Removal Acts" was passed in Parliament; the first Act by which summary jurisdiction was given to justices of the peace to remove nuisances, proved to be injurious to health, coming into operation in 1846.

By far the most important Bill introduced into Parliament on Sanitary Reform was the comprehensive measure known as the Public Health Act, presently to be referred to.

Lord Ashley spoke on the subject in the adjourned debate (8th May), claiming that this was essentially a working man's question, as it affected every phase of his life—his home, his capacity to eat and drink in comfort, and his ability to gain a livelihood and rear a family in decency and respectability. He argued that the same condition of things, and habits of life, which give rise to fever, also powerfully stimulated the action of immorality and violence, and that the connection of misery with filth, and crime with both, was inevitable. He was satisfied that no genuine or lasting good could result from education, so long as Parliament left the people in their present physical and domiciliary condition. He warmly supported the Bill, which became law during this Session.

The Public Health Act of 1848 created a Central Board of Health, and, as chairman of this Board, it was Lord Ashley's duty, in conjunction with Dr. Southwood Smith and Mr. Edwin Chadwick, to initiate a series of reforms, and to undertake labours almost unprecedented, especially in connection with the visitation of cholera, which, in 1849, swept from London, in the course of a few weeks, no fewer than 4,000 souls.

On the 26th September the following entry occurs in the Diary:—

September 26th. . . . I have accepted, at the urgent request of Morpeth, and through him of John Russell, the office (unpaid) of Third Commissioner under the Health of Towns Act. It will involve trouble, anxiety, reproach, abuse, unpopularity. I shall become a target for private assault and the public press; but how could I refuse? First, the urgency of the request on the part of the Government; second, the immense and unparalleled value I always attached, in public and private movement, to the sanitary question, as second only to the religious, and, in some respects, inseparable from it; third, the public and private professions and declarations I had made; fourth, the mode, extent, and principles on which I had pressed the Government, at all times, as a real and solemn duty, to undertake the measure, promising invariably the utmost aid in my power; fifth,

the Government accede to my request, and in the face of great unpopularity, rebuke, toil, and vexation, introduce a measure; sixth, they carry it, and then turn to me and say, "Remember all that you have done, spoken, promised, and give us aid we now require;" seventh, can I forget their services on the Ten Hours Bill; eighth, I have many things to ask of them yet; with what face can I do it if I refuse them when they make a reasonable request to me? May God give me strength! . . .

The second great practical question in which Lord Ashley took part this year was that of Emigration.

On the 6th June he brought forward in the House of Commons a motion: "That it is expedient that means be annually provided for the voluntary emigration to some one of her Majesty's colonies of a certain number of young persons of both sexes, who have been educated in the schools ordinarily called 'Ragged Schools' in and about the metropolis." The speech was a masterpiece of effective oratory, and although bristling with facts and figures and details, it was so well relieved by vivid and picturesque descriptions and telling anecdotes, that it created a profound impression. At the outset, he announced that he was not introducing a controversial question, or assailing any interest, and did not, therefore, anticipate any opposition, except from those who believed they could suggest a better plan; and that it was less from any overweening confidence that he had hit the true method, than from a desire to excite discussion and stimulate general effort, that he had propounded the matter for debate. He first gave the clue to the sources of his information:—

Till very recently the few children that came under our notice in the streets and places of public traffic were considered to be chance vagrants, beggars, or pilferers, who, by a little exercise of magisterial authority, might be either extinguished or reformed. It has only of late been discovered that they constitute a numerous class, having habits, pursuits, feelings, customs, and interests of their own; living as a class, though shifting as individuals, in the same resorts; perpetuating and multiplying their filthy numbers. For the knowledge of these details we are mainly indebted to the London City Mission. It is owing to their deep, anxious, and constant research; it is owing to the zeal with which their agents have fathomed the recesses of human misery, and penetrated into places repulsive to every sense, moral and physical; it is owing to such exertions, aided by the piety, self-denial, and devotion of Sunday-school teachers, that we have advanced thus far. Certain excellent persons, who gave their energies to Sabbath training, were the first to observe these miserable outcasts, and hoping, by the influence of the Gospel, to effect some amendment, opened schools in destitute places, to which the children were invited, not coerced.

He stated that the numbers of this particular class—estimated at great trouble and on the best authority—exceeded 30,000—naked, filthy, roaming, lawless and deserted children, quite distinct from the ordinary poor.

He then described to the House the habits and dispositions of this wild race, their pursuits, modes of livelihood, the character of their dwelling-places, and the natural history, as it were, of the species. He explained how

1,600 of these street Arabs had been placed under examination, and of these

162 confessed that they had been in prison not once nor twice—many of them several times; 116 had run away from their homes, the result, in many instances, of ill-treatment; 170 slept in lodging-houses—nests of every abomination that the mind of man can conceive; 253 confessed that they lived altogether by begging; 216 had neither shoes nor stockings; 280 had no caps, hats, bonnets, or head covering; 101 had no linen; 219 never slept in beds—many had no recollection of having ever tasted that luxury; 68 were the children of convicts; 125 had step-mothers, to whom may be traced much of the misery that drives the children of the poor to the commission of crime; 306 had lost either one or both parents, a large proportion having lost both.

Of the habits of these unfortunate children he gave some graphic details:—

Many of them retire for the night, if they retire at all, to all manner of places—under dry arches of bridges and viaducts, under porticoes, sheds, and carts; to outhouses; in sawpits; on staircases; in the open air, and some in lodging-houses. Curious, indeed, is their mode of life. I recollect the case of a boy who, during the inclement season of last winter, passed the greater part of his nights in the iron roller of Regent's Park. He climbed every evening over the railings, and crept to his shelter, where he lay in comparative comfort. Human sympathy, however, prevails even in the poorest condition; he invited a companion less fortunate than himself, promising to "let him into a good thing." He did so, and it proved a more friendly act than many a similar undertaking in railway shares.

In speaking of the mental, moral, and physical condition of the children, he adduced the startling fact that, in the previous year, 62,181 persons were taken into custody, of whom 22,075 could neither read nor write, and 28,118 had no trade, business, calling, or occupation whatever, and these figures only approximated to the extent of the evil, as the records of the tribunals and police courts, while they showed the numbers of those whom the constable was quick enough to apprehend did not touch the vast amount of unseen and undetected crime, breaches of public order, injuries to the peace, property, and safety of individuals, nor yet the prevalence of that training which forms those children to a character perilous to the well-being of society.

In describing the nature of the efforts which had been made to rescue these children from their evil habits and associations, he pointed out that there had been many plans proposed for dealing with them, such as the erection of schools (but this was not feasible, because there were no existing agencies by which they could be superintended or controlled), or the adoption of the "hospital system," and the erection of barracks for their reception; and the conclusion at which he had arrived was, that, in the present aspect of affairs, there was nothing better than that the Ragged School system should be extended as much as possible.

The system, however, must, as I have said, be stimulated; and the proposition which I make to the Government is this: that the Government should agree to

take every year from these schools a number of children—say 1,000—500 boys and the same number of girls—and transplant them at the public expense to her Majesty's colonies. . . .

If you will hold out to these children, as a reward of good conduct, that which they desire—a removal from scenes which it is painful to contemplate, to others where they can enjoy their existence—you will make the children eager by good conduct to obtain such a boon. There are, be assured, amongst the children, guilty and disgusting as they are, many thousands who, if opportunities are given them, will walk in all the dignity of honest men and Christian citizens.

After an animated and interesting discussion Lord Ashley observed in reply that the reason why he only included the metropolis was through extreme caution; that his object was to make an experiment, and then extend it if it were successful. After the generous manner in which his proposition had been supported, he thought that if he attempted to divide the House, he should only take a hostile course, and convert into enemies those who would otherwise be coadjutors, and he would, therefore, withdraw his motion. Subsequently, however, a grant of £1,500 was made by the Government for the purpose of an experimental trial of the scheme.

This grant, and the contributions of friends, put Lord Ashley in a position to set to work vigorously on the emigration scheme. Although he soon found himself crippled for want of adequate funds, he went heart and soul into the matter, and made the money go as far as possible.

There was never an effort attended with greater success, and we must anticipate a little by looking at some of the results. The children were carefully selected and specially trained, and each was impressed with the idea that he was to go forth as the representative of a large reserve. Before each detachment started, Lord Ashley visited them, and some of his farewell addresses on the eve of their departure are worthy of being written in letters of gold, so full are they of tender fatherliness and Christian love. Here is a specimen:—

I see you now, my boys, probably for the last time. You are going to enter upon new connections. You are going to a land where much will depend upon yourselves as regards your future prosperity and success in life. The whole world is open to you. I believe you will be placed in circumstances where honesty will not fail to meet with its reward. I hope when you are far away you will not forget those friends who have taken care of you here, and the instruction and advice you have received from time to time from those who have felt an interest in you, and that you will not forget what has been said to you to-night. I believe it will be a great help to remember, not only what has been said, but the very countenances of those who have befriended you; let their presence be familiar to your recollection. Remember the faces of those who are present here to-night. The remembrance may deter you in the time of temptation from doing that which would disgrace yourselves and bring discredit on them. Especially let me tell you, working boys, that, however you may rise in society—and there is no reason in the world why you should not rise—you must

still be working men. Christianity is not a speculation, it is essentially practical. It is the only thing for your soul's health to be always at work. Remember this : you have something to do for others as well as for yourselves. You have a character to get, and you have a character to lose. You must not by any misconduct of yours, bring disgrace upon those who have gone out before you. If you bring discredit upon them, you are injuring a whole class. Many of those lads who are now roaming about the streets, houseless and friendless, may yet be brought into this or similar institutions, may be helped or hindered in their future course by your conduct. If that should be such as would bring discredit upon yourselves and those who send you out, it may hinder their being sent as you are. If there is any one single thing which more than another tends to make a man feel great, it is that he is answerable for his own conduct to God and to society at large. You are going across the water. I have no doubt but we shall soon hear that you have got employment. Whatever your duty or circumstances may be, *never forget prayer*. You may rise to high stations ; they are open to you there as here. Whatever success you may meet with in this world—and we heartily wish you may meet with great success—still, my lads, never forget the greatest ambition of the Christian is to be a citizen of that city whose builder and maker is God ; and though we may never meet together again on earth, may we all at last meet together there.

Testimony was borne in many, and sometimes unexpected quarters, as to the conduct and efficiency of the Ragged-School boys who were sent out to the Colonies. The better they were known the more they were appreciated.

It was not all smooth sailing with Lord Ashley in his efforts to carry out his emigration scheme, and there are, in the Diaries, many entries which show that the disappointments were as numerous as the successes.

July 21st.—So I am now to be disappointed, nay, deceived ! No emigration for my ragged children, unless I raise a sum of money for that purpose. How is that to be done ? Not a word was said on this subject when I consented to withdraw my resolution. . . .

Two Chairs yesterday. Opened Westminster Reading-room for the dirty, forgotten workpeople of Duck Lane and Pye Street. Very successful, God be praised—really affecting. Letters and Chairs eat me up ; I never refresh my mind with new stores : always speaking, never reading or thinking. God in His mercy grant me a little repose this summer. I am thin as a wafer. . . .

. . . A great deal of melancholy over me, both to-day and yesterday and the day before. Truth is, I am a little tired, and a little disheartened ; men are untrue and lukewarm. I am endeavouring to pile Pelion on Ossa, the work of the Titans, with the force just sufficient for an ant-hill. . . . Talk of the dangerous classes, indeed ! The dangerous classes in England are not the people ! The dangerous classes are the lazy ecclesiastics, of whom there are thousands, and the rich who do no good with their money ! I fear them more than whole battalions of Chartists. . . . I am as much fretted by anxiety as worn by labour. I cannot feel by halves, nor only when the evil is present. I take it I suffer very often much more than the people do themselves ! . . .

July 27th.—An affecting evening yesterday, Gave a tea-party to take leave of our "ragged" emigrants to Australia, ragged no longer, thank God ! They

go from private funds that I have collected from the excellent Miss Portal, Mr. Farrer, Lord Wriothsley Russell, and my sister Charlotte. Many were assembled ; we addressed them, and many were moved to tears. It was a deeply religious meeting, and a feeling of piety and gratitude pervaded us all. And now here, as then, I commit them, O Lord ! to the word of Thy grace—prosper the work ! bear them safely, happily, joyously, to their journey's end ! watch over them in body and in soul ; make them Thy servants in this life, and Thy saints in the next, in the mediation and everlasting love of Christ, our only Saviour and Redeemer !

During his perambulations of the slums of London in 1846, by his Ragged School investigations, and in other ways and places, Lord Ashley made himself thoroughly acquainted with the haunts and habits of the young thieves of the metropolis. Some of his descriptions of them are admirable, and his anecdotes telling.

A large proportion do not recognise the distinctive rights of *meum* and *tuum*. Property appears to them to be only the aggregate of plunder. They hold that everything that is possessed is common stock ; that he who gets most is the cleverest fellow, and that everyone has a right to abstract from that stock what he can by his own ingenuity.*

They make little or no secret of their successful operations, cloaking them only with euphemistic terms ; they “find” everything, they “take” nothing ; no matter the bulk or quality of the article, it was “found”—sometimes nearly a side of bacon, just at the convenient time and place ; and many are the loud and bitter complaints that the “dealer in marine stores” is utterly dishonest, and has given for the thing but half the price that could be got in the market.†

These children are like tribes of lawless freebooters, bound by no obligations, and utterly ignorant, or utterly regardless, of social duties. They trust to their skill, not to their honesty ; gain their livelihood by theft, and consider the whole world as their legitimate prey. With them there is no sense of shame ; nor is imprisonment viewed as a disgrace. In many instances it has occurred that after a boy has been a short time at one of the Ragged Schools he suddenly disappears. At the end of a few weeks he comes back to the very spot in the school where he sat when he was last there. The master going up to him says, “My boy, where have you been ?” The boy answers, “Very sorry, sir, I could not come before, but I have had three weeks at Bridewell.” Going to prison is with these children the ordinary lot of humanity ; they look upon it as a grievous act of oppression, and when they come to school they speak of it as one gentleman would tell his wrongs to another.

As an illustration of their low state of morality and their utter shamelessness, he instanced what had passed one evening at a Ragged School:—

Fourteen or fifteen of these boys presented themselves one Sunday evening and sat down to the lessons, but, as the clock struck, they all rose and left, with the exception of one who lagged behind. The master took him by the arm, and said, “You must remain ; the lesson is not over.” The reply was, “We must go

* House of Commons, July, 1849.

† *Quarterly Review*, Dec., 1846.

to business." The master inquired, "What business?" "Why, don't you see it's eight o'clock; we must go catch them as they come out of the chapels."

On another occasion he told a story of a City Missionary, a kind and worthy man, who had endeared himself to the whole of a wretched district, and especially to the younger population.

One evening, having put on a new coat, he went, about dusk, through a remote street, and was instantly marked as a quarry by one of these rapacious vagabonds. The urchin did not know him in his new attire—therefore without hesitation relieved his pockets of their contents. The Missionary did not discover his loss, nor the boy his victim, until in his flight he had reached the end of the street. He then looked round and recognised in the distance his old friend and teacher. He ran back to him, breathless. "Hallo," said he, "is it you, Mr. —? I didn't know you in your new coat; here's your handkerchief for you!"

It was in consequence of his speech in the House of Commons on the subject of emigration that in July, 1848, Lord Ashley entered into one of the strangest experiences, in connection with London thieves, that, up to that time, ever fell to the lot of mortal man. A City Missionary, named Thomas Jackson, a zealous, earnest, and in his way, gifted man, had been appointed to the Rag Fair and Rosemary Lane district, where he was known as the Thieves' Missionary. He was in their confidence; his house was open at all times to those who chose to visit him in search of advice and consolation; he was acquainted, far more intimately than the police, with the habits of pick-pockets, burglars, and every class of convicted or unconvicted roguery; he had the *entrée* into dens of infamy, and had familiarised himself with sin in some of its most sickening aspects; and yet he carried with him a quiet and a prayerful spirit, and became to Lord Ashley not only a guide, but also a philosopher and friend.

Soon after Lord Ashley had propounded his scheme in the House of Commons, for the emigration of young criminals, it occurred to him to ask a notorious adult thief whether he would like to avail himself of such a scheme. "I should jump at it," was the reply. Thus encouraged, he determined to have the same question propounded at one of Mr. Jackson's meetings, to which discharged criminals only were to be admitted. "It would be a capital thing for chaps like us," was their unanimous answer. Then one of them got up and proposed that they should write Lord Ashley a letter on behalf of themselves and all their tribe, inviting him to meet them, and give them his opinion and advice as to how they could extricate themselves from their present position. A round-robin was accordingly prepared, and was signed by forty of the most notorious thieves and burglars in London, praying him to meet them. A night was fixed, and on July the 27th, Lord Ashley, without hesitation, and without fear, went to the meeting. Accustomed as he was to strange sights and strange assemblies, he was not prepared for what was awaiting him. There, in a large room, with Jackson in the midst, were close upon four hundred men of every appearance, from the "swell-mob" in black

coats and white neckcloths, to the most fierce-looking, rough, half-dressed savages he had ever seen.

The *City Mission Magazine* for August, 1848, says: "Several of the best known and most experienced thieves were stationed at the door to prevent the admission of any but thieves. Some four or five individuals, who were not at first known, were subjected to a more public examination, and only allowed to remain on their stating who they were, and being recognised as members of the dishonest fraternity. The object of this care, as so many of them were in danger of 'getting into trouble,' as they call it, was, to ascertain whether any who should betray them were present."

Lord Ashley was received by them with genuine enthusiasm, and, after taking the chair, the proceedings were opened by devotional exercises! A chairman, to be at ease, always likes to feel the pulse of his audience, in order to know, as far as possible, what manner of men they be, and the method adopted on the occasion of which we write was striking in the extreme:—

I was anxious to know what was the character of these thieves; some of them pickpockets, some shoplifters, others of the swell-mob, and exceedingly well-dressed some of them were. Many of them, however, had no stockings, and some of them had no shirts. I wanted to know the great departments of roguery; so the missionary said: "His Lordship wants to know the particular character of the men here. You who live by burglary and the more serious crimes will go to the right, and the others will go to the left." About two hundred of the men at once rose and went to the right, as confessed burglars and living by the greatest crimes.*

Lord Ashley then addressed them kindly but firmly, expressing his willingness to befriend them, not only as his duty but out of regard for them. In the first place, however, he wished to hear them speak.

A number of the men then gave addresses, and anything more curious, more graphic, more picturesque, and more touching, I never heard in my life; they told the whole truth, without the least difficulty, and, knowing that they were there to reveal their condition, they disguised nothing.

Lord Ashley had recommended mutual aid, self-reliance, a relinquishing of their old practices, and new resolves for the future. "But how," said one of the men, "are we to live till our next meeting? We must either steal or die." It was an awkward question. Lord Ashley acknowledged that he never felt so utterly impressed with the magnitude of the task, and the feebleness of the power; and confessed, that when Jackson urged them "to pray, as God could help them," he felt a certain amount of sympathy when one of the party rose and said, "My Lord and Gentlemen of the *Jury*, prayer is very good, but it won't fill an empty stomach," whereupon there arose a general response of "Hear, hear!"

One point was made clear that night. It was, that the men were dissatisfied with the life they led, and would do anything to break away from it

* Speech, West Middlesex Auxiliary City Mission, June 23, 1873.

if they only knew how. One and all they were eager for the emigration scheme, and Lord Ashley promised to do all he could for them. Then one man, on behalf of the rest, exclaimed, "But will you ever come back to see us again?" "Yes," replied Lord Ashley, "at any time, and at any place, whenever you shall send for me." "And," as he said when telling the story, "the low, deep murmur of gratitude was very touching." The result of that night's work, like so many in Lord Ashley's career, can never be known. One outward and visible sign, however, was the fact that, within three months from that date, thirteen of those who were present were starting in life afresh in Canada, while, a little later on, nearly three hundred had either emigrated, or had passed into different employments, and had no need to return to their hateful occupation.*

In reviewing the public labours of Lord Ashley during this year, we have almost lost sight of other matters scarcely less interesting. We must, therefore, go back in the narrative.

In the early part of the year, his eldest son, Antony, had entered the Navy, and in March sailed for the Australian station in H.M.S. *Havannah*.

March 30th.—Just returned from Portsmouth with Minny and the boys; have been to take leave of dear Accy for three years, and perhaps never to see him again; it may be so, but yet I hope—nay, I believe—that God will be with him, and restore us safe and happy to each other. But it is a pang; we feel it more when we reflect than while we experience it. I see him now; I shall see him for ever till we meet again, standing at the ship-side, and watching us depart. Oh, Christ, our only Saviour and Redeemer, have mercy on the lad in body and in soul! . . .

In August came the long-looked-for relaxation from the harassing cares and anxieties of public business. There was no place in the world that did him so much good as Scotland, and so to Scotland he went.

Aug. 12th.—Galloway House. Galloway, in the height of friendliness and amiable feeling, has lent us his beautiful cottage of Cumloden in the Wigtown mountains; and thus we are going to enjoy mountain breezes, Scotch scenery, and romantic seclusion.

Aug. 16th.—Cumloden. Everything conduces to enjoyment and comfort here; amusement for the eye, brisk air for the lungs, leisure and contemplation for the mind. I seem in a week to have lost all power of business, as I certainly have all taste for it; dress in a shooting-coat, lounge about, read all sorts of books.

Oct. 4th.—Inverary. Arrived here yesterday through very beautiful scenery, on a very beautiful day. Duke and Duchess amiable in the extreme; she is a dear, sensible, lovable creature, whom I have known from a child. It is a stately place; trees, rocks, mountains, torrents, and lochs, all in the perfection of the noble and fascinating. . . .

Oct. 7th. . . . Have been studying with more regularity and attention

* It was mainly through the generosity of Mr. R. C. L. Bevan, the banker, that the emigration of the thieves was accomplished. Lord Shaftesbury was on several occasions indebted to his munificence, and was wont to speak of him as "a prince in the Israel of God."

St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians ; it is a noble work of zeal, piety, and sound argument.

Oct. 16th.—Cumloden. I know not a better preacher than Mr. Johnstone, our minister here at Minnigaff ; his matter is true, sound, and plainly evangelical, argumentative, persuasive, touching, practical, and admirably, yet very simply, delivered. He is worth a regiment of ecclesiastical "Pindars." . . .

Oct. 26th.—Surely no sun ever rose more beautifully than this morning ; viewed it with delight. Yet there was a coldness in my affection and a formality in my prayer which seemed little to accord with such a display of God's works. But we must be careful not to estimate the state of our hearts towards God merely by the rapture we may feel at occasional periods : religion would then be measured by enthusiasm ; it must be tested by its fruits, by our real and inmost desires, by our daily walk, by our Scriptural belief, by our constant faith, and by our practical life. . . .

On November the 8th the pleasant holiday in Scotland came to an end, and shortly afterwards we find Lord Ashley again in the midst of his labours. A few of the special events which marked the close of this memorable year may be noted in this place.

Nov. 15th.—Priory, Stanmore. Here by command of the Queen-Dowager to meet the Queen Regnant. I have two rooms to myself and two fires. I deplore the waste of fuel when there are so many who have none. This feeling is growing upon me, and may degenerate into stinginess, or, at least, a parsimony in the exercise of just hospitality. The amount of waste in all things is prodigious, in some instances careless ; in some inevitable. Why, the very crumbs and scrapings of finished dishes in a thousand well-fed families would, week by week, sustain a hundred persons ! This, alas ! cannot be avoided, but a wanton or thoughtless waste is sinful. "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."

Nov. 17th.—Went yesterday to Harrow ; accompanied her Majesty. Day brilliant, boys and people enthusiastic, the whole successful. This is good. Royalty had never shone upon Harrow, which has turned out some good men, and seems likely, in God's providence—oh, that it may be so—to turn out some more ! An early impression of respect to the Sovereign is wholesome ; it may, in these days, become indispensable. Saw dear Francis, and heard his praises from Dr. Vaughan and the tutors.

Nov. 25th.—Poor Melbourne died yesterday, and to-day he is, of course, gibbeted in the *Times*. This is "one of the new terrors of death."

Nov. 30th.—Charles Buller, poor fellow, has been carried off by typhus fever, following on an operation, in the prime of life. I regret his loss. He was a much changed man. His pertness, his light and saucy opinions, had given way to sobriety and kindness of heart ; and his humanised feelings had begun to ornament and invigorate his great talents. Had he lived he might have been (I speak as a man) of real service in his generation. But God is wiser than us.

Dec. 1st.—This day Melbourne consigned to the grave. Attended the funeral at Hatfield Church. May the Lord sanctify the event to those who survive, and say, with resistless power, to us all, "*Watch.*"

CHAPTER XVIII.

1849.

ALTHOUGH in the early part of 1849 there was a lull in the excitement which had made 1848 so memorable, there were forces at work in this country which were to create general alarm and uneasiness. In Ireland the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act was renewed in consequence of the critical state of affairs, and a grant of £50,000 was made for the relief of Irish distress in certain Unions, where, owing to the severity of the distress, a sufficient rate could not be collected. Referring to this, Lord Ashley wrote:—

Jan. 5th. . . . Ireland again distressed, and again to be relieved. All admit the fact and the necessity, but wish to throw the necessity on every shoulder but their own. Government propose a rate in aid, which may be questionable as a principle of taxation, but is most just as applied specifically to Ireland. Irish proprietors are, of course, furious, and, generally speaking, not very honest in this respect. What is the remedy for this state of things? What is the cause of it? Is it the Celtic race? Yet we see many of this tribe in other parts of the world frugal, industrious, orderly; much may be recorded of the economy, foresight, and affection of thousands. Is it the religion? Yet I do not find, however faulty, superstitious, idolatrous, may be their belief and practice, that any physical incapacity is necessarily connected with it; in many heathen nations there may be found much temporal prosperity, and the Tuscan farmers and peasantry show by their high cultivation and general comfort that indolence and barbarism are not inevitably the consequence of Popery. Is it national hatred to the Saxon, or pious hatred to the Protestant? or is it both combined? But if so, this would appear in Ulster, but hardly be known in Connaught, where Saxons and Protestants are as rare as a meat dinner. Is it misgovernment? Why, every measure, however excellent, and by whomsoever brought in, fails at once? And why? You can obtain no agency in Ireland; no one is to be trusted—no public, no private functionaries; all are of one complexion; whatever enters Ireland is transmuted by the prevailing atmosphere; everything acquires an affinity to *job*, and to *job* it all. Whence is this? *Magna luis commissa*, O England! and thou hast not repented of them. But until that be done, and we begin good things in a good spirit (here it is we fail) nothing will prosper.

Among the schemes of labour that Lord Ashley set before himself for the year was, first, the stirring-up of the Board of Health to more vigorous efforts. One hundred and fifty wretched children had recently died of proved neglect, and "They will be the martyrs of a cause of reformation," he wrote. "Their death will be the signal, and the compulsion, too, of an

improved and more merciful state of things." Next, a plan for the general subdivision of all the larger parishes for ecclesiastical purposes, so that the population of each parish should not exceed 4,000, a plan that he felt certain would effect a greater amount of moral, social, and religious improvement than a whole code of laws. Then, the completion of Ragged School projects, especially in relation to Emigration; and finally, "the invitation to the stragglers in the lanes and streets; the evangelical coercion through the highways and hedges, according to the commands of our blessed Redeemer. Add to this the ordinary and existing work, and there is my budget!"

The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak. Lord Ashley's health began to fail, and this was to be one source of hindrance to his projects; while a cloud, which had not yet arisen, was to gather and overshadow him, and make this year memorable for the bitterness of its sorrow. The following is the beginning of a long series of entries extending through many years. They will only be referred to occasionally in the course of this work, but to ignore them altogether would be to detract from the heroism which, notwithstanding, persisted in incessant labours.

Jan. 30th.—Warned by six months of unpleasant symptoms, terrible noises in my ears, sleeplessness at nights, or slumbers broken by strange sensations of nervousness, my whole body appearing to vibrate like a Jew's harp, consulted Dr. Latham. "Rest or decay," he replies. "Over-toil, over-anxiety, over-sensitiveness to the subjects handled during many years, have shaken you in every part; you must be more moderate, or utterly disabled." I can well believe it—few can know; nay, none know the full extent of my labours, and the full trial of all my feelings. Thank God, I am warned in time, that I may, should it be His pleasure to spare me, husband my strength for a few more years of service; I can do so with a clear and even happy conscience, for I know that I have given to the public, and have not spent on myself, the best of my life and energies. But yet I cannot contemplate even comparative inaction with joy; but God's will be done! . . .

In his scheme for the subdivision of parishes Lord Ashley was threatened in the first instance with the opposition of Lord John Russell, on the ground that it was opposed by the Archbishop of Canterbury; but an interview with the Archbishop disposed of many difficulties, and Lord John withdrew his opposition. On the 1st of March, therefore, the motion was brought forward, although to the last moment there were strong misgivings as to the support it would receive.

March 1st.—My misgivings justified. John Russell writes to me to-day to put off my motion, "as the Dissenters will oppose it." What shall I do? If I postpone it I incur many hazards, such as ill-health, misrepresentation, no opportunity; if I urge it, I avert the Government. Good may, by God's blessing, be brought out of evil. J. Russell hints at a Commission without a previous motion in Parliament; if so, thank God, I shall be spared a speech; and sad, discreditable disclosures of the wrangles and anomalies of the Church will be avoided. Ten o'clock.—Just returned from the House—a debate—a division, headed by

Bright and Hume; beat them, God be praised, by 111 to 18! Kept in uncertainty until two minutes to five, when Johnny said he wished me to proceed. Debate was most triumphant, and the issue all the better, because motion was opposed without a shadow of reason by Dissenters! The truth is, they see it is a heavy blow and great discouragement to Dissent and popular discontent; they see that, by this means, the Church can and will, God blessing us, recover her just position and "conservatise" the kingdom.

A Commission was appointed, and in the course of a week or two was working harmoniously, with hearty zeal and a desire to see the facilities first, and the difficulties afterwards.

Anything that would arouse the clergy to greater activity Lord Ashley hailed with satisfaction; his estimate of their zeal and of the religious state of the times is given in the meditation entered in his Diary on Good Friday:—

April 6th.—Good Friday. This is a serious contemplation. Is the world better than the day that our blessed Lord died upon the Cross? Are men individually better? Is the world collectively better? That the externals of society are more refined, that the surface is smoother, that more pious things are said, and more pious actions tolerated, that civilisation has been advanced, and that Christianity is the cause of it, few persons will deny. But how are the hearts of men? Are they cleaner, less averse from good, more given to God? Is the number of the faithful increased, diminished, or stationary? Are we nearer to be an acceptable people? Is there, as yet, any appearance of a Harvest? "Lord, Thou knowest." I look around, myself, and am much discouraged. I see but few who could stand a trial, few who love truth and God's will above all things, few who are not ready to find ten thousand excuses for doing what they like, and rejecting what they dislike. My experience may be very limited, and I may form incorrect judgments, but I trace much of our evil to the moral condition of our ecclesiastical rulers and ministers. It is possible that they may be improved in comparison of former days; they are wholly insufficient in reference to the present. Look to the metropolis! Why so frightful a state of spiritual destitution? Why so many wretched, forsaken, naked vagrants? I have said this, and received in reply, "The clergy are unequal to the task." Well, then, why do they discountenance and almost insult (the exceptions are few but honourable) those who toil to collect the outcasts in Ragged Schools and make them at least to hear the name of Christ? These men seem to think that of two evils, it is the less for them to die in their sins, than to be brought to knowledge and repentance by the co-operation of a Dissenter! If so, what was there worse in Jerusalem? . . .

Lord Ashley's presence at Court was very frequent, and his Diaries show how constantly his sympathies were alternating between the highest and the lowest in the land. A few extracts may be given here:—

Feb. 8th.—Here I am at *Windsor Castle*. Came yesterday; sat next to the Queen at dinner; had some interesting conversation. May God, in His mercy to the Realm, raise up for her some Joseph, Daniel, or Nehemiah, some one who, in Christ's faith and fear, shall rule this people prudently and with all his power! . . .

Feb. 12th.—Newspapers of late very full of cases of cruelty to children in schools, in private houses, on board ship. They come between me and my rest, and to no purpose, for the evil is irremediable, except by the grace of God.

May 1st.—Sat in House of Commons to vote against Ewart's motion for abolishing punishment of death. I have a very strong feeling on the subject. Wished publicly to record my opinion that the Word of God does not permit but *commands* "He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." . . .

May 10th.—To the Queen's concert last night; everything as brilliant and cheerful as music and company could make it; myself rather dismal. . . .

May 15th.—Made a night visitation to Hoxton Lunatic Asylum, having suspicions of misconduct; found, I rejoice to say, things far better than we expected; our system, therefore, of inspection may be considered successful, and our terrors salutary. . . .

May 16th.—Prince Albert took chair to-day at Hanover Square Rooms for Servants' Provident Institution. He did his business admirably well, with good taste, good feeling, and real ability. But, to be sure, if he liked flattery he had full measure of it, and of the strongest quality—pure rectified spirits!

Moved a resolution, as I was desired, though hoarse with roaring yesterday to four thousand people. Thank God that the Prince is what he is, and the Queen too, with a moral Court, domestic virtues, and some public activity in philanthropic things!

May 19th. . . . Seven o'clock. Just heard that some one has fired at the Queen! She is safe. God be a million times praised for His mercy to her and to the country! The profligate George IV. passed through a life of selfishness and sin without a single *proved* attempt to take it. This mild and virtuous young woman has, four times already, been exposed to imminent peril!

It was late in the evening of this day that Lord Ashley received a letter from Harrow which filled him with the greatest alarm and anxiety. It was to announce the serious illness of his second son, Francis. He had been at Harrow since April, 1847, where he had taken and kept a distinguished place in the school, and, at the time of which we write, was in the sixth (highest) form. He was a singularly striking character; old and thoughtful for his years, deeply religious, and pure in heart and habit. The illness with which he was seized was a severe attack of cold and inflammation, and the remedy then applied was one which would not now be even thought of—such has been the rapid advance of medical science—repeated bleedings.

The sorrowful narrative that follows must be told only in the words of his father, and should it be thought that the incidents are too sacred for the public eye, it may be stated that Lord Shaftesbury had often been urged to preserve them in the form of a short biography, but was withheld from doing so, as he would have been obliged to say things which would relate to himself, and his motive might possibly have been misconstrued. Almost the last evening that the writer was permitted to spend with Lord Shaftesbury, was occupied in hearing the narrative of the incidents which follow, and it was his earnest wish that they should be recorded. "It may be, nay, I feel sure

it will be, useful to others—let it be told,” were his last instructions that evening, as he wiped away the tears that had been flowing freely.

May 21st.—Dearest Francis no better. . . . Saw him after he had slept : very feverish, thirsty ; but calm, composed, and cheerful. Blessed be God, he is easy and peaceful ! Asked me soon after my arrival to read the Bible. Did it joyfully. Read the seventh of Revelation for the glories and bliss of the other world, and the twenty-fourth of Matthew for the present duties and occupations of this. Prepared thus for either alternative of God’s will. Then we prayed, and were, I think, comforted. What a darling, tender, true, zealous, and God-serving boy it is ! Oh, that he may be spared to us, not for our solace and enjoyment only, but for the Lord’s faith and fear ! How often have I meditated on his future aid and sympathy in all my thoughts and pursuits for the good of mankind. But I must imitate the example of our dear Lord, and say, “If it be possible : nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done !” . . .

May 22nd. . . . He knows his danger, but he knows also his hope. Never have I seen such a boy ; though so young, and as the world goes, so innocent, he is filled with a sense of sin and unworthiness ; and his only fears are those which spring from a sentiment that “the joys of heaven are too glorious for one like him.” Oh, what a mercy it is, and what a consolation to us, that he is as far from self-righteousness as the east is from the west ! Never have I known till now what I am possibly to lose ! “Read to me,” he said, “about forgiveness of sins.” We then read and talked much of the free and full mercy of God in Christ Jesus. Above all, I urged him, as a calmer to every apprehension, to bear ever in mind that “God is Love,” that human love is capable of great things ; what, then, must be the depth and height and intensity of Divine love ! “Know nothing,” we said, “think of nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified.” The darling boy kissed me repeatedly, and blessed his parents that they had brought him up in the faith and fear of the Lord. Oh, blessed Saviour, this is a wondrous work of Thine ! it is the humbleness, the resignation, the piety, the experience of an aged Christian !

May 25th.—Yesterday left dear Francis with great hopes of recovery. His mother stays with him. The disorder has been dreadful ; not an ordinary attack of fever, a positive conflagration.

May 28th.—Harrow. Yesterday (Sunday) a day of fearful and agonising anxiety ; a better account to-day, and various symptoms of permanent improvement. Sat with him, read the Bible and prayed ; he desired specially some prayers of thanksgiving. “Do you meditate, *can* you meditate,” I said, “my dear boy, as you lie here ?” “Oh yes,” he replied ; “but I have learned what a futile thing must be a death-bed repentance. I feel that I have been reconciled to God, but what could I have done, when lying on this bed, to make my peace with Him, had I not before been brought to a knowledge of the Truth !” We prayed earnestly that, if he were raised up, it might be, by Divine Grace, to service in this world and salvation in the next !

Yesterday attended school chapel, and took Sacrament ; 120 boys are communicants ! Can this be without its fruits ? Blessed Lord, water it by Thy Spirit ! Why, in my day, not only no boys (and there were many of *seventeen* and *eighteen*) took the Lord’s Supper ; but no one dreamed of it. Surely a true and well-earned consolation to Dr. Vaughan.

June 1st.—Yesterday, at eight o'clock in the evening, it pleased Almighty God to take our blessed Francis. It was the work of a moment; and we were like amazed persons, so great had been the promise, not many seconds before, of returning strength and vivacity. Yet we must not murmur or repine, for all is wisdom, and mercy, and love, that cometh from Him. The child, we doubt not, is with Christ, which is far better.

June 2nd.—The loss to us is irreparable; if we regard it only in reference to ourselves, we can neither describe nor appreciate the calamity. What happiness had we not promised our declining years, from his respect, his love, his sympathy, his piety! No pen, no tongue, can set forth the charms and perfections of that blessed boy. But this is a small fraction of the view. We must look at him as emancipated from sin and danger, as received into the embrace of his precious Lord and Saviour, as a dear spirit in the realms of bliss. Is it not that the fruit was ripe, and that God, in His mercy, plucked it before it rotted on the tree? Yet every day and every hour bring his memory to our thoughts—the books, the chair, the things we so often talked about. . . .

I must gather up all that he said; I cannot let any of his words fall to the ground. During his suffering he had a dream. "I have had a dream," said he to Mrs. Gay (the housekeeper, that dear, and kind, and religious woman, who nursed him). "I dreamed that I was very ill, and that I died, and was buried at Harrow." "Did he seem disturbed by it?" I asked. "Not in the least; he took it with the utmost composure." Blessed be God, his heart was proof against fear; he had said in the early part of his illness, "Mamma, I fear that I shall be numbered among the fearful;" but God was pleased to reveal Himself more clearly, and, as "perfect love casteth out fear," so was it with his dear soul.

June 3rd.—Sunday. Sweet darling, he was unselfish to a singular degree "Oh, mamma," said the blessed boy, "I am so ashamed of myself, that through my incaution and neglect I have exposed you to this heavy expense." Thus the dear child, instead of dwelling on his own rightful comforts and remedies, was thinking only of our pecuniary inconvenience.

On Tuesday, after he had first learned his extreme danger from the medical attendants, he said to me, "Is it so?" I replied "that it was." He then called me, saying, "Come near to me, dear papa." I went and knelt down by his bedside; he threw his blessed arms round my neck, and kissed me for a very long time, and then said, "I want to thank you, dearest papa, for having brought me up as you have done, for having brought me up religiously. I now feel all the comfort of it; it is to you I owe my salvation." "No, dearest boy," I replied, "it is to the grace of God." "Yes, it is true," he said, "but you were made the instrument of it." Is there not consolation, almost divine, in these precious sentences? His voice and manner throughout his whole illness were, so to speak, sublime; he retained his infantile simplicity, and yet he was above himself. His heart was unlocked, and all its treasures displayed.

June 4th.—On that awful Tuesday, after we had read and prayed together, the dear boy said, "Dear papa, give me your blessing." I might have replied, like St. John the Baptist, and said, "I have need . . . of thee, and comest thou to me?" but he asked it, and from my soul I gave it. "If prayers will avail you," I said, "you will have the prayers of hundreds of ragged children." He seemed greatly pleased with the thought, and his face, as his mother now remembers, quite brightened up. . . .

Saw Hewlett, who told me, more in detail, about his announcement to Francis of his state of danger. The darling child, having ascertained it by inquiry from him, "received the answer," says Hewlett, "with a smile on his countenance, and simply added, 'Whatever is God's will is enough for me.'" This *alone* would have been a real and deep consolation; but, by God's mercy, it is only one of many such sentences.

June 5th.—"What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Yet I can see, even at present, many reasons, and we, as God's creatures, must receive them as all-convincing. His death may be the instrumental cause of seriousness and renovation to many, especially of his schoolfellows; it may strike an indelible impression on those of his family who survive; it may exhibit a beautiful specimen of early fitness, and remain as a monument of Divine Grace! It may chastise me, and yet so mildly, that while I bow the head in submission I am not prostrated by the blow. Oh! what a strange chastisement! My own dear, precious, darling son is taken to everlasting glory, to the end and object of all my labours and my prayers! and this is the Lord's mode of afflicting His people! . . .

June 7th.—Francis is dead and *buried*. It is difficult to realise the truth, but so it is. We attended yesterday his funeral, which accomplished his dream that he should be interred at Harrow. Minny and I greatly rejoice that we surrendered our feelings of nature that his dear remains should lie, where, in the course of things, *God willing*, we should pass many of our days and perform many acts of worship, at St. Giles's in Dorsetshire. We consigned him to the churchyard of the school which he had so loved and adorned, and where he needed not preachers, or poets, or the tongue of friendship, or love, to make known his admirable virtues. He was buried in the presence of all his schoolfellows and their several masters; and though sermons and speeches may and will be blessed to enforce his example on those who survive, no one yesterday, among many hundreds, required the word to say who or what he was. "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." Not so with him; the record of his name will long be fragrant; and I trust, nay, believe (for God will give us this consolation over and above the other), that the monument of stone will also present him to many hearts as a monument of Divine Grace. . . .

June 12th.—They ask me to write a short memoir of my darling boy. "It will be useful," they say, "to many, and specially to other boys." If I do so, I must record things in praise, as it were, of myself.

Harrow churchyard is classic ground, to which not old Harrovians alone are wont to go on pilgrimage. Many are the visitors, even from beyond the Atlantic, who, after feasting their eyes on the glorious panorama commanded by the fine elevation, seek out the modest stone which marks his grave.

They were sad and solemn days, those thirteen days when his son lay on his bed of sickness; and sad and solemn were the days that followed. Were it not that we want to see every aspect of the life of Lord Shaftesbury, we should have hesitated to have intruded even thus far into scenes so private. But it opens up a beautiful page in a man's life, when it can be seen that

there was, between himself and his children, such absolute confidence and affection, that they could speak unreservedly together on the subject of personal religion. It sheds a lustre over every public effort for the good of others, when it is known that this was but an extended phase of the work that had been going on in his own home.

Lord Ashley's nervous and sensitive organism suffered much from the shock of this event; and months after (October 11) he writes:—

"The thing that I greatly feared is come upon me;" and remarkable it is that the very effect I ever anticipated from such an event as the death of one of my children, has been produced. It has left me equal to business, with life and energy and sympathy with important interests as warm as ever; but it has thrown an alloy into all enjoyment. I am grown much more nervous and apprehensive. Every trifle, if it be sudden, makes me expect some sad intelligence—a knock at the door, a footstep, a letter, an unusual expression of countenance. The truth is, that the shock I experienced on being summoned in a moment to attend his death-bed—having left him not half an hour in, as we all believed, returning vigour—was far deeper than was then felt. It was a blow of which the internal mischiefs were not exhibited when it was struck.

For many months there is scarcely a page of the Diary that does not record the name of "my blessed Francis." His portrait, ever after his death, was on the mantelpiece in the study at St. Giles's; and thirty-six years later than the time of which we write, Lord Shaftesbury declared his belief that not one day had passed without some conscious memory of his beloved son.

Although it was the first time that death had entered in the family, and Lord Ashley felt stunned by the blow, he did not "sorrow as those who have no hope." Within a week of the funeral we find him busy on the Commission for the Subdivision of Parishes, and busier still in Ragged School work, for a new motive was now added.

Work of the "Ragged" kind recalls his image so vividly, and his dear words of sympathy and approval, how could I please him more were he alive, or more, if he be cognisant of what is passing, than by endeavouring to please God in seeking the welfare of those forlorn lambs of our Master?

There were two things for Lord Ashley to accomplish without delay—the prosecution of the Ragged Schools Emigration scheme, and the Bill for the Public Health Provisional Orders.

On July the 24th he again brought forward in the House of Commons his motion for an annual grant of money to be provided for the emigration of a certain number of Ragged School children of the metropolis to the Colonies.

If anything could have stimulated the Government to action in this matter, it should have been the manner in which the £1,500 granted in the previous Session had been expended, the amount of good it had already done, and the permanent good it seemed likely to effect. Letters were read from the boys who had been sent out to Australia—touching letters, full of gratitude and hope, and, in concluding his speech, Lord Ashley said:—

And now, Sir, revile the system and criticise it as they may, these Ragged Schools have been, and are, the sole means whereby religious and secular knowledge is imparted to the thousands of a race sunk, whole fathoms deep in destitution and suffering. You vote £100,000 a year for the purposes of education. You might, as far as these miserables are concerned, vote one hundred pence; they cannot receive any portion of your bounty; they cannot be accommodated to the system of your National and Borough Road Schools. What other means exist? We have now 82 schools, full 8,000 children, 124 paid and 929 voluntary teachers, of whose services I cannot speak with adequate gratitude and respect. In weariness and painfulness, and with every form of self-denial, they surrender themselves, body and soul, to this noble cause, hoping to excite in others a kindred sympathy. But they are not successful. The sympathy with the cause is lamentably small, and especially from those who should be the very first in every work of charity and religion. . . . It is, then, to the House of Commons that we direct our attention, in the hope that the Legislature will take up the duty that individuals seem to reject. I can hardly appeal to your feelings, because you appear to me to lie under an obligation to consider the case of these desperate sufferers. "Their enemies drive them into the sea, and the sea throws them back upon their enemies;" and yet they are immortal spirits, as precious, body and soul, in the sight of God, as the very best among us in this august assembly. I commit, therefore, the issue to the representatives of the kingdom, believing that they will not gainsay by their actions what so many of them profess with their lips, when they pray "that it may please God to defend and provide for the fatherless children, and all that are desolate and oppressed."

In the discussion which followed, as it was evident that there was a strong feeling in the House against Lord Ashley's proposition, he felt it would be indecorous in him to press it to a division, and the motion was therefore withdrawn. The country was not ripe for the effort; no second grant was made, and henceforth the Emigration scheme, as regarded Ragged Schools, had to be carried on from private sources.

But the ventilation of the subject in the public press gave an impetus to Ragged School work generally. The subject became popular, and the fact that the Government would not take up the matter, made the flow of contributions from voluntary sources more abundant than ever.

The strong personal interest that Lord Ashley took in individuals on whose behalf he laboured can never be adequately told. An illustration only can now and again be given. For example, a letter, written in 1849, was found, thirty-six years after its date—that is to say, shortly after his death—in the box which he always carried about with him, as containing the things he most valued. It is written in a cramped, ill-formed hand, and is addressed: "Lord Ashley, Exeter Hall, Westminster, London." On the cover Lord Shaftesbury had written: "Very precious to me, this letter.—S."

It ran as follows:—

PORT ADELAIDE SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

October 8th, '49.

MOST NOBLE LORD,—I Arrived at port Adelaide on the 25th March after a very pleasant passage and am now in a very comfortable situation and with very

pious people. I like Australia very well but the Weather is so very hot in the summer it is now 6 months since I arrived here and have need to thank you for your kindness in sending me out. I think with perseverance I shall do much Better here than in England. I do not think I shall ever forget the good Advice I received at palace yard Ragged School, and senserily thank them all for there kindness.

Please to except the poor thanks of your obliged and thankful servant

CAROLINE WALKER.

On the back of the letter, written evidently many years later, although there is no date affixed, is the following:—"She went into service, behaved so well that her master gave her in marriage to his son. She became a considerable person in Australia, and afterwards went to India? Where is she now? God be for ever with this Ragged School girl!—S."

Throughout the year—in fact, from October, in 1848—the country had been in a state of growing alarm on account of the outbreaks of cholera; and Lord Ashley, as Chairman of the Board of Health, was involved in the most harassing and unceasing labours. In the early part of the year as we have said, one hundred and fifty children perished by the pestilence in an establishment at Tooting, for the "care of the Infant Poor," and it was found that they were attacked when suffering from insufficient food, defective clothing, and impure air. Investigations into further outbreaks, at different times and places, proved conclusively, that "wherever neglect, wherever depression, or vice, or poverty, pressed down the population, there the pestilence raged with its retributive and warning arm; the sins of omission and commission were revisited on the lives of those who perpetrated or permitted them." It was found that foul drains, overflowing cesspools, fetid waters, overcrowded lodging-houses, damp cellars, and ill-ventilated rooms, attracted the pestilence, which then spread to the houses of the better classes, and to the mansions of the rich.

As the summer advanced the pestilence grew in virulence; but while everybody who could do so was running away from London as fast as possible, Lord Ashley, with his indefatigable colleagues, Dr. Southwood Smith and Mr. Edwin Chadwick, was working night and day in the very midst of the plague. Reviled by the newspapers, resisted by Boards of Guardians, hampered by red-tape, he persevered in his labours; and, be it remembered, that it was entirely unpaid service which he rendered throughout the whole of the difficult and dangerous time of the existence of the Board of Health.

Sept. 7th.—Labour and anxiety at Board of Health very great. We are now in the City of the Plague, and still by God's love under His shield and buckler. He hears our prayers, and defends against the "Pestilence that walketh in darkness." Disorder increasing; close of last week showed a mortality *trebling* the average of London; 1,881 victims of this awful scourge! Yesterday showed, for the metropolis alone, a return of 345 in one day. O God! Thou art terrible and yet just in Thy decrees.

Sept. 9th.—London is emptied. Cholera worse than ever; returns of yesterday quite appalling, and yet manifest that we do not receive more than two-thirds of the truth. Have been mercifully preserved through this pestilence. Have not, I thank God, shrunk from one hour of duty in the midst of this City of the Plague, and yet it has not approached either me or my dwelling.

Sept. 17th.—*Times* of this morning contains an extract from the *Observer* which is gratifying. The Board of Health may hope little, and perhaps desire little, for the applause of men; but I do much deplore that our anxieties and labours should be thrown away, and we be told that we have done nothing, attempted nothing, imagined nothing, wished nothing. Our diligence and zeal are mentioned in the article; yet it is less than justice. We have indeed toiled unceasingly, and not as mere officials, but with earnestness and feeling. Chadwick and Smith are men who may feel, but who know not fatigue or satiety in business, when necessity urges, or duty calls. As for the staff of the Board, miserably paid as they are, with scanty hopes of preferment, or even of continued employment, I am unable to speak with adequate praise. They have laboured even to sickness, and when struck down by the disease, have hastened back to their work, not for emolument (for they receive fixed salaries) but for conscience sake. And such are the men whose scanty recompense certain gentry would reduce by 10 per cent. Out upon this disgusting economy!

The one great cause of surprise and anxiety to Lord Ashley throughout this perilous time was, that although the disease was spreading, and terrible alarm was prevalent, there was no apparent turning to prayer. Not an ecclesiastic attempted to stir the Government to direct public supplication. In vain he wrote to the Archbishop and the Bishop of London, and he says, "Surely it is prodigious that the laity should always take the lead in these things. The world will soon ask 'cui bono?' our spiritual, or, rather, our ecclesiastical rulers."

It was in vain also that he urged a fast-day; and not until alarm was approaching to panic was he able to obtain a special prayer.

Lord John Russell to Lord Ashley.

BALMORAL, September 1, 1849.

DEAR ASHLEY,—I have written to-day to the Archbishop, in answer to a letter of his, to say that the Queen will direct a form of prayer to be prepared on account of the cholera.

The visitation of this disease has indeed taken a very awful shape.

Now as to your own health. Carlisle writes me word that he is going to London, and I think you owe it to your family that you should now take the rest which is so necessary to you. Had I foreseen your duties would have been so severe, I could hardly have proposed the office to you. But, though unpaid, you will, I am sure, feel the satisfaction of having worked for the health and life of your fellow-creatures in a way that hardly any other person would have done.

Ever, my dear Ashley, yours truly,

J. RUSSELL.

On Sunday, 16th September, the special prayer was read in the churches. During the preceding week the number of deaths from cholera raised the

ordinary average of mortality from 1,008 to 3,183. By the 13th of the following month cholera had disappeared, but not until 14,497 deaths from this cause had been registered since the 1st October, 1848. Referring to the special prayer the Diary continues:—

Sept. 17th.—Yesterday, Sunday. The prayer for deliverance from the cholera. A poor substitute for a day of repentance and humiliation; but, thank God, better than nothing. . . . Alas! alas! who can trust our ecclesiastical rulers? Does it not savour of a mockery? Was it so that Moses and Aaron stood “between the living and the dead,” when wrath had gone out from the Lord? What gibes, jokes, sneers, and doubts, we shall encounter! What varieties of scoffing and bitterness! a precious occasion for sceptics and worldlings! . . .

It was not until a fairly clean bill of health could be returned that Lord Ashley allowed himself the rest for which he had long been pining.

Sept. 18th.—Tunbridge Wells. Attended Board of Health on my way through London. Pestilence on the decline. I can be spared from London, and I seek a short repose. But I heartily thank God that I shrank not from the post of toil and danger, but persisted from August 1st to September 11th in the midst of the pestilence, and stirred not till the plague was stayed. The Almighty bore me through and covered me, for Christ’s sake, with His shield and buckler. . . .

A few days later, and the following entry occurs:—

Sept. 29th.—Yesterday to Lord Hardinge’s with Minny to dine and sleep. He is a good-hearted, simple-minded, generous soldier; a noble fellow in his profession, and a real good man. I love and esteem him much, and God ever bless him and his for his pious, manly, true, and thankful acknowledgment, in a public order, of God’s mercy to the armies in the battle of Sobraon! . . .

In defence of the Christian Sabbath—its claims, duties, and privileges—Lord Ashley was, throughout his life, always on the alert. Any encroachment upon its sanctity, from whatever quarter, was sure to bring him to the front; and any effort to guard and honour it, was equally sure of his co-operation and support.

While he was resting at Tunbridge Wells, a rumour reached him that a Government order had been issued for all clerks in the Post Office to attend to their official duties on Sundays as on other days. Instantly he wrote to Sir George Grey, Lord John Russell, and Lord Clanricarde,* appealing to them, as Christians and Statesmen, to interfere, and, in the course of a few hours he had placed himself at the head of a movement, organised by the employés of the Post Office to resist the demand. A few days later he came up to town to preside at the Freemasons’ Tavern over a full and enthusiastic meeting, to protest against the action of the Post Office authorities.

The protests were in vain; and he writes:—

Nov. 20th, Sunday.—On this day will begin the new ministerial scheme of Sabbath labour at the P. O. Should it succeed, should it increase revenue, and gratify moneyed men, alas, humanly speaking, for the Sunday altogether! But

* The Postmaster-General.

we pray and trust that God "will blow upon it," and bring to confusion the vile attempt. The true remedy lies in closing every P. O., metropolitan and provincial, from 12 o'clock on Saturday night till 2 o'clock on Monday morning.

For the present he was unsuccessful; but within a short time he was to return to the charge with resolution undaunted.

On May the 30th in the following year he moved, in the House of Commons, that an address be presented to her Majesty, praying that she would be graciously pleased to direct that the collection and delivery of letters on Sunday night, in future, entirely cease in all parts of the kingdom. A noisy debate ensued, the Government strenuously resisting; but Lord Ashley's motion was carried by 93 to 68!

In reply to the Address, her Majesty adopted the resolution, and thus confirmed the victory that Lord Ashley had won in the House. Lord John Russell announced that it was the intention of the Government completely to carry out the vote, and that no exception would be made even in favour of foreign correspondence.

For three weeks the Sunday post was stopped throughout the kingdom; and during that period, and for some time after, Lord Ashley occupied the unenviable position of being the most unpopular and the most roundly-abused man in the kingdom. He writes:—

Mouths are yawning against me in anger and contempt. Not only the papers, but all society, are furious, and all this because certain aristocratical people will not have their gossip in the country every Sunday morning. . . . It requires either strong shoulders, or an ass's skin, to bear the strokes. . . . The variety, universality, and bitterness of attack are quite original.

Of course the newspapers teemed with letters, from irate correspondents, descriptive of the inconvenience, and calling for immediate alteration. The Government, after advising the Queen to adopt the resolution, returned to the House, and, represented by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, set to work to neutralise the effect of the vote by publicly inviting petitions to prove the inconvenience and damage.

The press, and society still more, so they tell me, teem with vituperations and hatred. Epithets and appellations are exhausted; bigot, fool, fanatic, Puritan, are the mildest terms. They seek to beat me with my own weapons, and lament the "desecration of the Sabbath" of which I am the cause! Truly "Satan is transformed into an angel of light." . . .

On the other hand, Lord Ashley received letters "of deep, earnest, grateful joy from postmasters and messengers, full of piety and prayer," and letters of thankfulness and offers of aid from many unexpected quarters.

It was not for long, however, that the controversy was to last. An inquiry was moved for, and entrusted to Lord Clanricarde, Mr. Labouchere, and Sir G. Cornewall Lewis, the result being that the resolution, with the order of the Postmaster-General under it, were rescinded, and the Sunday delivery was replaced on its former footing.

CHAPTER XIX.

1850—1851.

“By doing good with his money a man, as it were, stamps the image of God upon it, and makes it pass current for the merchandise of heaven.” In the course of his life there were many who thought that the greatest good they could do with their money was to place it in the care of Lord Shaftesbury. He always had schemes on hand which needed help. Every one who knew him, knew that, as a trustee of money, he was scrupulously exact, and that not a penny entrusted to him would fail of accomplishing some direct end; it was known, too, that he had special channels for circulating it where it would be most useful. At various periods of his career large sums of money were placed at his disposal for charitable purposes, and the last months of his life were much occupied in the disposal of a legacy of £50,000 left to him for distribution among charities.

He was probably never more grateful for such aid to his schemes than at the time when, the Government having failed to further his efforts to promote Emigration among Ragged Schools, the whole burden of supplying the means for it fell upon the exertions of the benevolent. There was one lady, Miss Portal, who was always ready to help in any work of mercy in which Lord Ashley was specially interested, and many times in the course of the Diaries there are entries like the following, relating to her Christian love and munificence:—

Jan. 6th.—Received yesterday a draft for £1,000 from that dear woman, Miss Portal, to be laid out, at my discretion, on Ragged Schools, emigration, and whatever can advance the temporal and spiritual well-being of the youthful outcasts. This makes now £3,300 with which this pure-hearted and disinterested daughter of Zion has supported my efforts. May God bless her basket and her store, her body and her soul, her heart and her spirit, with fruitfulness in faith, joy, peace, prayer, and everlasting life! . . .

. . . She has been a real comfort to me; her sympathy and co-operation, her simple, humble-minded generosity, have given me great support. . . .

Money and help flowed in from many quarters in furtherance of the Emigration scheme—the Queen and Prince Consort sent £100—and, so long as such resources lasted, the greatest success attended the labours of Lord Ashley in this direction.

One friend who, more than any other, had been a constant sympathiser and earnest coadjutor in Lord Ashley's labours—the Rev. E. Bickersteth—was, early in this year, called to his rest. In his society Lord Ashley had always found satisfaction; on almost every subject their views were identical,

and many a solemn hour had they spent together in discussing the state of the times in relation to Tractarianism; in pondering over unfulfilled prophecies—the frequent subject of Mr. Bickersteth's pulpit discourses—in talking over the restoration of Israel to their promised land, and, dearer than all, in hoping and praying for the Second Coming of the Son of Man.

On the 17th February he writes:—

“Lord, he whom Thou lovest is sick.” Is this too much to say of Bickersteth? I trow not. This dearly-beloved friend and fellow-servant is grievously ill; and prayers, we bless God, are daily made for him throughout the Church. How little can we afford to lose such a champion for the Truth. And yet I hardly dare to ask that he be detained longer in this sinful and suffering world; but we may safely ask, and do ask, that he may enjoy consolation and assurance in the grace and mercy of our blessed Redeemer.

On February the 28th Mr. Bickersteth died; and it was long before there was another to take his place in Lord Ashley's esteem and affection. Some time after his death, when harassed with cares for the Church, he wrote:—“How I miss, and shall continue to miss, the warmth, the joy in good, the sympathy, of dear Bickersteth. How many times his words have encouraged or consoled me.”

Before proceeding to dwell upon the larger subjects that were specially to engage the heart and brain of Lord Ashley, a few extracts upon general matters may be given here from his Diary.

Feb. 8th.—Windsor Castle. Came here yesterday. On Wednesday speech at Sanitary Meeting. Walked through state rooms; saw and loved a picture of Edward VI. He and my blessed Francis were counterparts of each other in thought, in heart, in service, in age, and in death. They are probably now together humbly and joyously adoring their blessed Lord; and as they sleep in Him, so will they come with Him! “Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.” . . .

In the House of Commons a serious altercation had taken place, on the 7th of February, between Mr. Horsman and Lord John Russell, arising out of charges made against the Government by the former in a letter to his constituents. It is to this that the former part of the following entry relates:—

Feb. 13th.—On evening 11th acted as mediator between J. Russell and Horsman, without previous concert with either; was urged to it by Hume, V. Smith, Inglis, &c. My bat-like position gave me facilities. Prayed to God, and succeeded. Many spoke to me afterwards very kindly on the subject. Gorham affair still unpronounced upon; it is supposed that the Bishops of Oxford and Salisbury, working on the duplicity of the Bishop of London and the simplicity of the Archbishop of Canterbury, will retard the decision that the clergy may have time to protest against the tribunal; and they themselves, during the delay, take the chapter of accidents! Wrote finally to Russell to urge despatch; he replied that “he viewed, with much suspicion, the conduct of the Bishop of London.” Singular it is, the state in which I am; I am almost forced to have “a finger in every pie.” I verily believe that, humanly speaking, I was instrumentally the cause of the safer construction of the Gorham Committee.

Certainly Lord John had never dreamed of the Archbishops as assessors, before I had suggested them.

Ash Wednesday, attended church; afterwards the Board of Health, then proceeded to Pye Street. Had agreed to make one of a *small family dinner-party* with my mother-in-law; * but when she filled it with strangers and raised it to *sixteen*, I declined. It is not that I attach any peculiar sanctity to the day; but it has been set apart by the Church for confession and meditation. Festivities, therefore, are not in accordance with it, and would shock the feelings of many conscientious members. . . .

Feb. 21st.—By desire of Prince Albert attended meeting at Willis's Rooms, to move resolution on behalf of the Industrial Exhibition of 1851. Though I am disposed to regard the thing as having "more cry than wool," I went in obedience to his wishes. Twenty-two speakers, some very long; I, the twelfth, for four minutes, and never did I dislike anything so much. . . .

In March Lord Ashley left London for a fortnight's visit to Paris.

One of his first visits was to the Eglise Reformée, to hear the Rev. Adolph Monod preach.

April 1st. . . . and right glad I am that I did so, for a better and more touching sermon, more pointed and true, and effectively delivered, I never heard. It was steeped in evangelism; and the worthlessness of man's works and the free grace of God, savoured every thought and expression. It did me and Minny real good, and I felt truly comfortable. . . . The sun shines, the houses sparkle, the shops abound; all is bustle, felicity, bunting and gobble—yet "all faces gather blackness;" not a cheering word drops from any one, no matter what his station, politics, or education. The utmost of comfort is, "it will not be just yet." That mysterious "*it*." The syllable contains the renewal of sixty years of Revolution, of proscriptions, wars internal and external, fall of trade, distress, men's hearts failing them for fear. By-the-bye, sat next to Guizot at Monod's sermon.

In the following year, when Lord Ashley was again in Paris, he was less successful in his visit to hear Monod. The church was the Temple de Sainte Marie. It was crowded, the heat oppressive, and the people not over civil. "I saw here," he said, "at least *liberté*, for the beadle slammed the door in my face; *égalité*, for no one was better treated by each other, or the officer, than any one else; but no *fraternité*, for they drove me from point to point, until, having reached the bottom of the church, I could go no further."

The immediate object of Lord Ashley's visit to Paris was to examine the homes and haunts of the poor, to see what practical hints could be gathered in sanitary matters, and to contrast and compare methods of meeting the evils incident to all great cities. Hence we find him visiting, "in the way of trade," as he says, Montfauçon, the slaughter-house of horses; the Cité Ouvrière, "desolate, and without inhabitant;" the Abattoir Montmartre, "excellent, well-placed, no dirt, no cruelty;" the Salpêtrière, where, during the cholera, 1,600 out of 5,000 had died, the reason assigned being

* Lady Palmerston.

singularly confirmatory of experience in England—"rooms over-crowded, great faults of construction, exceedingly ill-ventilated."

Paris had a great charm for Lord Ashley—its tints, its climate, its movement, its life, the kindness and courtesy of the people—and yet he looked upon all with a feeling of sadness. "I cannot bear," he says, "to think of the horrors that designing and self-seeking men—men of low personal interests and godless ambition—are preparing for this generation. As I walked through the gardens and through the streets, contemplating the numbers of young, pretty, and playful children, I felt as Elisha, and wept to think of the sorrows in store for them, the widowhood, the orphanage, the desolation, and suffering."

This feeling was to a great extent shared in by the Parisians themselves, as the following notes will show :—

April 4th.—It is strange the condition of mind of all in this city. Every day, sometimes twice a day, rumours of a decree, a *coup d'état*, a Bill which will drive the Socialists to fury, then a struggle. Went to Madame de Lieven's yesterday evening ; saw some notables, but heard the same as elsewhere ; the French gentry are at their wit's ends. I remarked that the people were misled by evil and designing leaders. Guizot maintained that the people were "utterly corrupted from their very youth, having neither moral discipline nor religion ; they would be quite as bad without them." Thence to Madame Pozzo's, the great Legitimist house. No difference of sentiment or expression : all gloomy, apprehensive, and life from hand to mouth. And yet they live in show and distraction everywhere—no end of play-going, balls, parties, receptions ; plenty of fear, and no thought ; abundance of anticipations, and no preparation ; a dismal future, a present gaiety—"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." . . . "I have not had," said Madame Pozzo to Minny, "a day of assurance for two years ; I have had the actual day, but no security of the morrow ;" and yet these Legitimists dream of "reaction," and, as M. Pozzo informed me, had already their plan "*pour modifier la ville*."

Four o'clock. Very weary. Penetrated and perambulated Faubourg St. Antoine, and the street behind the Hôtel de Ville. Thence to the Chamber. It has the look of a bad theatre, with uncomfortable boxes and ill-chosen decorations. Stayed one hour and a half, during which time the Deputies threw pellets and papers into urns, and did nothing else. Bored to death, so came away.

A scene in the Chamber, yesterday, which ended nearly in blows. Threats were uttered, and fists shaken. These are but symptoms of internal fires. The offending party was fined *fifteen days' pay*. Was there ever anything so vulgar ?

April 5th.—Last night to the President's reception, Elysée. The style simple, without pretence. Amused in contemplating the various figures, and the various parts they might play hereafter. Changarnier there in plain clothes, with white moustaches and a black wig ; he looks like a Tartar cat. Certainly, for a Republic, there never were so many orders, ribbons, stars, and other decorations. We know whence they came, but whither do they go ? The immorality of the nation lies at the root of all the evil and all the danger ; it is not misgovernment, oppressive taxation ; it is not religious persecution, nor denial of freedom ; it is not the presence of a griping Church or a monopolising aristocracy ; it is not any political

defect, or any civil abuse or blunder ; it is the utter want of all religion, all sense of God, all respect for man. The domestic system, the prime ordinance of God for human society, is nearly extinct. "In thee and thy seed shall the *families* of the earth be blessed." Mark the expression ; not the nations, not the people, not the individuals, but the "families" of the earth. This, however, is cut up at the very roots ; their mode of life, their dwellings, their amusements, their tastes, their passions, all are incompatible with the cares, the toils, the duties of domestic existence. Hence, to save money and gratify their selfish and carnal desires, the unnatural and disgusting conditions respecting children ; hence the total neglect of thousands of their offspring, consigned from their birth to the charge of distant and indifferent hirelings ; hence the annual exposure of 30,000 children in the streets of Paris, many, too, they say, born in legitimate wedlock. I will rest (but not unto us, O Lord, not unto us) the superiority of England over France on this alone : 30,000 infants abandoned every year in Paris on a population of 1,000,000, not 300 in London on a population of 2,000,000 !

April 6th.—Dined with Lady Elgin last night, Rue de Varennes, to meet Lamartine. He is over head and ears a poet, and looks like one ; he talks well, and is highly interesting while he recounts his revolutionary experiences. But I could not trust him ; he seems to take sober and practical views of nothing, all is resolved into the fitness of the affair, or the moment, for a speech, or a stanza. Doubtless his prodigious oratorical abilities are a great source of temptation to him. He showed as much when he said yesterday, "If it were not bad for the country, I should rejoice to live my period of power over again, it was so exciting." He is the only one who speaks with assurance of the future, but, then, he is become once more a candidate for office. His wishes are fathers to his thoughts. He rendered great service, all must confess, in the first moments of the dreadful insurrection of 1848, but I cannot regard him as a disinterested man.

April 10th.—Dined last night with Madame de Lieven, and met many French gentlemen, Guizot, &c. &c. Sat next to me a "Legitimist." "You have been saved," he said, "by the religion of your people." I observed that the "best and only mode of humanising the working classes was to go amongst them and prove that you studied their best interests." "This," he replied, "is now impossible with us ; the masses are in so awful a condition, and every obstruction besets us ; all our men of science, station, and note, are professed infidels." It is so, but what a contrast to England ! Yet we must not boast. Who made us to differ ? . . .

April 11th.—Dined last night with Monsieur and Madame André. A party of French Protestants desirous of listening to stories about Ragged Schools and other modes of assisting society. Kind, hospitable, and friendly ; full of zeal and piety. Deeply alarmed by the state of the Parisian people, and equally anxious to devise some means of encountering it, but their difficulties, it cannot be denied, are tremendous. . . .

To-day we start for England. . . .

Lord Ashley's views with regard to amusements will have been found, from various extracts given in this book, to have been much wider than those of many with whom he was associated, and whose views in great measure he was supposed to represent. The principle which governed him was that laid down by the Apostle, "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient."

To oblige Minny went to Théâtre Français, not having entered a play-house for very many years. I have abstained in deference to the opinions and feelings of those with whom I have been associated in religious undertakings, *and I shall do so again*, though I am disposed to believe that the theatre might be made a "School of Virtue." Told, besides, that it was necessary to see *Valeria*, in order to ascertain the public mind of Paris, its views and sentiments. Saw nothing but a bad play, well acted.

One of Lord Ashley's first acts on his return from Paris was to send in his resignation as Chairman of the Board of Health. We have seen how arduous his labours had been during the year of cholera, and they had not decreased. It was not, however, on the ground of the labour involved that he wished to discontinue his services in connection with the Board. He had seen the necessity of a change in the laws concerning the burial of the dead in the metropolis, and had prepared a Bill for their amendment—the "Extramural Interment Bill." Early in January of this year he received a letter from Lord Carlisle informing him that the Government proposed to take out of his hands the future conduct of that Bill. This, however, was but one of a series of disappointments which are alluded to in the Diary thus:—

The Government throw on me the small, tedious, harassing details of the Provisional Orders, but the measures of credit they reserve for themselves. This, however, has altered and abated my duties for the Session, because I am now detached from the special charge of the sanitary measures, Interment, Water, Building. I cannot hide to myself my own disappointment; partly, I had hoped that my name (is this an illegitimate desire?) would be inseparably connected with these reforms; and, partly, I hoped that intense labour and anxiety would not be without their fruits. "He best can paint them, who can feel them most." I tremble for the issue, in ignorant or unsympathising hands. . . .

Notwithstanding the disappointment, Lord Ashley considered that the Interment plan was one of the best ever devised, and was likely to be productive of real moral effects on the poorer population, and he continued to work at it laboriously. The appointment, however, of Lord Seymour as President of the Board, over the head of Lord Ashley, who had borne all the burden and heat of the day, greatly changed his position and impeded his action. It was this that led to his tendering his resignation. But Lord John Russell would not hear of it, and, sinking his own preferences for the general good, Lord Ashley continued, at great personal sacrifice, to retain his office. If he could not keep the Interment Bill in his hands, he trusted, at least, that he should be able to carry through the Bill for the Metropolitan Water Supply, and, in fact, he made this a condition of his remaining on the Board.

Throughout the year, and still later, the Diary contains many entries relating to these matters, of which the following may be taken as specimens to show the nature of some of the difficulties that assailed him:—

June 5th.—Interment Bill. Passed but three clauses in nearly five hours. Much attacked and reviled. . . . These are the sweets of unremunerated public life!

July 18th.—Yesterday gave whole day to wander over the wild heaths of Surrey, around Farnham, in quest of springs and getting grounds for Water Supply of the Metropolis. Started at ten and returned at ten. Saw all that we wanted, found rivers to break out in the desert, and confessed that God was bountiful. But will *man* be so? It is overwhelming, heart-breaking, awful to reflect, how many thousands are deprived, in this *Christian* city, of the prime requisite for health, comfort, decency, of an essential prop and handmaid to morality! . . .

Dec. 12th.—The Water Supply, for which alone I remained at the B. of H., will be set aside or emasculated by the Government; and yet I made this measure a condition of my stay there. The situation is painful, because it is become that of a clerk, and I am made, by Seymour and Grey, to feel it hourly. The Board has no free action, no power to effect any of its decisions, for the Treasury and the Home Office refuse, or thwart, every proposition.

Jan. 31st, 1851.—The labours and anxieties of the B. of H. have, I suspect, contributed not a little to my disorders. I feel these subjects deeply; they are intimately connected with the physical and, to no small extent, with the moral welfare of mankind. I am grieved, harassed, overwhelmed with variety of work, a dull position, and a dismal horizon. I want neither honour, nor praise, nor payment; but I want some little fruit of protracted toil and expended health. . . . But what shall I do? Shall I persevere, or shall I retire? I want the time for the stirring and precious business of this Session. I want it for other movements of service to God and man. I want it for moments of reflection and repose; but I must not seek my own, but Thy will, O God.

The summer of this year saw the close of a very remarkable career, and one with which Lord Ashley was, more particularly in his earlier life, closely associated.

On the 24th of June there was a debate on the foreign policy of the Government, introduced by Mr. Roebuck, and continued over four nights. On the 28th Sir Robert Peel spoke, and his speech was generally admitted "to be characterised by great kindness of feeling and political foresight." It was his last speech, his last appearance in that House, where, ever since 1809, he had been one of the most conspicuous members. On the following day, as he was riding up Constitution Hill, after entering his name in the Queen's visiting book at Buckingham Palace, his horse shied and threw him over its head, and Sir Robert, still keeping hold of the reins, drew the animal upon him with its knees between his shoulders. The injuries were not at first considered likely to be fatal, but their extent was not really known. On the 1st of July the symptoms grew more and more alarming, and on the following night he expired.

June 30th.—Sunday. Yesterday Peel was thrown from his horse, and injured by the fall. God have mercy on him in mind and body! . . . Called to inquire after Peel—do not quite like the account, though I trust that all will be well.

July 2nd.—Peel still in great danger—poor man. May God be gracious to him! . . .

July 3rd.—Peel is dead. He died last night, at eleven o'clock, in full

consciousness, having seen his family and friends, and taken the Lord's Supper at the hands of the Bishop of Gibraltar. What an end! What an event! Are we not all in the midst of death? It has deeply afflicted me; he was a great intellect, and had some noble qualities. O Lord, give us hope that he has found mercy in Christ Jesus, and sanctify it to us all! . . . House this morning was adjourned in respect to poor Peel. This awful death has revived many recollections, and stirred many feelings of ancient days. . . .

July 5th.—Yesterday J. Russell pronounced an eulogy on Sir R. Peel, and proposed a public funeral, which was declined, with gratitude, by Goulburn on the part of the family, who urged a passage in his will expressive of a desire to be interred in the vault at Drayton. It was well and feelingly done on both sides; but, as it went on, I could not but estimate how worthless are these things. How did they affect him? how did they console his family? And yet such have been, in history, the springs of many brilliant actions, and, perhaps, will be so again. The true value of it is nothing; the same minds that have recorded their panegyrics will, as soon as the peculiar shock is over, review his course with critical "justice," and qualify the praise that was uttered in the moment of sympathy. Human applause is very tempting; but woe to the man who confides in it; there is no secure and fruitful honour but that which cometh from God only. As the shock subsides, reminiscences arise. This event, that was at first terrible, is becoming sad. The man, his voice, his figure, all are before my eyes. It is truly awful. May God in His mercy bless the affliction to his wife and children!

July 9th.—This day Sir R. Peel will be interred at Drayton, and then speedily forgotten. Such is human fame, and yet in many respects, one of the greatest men of this generation! The Duke of Cambridge expired this day. I deeply lament his loss. . . . He brought the branches of the Crown into frequent contact with the charitable institutions of the metropolis and the comforts of the people.

July 25th.—Attended, on Tuesday, a meeting to do honour to Sir R. Peel, and to second a resolution moved by the Duke of Wellington! Had been requested to do so by Goulburn and Graham, and of course complied. He had wonderful qualities of various kinds, and his loss is great.

In August, Lord Ashley, who had not been in really good health since his severe attack of illness in 1848, left London for a tour in Scotland, in the hope that he might renew his strength and be braced up for the work which lay before him in the winter. The Duke of Argyll had lent him Roseneath, the Duke's place on the Clyde. We will not follow him through the tour, except to note one or two incidents. At Tarbert he met, by accident, Mr. Locke, the Secretary of the Ragged School Union, and suddenly, vividly, there came before him "the ragged race, and indeed, all the race of unhappy, forgotten, ill-used children." In intervals of leisure he tried to read a few books, and keep pace with the generation; but he found that "while he roamed over the older works he had missed, he let go the new, and so, like panting Time, he toiled after them in vain." In one part of his journey he went seven miles in a spring cart, "rightly so named, for he was never made to spring so high before." And in another he was "entrapped to ascend the hills with a shooting-party, and found himself unintentionally converted into a

deer-stalker, although he neither fired a rifle nor saw a stag." At the little town of Tain he records this surprising fact: "I was made 'free of the city.' *The first public honour I have ever had.* It was kindly proposed, and most flatteringly conferred in the Town Hall, nor am I indifferent to the goodwill and esteem of a body of citizens, though small and remote."

When the Session of Parliament was closed by the Queen in person in August there was peace at home and abroad. But a new chapter in the ecclesiastical history of the country was opening, and within a few weeks the whole kingdom was to be agitated as it had rarely been before. One of the most marked features of English history during the nineteenth century has been the continuous growth of liberty of conscience. One by one, the disabilities of Dissenters, Roman Catholics, and Jews, have been removed; but, with all this large-hearted tolerance for almost every form of faith and practice, England never forgot that there was an ecclesiastical system which, in its era of supremacy, wrote its history in characters of blood, and, while yielding complete religious freedom, even though cautiously and tardily, to all law-abiding Roman Catholic subjects, watched jealously for any manifestation on the part of the Church of Rome of a desire to re-assert her ancient pretensions.

Thirty-six years ago the fear of Rome was much more dominant in England than at the present day. Circumstances have altered, and a "No Popery" agitation of national dimensions would require for its exciting cause a high-handed policy such as no ecclesiastical body seems ever likely to venture upon again in this country. Indeed, it is difficult to believe how thoroughly the heart of England was stirred by the institution of certain titular dignities which are still illegal, but are now accorded, as a matter of course, in our ordinary conversation and in our literature.

In October, 1850, there was published a Papal Bull, abolishing the Administration of Roman Catholics in England by Vicars Apostolic, and appointing instead, two Archbishops and twelve Bishops, with territorial districts distinctly marked out. Lord Ashley was in Scotland when the Bull was published, and his first view of the matter, written at the moment, is noteworthy.

Oct. 25th.—Inverary. Events are beginning to be rife; the Pope, by a Bull, has divided England into dioceses with *territorial* titles, such as "Archbishop of Westminster." We must be careful not to push this matter too far; it is an act of great annoyance and audacity, but not contrary to law, nor worth, in fact, a new law. It must be used as a warning, as a stimulant, as a proof of Roman ambition.

The aspect of affairs soon began to assume a more serious complexion. Dr. Wiseman was appointed the first Archbishop of Westminster, and raised to the dignity of a Cardinal, and, in this capacity, he sent to England the notorious pastoral, dated "From out of the Flaminian Gate at Rome," a document which inflamed the Protestant fervour of the country a hundredfold more than the Papal Bull. Apparently ignoring the English Church and its

episcopate, he spoke as if England had been restored to the Romish communion, and would henceforth be ecclesiastically governed by the new hierarchy. The following extract will serve as a sample of the arrogant assumption that characterised this extraordinary document:—

“The great work, then,” wrote the Cardinal, “is complete; what you have long desired and prayed for is granted. Your beloved country has received a place among the fair churches which normally constituted the splendid aggregate of Catholic communion. Catholic England has been restored to its orbit in the ecclesiastical firmament from which its light had long vanished, and begins now anew its course of regularly-adjusted action round the centre of unity, the source of jurisdiction, of light, and of vigour. How wonderfully this has been brought about, how clearly the hand of God has been shown in every step, we have not leisure to relate, but we may hope soon to recount to you by word of mouth.”

The recent proceedings of the Tractarians had prepared the people for a unanimous cry of “No Popery,” and all the Protestant sects and communions united to resist these outrageous demands. Had Sir Robert Peel been living, he might, perchance, have calmed the popular excitement, or, at least, have directed and subdued it; but Lord John Russell, who was now Premier, saw an opportunity of dealing a blow at his Tractarian foes, and “raised a tempest, from the effects of which his Government soon after suffered shipwreck.” On November the 4th he wrote to the Bishop of Durham, what was long after famous as “The Durham Letter.”

After pointing to his own advocacy of the Catholic claims in past years, he denounced the recent measures of the Pope as “a pretension of supremacy over the realm of England, and a claim to sole and undivided sway, which is inconsistent with the Queen’s supremacy, with the rights of our Bishops and Clergy, and with the spiritual independence of the nation, as asserted even in Roman Catholic times.”

This letter won from Lord Ashley the strongest admiration, and roused the whole country to a ferment. The course of events is noted, stage by stage, in his Diary, from which we now quote:—

Nov. 3rd.—Edinburgh. People have often rebuked me as a croaker, as a bird of evil augury; but, as David says, “Is there not a cause?” I never fear attacks, but I tremble for the spirit that resists them. The Pope and his decrees are nothing; but the Puseyite Churchmen and the Laodicean nation are enough to inspire terror. I am ready to conflict with Infidelity, and defy it; but I sink with dismay when I find the University rife with the German philosophy, and ecclesiastical Judases, pretending belief in the Holy Scriptures, betraying the Son of Man with a kiss!

Nov. 5th.—Gunpowder Plot day! It was a mighty deliverance, for which we of this generation are about as thankful as we are for the rescue of Daniel out of the lions’ den. And yet, when has God dealt more mercifully with any people?

Public meetings denouncing the Papal Aggression were being held throughout the country, and petitions were adopted calling upon the Govern-

ment and Legislature to intervene. It was impossible that Lord Ashley could remain away any longer from the scene of conflict, and on November the 11th we find him again in London and at the head of the Anti-Popery movement.

Nov. 11th. . . . Took chair at conference of clergy and laity to devise mode of meeting present crisis; sat for five hours; fearful of disunion; all settled, by God's blessing, on a little management; agreed to a committee to stir country. How shall we "improve the shining hour?" Such an occasion may never return.

Nov. 21st.—The Cardinal's manifesto is out; bold, astute, unscrupulous; but, with all its cunning, more hurtful to the shooter than to the target.

Nov. 25th.—What a surprising ferment! It abates not a jot; meeting after meeting in every town and parish of the country. Vast meetings of counties, specially of York. At concerts and theatres, I hear, "God save the Queen" is demanded three times in succession. It resembles a storm over the whole ocean; it is a national sentiment, a rising of the land! All opinions seem for a while merged in this one feeling.

An announcement having been made that a great meeting was to be held to discuss the question, the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce), "striving," as his biographer says, "to hold the balance between the two parties in the then excited state of opinions," wrote to Lord Ashley a long letter, of which the following is an extract:—

You will be, more than any one, able to direct the current of Thursday's meeting; to settle whether it shall set against *bonâ fide* Romanising tendencies in the Church (by which I mean the revival of a system of auricular confession, sacramental absolution, the sacrificial character of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the denial of Justification by Faith, &c., &c.), or whether it shall be a mere attempt to brand as Romanisers all those in the Church who are of the school of Andrews, Hooker, Beveridge, &c. Of this school I am a member. I make no secret of it. I have, as I believe, dropped no one truth of my Evangelical education, but I hold those truths in a more consistent and, therefore, a firmer grasp. But the question I am anxious you should let me suggest for your thought is this: Can it strengthen us as a Church against Rome, against Latitudinarianism, against irreligion, against Socialism, and our frightful social evil, to drive out, or render suspected, all the earnest-minded and, I will venture to say, spiritually-minded men in this our day of exceeding need of every aid?

"To this letter," says the biographer of Bishop Wilberforce,* "Lord Ashley replied, that at the meeting he was not only most anxious to avoid personalities, but that he would do all in his power to prevent them. He explained that the object of the meeting was to prevent Tractarian dogmas, which, as he said, drove whole congregations to Dissenting chapels, and which were rapidly turning the Church of England into a free Church." There is no reference to this correspondence in Lord Ashley's Diary, nor does a copy of his reply appear to have been kept.

* "Life of Bishop Wilberforce. By his son, Reginald G. Wilberforce," vol. ii., p. 69.

On the 5th of December, the meeting—a large and influential gathering of lay members of the Church of England—was held at Freemasons' Hall, "to protest against the insolent and insidious attempt of the Bishop of Rome," and to invoke the Queen's aid for the suppression of Romish innovation in the Church of England. Over this meeting Lord Ashley presided. Addressing his Protestant brethren of the Church of England, with grief that the exigency of the times required this distinctive epithet, he called upon them to show, by their "vigorous, ready, and persevering antagonism, that the ecclesiastical establishment of these realms is the right of the people, and that the people will defend the right to the last extremity." He continued:—

A foreign priest and potentate, who misunderstands and misgoverns his own people, who is kept on his miserable throne, to the oppression of his own subjects and all religious liberty, only by outlandish bayonets, to the everlasting dishonour, I must say, of the French people, has presumed to treat this realm of England like "to a tenement or paltry farm," part its soil into provinces and dioceses, invest his nominees with titles of episcopal and territorial jurisdiction, and usurp the functions of our Royal Mistress. We protest against this as an act of monstrous audacity. It ignores alike (such is the modern phrase) the Church and the State, Her Majesty and the Bishops. We own, under God, no rule in these kingdoms but that of our beloved Queen, and the laws and constitution of the realms; and, God helping us, none other shall be planted here in civil or ecclesiastical authority. It may be said that a title is of little import; yet, if any one hold the contrary, let him urge it on these intrusive bishops, and tell them that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and see whether they will yield to the argument. But the name is of mighty importance; it is always of prodigious weight with those who do not reflect, and who, after all, are the largest portion of mankind. Why, then, if it be so valueless, do the Roman Catholics insist on its adoption? Why, for a trifle, invoke a Papal Bull, and disturb this country from John o'Groat's House to the Land's End. Mark the true reason: the Romish Church claims sovereignty and jurisdiction over every baptised soul; those very people who denounce the Cardinal—I have lately read it in a Popish periodical—are the Cardinal's spiritual subjects. To call himself, as he is, Bishop of the Roman Catholics in the city of Westminster, would be to forego that claim, and shrink within his rightful sphere; to call himself Archbishop of Westminster is to assert the whole spiritual sovereignty of the district, and demand its subjection to the See of Rome. Can you doubt this? Read the manifesto:—"Whether the Pope appoints a person vicar apostolic, or bishop in ordinary, in either case he assigns him a territorial ecclesiastical jurisdiction and gives him no personal limitations." Why, here is the whole thing; and because we see that their hierarchy is incompatible with ours—because, not content with equality, they aspire to supremacy; we will resist them step by step, inch by inch, nor yield them one hair's-breadth beyond that which we have already ceded.

After quoting the statement of Dr. Wiseman that a hierarchy was needed in order to introduce the Canon Law, Lord Ashley proceeded to explain what

Canon Law was, and what the effect of it would be upon religious liberty. Then, turning from the outside mischief to that within, he said:—

Let us turn our eyes from Popery in flower to Popery in the bud; from the open enemy to the concealed traitor; from the menace that is hurled at our Church, to the doctrine that is preached from our pulpit; from the foreign assailant, to the foes of our own household. What has invited this aggression? What has induced the Court of Rome, so wily, cautious, and penetrating, to throw aside the sheath, and openly attack the Capitol? . . . The manifest tendency in many of our clergy, in faith and practice, to the faith and practice of the Church of Rome, the numerous perversions of that unscriptural creed, the adoption of rites, ceremonies, and languages fitted only to a Popish meridian. Need I enumerate them? You know them well; and when to this they add the teaching of false and heretical doctrines; when they add the practice of auricular confession—the most monstrous, perhaps, of all the monstrous practices of the Romish system—who can wonder that the appetite of the Pope was whetted, that his eyes were blinded, and that he believed the time was come for once more subjecting this Protestant land to his odious domination? Now, we insist on these details, not only because they are “histrionic” arrangements, adapted only to the theatre, and impeding all worship, in spirit and in truth, but because they are the symptoms of a deep-seated corruption of faith and doctrine, enticing, and intended to entice, the people from the simplicity of the Gospel, and to lead them to submit to the sacerdotal forgery of a sacrificing priesthood, and the necessary and inevitable train of abominable superstitions. Here is our daily, hourly, imminent peril. It is for the sons of the Church to protest against these enormities in all their length and breadth. What else can be done? Do not some of the bishops tell you that they are powerless; that they speak, exhort, command, but the rebellious Tractarians will not obey? Have they not nearly all declared the extent of this festering mischief? What other course can we take to obtain a general and united expression of feeling? The laity love their Church, its decency, its simplicity of truth, its Gospel character, and they will maintain it in all its efficiency; but that Church must continue to be scriptural;—if it change its character, and cease to be such, why then they will lie under the same duties, and they will entertain the same feelings as their forefathers, when, disregarding everything but the confession of the Truth, and the honour of Almighty God, they broke, at all hazards, from the unscriptural and unholy Church of Rome. I speak here for myself. I doubt not I speak the sentiments of thousands in this realm, that if we be driven to this necessity (which God in His mercy avert!) I had rather worship with Lydia, on the bank, “by the river side,” than with a hundred surpliced priests in the temple of St. Barnabas.*

[Here the whole assembly enthusiastically rose to their feet, and the ladies joined in the vociferous cheering which succeeded.]

Referring to this meeting, Lord Ashley wrote in his Diary:—

December 5th.—Well, to be sure. I never saw such a thing; the enthusiasm, from the first moment to the last, was miraculous. The audience would have remained and cheered till midnight; time after time they rose from their seats,

* St. Barnabas, Pimlico, was notorious at this time for its ritualistic practices.

and shook the room with thunders of applause. But the feeling was more than boisterous—it was deep and sincere, and had all the character of being permanent and religious. The speaking excellent; the laity shone in power and theology; many pulpits could not produce such solid stuff.

The Roman Catholics in England saw with regret the results of the latest outcome of Ultramontane policy. On November 17th they sent up an address of loyalty to the Queen, and asserted the purely spiritual character of the new organisation. A few days afterwards Lord Beaumont, a Roman Catholic peer, publicly regretted the ill-advised measure of the Roman Pontiff, which had placed English Catholics in the position of having “either to break with Rome, or violate their allegiance to the Queen.” On November the 28th the Duke of Norfolk expressed his unity with the sentiments of Lord Beaumont.

December 23rd.—Windsor Castle. Prince sent for me after morning service, and we spent an hour and a half on Church matters. I am delighted, and I bless God for his zeal, judgment, perception, and vigour.

Some idea of the ferment of the times may be gathered from the fact that between the 14th and the 30th November no fewer than seventy-eight works on the Papal Aggression issued from the press.*

On the reassembling of Parliament the subject was alluded to in the Queen's Speech by the announcement of “a measure calculated to maintain the rights of the Crown and the independence of the nation against all encroachments;” and on the 7th February the Premier introduced a Bill to prevent the assumption of ecclesiastical titles in respect of places in the United Kingdom, which was denounced by Roebuck, Bright, and others, but strenuously supported by Lord Ashley. By a vote of 395 to 63 the House permitted the Bill to be brought in, but its progress was delayed for a time by a Ministerial crisis.†

March 1st.—Who can now assert that the Pope has no power in England? He has put out one Administration, and now prevents the formation of another. . . . Wrote yesterday to Prince Albert, and told him the feeling of the nation; it will reach him, I guess, *inopportunistly*, but he desired me to tell him the truth, and I have done so. God bless the endeavour!

March 3rd.—Seven o'clock. Government reinstated, every man of them, according to the slang, “as you was.” Russell announced that he should proceed with the Anti-Papal Bill, having promised some amendments.

The Bill was re-introduced on the 7th March, but very much toned down in its character. The opposition to the measure was still formidable, and there was a seven nights' debate before the second reading was carried. On the 18th March Lord Ashley again put the matter forcibly before the House, from his own particular point of view. He asserted that, in the tone of

* *Publishers' Circular*, December 2, 1850.

† The celebrated cartoon in *Punch* will be remembered. It represented Lord John as a naughty boy chalking up the words “No Popery,” and then dodging round the corner,

Napoleon in his most haughty and terrible days, the Pope had virtually declared that the House of Hanover ceased to reign; and discussed at length the manner in which "such a Protean power, presenting alternately and conjointly every form of spiritual, temporal, and ecclesiastical policy," was to be dealt with. "It pretends," he said, "to be spiritual in England, ecclesiastical in Spain; it is temporal everywhere, though professing it nowhere; it is democratic in Ireland, and despotic in Austria; it terrifies statesmen in Sardinia by refusal of the sacraments, and the Government in France by a refusal to support them at elections; here it is, in England, appealing to the rights of man and the liberty of conscience; and there it is, in Italy, denouncing them by the lips of Pope Gregory XVI., as 'that absurd and erroneous maxim, or wild notion, that liberty of conscience ought to be assured and guaranteed to every person.'" In conclusion, he declared his belief that England "would not give way to Rome by submission—no, not for an hour," and added, "What may be the issue to the nation, no man may foretell, but for ourselves, happen what may, we will, by God's blessing, stand immovably on our immortal Faith, which we have neither the right nor the disposition to surrender."

One practical outcome of the agitation was, that on the following day a great meeting was held, for private conference, of members of the Church of England, clerical and lay, and representatives from all the orthodox Nonconformists in London—"all who held the Head—the great truths of Christ's gospel."

March 20th. . . . It was to see whether we could not, under God's blessing, lay aside our minor differences and make a common front against a common enemy. Met at eleven o'clock at an hotel in the Adelphi—everything prospered; the Divine Hand was manifest in the fervour, earnestness, self-control, and mutual goodwill of the assembly. It was a noble and a *Protestant* sight, and illustrated the Apostle's benediction, "Grace be with all those that love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

A Committee was formed to consider modes of operation, and, at Lord Ashley's suggestion, to endeavour to include the Protestants of every nation, and the result was the formation of a vigorous Protestant association.

Another outcome of the agitation is thus referred to:—

April 8th.—Archdeacon Manning has joined the Church of Rome, and four clergymen in Leeds have done the same. Lord, purge the Church of those men, who, while their hearts are in the Vatican, still eat the bread of the Establishment and undermine her!

The further story of the unfortunate "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill" may be briefly told here. It was elaborately discussed in Committee, and then read a third time on July the 3rd, after which the Lords dealt with it in due course. But the later stages of the measure were not marked by any of the old enthusiasm. It became law, and then, curiously enough, "no one seemed one penny the worse or better," and Englishmen freely used, as a matter of course, the territorial titles which had put the nation into such a flutter only a

few months before. Twenty years afterwards the Act was repealed, though the illegality of the titles was again explicitly affirmed.

Before passing away from this subject, it may be stated here, that, throughout this controversy, and at all times, Lord Ashley was scrupulously careful to maintain a wide distinction between the Roman Catholic priesthood and laity, and any "violence" of language he ever used was directed against the former, while to the latter he was invariably tolerant. Passages innumerable from his public speeches and private writings could be quoted, were proof necessary; and as the charge of "never being able to see good in any save those of his own way of thinking" was not unfrequently brought against him, it may be well to show that this was unfounded. He warmly supported Mrs. Chisholm, and attended, from time to time, her "group meetings" of emigrants. "This is a novel and most admirable scheme of colonisation," he writes in his Diary, July 17th; "but many people suspect that the Devil is in it, and that Mrs. Chisholm, who is a Papist, has no views but the extension of Romanism." Referring to the self-devotion of Roman Catholics to the great works of charity and love, he said: "I can speak with no disparagement of those sisters of charity and mercy who, in long black gowns, perambulate our streets; I speak of them with deep respect; engaged, as they are, in works of compassion, goodness, and tenderness; but I maintain that in our own Protestant faith we have sisters of mercy to vie with them."* In a speech at St. James's Hall, in defence of voluntary schools, he said: "I confess that I sympathise with the Roman Catholics in this matter; it is natural and just that they should insist on the full teaching of all the points essential to their faith; they *must* insist upon a distinctive teaching in religious matters." Again, in a speech protesting against the exclusion or discouragement of religious teaching in schools aided by grants from the State, he said: "I would rather have any form of religious teaching when there is something definite, though there may be only a particle of what is true. I would much rather children went to almost any other kind of school than to one where religious teaching was prohibited. I would much rather be a Papist than a Positivist, and I, for one, will accept and believe the syllabus of Rome in preference to the syllabus of Birmingham." And again on the same subject in another place: "Whatever I may think of their system in other respects, the Roman Catholics have, I must say, always been true to the great principle that religion should be the alpha and omega of education, and they shrink with horror from the very notion of a place of education where religion is not the primary consideration."

In things spiritual, however, it was utterly impossible that he could have any "fellowship" with Roman Catholics, and in his opening meditation in the Diary for the year 1851—the year of Anti-Papal controversy—he defines the principle which governed him. He writes:—

Jan. 5th.—Broadlands. Sunday. "Grace be with *all them* that love the

* Ragged School Union, May 11th, 1868.

Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." This shows clearly not only what is permitted, but what is enjoined, in the walk of Christian labour;—to wish "God speed" to all such, and to give them the right hand of fellowship in all works of love and charity. This overrides all ecclesiastical differences, all distinctions of form and human arrangement, all the modes and varieties of non-essentials; but it demands the full belief of evangelical truth, the joyous reception of Christ's blessed Atonement, His perfect work, His everlasting dominion, His faith, His fear, His love. It binds us to the true believers of the Lutheran and Presbyterian Churches; it binds us to the pious Nonconformists of England, to the Henrys and Doddridges¹ wherever they be; but it does not bind us—it does not even separate us—from those who "hold not the Head" in obedience and childlike humility.

The Great Exhibition, which was opened in Hyde Park on the 1st of May in this year, and which brought so much pleasure to many, brought to Lord Ashley a considerable amount of work. The religious societies desired to make it the occasion, while so many foreigners were in the land, of pressing the claims of the Gospel in various ways, and it had by this time come to be recognised that, if anything good was to be done, Lord Ashley must have a prominent share in the doing of it.

A great many new undertakings, and developments of old ones, marked this period. For example: On November 28th, 1850, a meeting of delegates of Ragged Schools was held in Field Lane Schoolroom, Lord Ashley in the chair, to consider the means by which boys might get new employment when the "Great Exhibition of 1851" should bring thousands of foreigners to London.

Three Ragged School teachers—Messrs. John MacGregor ("Rob Roy"), R. J. Snape, and J. R. F. Fowler, on their way home from that meeting, crossed over Holborn, arm-in-arm, when a bright thought flashed into the mind of Mr. MacGregor, who said, "Why not make some of our boys into shoeblacks for the foreigners, to employ in the streets?"

The thought at once ripened into action; ten shillings were subscribed on the spot; and the next day the plan was submitted to Lord Ashley, and obtained his hearty approval and support. By the 1st May regular "stations" were established, and, during the continuance of the Exhibition, twenty-five boys cleaned 101,000 pairs of shoes, for which the public paid £500.

The success of the scheme was ensured; from year to year improvements and extensions were made, and to-day the Shoe Black Brigade is one of the permanent institutions of the land. From first to last Lord Shaftesbury was a staunch friend to the Brigade, and although not the originator—as we have seen—he was always regarded as one of the "Fathers" of the movement.

The story of Lord Ashley's efforts to obtain a place in the Great Exhibition for the display of the translations of the Bible made by the British and Foreign Bible Society, may be told in his own words:—

There was a great struggle to obtain a proper place for the great works achieved by the Bible Society. There was no difficulty whatever in obtaining

abundant space for all the implements of war and of human destruction that the mind of man could imagine; a large proportion of the Exhibition was taken up with guns, cannons, torpedoes, everything that could annoy and desolate mankind. It was suggested that we should erect for the Bible Society, some place in the Great Exhibition where we could show proofs of all that we had done to the praise of God, and all we were capable of doing; some, however, said we had no right to appear before the public in any form in the Exhibition. I had a long interview with his Royal Highness the Prince Consort on the subject, and he took the view that the Bible Society had no right to a position there. I said, "Putting aside the religious aspect of the question, I will put it before you from an intellectual point of view. I ask you whether it is not a wonderful proof of intellectual power that the Word of God has been translated into 170 distinct languages, and into 230 dialects? Is it not proof of great intellectual power that the agents of the Bible Society have given a written character to upwards of thirty distinct languages, enabling all those people to read the Word of God in their own tongue?" He said, "You have proved your right to appear; it is a great intellectual effort, and I will do my best to secure for the Society such a position that their deeds shall be made known." *

The result was, that a position was eventually secured, although not a good one.

In April, just as Lord Ashley was on the point of starting for a visit to Paris, a deputation waited on him to offer him the Presidency of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He urged some reasons that he thought might disqualify him, but, eventually, on the 5th May, accepted the office. It is thus referred to in his Diary:—

May 5th.—Received a deputation this morning from the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, to offer me the post of President, vacant by the death of Lord Bexley. It was headed by Harrowby, who proposed the office to me in an address of singular kindness. There were also Inglis, Acland, Lord Cholmondeley, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Foster, and the clerical Secretary, Mr. Browne. I finally accepted the offer, having referred to the consideration of the Committee the fact that I was already President of several important Societies, that I should appear a monopolist of place and power, that I might not be able to give so much time to it as could be wished. I left it, however, in their hands; and, imploring God to govern all to His will and honour, went to Paris. They maintained their invitation and waited on me to-day. I should have been grieved had circumstances prevented my elevation to that high post; it is the headship of the greatest and noblest of the Societies; and I am not indifferent either to the honour or the utility of the position! Grant me, O Lord, Thy grace, and uphold me in the work.

On the 2nd of May Lord Ashley wrote in his Diary: "I have before me those terrible 'May chairs'—always the most difficult of one's labours." The meetings during this year were, however, exceptionally good, and, owing to the Papal aggression, were of a staunchly Protestant character. One of the most interesting was that of the Bible Society, when Lord Ashley took the

* Speech, Bible Society (Kensington Auxiliary), March 9th, 1877.

chair for the first time as President. In moving a resolution that the meeting should unite in "expressing their best wishes that the blessing of God might rest upon the new President and upon his efforts in connection with this Society," the Earl of Harrowby, turning to Lord Ashley, said—

I am sure, my Lord, that you will not hold cheap the honour which has been conferred upon you. I do conceive that it is the highest honour which could be conferred on a Christian man. As it is accounted the highest honour to be an Englishman amongst the nations of the earth, so I conceive that it is the highest honour within the realm of England to be the representative of her religious principles and feelings; and I believe that there is not, within the realm of England, a man who enjoys the general approbation of his fellow-citizens more than your Lordship. In your Lordship are combined all the requisites for advancing the social interests of your fellow-countrymen in their widest ramifications; and you have pursued your course undeterred by difficulties, by opposition, by sneers; uninjured by popularity, uninfluenced by the fear of unpopularity; and, throughout, your conduct has, I am convinced, been based on the deepest personal religious convictions.

At the conclusion of the meeting Lord Ashley expressed his special pleasure in being identified with the Bible Society, on the ground

That it is catholic in its character, catholic in all its operations; that it enables us to form in these realms, in times of singular distress and difficulty, a solemn league and covenant of all those who "love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity;" that it shows how, suppressing all minor differences, or treating them as secondary, members of the Church of England and Nonconformists may blend together in one great effort. I do thank God that this Society brings us into co-operation with our fellow-men of every nation and of every clime; that it binds us heart and soul to our American brethren—those noble specimens of the Anglo-Saxon race, in moral energy and in physical development; nay, more, that it binds together Protestants on the Continent and in the world; all, in short, who hold "one Lord, one faith, and one baptism," and who are prepared to maintain the great truth established at the Reformation that the Bible and the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants.

The office thus entered upon was retained to the end of Lord Shaftesbury's life. In 1885 he spoke at the annual meeting for the last time, and throughout that long period he never wavered or faltered in any step that might promote its welfare.

There were several new measures which Lord Ashley was anxious to introduce, and had for some time past been carefully preparing. It was only by the most persistent economy of time, and the complete surrender of himself to perpetual labour, that it was possible for him to do so, but he persevered. It was not in the nature of things that he could be much longer in the House of Commons; his father had entered upon his eighty-third year, and was showing signs of failing strength; and Lord Ashley was anxious to do as much as possible of the work he had set before himself, while his opportunity lasted, and before he should, to use his own words, be "consigned to the helplessness and indolence of the House of Lords."

On April the 8th he introduced into the House of Commons a Bill to "Encourage the Establishment of Lodging-Houses for the Working Classes." In this Bill it was proposed that towns or parishes having a population of 10,000, or over, should be enabled to build Model Lodging-Houses, and raise money and defray expenses from the rates. In moving for leave to bring in the Bill Lord Ashley drew upon his long experience, and graphically described the overcrowded state of lodging-houses both in London and in certain other large towns.

To one phase of his subject he drew special attention, namely, the effect produced by clearances and alterations, made with the view of beautifying the metropolis, on the housing accommodation of the working classes.

Of the benefits of model lodging-houses he could also speak from personal experience, and he told the House of the cheerful punctuality with which the rents were paid; the general freedom from disease; the accommodation that made it possible for men to enjoy staying at home instead of passing their leisure hours in the beer-shops; the ample space for children to play, instead of running wild in the streets; the lower rents for comfort and cleanliness, than had previously been paid for filth and wretchedness. It was impossible, however, that private speculation could ever effect the end in view, as the temptation to make inordinate profits had always proved irresistible.

In concluding his speech, he urged the House to take up this matter, which had excited the interest of all civilised Europe, from parts of which, as well as from America, letters had been received, asking for plans and reports on the subject. He was certain that he spoke the truth—and a truth which would be confirmed by the testimony of all experienced persons, clergy, medical men, all who were conversant with the working classes—that, until their domiciliary condition were Christianised (he could use no less forcible a term), all hope of moral or social improvement was utterly vain. Though not the sole, it was one of the prime sources of the evils that beset their condition; it generated disease, ruined whole families by the intemperance it promoted, cut off, or crippled, thousands in the vigour of life, and filled the workhouses with widows and orphans.*

A few days afterwards Lord Ashley introduced a Bill for the Regulation and Inspection of Common Lodging-Houses—houses where individuals, or families, were received by the night. It was accepted without any preliminary remarks, it being generally known and acknowledged that the state of them, both morally and physically, was most pernicious.

It was when these two Bills were passing the Commons that an event occurred, not altogether unexpected, although it came suddenly at the last. It is referred to in the Diary thus:—

June 1st, Sunday.—Received at half-past five this morning intelligence of my father being dangerously ill. A train starts at nine, and I must go by it.

June 2nd.—St. Giles's. My father died this morning, at seven o'clock, having

* Hansard, cxv. 1258.

suffered no pain, but unconscious to the last. Harriet and her daughter, John, and William were present. Now I enter on a new career, one to which I am little adapted. Parliamentary business and city duties are my calling. How can I, at fifty years of age, learn other things? Land, rent, &c. &c., are as Arabic to me. But the issues of life and death are in the Lord's hand; He, therefore, has determined; and my prayer now is that He will sanctify it to me, and that, whether high or low, rich or poor, conspicuous or obscure, I may do His blessed will, serve my generation, and then fall on sleep.

June 6th.—St. Giles's. Ah, my poor father! I bless Thee, O Lord, that I was here to say "Lord Jesus, receive his spirit," and close his eyes. (Kissed yesterday the lips of darling Minny's bust, the bust of my precious wife in her youth and beauty, but just as beautiful to me now, though twenty years have passed.)

June 10th.—Yesterday, my poor father committed to the grave. All was simple, decent, impressive—no show, no hearse, no horses, as he desired; but there was much respect and reverence.

Cropley Ashley Cooper, sixth Earl of Shaftesbury, was the second son of the fourth Earl, and was born December 21st, 1768. He was educated at Winchester, from whence he passed to Christchurch, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1787. At the general election of 1790, just after coming of age, he was elected by the town of Dorchester to be its representative in Parliament, and he held this position until his succession, in 1811, to the earldom. Soon after taking his seat in the House of Lords he filled the office of Chairman of Committees during the temporary illness of Lord Walsingham; and he performed these duties with such marked ability, that, in November, 1814, he was permanently appointed to that office, and was sworn of the Privy Council at Carlton House.

Hansard reports but few of his utterances in the House of Lords, and yet for many years no peer's voice was heard so frequently. The duties of his office as Chairman of Committees were very considerable. The functions which, in the other House, were divided amongst the Chairman of Committees, the Speaker's Council, and the two Examiners of Petitions, were for nearly forty years ably fulfilled in the House of Lords by "old" Lord Shaftesbury, as he was generally known, although he showed no signs of age in his conduct of pressing business. His uncompromising impartiality, joined to his strong common sense, and his thorough knowledge of the statute law, made him completely absolute in his own department. When he had once heard a case, and had deliberately given his judgment upon it, he expected, and as a rule obtained, implicit submission from all concerned. Unfortunately, as we have seen, he carried these autocratic habits into domestic life, where he was more feared than loved.

During the later years of his life, and especially during the prevalence of the great railway mania of 1844—46, the labours of Lord Shaftesbury in connection with railways were enormous. He materially aided in reducing to a system, the laws and regulations of the House of Lords on this important subject. It was generally allowed that the speed with which he passed

unopposed Bills through Committee was something marvellous. On questions of parliamentary law and usage his authority was unquestioned.

The Earl was nearly eighty-three years of age when, at the opening of the Session of Parliament in February, 1851, the Marquis of Lansdowne informed their Lordships that he had received a communication from their Chairman of Committees stating that "from his age and infirmities he felt himself unable to continue the duties of the office." Lord Stanley, the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Harrowby, and others, bore testimony to his ability and unswerving integrity and firmness; and the Duke of Richmond, in alluding to his well-known characteristics, said: "I have seen attempts to influence Lord Shaftesbury in matters relating to private Bills, and he invariably followed what was a very good plan, for he answered, 'I shall do no such thing.' He kept the attorneys and agents in very good order, for, when they once got a good dressing from Lord Shaftesbury they never made any such attempts again."*

"And now," wrote Lord Ashley, on the day of his father's funeral, "I bear a new name, which I did not covet; and enter on a new career, which may God guide and sanctify. If I can by His grace make the new as favourably known as the old name, and attain under it but to the fringes of His honour and the welfare of mankind, I shall indeed have much to be thankful for."

What had been achieved under that old name cannot possibly be better told than in his own words, written during the preceding Christmas-tide, and certainly no more appropriate words could be found with which to close the story of this part of his career:—

Dec. 25th.—Christmas Day. Broadlands. It would be curious to take an impartial review, if I could, of what I have gained, by many years of toil, for myself, for the public, and, may I say it? for the cause of our blessed Master.

I.—What have I gained *for the public*? that is, according to my own estimation, for many will say, in the language of Scripture, that my doings have only "gained them a harm and loss."

1. Seventeen years of labour and anxiety obtained the Lunacy Bill in 1845, and five years' increased labour since that time have carried it into operation. It has effected, I know, prodigious relief. It has forced the construction of many public asylums, and greatly multiplied inspection and care. Much, alas! remains to be done, and much will remain; and that much will, in the estimation of the public, who know little and inquire less, overwhelm the good, the mighty good that has been the fruit.

2. Seventeen years, from 1833 to 1850, obtained the Factory Bill. The labour of three hundred thousand persons, male and female, has been reduced within reasonable limits, and full forty thousand children under 13 years of age, attend school for three hours every day! Let the people themselves, let the reports of the Inspectors, let the records of bygone days, be heard against the contempt, the misrepresentation, the ignorance, the hatred of those who opposed or discouraged me.

3. A Commission moved for in 1841 reported in 1842, and in 1843 passed a Bill

* Hansard, 3 s., cxiv. 47

to forbid labour of females in Mines and Collieries No one can deny the blessed results of this measure ; my persecutors, therefore, admitting the good, attack the principle, and question the wisdom of obtaining happy ends by such means.

4. In 1845 passed Bill to regulate and limit labour of children and women in Print-works. Cobden even supported me here. Necessarily an imperfect measure, but yet productive of some good.

5. Had main share (though the honour went to another) in preparation of Interment Bill, and carrying it through the House.

6. Address and grant of Royal Commission for Subdivision of large Parishes. Result yet to be tried.

7. Two years of *intense labour*, without pay, on Board of Health, specially in season of cholera, and lately on Water-Supply to Metropolis.

8. Say nothing, perhaps of failures, though they were intended for public service, and received some approbation :—Motions on Opium Trade, Education. Poor-laws, and Sunday Post-office ; nor of share taken in general debates on subjects of vital interest.

9. This for Parliament. Out of it have spared no trouble nor expense (and both have been excessive) for Ragged Schools, Model Lodging-houses, Malta College, Emigration Committees, and meetings on every imaginable subject.

II.—What gained for the cause of our blessed Master ?

Perhaps we may rejoice in an awakened attention, though but partially so, to the wants and rights of the poor ; to the powers and duties of the rich ; perhaps, both in Parliament and out of it, in a freer, safer use of religious sentiment and expression ; perhaps in an increased effort for spiritual things, and in greatly increased opportunities for doing and receiving good. This, alas ! is not the thing itself but only the means to it. It is, nevertheless, all that we can boast of.

III.—What gained for myself ?

1. Peace of mind, but nothing else. Four objects may be said to stir the action of public men, singly or combined ; money, power, fame, desire to do good. As for the first, I had, when young, three years of office from 1828 to 1830, and then three months, from January to April, in 1835 ; the rest of my time has won me nothing, but has, rather, been sadly expensive to me, Declined, in succession, several offices, that I might be free for Factory Bill.

2. Power and patronage. Confess I should have desired both, believing (but how terrible and deep is self-deception !) that I should have, through faith and prayer, exercised power well, and patronage to the welfare of important interests and to the honour and comfort of good men. But have obtained neither ; *have never* held any post in which I could act on my own authority ; nor ever have I had the disposal of a single place, either ecclesiastical or civil.

3. Influence and fame. Is my influence with the Government ? What do I avail, and what is their treatment of me ? Is it with the Peel party ? I lost my political connection with them when I refused office and urged the Factory Bill. Is it with the Protectionists ? I lost them when I supported the repeal of the Corn Laws. Is it with the manufacturers ? They hate me for the Ten Hours Act. Is it with the operatives ? They forget all my labour of love in the middle course I took for their welfare. I won for them *almost* everything ; but for the loss of that very little, they regard me as an enemy ! Is it with the Commons House of Parliament ? Whatever I had is gone ; I had once the ear of

the assembly ; I have it no more. Is it with the bishops ? the High Church, the Tractarians ? Is it with the Low Church ? So it is said, but I ask the proof of it. Is it with the Press ? Nearly every paper is hostile ; I have had my day of favour ; now I suffer the reverse. Is it with my friends ? Alas, how few can be trusted in the hour of trial ! My curious career, too, makes me, every day, new enemies, and oftentimes alters my old friends ! Is it with the rich ? God knoweth. Is it with the poor ? Yes, so far as a few shouts go, but no further ! This is my position after twenty years of labour ! I began in the hope that many of the aristocracy would first follow and then succeed me. Not one is to be found ; a few, at my request, put their hands to the plough, but they looked back and returned not to the furrows.

Then how stands my *fame* ? Well, if I had rested on this, I should "have been, indeed, unblest." What I have is *notoriety*, not reputation. I have a name that everybody knows, "a household word," writes the American Minister, Mr. Lawrence, to me, "from New York to the Rocky Mountains ;" but a name that every one fires at ! Some dispute my judgment, some my sincerity, some my courage ; some think, or profess to think, me unworthy of their notice ; some call me "well-intentioned but weak ;" others, "hypocritical and canting ;" some hold me to be ruled entirely by vanity, others consider me a mere tool. Now and then I make a speech which produces an effect, and I get some praise ; but the speech is soon forgotten, and the man only remembered to be treated as before. A few, no doubt, think of me, and speak of me, kindly ; but they are rare and of small influence in the stirring world. I have been oddly and antagonistically viewed : Sir J. Graham, when Secretary of State, alluding to the Factory Bill, said, "I was a man to make a Revolution" (this will be remembered). Sir G. Grey, when Secretary of State, said to me in 1848, alluding also to the Factory Bill, "I shall be ready to say, in my place in Parliament, or elsewhere, as Secretary of State, that the passing of the Ten Hours Bill has kept those vast counties at peace during this eventful period." (This will be forgotten ; nay, has, I think, been already forgotten.) But notorious men are good for chairs of dinners and meetings. People come, not through affection and respect, but to see the notorious man ; and so I serve their purpose.

4. *Desire to do good for good's sake.* Whatever my weaknesses, whatever the human admixture with my former hopes and fears, this must, henceforward, be my sole sustaining motive. I am now nearly fifty years of age ; my physical and moral powers have attained their summit. I cannot go higher, but I may fall lower. And what is man's judgment ? Does it not often determine that to be "gold, silver, and precious stones," which God's judgment pronounces "wood, hay, stubble" ? All see my infirmities ; all, knowing human corruption, infer more than they see, and they are right. All use me, and all grow tired of me ; but few can know the troubles I have endured—the sorrow of mind, the weariness of body ; the labour I have undergone by day and by night ; the public and private conflicts ; the prayers I have offered, and the tears I have shed. Here, however, is my consolation, that, amidst frailties and sins, trespasses and shortcomings, I have had one single object perpetually before me. It was God's grace that gave me the thought ; God's grace that has sustained me hitherto, to have, in truth, but one end, the advancement of His ever-blessed name, and the temporal and eternal welfare of all mankind. So closes my review. *Sursum corda !*

CHAPTER XX.

1851 (JUNE)—1852.

SOME time before the death of his father Lord Shaftesbury had determined not to take his seat in the House of Lords. But, to use his own expression, "The leading of Providence was the other way." His two Lodging-House Bills would soon pass the Commons, and it was urged upon him by many friends, and especially by Lord Harrowby, that there would be both grace and right in his taking them up and piloting them through the House of Lords. In view of it he wrote:—

But what an operation to sit as a Peer! The Chancellor demands no end of documents; and, over and above (what folly when one's father had been recognised for forty years), an extract from the Patent of Peerage! Sutcliffe stands for my place at Bath; how I pray God that he may succeed!

It is needless to say that there were expressions of sorrow from many quarters that "Lord Ashley" had left the House of Commons; and from many, of belief that he would be equally useful in the House of Lords.

In moving the writ for Bath, Sir Robert Inglis took occasion to speak of him in terms of respect and affection. "I believe that I speak the sentiments of the House generally," he remarked, "when I say that Lord Ashley should not be withdrawn from the first ranks of this assembly, the scene of his labours and his triumphs, without some parting expression of respect and regret. During the last fifteen years of Lord Ashley's Parliamentary life he has been emphatically the friend of the friendless. Every form of human suffering he has, in his place in this House, and especially every suffering connected with labour, sought to lighten, and in every way to ameliorate the moral, social, and religious condition of our fellow-subjects; and out of this House his exertions have been such as, at first sight, might have seemed incompatible with his duties here. But he found time for all; and when absent from his place on these benches, he was enjoying no luxurious ease, but was seated in the chair of a Ragged-school meeting, of a Scripture-reader's Association, or of a Young Man's Christian Institution. I will add no more than that the life of Lord Ashley, in and out of this House, has been consecrated, in the memorable inscription of the great Haller, 'Christo in pauperibus.'"

On the 23rd of June Lord Shaftesbury took his seat in the House of Lords, and on the evening of that day he wrote in his Diary:—

It seems no place for me; a "Statue-gallery," some say a "Dormitory." Full half-a-dozen Peers said to me, within as many minutes, "You'll find this very different from the House of Commons," "we have no order," "no rules," "no

sympathies to be stirred." Shall I ever be able *to do anything*? They are cold, short, and impatient. But God has willed it, and I must, and, by His grace, *will*, do my duty.

The following day he made his first speech in the House of Lords on moving the second reading of the Bill for the "Inspection and Registration of Lodging-Houses." He spoke in a low tone of voice and with great brevity, and took occasion to explain that it was the deep interest he felt in the objects of this Bill, and the urgency there was for legislation on the subject, "that had induced him to address their lordships so early after his call to their lordships' House." In the course of the very brief debate that ensued, the Marquis of Lansdowne, in supporting the motion, "complimented the noble Earl upon the success of his exertions to ameliorate the condition of the poor and destitute,"* and expressed a hope that he might pursue in the House of Lords the career he had followed in the House of Commons.

It was an almost if not an altogether unprecedented occurrence for one member to carry a measure through all its stages in the House of Commons, and for that same member to carry the same measure through all its stages in the House of Lords. This was, however, accomplished by Lord Shaftesbury, and his Bill became law. It has been acted upon throughout the kingdom, and police authorities, magistrates, medical men, City missionaries, and all whom it concerned, have been unanimous in their testimony as to its beneficial results. "It is the best law," said Charles Dickens to Lord Shaftesbury, some years afterwards, "that was ever passed by an English Parliament."

The second measure—the Bill for "Permitting the erection by local authorities of Model-Lodging Houses"—came before the Lords for the second reading on July the 8th, when Lord Shaftesbury, in the course of his speech, gave many details of a similar character to those he had given before the other House.†

This Bill also became law, but from various causes, and principally because it was much mutilated in its passage through the House of Commons, it was only to a very limited extent put into practice, and ultimately became a dead letter.

Lord Shaftesbury has recorded, in full, his early impressions of the House of Lords, some of which are given in the following extracts. Referring to the much reiterated hope that he would continue in the Upper House the course he had followed in the House of Commons he says:—

June 25th.—It is, however, a totally different thing—far less stirring, far less gratifying. Success here, is but a shadow of success there; little can be gained, little attempted. . . . One of the most striking effects to me on removal from the House of Commons is my absolute ignorance of the political movements, thoughts, and facts of the day. Everything of importance revolves round the centre of the Commons' House: unless you be there to see it, hear it, feel it, you get it at second hand, and then only half.

* Hansard's Debates, cxvii. 1140.

† Hansard's Debates, cxvii. 235.

June 27th.—The difficulties of the House of Lords seem to thicken as I survey them. Everything must be done between five and half-past six, or you will have no auditory; consequently there is an unseemly scramble for the precedence, and a terrible impatience after you have got it. Yet I have received many expressions, and heard of more, that I “should rouse them,” and “give them business to do,” and in some measure “popularise” the House! . . .

June 30th.—To House of Lords, where I broke cover in a bit of humanity-mongering about Chimney-sweepers. Found my voice; was well received; “thanked God, and took courage.”

July 8th.—Opened this afternoon, in House of Lords, second Lodging-House Bill. Wonderfully well received; their noble natures even cheered during the speech and after it. Many congratulations and thanks. My surprise knew no bounds. I had warmed “Nova Zembla.”

Many times during his first Session the voice of Lord Shaftesbury was heard in the House of Lords. On the 17th July he made an important speech on the Bill for admitting Jews into Parliament, which Bill was rejected by a majority of 36; and on three occasions he pleaded the cause of the wretched Chimney-sweepers, whose condition was growing worse and worse, but whose sufferings were regarded in almost all quarters with surprising indifference.

On the 8th of August Parliament was prorogued by the Queen in person.

August 8th.—Day fine; everything gay and good-humoured. Attended as a peer, and enraptured the Chancellor and law lords by wearing the robes of the first Lord Shaftesbury.

Having seen how Lord Shaftesbury entered upon his public duties on succeeding to the peerage, we will now follow him into the privacy of his inherited estates, to mark the spirit in which he faced the responsibilities of his new position.

A few days after the burial of his father the following characteristic entry occurs in the Diary:—

June 16th.—St. Giles's. I am thankful, very thankful, that my two first acts of power have been in the service of God. I have limited the disorders of the tap-room here, by closing it at nine o'clock every night—“*his brevibus principis*,” &c.—and I have provided for the appointment of a Scripture-reader.

An examination into the state of affairs at St. Giles's soon convinced him that there were many radical changes to make without delay. There had been incredible waste: large sums of money had been ruthlessly lavished and thrown away, to no purpose of either use or luxury, while many things really necessary had been totally neglected. Without losing heart for a moment, he resolutely set to work to face the difficulties that lay before him, determined to right all that had gone wrong, and to establish more firmly all that was good. As will be seen in the course of the narrative, the circumstances in which he was placed were of no ordinary kind; but, although the obstacles to be overcome, and the difficulties to be vanquished, would have made any

one less resolute quail before them, by degrees he quietly and steadily accomplished the task he had set himself.

It is worthy of note that, full as the Diaries are of details of the actual position of affairs, there is not one word that reflects in any way upon the memory of his father. On the contrary, scattered throughout the pages, there are many touching passages—of which the following is an example—to show that the only thoughts of him were thoughts of tenderness and filial regard:—

June 29th.—Sunday. My poor father lay for six-and-thirty hours after his attack, perfectly unconscious; free from suffering, alive, but apparently, and I doubt not, really, insensible to all around him. All these cases are mysterious. What was the state of the soul during that period? Was it asleep? Was it benumbed like the body, or was it active and cognisant of eternal things? Here may have been God's chosen time for the infusion of His grace. Here may have been the hour, so to speak, of regeneration. Prayer was permitted, and then, surely, faith also in the results of prayer. "Lord Jesus, receive his spirit," was no idle supplication, or tossed, of necessity, into empty air.

It is also worthy of note that the plans Lord Shaftesbury now devised, and the changes he intended to effect, were not for the adornment of his own house, or for personal gratification of any kind, but on behalf of the labourers on the estate and in the neighbourhood, and of those who hitherto had not enjoyed the benefits which he considered they had a right to expect.

August 17th.—Sunday. Week passed in depths of abundant, dusty, and useless papers. Gave three hours on Thursday to Commission in Lunacy. Every other moment till seven o'clock, saving half an hour for a ride, to this wonderful "digging"—old newspapers, bills, formal letters from 1790, &c., &c., under a mass of dirt and dust deep enough for a crop of mustard and cress. When I lay down at night, the tearing, reading, burning, came on me like the after-effects of a sea-voyage, and made me sleepless.

August 22nd.—St. Giles's. Inspected a few cottages—filthy, close, indecent, unwholesome. But what can I do? I am half pauperised: the debts are endless; no money is payable for a whole year, and I am not a young man. Every sixpence I expend—and spend I must on many things—is *borrowed*!

August 25th.—Car.* has offered to build me four cottages in the village. Heartily do I give God thanks for this, who has put it into her heart. The world will now, at least, see our good intentions; and that is of high importance where, like me, a party has been a great professor.

Sept. 5th.—Have found, at last, a Scripture-reader for the forests and steppes of Woodlands and Horton.

Sept. 6th.—Shocking state of cottages; stuffed like figs in a drum. Were not the people as cleanly as they *can be*, we should have had an epidemic. Must build others, cost what it may.

Sept. 13th.—Yesterday to Pentridge, Copley, and Woodyates. No school of any kind at Pentridge; some forty or fifty children "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung." I determined, under God, to build one, and may He prosper the work!

* His sister, Lady Caroline Neeld.

To-day to Woodlands, Horton, and Verwood, to prepare the ground for Scripture-reader, and secure his acceptance by the farmers.

Sept. 15th.—To Hinton Martel. Rural and lovely scenery; but what a cottage—what a domicile for men and Christians I found in that village! Yet, what can I do? And the management of the estate, too, has in great measure passed from me by the grants of these small life-holds.

Oct. 3rd.—Visited some cottages—thank God, not mine! What griping, grasping, avaricious cruelty. These petty proprietors exact a five-fold rent for a thing in five-fold inferior condition! It is always so with these small holders. Every thing—even the misery of their fellows—must be turned to profit. Oh, if instead of one hundred thousand pounds to pay in debt, I had that sum to expend, what good I might do? But it has pleased God otherwise.

Having carefully examined into the state of things, and made himself master of the facts, Lord Shaftesbury lost no time in inaugurating some sweeping reforms. These were not easy to carry out, and were opposed in some cases by deep-rooted prejudices.

He found that the truck-system, which he had condemned so unsparingly in his Factory legislation, was flourishing on his own estate, and he determined to put a stop to it forthwith. He knew of its existence ten years before, but then he was tongue-tied; now, he could denounce the abominable system as he pleased. He discovered that certain farmers were grievously defrauding the workpeople, paying them, in kind, at the rate of £10 a load for wheat when the market price was only £8! To these men he said, "I am master here; I will not allow the poor to be oppressed. You shall pay in money or quit your farm!" It was a bold step, for, in the state of his finances a vacant farm was an important consideration, and as a matter of fact, some were thrown on his hands; but he had counted the cost, and he persevered until he had abolished the system.

Another mischief—and one that confirmed him in the belief that farmers of the old class were ignorant, selfish, and tyrannical, and that the repeal of the Corn Laws was indispensably necessary to save the agriculture of the realm—was, that many of the farms were shamefully under-cultivated, and, consequently, not half the proper number of labourers were employed. Yet the tenants were well-to-do, for, inasmuch as the land was underlet in value, they made a profit with little trouble. But they turned their men heartlessly out of work, and bade them "Go to the great house" (meaning his own) if they wanted a job.

Nothing gave Lord Shaftesbury so much anxiety as the want of proper cottage accommodation. "Surely I am the most perplexed of men," he wrote. "I have passed my life in rating others for allowing rotten houses and immoral, unhealthy dwellings; and now I come into an estate rife with abominations! Why, there are things here to make one's flesh creep; and I have not a farthing to set them right."

On one thing he was firmly resolved, namely, that he would not spend any money upon his own house until he had effected some improvement in the

cottages, nor until he had cared for the village House of God, which had suffered sadly from neglect.

Meantime, he was harassed by correspondents who assumed that he was rich, and who "wrote in all the fervour of meritorious need as to one blessed by God with abundant wealth." It was painful to him to say "No" to their appeals; it was impossible that he could explain that fresh liabilities were arising on all sides, absorbing every farthing yielded by the estates, and that expenses innumerable, taxes and labour, had to be met out of borrowed money. There was only one course open to him, and that was to quit St. Giles's for the present.

This step was taken towards the close of January in 1852, a little more than six months after his father's death. But the improvements he had effected during that time were a pledge and a prophecy of what would yet be done, as he had opportunity. In that short period, in addition to the plans he had proposed for cottage accommodation, he had appointed a Scripture-reader for Horton, undertaken a school at Pentridge, projected one at Hinton Martel, and one at Woodlands. The parish church at St. Giles's he thoroughly restored and redecorated, and made it "look like a church, and cease to wear the appearance of an old ball-room." In addition to these things, he had inaugurated the system of giving the audit dinners to the tenants at his own house, instead of at an inn, being convinced that it was "more hospitable and friendly, and an excellent mode of preventing excess." He had, moreover, planned a series of rewards for garden-allotments; a society to encourage labourers on the estate; evening classes for young men; and cricket clubs, for the summer, for all the cottagers, the matches to be played in the park.

Then came the day when, for the present, he must leave this new field of activity, and he notes it in his Diary thus:—

Jan. 27th, 1852.—This day I prepare to leave "the Saint"* for a long time, perhaps for ever! The issue is the Lord's; "let Him do," so said old Eli, "as it seemeth Him good"! I do love and cherish the spot, and pray that God will lift up the light of His countenance upon it, and all its people! . . .

Notwithstanding the heavy demands made upon his time throughout the period to which we have been referring, the Diary was not allowed to suffer, and a few extracts, upon general subjects, may be given here:—

Sept. 19th, 1851.—California has led the way; Australia follows—*auri sacra fames*. What no motive, human or divine, could effect, springs into life at the display of a few pellets of gold in the hand of a wanderer. . . . This may be God's chosen way to force the world to fulfil his commandment and "replenish the earth." It brought existence to California.

Oct. 29th.—Windsor Castle. Kossuth, the Hungarian, has entered Southampton in triumph, proceeded to Winchester in glory, to the house of "Lord Andrewes," the mayor, and is hanging on the skirts of London, ready for a descent. This vagabond is treated as though he were the "Deus Optimus Maximus." Our

* Lord Shaftesbury's familiar way of naming St. Giles's.

Lord would have but a poor reception compared with his! Many who attend him are designing persons, looking either to electioneering purposes or to revolution; many, in their simplicity, believe that they are upholding "constitutional" government, and that "three times three" for Kossuth means "three times three" for Queen, Lords, and Commons!

There was probably no man whose circle of friends and acquaintances was wider than Lord Shaftesbury's, and certainly none whose circle included greater variety in social position, influence, and attainment than his. He was intimate with his fellow Peers and the highest in the land; he was intimate with the humblest and lowliest of working men. It made no difference to him what a man was in the eye of society or of the world, if he saw in him one who possessed those qualities upon which true friendships alone can rest. He esteemed a man first for what he was in himself, and next, for what he was doing for the world to make it brighter and happier and holier. Hence it was that among those he loved and "delighted to honour" were men who were engaged in every branch of Christian work, by whom he felt proud to be known as a "fellow-labourer."

Among these was Thomas Wright, the prison philanthropist. How it came to pass that the acquaintanceship, which ripened into friendship, began, was told by Lord Shaftesbury to a gathering of young men, when warning them against false pride and exhorting them not to be ashamed of their trades. He said:—

Many of you must have heard of a remarkable man of the name of Thomas Wright of Manchester. He visited prisons. He was engaged all day long in a small establishment acting as foreman, covered with oil and grease and everything else. The first time I ever saw Thomas Wright was at Manchester, I was staying with my friend, the great engineer, Mr. Fairbairn. He said to me: "You have heard of Thomas Wright; would you like to meet him?" I said, "Of course I should, beyond anything." "Well, then, we shall have him to dinner." So we asked him to dinner; we three together. In came Thomas Wright, and had I not known who he was I should have said he was the most venerable doctor of divinity I ever looked upon. His hair was white; his expression was fascinating; he was dressed in black. We passed the evening and then we went to church. Two or three days afterwards, we said we would go and see Thomas Wright. We knocked at the office door, and a man, in a paper cap and an apron and covered with grease, opened it. I passed in and I said, "I want to see Thomas Wright." "I dare say you do," he said, "here I am." Then I said, "Bless you, my good fellow; never was I so impressed in my life before, as I am now with the true dignity of labour." There was that man, covered with grease and wearing his paper cap. When his work was over, he doffed his cap, washed his face, put on his black clothes and away he went to prison, to carry life and light and the Gospel of Christ to many broken and anxious hearts.*

The same interview is thus noted in the Diary:—

* Speech before Y. M. C. A., Glasgow, Oct., 1877.

Nov. 24th.—Manchester. Yesterday that good man Wright, of Chorlton-on-Medlock, the visitor and comforter of prisoners in every gaol to which he has access, dined with us alone, and we had some excellent talk. This man is a marvel. What a standard for the great of this earth to measure themselves by!

Some of the entries towards the close of the year are as follows:—

Dec. 8th.—*The Saint*. I protest against universal suffrage on many grounds; on none more than this, that it has never been found consistent with general freedom. Wherever it has prevailed it has established the freedom, nay, licence, of the majority; and the restraint, nay, thralldom, of the minority. Was social, civil, and religious liberty, of the whole, known in the ancient Republic of Greece? Does not De Tocqueville show the tyranny of the people in the United States? Has universal suffrage emancipated four millions of negroes? Has it secured in France political independence and social peace?

Christmas Day.—Day sadly distracted by intelligence of yesterday. Palmerston has quitted office and Granville is appointed in his place. Palmerston, with all his faults, was an English Minister, a man who desired civil and religious liberty for others as for himself.

Parliament was opened on the 3rd of February following, when Lord John Russell explained the circumstances connected with the resignation of the Foreign Office by Lord Palmerston, in relation to the reception of Kossuth, and the ex-Secretary defended his action in a vigorous speech. Into the merits of the misunderstanding it is not necessary that we should enter.

Events in France were causing considerable uneasiness at this time, not in England only, but throughout the Continent, and, in view of the unsettled state of Europe, the country was thrown into agitation with regard to the inadequacy of the national defences, and the Government resolved to bring before Parliament a scheme for the re-establishment of the militia. On the 16th of February Lord John Russell explained the scope and purpose of the Bill, and on the 26th, while it was yet in a preliminary stage, the Government was defeated, as shown in the following entry. Lord Derby,* the recognised leader of the Tory party, was called upon to form a Government:—

Feb. 20th.—Quarter-past eleven at night. Just heard that Government is out; beaten by a small majority on an amendment moved by Palmerston, to convert the "local" into a "general" militia. It is strange to me to be shut out of the medley. The House of Lords is a sad place for news of the events; get all at second-hand, and dealt out sparingly. Many things now occur, as old Latimer says, "to cut off my comb." Palmerston had fallen; every one had deserted him; he was left alone. He gains a victory over the Minister who announces his resignation. Palmerston's house (I am just come from it, half-past eleven at night) is overwhelmed with company; one would think that he had saved an empire, or that he was mounting a throne!

A wonderful Nemesis! John kicks out Palmerston and Palmerston, after a short interval, kicks out him. He rejoices, they say, in the result, though he was furious and humbled at the mode, because he feared both the Caffre Debate and the Reform Bill!

* Lord Stanley succeeded to the title in June, 1857

Feb. 28th.—Called on Derby, and, afterwards, on Walpole, to urge them, as they valued the peace of the country, to a specific and open declaration, immediately on the meeting of the Houses, of their intention to ask no more than the necessary votes, and then forthwith to “dissolve” and appeal to the electors for a final decision whether they will, or will not, accept in any form, or for any purpose, a duty on the importation of food.

“I have not a majority,” said Derby; “but I have sufficient strength to withstand a factious opposition.” “No,” I replied, “I do not think you have; a Minister may defy both Houses, if he have the country on his side, but, be assured, the country is against you; altogether against you, I believe, on Protection; but most certainly on the obligation you lie under to tell them what you mean!” He was very civil, and thanked me. Walpole the same, and, he added, in confidence, that he had urged, again and again, this very counsel.

The new Ministerial arrangements were completed by the 27th of February. The Chancellorship of the Exchequer was offered to Lord Palmerston, who declined to serve under Lord Derby; whereupon the office was accepted by Mr. Disraeli, to whom was assigned the Leadership of the House of Commons.

During the early part of this year Lord Shaftesbury was unusually harassed by “letters, interviews, chairs, boards, speeches.” “I am worn, worn, worn by them all,” he says, “surrendering all amusements and society, giving all the day and half of almost every night to business and meetings, and all this in the face of weak health and tottering nerves.”

In the midst of this work the time had come for him to leave his town-house in Brook Street and to take up his residence in the old family house in Grosvenor Square:—

Feb. 6th.—This is the last evening I shall ever spend in this house; it is sold, and I must leave it to-morrow. I cannot leave it without regret. I have passed here many happy and useful hours, praised be God; certainly more happy, and probably more useful, than I shall ever pass again. I have here prepared for nearly all my public labours, in study, thought, and prayer; I am now in the vale of years, and, henceforward, shall feed on recollections. We had outgrown the dwelling, it had become too strait for us.

No fresh accession of labour ever tempted him to set aside the duties to which he had pledged himself. The “Exhibition year” had given an impetus to Ragged School work, and every fresh development of that heart-stirring movement brought a corresponding increase of toil to him. The difficulties in connection with the Board of Health had multiplied, and, as we shall see later on, were bringing the existence of that Board to a close. The May Meetings of this year laid heavier demands than ever upon Lord Shaftesbury, every Society being eager to secure the presence of the “new Earl” amongst them. It was due to his marvellous art of economising time that he was able to meet his engagements. The Lunacy Commission alone, it would have seemed, might have been sufficient to have occupied all his leisure, for he conducted his duties as Chief Commissioner with a care and

scrupulosity that are as admirable as they are unusual. It was his rule, after visiting cases of special importance, to record the circumstances as an aid to his memory, and this was done in the most thorough and exhaustive manner.

By June the burden of overwork and over-anxiety had become so heavily oppressive that we find this significant entry:—

June 19th.—Dr. Ferguson orders me to Ems to drink the waters.

It was a favourite recreation of Lord Shaftesbury in vacation time to write in his Diary what may almost be termed “essays” on the thoughts that arose within him. Thus, while at Ems, we find the following:—

July 20th.—Humanly speaking, and on human grounds, what countries in the world seem to enjoy the best and fairest prospects of greatness, security, and wealth? I should reply, France and the United States of America. The United States are a young country; and, so far as an analogy is good, have all the hopes and prospects of healthy and vigorous youth. They contain within themselves everything, however various, that Nature bestows, and in abundance inexhaustible. In art and science they are equal to the best; in energy of character, almost superior. They have nothing to fear but from internal dissensions; they are beyond the power of foreign aggression. Their territory is nearly boundless, and so close as to furnish a ready safety valve to all their discontented spirits; every year adds enormously to their numbers and resources, and wealth seems to grow like the grass of the field. Their Government is essentially republican; and there is actually nothing left to contend for in the way of *more liberal institutions*. They may, and will, have party strifes and struggles for the possession of place and power; but what social question remains? There is no Church to be invaded; no aristocracy to be pulled down; no king to be replaced by a president; efforts at organic changes would seem to be impossible, nor will the bane of Europe, the Socialistic principle, become, for many generations at least, a continuous and concentrated question.

“Slavery” will be a thorn in their side; but its utmost consequence will be a disruption of the Union, and the formation of two mighty and independent States; the North more powerful than the South. Then, probably, changes may begin; and, as Monarchy fades into Republics, so Republics rise into Monarchies.

July 22nd.—France presents a spectacle such as the world never saw before. Ransack history, and say whether, in any age, there has existed a nation, living within a ring-fence, of high civilisation, advanced science, of military spirit and prowess, almost unrivalled, and numbering more than six-and-thirty millions, all speaking the same language, and, with the exception of a small fraction, all professing the same religion. She rests on two seas to the north and to the south, and possesses every requisite of a great maritime power; her surface is extensive, and her soil rich, producing, in wine especially, many things that other nations demand. She, like the United States, can fear little or nothing from foreign aggression; she is more than a match for any two of the Continental kingdoms; and, in the way of defence, perhaps, a match for them all. But her means of attack are very great; and both her past history and her present vigour impress a terror on every Government around her!

Such enormous resources will extricate her speedily from financial difficulty; and, indeed, Mr. Bates (of the great firm of Baring and Co.) told me the other

day that he had more hopeful views of French finance than of any other country on earth. She, too, like the United States, has little left to destroy. Her Church is despoiled, the Crown is taken away, the landed aristocracy are no more; nobility is forbidden, and equality instituted. Further *organic* change seems impossible; a despotism, it is true, temporarily exists, which, while it lasts, is doing that form of good which liberty, I fear, will never effect; and, when it is overthrown, will leave the nation to its commonwealth again.

Her plague is that of Socialism, deep, rancorous, and widespread; the national character, nevertheless, counteracts it in some measure, and the personal interests of the community effect the remainder.

Another recreation in which Lord Shaftesbury indulged at Ems was one which was almost always denied him in England—the leisurely perusal of books.

August 15th.—Reading Birks on Daniel, clear, satisfactory, comfortable. The mysterious resources of China, the progressive might of the United States, will neither hasten nor retard the final development of man's destiny on earth! God's "tender mercies are over all His works;" but prophecy is busy with those empires only that affect His ancient people, and, therein, the issue of the Elect Church, elect "from all kindreds and tongues and people."

August 23rd.—Dover. During my vacation have read Milton again. Well did Dryden say that "the force of Nature could no further go." I cannot but believe that God, in His goodness, inspired the man—not as He inspired Isaiah and Joel, to *foretell future* events in strains of majestic grandeur, but to show, for the comfort and instruction of our race, that man's mouth and man's understanding are His own divine workmanship.

Soon after his return from Ems, Lord Shaftesbury received the painful intelligence that the Duke of Wellington, the friend of his early manhood, who had seen in him high principles and large capabilities, and had sought his friendship and his aid, was numbered with the dead. On the 14th of September, at Walmer Castle, the old hero breathed his last.

September 16th.—The death of the Great Duke is an "event." Will the world present other opportunities for other such heroes? Such a life is hardly on record; everything, nearly, went well with him, and he "died full of riches and honour." His dominant feeling was a sense of duty to the Crown and to the country; it was paramount to everything else. And now begins the ordinary scramble; he held many appointments, and many of his survivors will covet, and *some* will deserve, them.

There were rumours that the Chancellorship of Oxford, vacant by the death of the Duke of Wellington, would be offered to Lord Shaftesbury. The following entry refers to this:—

September 24th.—For myself it would add a burthen of duty to the many burthens I have already; it would necessarily call me off from many I have undertaken, and have hardly time and strength to discharge. Now, is there one that I would surrender for this honour? Not one. It is an honour I do not covet, a duty I do not like—an unprofitable field, a comfortless dignity. I hate all the

circumstances of it. Let those who are ambitious of it obtain and enjoy the post ; there will be candidates enough. I had rather, by God's blessing and guidance, retain those places for which there are *no candidates*—the chairs of the Ragged Union, the Colonial Dormitory, the Field Lane Refuge. . . . This is clearly my province. I am called to this, and not to any political or social honours. I am now fifty-two years of age ; I have laboured almost incessantly for four-and-twenty years, and I have never received an honour, or notice of any sort or kind, great or small, from the Crown, the Minister, or the public, except the citizenship of the small borough of Tain, in Scotland.

Lord Shaftesbury's ideas of burial were very pronounced. Any glorification of the body from which the spirit had fled was repugnant to him. He had no sympathy with the passion of some who would seek to battle with nature, and resist, or attempt to resist, the decree, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." He disliked the gross, material idea of burial, as unpoetical, unscriptural, and the result of materialism in theology ; he looked upon the corpses of the departed as no more than relinquished garments of *living* men and women, "temples of God, in which divine service is over and finished, the chanting hushed, the aisles deserted." This was no new idea of his. It was, like most that entered into matters of practical importance, fixed and rooted. We have heard him express the same sentiment in his journals of early Continental travels ; we shall hear him re-echo those words with even greater force in the last year of his life, when supporting the efforts of the Cremation Society.

Nov. 18th.—Last night at half-past eight to "lying in state !" What a monstrous misuse of splendour ! here is the infamy, or the infamy, of our nature. "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes : " here is the decree of God ! Order upon order, gold upon gold, troop upon troop : here is the decree of man ! The decrees seem to be in collision. It was fine, very fine, but hardly impressive ; signs of mortality, but none of resurrection ; much of a great man in his generation, but nothing of a great spirit in another ; not a trace of religion, not a shadow of eternity. They would have made far other display in Romish countries : the cross, a band of chanting monks, priests with censers—a false religion, it is true, but nevertheless something that would have shifted the thoughts from a mere grovel on the earth.

To-day the procession ; saw it well, singularly well, from St. James's Palace. Stupendously grand in troops and music. It was solemn, and even touching ; but it was a show, an eye-tickler to 999 out of every thousand—a mere amusement. The Duke himself would have *permitted* it, in a sense of duty ; he never would have desired such a thing.

The Protestantism of five-and-thirty years ago was much more easily stimulated to enthusiasm than it is now, and the story of the interest and excitement aroused by the persecution of the Madiai in 1852 reads like a chapter out of some old-world history.

In the city of Florence there dwelt two small shopkeepers, Francesco and Rosa Madiai. They were simple folk, neither wealthy, great, nor

powerful, but they were sincere. Under the influence of Protestant teaching, they were led to regard the Church of Rome, in which they had been reared, as in error, and, as they could not conscientiously remain in it, they determined to come out and be separate. The Scriptures became their delight, and, although warned that to read them in their own house, and to seek to propagate them, or to spread the doctrines of Protestantism, would be to act in hostility to the religion of the State, they felt it was their duty to persevere and bear the consequences—"they could not but speak the things which they had seen and heard."

They were, in consequence, subjected to severe persecution. But this could not turn them from their purpose; the spirit of the old martyrs possessed them; they would not obey man rather than God. The matter was then referred to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who condemned them to five years' imprisonment with hard labour in the galleys.

When this sentence became known it produced throughout Protestant Europe a sudden and simultaneous indignation. In England, by common consent, Lord Shaftesbury was looked to as the leader of the movement to obtain a reversal of the cruel and tyrannical sentence. One of his first steps was to lay the case before the Prince Consort, and acquaint him with the actual state of public feeling upon the subject.

To this letter the Prince replied:—

H.R.H. the Prince Consort to Lord Shaftesbury.

BALMORAL, *September 24th, 1852.*

MY DEAR LORD SHAFTESBURY,—Many thanks for your letter respecting the unfortunate Madias, which I received this morning. The cruel case had already attracted the Queen's notice, and I attempted a personal appeal to the Grand Duke, to which I have not yet received an answer. I tried particularly to impress him (or rather his Confessor, who is the ruling power) that the case will do irreparable mischief to the Roman Catholic cause in England, knowing that, for the sake of Christian charity, not a finger will be moved.

This is the Church which calls *us intolerant*, merely because we do not choose to be *governed* by it! The King of Prussia has written to the Queen, asking her to make joint representations with him at Florence. Her Majesty has, in her answer sent to-day, expressed her willingness so to do, and has instructed Lord Malmesbury accordingly.

Ever yours truly,

ALBERT.

It was decided by those who, under the leadership of Lord Shaftesbury, had so warmly espoused the cause of the Madias, that a deputation should go out from England to intercede with the Grand Duke (the Archbishop of Dublin assuming the lead in Dublin).

The deputation, headed by Lord Roden, set forth on their mission on the 23rd of October. On the 26th Lord Roden wrote to Lord Shaftesbury, informing him that he had received a reply from the Tuscan Minister of Foreign Affairs, declining to receive a deputation on the subject of the

Madiai. "They are Tuscan subjects," wrote the Minister, "and have been condemned to five years' imprisonment by the ordinary tribunals, for propagating Protestantism, which is prescribed by our laws as an attack upon the religion of the State."

The deputation went forward notwithstanding, and their return is thus referred to in the Diary:—

Nov. 12th.—Yesterday to Protestant Alliance to receive deputation on their return from Florence. Let us bless God; He has really prospered us. . . . Is it no remarkable sign, nay, proof of the latter days, that when two small shopkeepers are persecuted by the hand of tyranny, for righteousness' sake, all Europe is in commotion; deputies start from England, France, Holland, Prussia, Switzerland; monarchs interfere with autograph letters, and the sanctity of principle and truth is maintained in the cause, and in the persons, of social inferiors; social, I say, for, God knows, they may be as "Hyperion to a Satyr," compared with grantees? It revives the memory and practice of Apostolic times; it is the dawn of the day when the Churches that "hold the Head" shall be as one! Ah, how dear Bickersteth would rejoice in such a daybreak, were he on earth, but probably he is enjoying now a meridian display of God's full mercy to this thankless world! There are hopes, too, even for Italy; the populace crowded around the deputation; at Lucca, Lord Roden could scarcely prevent their drawing his carriage in triumph; at Genoa, the National Guard would have turned out in military order. This is good; the people will see that there is a reality in Protestantism, a spirit of brotherhood, a unity of hearts under a diversity of forms.

Successful as the deputation had been in stirring popular feeling, it had failed to obtain any reversal or mitigation of the sentence on the Madiai, and fresh steps had to be taken by the Protestants of Europe. Lord Shaftesbury, early in December, headed a deputation to Mr. Walpole, to petition the Queen on their behalf, a petition signed, "strange, but joyous to say, by one Archbishop (Dublin) and eight Bishops!"

In January, 1853, at the urgent request of the Protestant Alliance and many influential persons, Lord Shaftesbury was on the point of starting off for Florence "in search of the Madiai." Just when his preparations were made, he received a letter from the Protestants of Geneva "urging caution, breathing doubts, quenching spirits, and imposing wet blankets." But his ardour was not damped, and he still purposed to go forward, when he received private information that at the present juncture of affairs he would "complicate the whole thing, worsen the condition of the Madiai, and do more harm than good." The journey was therefore postponed. Meanwhile other and more effective measures were in progress. Lord John Russell urged upon Sir Henry Bulwer, Envoy Extraordinary to Tuscany, the necessity of remonstrating strongly with the Tuscan Government on the subject. "As this is a matter affecting a Tuscan subject," he said, "it may be argued that Her Majesty's Government have no right to interfere. If this means that interference by force of arms would not be justifiable, I confess at once that nothing but the most

extreme case would justify such an interference. But if it be meant that Her Majesty has not the right to point out to a friendly sovereign the arguments which have prevailed in the most civilised nations against the use of the civil sword to punish religious opinions, I entirely deny the truth of such an allegation."

The Grand-Duke withstood, as long as he was able, the storm his tyranny had provoked, but eventually he was obliged to yield, and on the 17th of March the Madiai were liberated.

An amusing episode of this subject was the receipt of a letter from an agent of Mr. Barnum—the American Showman—a letter that greatly tickled the humour of Lord Shaftesbury, who had a keen relish for a joke.

Mr. Barnum's Agent to Lord Shaftesbury.

MANCHESTER, *March 24th*, 1853.

MY LORD,—As I am aware your lordship is always actively engaged in a holy warfare against the Roman Catholic religion, and the mainstay of the converts from that faith, I calculate it is highly probable that Rosa and Francesco Madiai are likely to come under your Lordship's patronage on their arrival in the old country. As agent for Mr. Barnum, whose name, I presume, is not unknown to your lordship, I respectfully beg to be informed whether it is possible to enter into an engagement for these interesting people to exhibit themselves in our United States after the London season, as I have no doubt they would draw fair audiences in our northern States, where the Protestant feeling runs strong, and we are pretty alive to proceedings in this country.

Mr. Barnum would act liberally by these good people, and great good may be done.

I have the honour to be, my lord,

Your lordship's obedient servant,

JOHN HALL WILTON.

Unfortunately there is no record of the reply Lord Shaftesbury sent to this communication.

It rarely happened that any one subject, however great its interest, was allowed to absorb Lord Shaftesbury's attention, and while the case of the Madiai was proceeding, other and wider movements were claiming his aid.

In 1850 Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote her celebrated tale, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It was first published in parts; on its completion it was re-issued entire, and it then commenced a career almost unparalleled in the annals of literature. In the course of less than a year more than 200,000 copies were sold in the United States, and this was but a prelude to the still more astonishing success awaiting it in this country. It ran like wild-fire through the land, appealing to every class in cities, towns, and remotest villages, and affecting, as no other book, perhaps, had ever done, the imagination of the people.

From extracts already given from his journals, it will easily be seen how, with his utter detestation of slavery of every kind, the enormities revealed in this life-like fiction stirred the heart of Lord Shaftesbury. For years he had

watched every movement in America bearing upon the subject; and latterly the operation of the Fugitive Slave Law, by which "a whole nation, blessed by God with freedom, wealth, and the Holy Scriptures, declares it to be impossible to emancipate a slave, and penal to teach any one of them the first principles of Christianity," had distressed him beyond measure. But hitherto he had been unable to take any important active part against the cruel system. As a matter of fact, there was at that time no action that could have been taken. After reading Mrs. Stowe's book, however, and when public feeling was stirred to its depths, he felt that it was impossible to remain quiet.

Nov. 6th.—Long troubled in spirit, and touched to the heart's core by "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Marvellous work! What a power of Christian intellect! What a concentration, so to speak, of natural simplicity! One feels, as one reads it, that it is heaven-sent. It has a destiny. Ah, Lord, grant it, and forgive, at last, the descendants of Ham.

Determined to draw up an Address from the Women of England to the Women of America, and try to stir their souls and sympathies. Did it, and sent it off to the newspapers to-day.

The proposed address was to rouse public opinion, by an appeal to the great sympathies of mankind, so much more powerful than laws or statutes; and it was hoped that if it were taken up by local committees, enriched by many signatures, and then transmitted to America, it would not fail to produce a deep and fruitful impression. It was a call from the Women of England to their sisters in America, to consider how far the system of slavery was in accordance with the Word of God, the inalienable rights of immortal souls, and the pure and merciful spirit of the Christian religion.

Henceforward, for many years, events in America, especially as they bore upon the question of slavery, were noted at considerable length in Lord Shaftesbury's Diaries.

Nov. 12th.—To the House of Lords to take the oath. What a mode of administering a sacred office! What a "hideous gabble!" Is there any—can there be any—value in such a form? A little encouragement to my slavery movement, but very little. Kind letters from the editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, and old Sam Rogers, the poet. It is refreshing to see a man so keen in his humanities at ninety years of age. . . .

Nov. 20th.—It is wonderful to contemplate the long-suffering of God towards the American Republic. Their statute laws are in direct contradiction of the statute laws (so to speak, the Ten Commandments) of God. Try them in succession, and it will be found that every decree is set at nought by the United States law. The "fugitive" slave law was a compromise to maintain the Union at the expense of mercy, truth, justice, God's gifts and word. The whole of their domestic policy is governed, more or less, by "slavery." It is the beginning and the end of their movements. They invade Mexico to find a market for their breeding farms, seize on Texas, and re-establish that slavery which Mexico had abolished! They are bound together by compacts of murder, rapine, adultery. They say to three millions of God's immortal creatures, "Your bodies are ours for lust, labour, for any amount or quality of suffering and degradation we

choose to inflict, and your souls shall wallow in utter ignorance of the things of eternity." And yet they prosper. Their dominion is mighty, their wealth stupendous; they seem to have nothing to fear from man, and every ambition is gratified. They boast of their freedom, their republic, their "religion;" and the public press of England is silent on these things! What a mystery is all this! What is there in former times to match the present? What nation before knew Thy will, read it in Thy Book, professed to believe it, and then passed laws (the work of the *whole people*, not of a single despot) in flat, insolent contradiction of Thy will and truth? Lord, "increase our faith," and speedily have mercy on Thy oppressed creatures, for Christ's ever dear and precious sake!

Nov. 21st.—Sunday. This United States slavery harasses my very soul; I can think of nothing else; breathe a prayer for them minute after minute.

Nov. 25th.—Busy, very busy, about my "Address from the Women of England to the Women of America" on negro slavery. Have met with more sympathy and less ridicule than might have been expected; thanks, under God, to "Uncle Tom's Cabin." My dear and steady friend, the Duchess of Sutherland, has been most zealous, serviceable, and high-minded. She has called a meeting of ladies in her house to form a committee and adopt the memorial.

Nov. 27th.—The Duchess did her part in the best manner. Ah, Lord, return all into her own bosom, and bless the house, which, glorious in human trappings, has been consecrated to the cause of Thy dear Son!

Dec. 15th.—Wrote yesterday to Mrs. Beecher Stowe to express my admiration of her work, and my gratitude to God who had stimulated her heart to write it.

The death of the Rev. Edward Bickersteth in 1850 had been a severe loss to Lord Shaftesbury. He looked around and saw no one who could supply his place; no one who could give him just the help and sympathy he needed in the anxieties of his ever-increasing work, no one on whose judgment he could place implicit reliance. Frequently, in times of great perplexity, he recorded in his journal (into which he poured every thought and feeling, every aspiration and hope, as well as every fear and misgiving) the sense of this great and growing want—the friendship of one who should be able to enter into his plans and purposes, and in whom he could confide in unrestrained measure. There were many sorrows pressing upon him which few could understand; his fellow-labourers did not know that the sufferings of the poor haunted him night and day, and grieved him as though they were personal to himself; few ever realised that the records of slavery, persecution, and cruelty in the daily papers, and much more those that came within the scope of his own knowledge, would fill him with such burning indignation that he had difficulty in restraining himself from becoming the champion of every individual case of oppression. No one ever knew, until his Diaries were seen, how he chafed at delay in redressing wrong, how he literally "agonised" over the misery and the despair of those whose distresses were capable of being made endurable, if not altogether relieved. Nor did he stand in need of such a friend in the hour of his sorrow, less than in the hour of his joy. He craved for some one who, himself in the midst of similar labour, would be able to sympathise with him in his triumphs and successes.

and be a sharer in the joy of harvest, no less than in the tearful sowing of the seed. It was this sense of want that made him write, in the midst of the enthusiasm kindled among Protestants on behalf of the Madiai; "It is the dawn of the day when the Churches that 'hold the Head' shall be as one. Ah, how dear Bickersteth would rejoice in such a daybreak were he on earth!" It was a cry for the touch of the vanished hand, and the sound of the voice that was still; it was an acknowledgment that there was no one else who held in his heart the same position his departed friend had held.

But a friendship was ripening which ere long should supply the one he had "lost awhile"—that is, as far as one friendship ever can supply the place of another.

In the prosecution of various good works, in committees and on platforms, he had been brought into contact with Mr. Alexander Haldane, a barrister-at-law of the Inner Temple, the representative of an ancient Perthshire family, celebrated in the annals of philanthropy and religion, and one of the proprietors of the *Record* newspaper—the organ of the Evangelical party.

Mr. Haldane, who was some months older than Lord Shaftesbury, was an active, energetic man, strong in body and mind, of great intellectual force and tenacity of purpose, and full of keen and warm-hearted sympathies. He was lively in temperament, with a strong sense of humour and an inexhaustible fund of anecdote. He possessed, as Lord Shaftesbury many years afterwards recorded, a strong intellect, a cultivated mind, and wide knowledge, and he devoted them all to the furtherance of religion and morality, to the honour of God, and the welfare of the human race.

He was for many years one of the principal writers for the *Record*. "At every important crisis, political and religious, the other proprietors were long accustomed to look to him to produce the appropriate leaders," and it was to his labours that the paper owed much of its influence and value. In public affairs he took a profound and absorbing interest. Politics at home and abroad, society, literature, the condition of the masses, and, especially, the great religious controversies of the times, were the subjects that chiefly engrossed his thoughts and inspired his pen.

The first friendly letter from Mr. Haldane to Lord Shaftesbury was written in 1849, on the occasion of the death of his son Francis. In 1850-1 there was frequent correspondence between them, and after that date, as their intimacy increased, the letters became unceasing.

In course of time, whenever Lord Shaftesbury was in town, scarcely a day passed when Mr. Haldane did not "drop in" to bring the news, to report the progress of matters in which they were mutually interested, or to cheer with friendly counsel and intercourse. When absent from town there was an almost daily interchange of letters.*

Mr. Haldane's interest in the political events of his time brought him

* Lord Shaftesbury's letters were invariably preserved by Mr. Haldane, and some hundreds of them have been kindly placed by his daughters in the hands of the writer for the purposes of this Biography.

much into contact with prominent members of both Houses of Parliament, and for many years he had been in the habit of being present on the occasion of any important debate in either House.*

In the course of this narrative we shall quote at some length from the correspondence between Lord Shaftesbury and Mr. Haldane. A letter, written abroad in this year, on paper illustrated with a view of Ems, may be quoted in this place, as an example of the free and open confidence already existing between them.

Lord Shaftesbury to Mr. Haldane.

EMS, July 27th, 1852.

DEAR MR. HALDANE,—At the top of the note is the place where we drink the waters, and into which the Tractarians would, no doubt, gladly infuse a “quietus” for me. My human security, however, is that I and the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne drink from the same spring and at the same time.

I have only just received your letter. I have no disposition to notice the opprobrious fellows; I care not what they say or what they do. If *they* can write me down, I cannot write myself up; and of this I feel deeply convinced that if, after so many years of publicity, I have not character or favour enough (with the only portion of the world to which I could appeal) to withstand the attacks of Pusey, Sewell, Carlyle, and Co., my position is not worth preserving. When I was younger I had some ambition for myself; I have now no desire except to possess so much influence as may enable me to do good. Should these sons of Babylon prevail, it will be because they find a “predisposition,” as we said in cholera times, in the public mind to take the impression against me, and thus my hope of a healthy influence would be beaten down.

And to tell you the truth, I have had many indications of such an issue. The public grows weary of its servants; it is tired of “humanity,” and dead sick of *me*; whether by being out of sight for a time I shall come forth like an old coat with a new fluff, is a matter of speculation; I much fear that they will find me out, and as the Showman said to Lord Stowell, when he went to see the mermaid, “You have been a customer to me, my Lord, and I’ll not take you in; it is only the old monkey!”—they will say, “Don’t attend to that speech, or go to that meeting, it’s only the old monkey.”

But many thanks for your letter. Pray collect materials; we may yet be obliged to fight.

The place, I think, is beginning to do me good. God be praised. I long, however, to be home again.

Yours,

S.

Towards the close of the year events were ripening which were to plunge Lord Shaftesbury into a sea of controversy and ceaseless activity.

It was announced that Lord Derby had advised the Crown to issue licence to Convocation to resume its Synodical functions, and on the 5th of November the two Houses of Convocation commenced a sitting of one week’s

* From the time Lord Ashley became Earl of Shaftesbury Mr. Haldane was so constant an attendant at the House of Lords, that he acquired a prescriptive right to a certain place which was always reserved for him.

duration. Meanwhile public feeling had been stirred, and was growing in intensity in many quarters, against the attempted introduction of auricular confession into the Church. On the 22nd of September the Bishop of Exeter had given judgment in favour of the Rev. G. R. Prynne, incumbent of a church near Plymouth, who, it was alleged, had introduced the practice of compulsory confession among the girls attending the Orphan Home in his parish.

At the instigation of the Protestant Defence Committee, a meeting took place on the 15th of November at the Freemasons' Hall, to protest against this innovation, and against the revival of Convocation.

Lord Shaftesbury, in opening the business of the meeting, said :—

We have been somewhat criticised for bringing into juxtaposition Convocation and Confession. Now, it appears to me that they are so much akin, and so necessarily inseparable, that I should just as soon think of separating, in Guildhall, Gog and Magog as separating these two things. The Convocation, and I am speaking of the Convocation as extinguished in the year 1717, animated by the worst sentiments and views of priestly despotism and priestly ambition, would naturally, necessarily, and, to use a modern phrase, "normally" resort to the Confessional as the best and most effective engine of priestly domination. We are not here to denounce every form of Church synod or ecclesiastical assembly. We are not here to deny the expediency, or, if you will, even the right, of the Church to have some power and form or self-regulation. But we are here to denounce the revival of the Convocation that was justly extinguished in the last century. We are here to deny to that Convocation, if called together, the right or the power of suggesting the plan and the limits of its own reformation; and we are here to say that we will not submit to any clerical Parliament that will make the laity of this Church and of these realms mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to a select knot of sacerdotal dignitaries. A form of Church government upon a reasonable and moderate basis, in which the laity of the Church will have not only a great, but a dominant, share, is well worthy of consideration; but as for the other Convocation, that was extinguished in 1717. I can only express the hope that, should there be any attempted revival thereof, her most gracious Majesty will follow the example of her illustrious predecessor, and, to use the language of that great historian, Hallam, will "sprinkle a little dust on the angry insects."

The remainder of the speech related entirely to the Confessional, a subject to which we shall revert later on.

On the 3rd of December Mr. Disraeli introduced his Budget, in a remarkably effective speech of four hours and a quarter duration. The Budget was unfavourably received by the Free Trade party; the debate extended over four nights, and on the 16th of December, the result of the vote placed the Ministry in a minority of 19, in a House of 591 members. Lord Derby immediately thereupon tendered to the Queen his resignation.

It was while Lord Shaftesbury was on the Continent, "combining business with pleasure," that the Ministerial crisis arose.

Dec. 17th.—Half-past six. Paris. It is strange to me to be absent from "*a crisis*," but were I present, what could I do? My professed principles and public course have shut me out from the power of serving the Crown in office, and, in fact, from the wish of any one, in either House of Parliament, to see me there.

Derby ought not to resign; and, indeed, no Minister ought, henceforward, to resign on any single defeat. Repeated and rapid changes are becoming very hazardous; and as the House of Commons has undertaken to beat every Minister two or three times every Session, and then again support him with little or no principle, the Minister must refuse to retire, except before the real, unmistakable sense of the country. But all this verges on democracy.

Dec. 29th.—Aberdeen, Prime Minister; Lord J. Russell, Minister for Foreign Affairs. Is it possible that this arrangement should prosper? Can the Liberal policy of Lord J. square with the restrictive policy of Lord Aberdeen? Supposing that they are true to their principles, how will they agree when Italy calls for sympathy against Austria? John, if he have a spark of honesty, will stand for Sardinia; Aberdeen, if he have an atom of consistency, will stand for Austria. I wish them joy, and a safe deliverance.

Graham, Newcastle, Gladstone, are again installed in power with much *éclat* and high commendation.

Dec. 30th.—Palmerston has accepted place under Aberdeen as Premier, and subject to John Russell's leadership as Secretary for Foreign Affairs. . . . His mortification will, I fear, be great almost daily. I regret it for his sake; I am fond of him; he is kind-hearted and friendly; he is getting on in life, and I could have wished him some respect and affection from those who were associated with him in his later days.

CHAPTER XXI.

1853.

"THE poor shall never 'cease out of the land.' That we know," wrote Lord Shaftesbury, "for God has said it. But the poor of London are very far different from the poor of Scripture. God has ordained that there should be poor, but He has not ordained that, in a Christian land, there should be an overwhelming mass of foul, helpless poverty."

To roll away, in some measure, that reproach from London, was the gigantic task Lord Shaftesbury felt he had "been called of God" to attempt, and the machinery he regarded as best adapted to the accomplishment of that end was the Ragged School system.

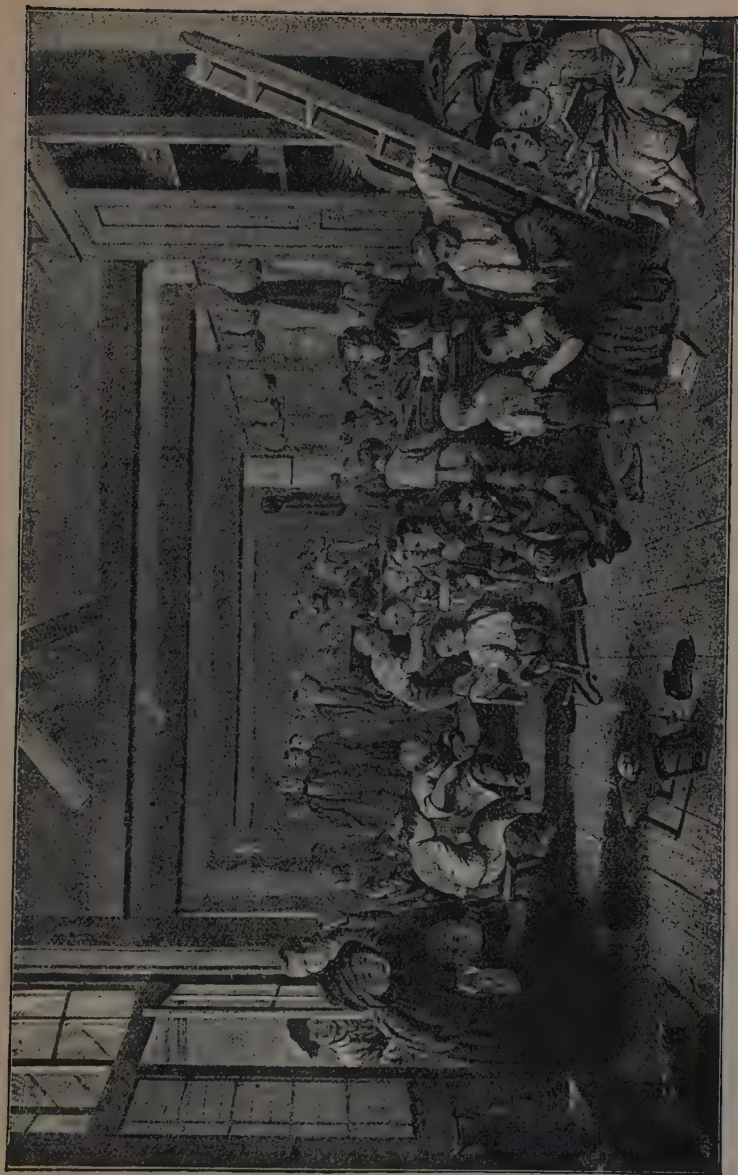
Since the Ragged School Union was founded there had been added to the field of its operations, in the space of six or seven years, more than a hundred new schools, attended by considerably over ten thousand children. Lord Shaftesbury's labours multiplied in proportion to the multiplication of the schools. Each had its opening ceremonies, or its anniversary, or its prize distribution night, and each sent in its special claim to his assistance. It required almost superhuman strength to perform the duties devolving upon him. Conferences with teachers, interviews, correspondence day after day; and, in all parts of London, Chairs and the inevitable speeches night after night.

His watchfulness was unceasing. There was not a detail of the system that escaped his observation. For example: there was a tendency in some schools, as order was established and decent rooms supplied, to admit children of a class and condition for whom the schools were not intended; and also, to retain those who had mended their ways and had risen in the world, instead of transplanting them to other schools. Against this tendency Lord Shaftesbury took a very decided stand. On one occasion he said:—

You must keep your Ragged Schools down to one mark; you must keep them, as I have said a hundred times, and, until I carry my point, I shall say a hundred times more, in the mire and the gutter, so long as the mire and the gutter exist. So long as this class exists, you must keep the schools adapted to their wants, their feelings, their tastes, and their level. I feel that my business lies in the gutter, and I have not the least intention to get out of it.

He had a great dislike to making any unnecessary parade of the schools, and a still greater dislike to the system of selecting special examples of children for the purpose of winning applause.

His unfailing zeal as their leader inspired a kindred zeal in the teachers, and his stirring words often put new life and energy into them, and therefore, into their work. He would speak to them thus:—



From a Painting by Blackley

THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY, OLD PYE STREET.

I tell you, my friends, that if, with all the success you have attained, with all the knowledge you have acquired, with all the blessings you have received, you pause in your course any longer than is necessary to take breath, gather strength, survey your position, and thank God—why then I say, never again come into this hall, for if you do, I will be the first to say to you, as Cromwell said to the House of Commons, "Out upon you! begone; give place to honester men."

Almost every year there had been some important extension of the scope of Ragged School work. The original idea was merely to provide day, evening, and Sunday schools, for infants, juveniles, and adults of the lowest order of the destitute and outcast classes. To this, as we have seen, Lord Shaftesbury's emigration scheme had been added, and admirably had it succeeded. But other organisations equally important had come into operation: the chiefest being Refuges and Industrial Classes. It was found that the work in the schools lost much of its moral power, in consequence of the constant and daily antagonism it encountered from the exposure of the scholars, on retiring from the scene of instruction, to all that was contaminating and vile in the wretched places they called their homes. Lessons of virtue were nullified by examples of vice. And it was heartrending to know that many a child had no choice but to go from school to the haunts of vice and crime in order to obtain food for the day and shelter for the night.

The question of providing Refuges became a burning question with many, and efforts were made to establish them, not only in the metropolis, but in the large towns and cities of the kingdom.

The Refuges were at first of two classes. Night Refuges, for casual vagrants, preference being given to children attending the Ragged School; and permanent Refuges, for the support and education, for a stated period, of young persons between ten and sixteen years of age.

The object of the Industrial Classes was rather to assist in the formation of tidy and useful habits, than to rear a race of regular artisans. In some of the classes, making and mending their own clothes was the only thing taught to the children; in others, making and printing paper bags, printing handbills and circulars, making mats and church hassocks, and other simple handicrafts.

Although there were, of necessity, many drawbacks to the Ragged School movement; although the work was greatly impeded by a periodical deluge of the miserable population of Ireland, flooding the districts that had been purged and improved; although success was, in a great measure, indirect and could not be shown by figures,—the best results of the system being removed from public view by emigration; although no support was received from Government or from legislation, and comparatively little from the wealthy classes—an enormous amount of good resulted, and, as early as the year 1851, Lord Shaftesbury had been able to say:—

We have devised and organised a system of prevention by which to stop crime while it is in the seed, and sin before it has broken into flower and desolated society. Although other schools may have stood in the way of vice and crime,

no one could say of them, with certainty, that almost every one trained in them would, without their intervention, have been a vagabond or a thief; domestic discipline and other circumstances might have interposed to do their work. But we do maintain that every one of those whom we have reclaimed would, from the very necessity of his position, have been either a thief or a vagabond; we do maintain that, by the instrumentality of this institution, we have established a preventive system which operates in anticipation of the gaoler, or even of the hangman. We have, moreover, greatly abated the amount of juvenile delinquency, and have cleansed the metropolis, not by pouring out from it the filth of our streets, but by passing these children through a cleansing and filtering process, before we poured them forth in a rich and fertilising stream on the colonies of our country.

One feature of the Ragged School system with which Lord Shaftesbury was especially identified was the gift of a prize or certificate to each scholar who had remained in one situation for twelve months with satisfaction to his employer, and for general good conduct.

His addresses to the children on these occasions were models of their kind, and overflowed with such intense "fatherliness," that they never failed to touch their hearts and bring tears of pleasure to their eyes.

Every fresh phase in the progress of Ragged School and kindred work Lord Shaftesbury noted in his Diary, as well as his hopes and fears, his elation and depression, in connection with them.

The next entry, although written in the Royal Palace, shows that his thoughts were still with the forsaken children of the London streets.

Jan. 20th.—Windsor Castle. A play here last night. Wonderfully amused. It is, doubtless, rather in the style of Louis XIV., but it is amusing, nevertheless.

Must insert, to aid my recollection (though, probably, shall never have leisure or spirit to review my entries for many years), some preceding operations. On Sunday, 15th, to Field Lane Ragged School in the evening. Never go there without seeing something for which to bless God.

Five hundred persons, from five years old and under to fifty, engaged in reading, hearing, learning the word of God! What singular and remarkable instances of moral power! A dozen stout, full-grown, savage-looking men sitting like lambs under the teaching of a young woman! "It is marvellous in our eyes."

On 11th, Chair at Dorchester to present Bankes with piece of plate—testimonial for his twenty years' Chairmanship of Quarter Sessions. The invitation to me was intended as a move towards reconciliation of the rupture between me and him seven years ago. I accepted it as such; peace, peace—peace everywhere "on earth as it is in Heaven."

March 24th.—Some work since my return to London. Anxious labour for the Reformatory, and speech in Willis's Rooms. This noble institution is dying for want of funds, and the rich and easy of the land will sit by and see thousands be rejected and perish, for the lack of a few pounds! Everybody bepraises our exertions and success; and the smallest fraction comes to our aid. If our asylum contained dead Indians or tattooed Zealanders we should excite overwhelming interest, but because it contains only live Penitents we have scarcely any.

March 25th (Good Friday).—Surely God has heard our prayers to save the

Reformatory from extinction. Money has flowed in, and this day I received one hundred pounds for it from the Duke of Bedford. May God bless the deed to his comfort and stir him (for his riches are immense) to other acts of love and mercy!

The year 1853 was marked by the introduction in the House of Lords and to the public, of a number of new schemes for the benefit of the London poor.

In estimating the labours of Lord Shaftesbury, it must never be forgotten how much he had to overcome before he could throw himself into any fresh sphere of action. His self-depreciation, nervous anxiety, ill-health, and consequent low spirits, made him shrink from public labours, while his burning zeal was ever urging him forward. It required not a little heroism persistently to surrender himself to the good of others.

The first of the new enterprises of this year is thus referred to in the Diary:—

March 19th.—Last night movement in House of Lords to obtain a “standing order” for the protection of the multitudes to be displaced by “Improvement Companies.” Obtained a Committee of Inquiry. Felt dull, incompetent, and confused in my speech. The locality and the audience are one cause, and my own infirmity the other. It dispirits me, for, old as I am, I am full of projects. With me “the children are come to the birth, and there is not strength to bring forth.”

Lord Shaftesbury’s motion was to the effect that any Bill, sanctioning or involving the pulling down of houses inhabited by the labouring classes, should make provision for the erection, within a convenient distance, of dwelling-houses sufficient for the accommodation of at least as many persons as should be dispossessed.

The question was surrounded with difficulties, which were duly pointed out in the debate that ensued. The matter was at length referred to a Select Committee, who reported in the following May. It was then resolved that, in future, the promoters of Improvement Bills should report the number of houses inhabited by the labouring classes to be pulled down (if more than thirty in number), and state whether any, and what, provision was made for remedying the inconvenience likely to arise.*

Although this was only a step, it *was* a step in advance, and Lord Shaftesbury was gratified, more especially, as from letters he received from Mr. Cubitt, the large contractor, and others, he felt satisfied that the relations between capital and labour would, by this resolution, be much improved.

His second great effort on behalf of the poor this year was taking charge, in the House of Lords, of another Common Lodging-Houses Bill. The previous Act had been “the first successful effort that had been made to reach the very dregs of society—the first to penetrate to the deepest dens of vice, filth, and misery.” It was necessary, however, that further beneficial provisions should be made, especially as regarded inspection, and that other provisions, which had hitherto been optional, should be rendered compulsory.

* Hansard, cxxvi., 1291.

In moving the second reading of the new Bill, on May the 13th, Lord Shaftesbury was able to report, not only from the evidence of others, but from his own personal inspection, that the previous Act was working well. The houses had been cleaned, the walls and ceilings whitewashed, the ventilation improved, the bedding was better in quality, quantity, and cleanliness, the number of persons to be admitted had been carefully regulated, and the liability to fever and other contagious diseases considerably lessened. It was shown, also, that in the common lodging-houses there were, according to the latest returns, no fewer than 80,000 inhabitants who, as well as the keepers of the houses, had materially benefited by the Act. The principal object of the present Bill was to give fuller power to punish offences under the previous Act, to abate certain nuisances not hitherto specified, to provide for the removal of the sick to hospitals, and to arrange for reports as to the lodging of beggars and vagrants.*

In advocating the Bill, Lord Shaftesbury urged, that if it were successfully carried into effect, many houses then beyond the reach of inspection would be affected by it, together with a great mass of the population. If these common lodging-houses were not brought under proper regulation, it would be in vain to strive against juvenile delinquency, for it was in them that nine-tenths of the crimes perpetrated were plotted.†

The Bill did not reach the Commons till the 6th of June; it passed the three readings, however, without debate, and received the Royal assent on August the 4th. The advantages of the measure were so obvious, that a Bill to extend its provisions to Ireland, introduced into Parliament in 1860, passed through both Houses without debate, and received the Royal assent a few weeks after its introduction.‡

In commenting upon the Act of 1853, the *Times* remarked:—"To purify the Inferno that reeks about us in this metropolis, to recover its inmates, and to drive the incorrigible nucleus into more entire insulation, is one of the labours to which Lord Shaftesbury has devoted his life; and we can never be sufficiently obliged to him for undertaking a task which, besides its immediate disagreeableness, associates his name with so much that is shocking and repulsive.

"To Lord Shaftesbury's legislation we owe the gratifying fact that these recesses are explored by authorised persons, that houses are no longer permitted to take in more than as many as can breathe properly in them, that lodging in cellars is prohibited, that the rooms are properly cleaned and whitewashed, that ventilation, lighting, and drainage are provided for, and the furniture of the houses sufficient for the authorised number of lodgers. As far as the work has proceeded, we can hardly conceive a more meritorious or more gratifying triumph. It is a great result out of the very worst materials. To change a city from clay to marble is nothing compared with a transformation from dirt, misery, and vice to cleanliness, comfort, and at least a decent morality." §

* Hansard, cxviii., 235.

† Hansard, cxxvii., 294.

‡ Hansard, clvii. and clviii.

§ *Times*, May 16, 1853.

Notwithstanding the success of Ragged Schools, Night Refuges, and Reformatories, and the wider provisions of the Common Lodging Houses Acts, juvenile mendicancy and crime, if not on the increase, certainly showed no sign of abatement. It was said that more beggars were to be encountered in a walk from Westminster Abbey to Oxford Street, than in a tour from London to Switzerland, whether by Paris or the Rhine.

The third great effort of Lord Shaftesbury for the removal of the vice, degradation, and misery of the metropolis, was an onslaught on Juvenile Mendicancy and Crime. He had been an attentive observer of the causes that had conspired to hinder the success of Ragged Schools, and had arrived at the conclusion that dissolute parents were undoing all the good that was done, by sending out their children into the streets to beg, while they lived in drunken depravity upon the proceeds thus obtained. He found that a vast number of orphan children managed to remunerate the low lodging-house keepers who sheltered them in a similar manner. It was notorious that this great army of child-beggars was a nursery of theft and every form of evil. To strike at the root of this mischief, he introduced into the House of Lords a motion on the "Repression of Juvenile Mendicancy and Crime."

The speech in which he brought forward his motion was a remarkable one. In addition to his own wide knowledge of the subject, he had fortified himself with communications from magistrates and reports of inspectors, and, over and above these, with statements made by ninety thieves resident in one institution; the testimony of 100 City missionaries, the opinions of 100 gentlemen "particularly and practically conversant with that class," besides the confessions of 100 "professional misdemeanants." Such a mass of curious, but concurrent, evidence, was hardly ever presented on any subject before.

Lord Shaftesbury's proposition was, that the Vagrant Act should be so extended as to empower the police to apprehend—not for the purposes of punishment but of protection—all children found in a state of vagrancy in the public streets, and bring them before the magistrates. The children were then to be committed to the workhouse and educated, if possible at the charge of the parents, or if not, at the charge of the State; but in any case to remove the children from the corrupting influence of the parents.

It cannot be denied that, good as the proposal was in many respects, it was open to many objections, and it need hardly be said that serious obstacles had to be encountered in the attempt to pass the Bill. It was argued that the placing of young persons, who were criminal, or quasi-criminal, in the workhouses would render those establishments "distasteful to the poor;"—that it was contrary to the original design of the workhouses to make them "Houses of Detention;" that the accumulation of children—20,000 of whom it was alleged were graduating in the school of vice—would lead to intolerable pressure and expense; that the particular children or parents to be dealt with, could not be clearly defined—and other objections, to all of which Lord Shaftesbury fully replied.

At the conclusion of the debate he said the passing of the Bill was an

object very dear to his heart, and he was rejoiced to find that "the adverse decree he had anticipated" on the part of the Lords was not realised. In a subsequent stage the Earl of Aberdeen (Prime Minister), Lord Campbell, the Duke of Argyll, and others, gave him hearty support.

June 24th.—Labouring hard on two Bills; one for the Suppression of Juvenile Mendicancy, and thereby of juvenile delinquency, another for the abatement of bribery, intimidation, and expense at elections. I should be certain to pass them, humanly speaking, were I in the House of Commons; but I shall have great difficulties in the Lords, and no hearty mouthpiece in the House of Commons. The House of Lords is terrible; there is a coldness, an inattention, and an impassibility which are perfectly benumbing.

July 12th.—After much anxiety and discussion, carried, with hearty approval, Mendicancy Bill, with amendments, through the House of Lords.

A curious episode sprang out of Lord Shaftesbury's speech on moving the second reading of this Bill. He had claimed for the poorer classes, that jurisdiction which the Court of Chancery exercises over the rich—namely, that in case of a notorious violation of the parental trust, a magistrate should be enabled to place the child in an asylum, where the State might perform for it duties which its parents had omitted. To strengthen his argument, he quoted the judgment of Lord Eldon, given some thirty years previously in the well-known case of *Mr. Long Wellesley*, afterwards the Earl of Mornington, who was deprived of the care of his own children. The case was notorious, and the judgment had been cited hundreds of times, as a leading authority on the limits which public policy sets, to the right of a parent to abuse the trust which Nature has confided to him, for the education and religious and moral training of his children. There was, of course, nothing unusual in citing such a case; on the contrary, nothing could have been more natural. It was an apt illustration of his argument, and was the more weighty as it was a decision given by a high authority. It was, moreover, a quotation from a well-known law book accessible to everybody.

Lord Mornington, however, was weak enough to allow himself to be greatly perturbed in spirit, by the quotation of a decision, in the justice of which he did not concur; weaker still in writing to Lord Shaftesbury calling upon him to retract, or failing in this, to meet him in "mortal combat;" weakest of all in sending the correspondence to the newspapers for publication.

The age of duelling had, even then, passed away in England, and Lord Mornington's "challenge" is probably one of the last of the long series, demanding "the satisfaction due to a gentleman." The following passage may be regarded as among the curiosities of literature:—

My lord, I have taken the trouble to give you this explanation of my life and conduct prior to asking your Lordship to explain to me whether, in taking the course you have done in slandering me, your fellow peer, during my absence from the House of Lords, you have done this with the intent to offer me a personal insult, and if such was your intention, whether I may hope that you are prepared to meet the responsibility of such a course of proceeding? This I trust you will

do, and I therefore beg leave to invite your lordship either to explain and retract the offensive remarks with which you introduced my name in your speech of the 5th inst. in the House of Lords, and which have been reported in the *Times* newspaper of the 6th inst., or to say whether you will give me that alternative that I am entitled to, and which I trust that you will not refuse.

Lord Shaftesbury to Lord Mornington.

July 11th, 1853.

MY LORD,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of a letter from your lordship dated the 9th of this month.

In my speech in the House of Lords I simply quoted a judgment of Lord Eldon's—a law case, published in a law book. This I had a right to do whether in Parliament or out of it; and every one has the same right.

Your lordship is good enough to send me what is technically called “a challenge.” I refer you for a reply to this, and any future communication, either to the Police Magistrate in Bow Street, or to my solicitors, Messrs. Nichal, Smyth, and Burnett, 18, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn.

Your obedient servant,

SHAFTESBURY.

In a “parting shot” the Earl of Mornington characterised this reply as “very absurdly impertinent,” and regretted that Lord Shaftesbury had not “the spirit to meet what he had himself provoked, in the manner which regulates the conduct of gentlemen!”

The only allusion to this incident in the Diary is the following:—

July 22nd.—Ems. Have never recorded the august and valorous challenge I received from Lord Mornington, because I quoted, in my speech on Mendicity, the judgment of Lord Eldon *in re* Long Wellesley. This would have been foolish had I been a fighting man; but it was both foolish and cowardly, when he knew, as well as I know it myself, that I neither send nor accept such things!

It was late in the Session when the Mendicancy Bill was sent to the Commons; there was a pressure of other measures which the Government had engaged to pass; the Poor Law Commissioners and Metropolitan members showed an active opposition that there was not time to counteract, and Lord Shaftesbury's Bill was lost for that Session.

An agitation was zealously carried on, public opinion was aroused, the newspaper press, ministers of the Gospel, magistrates and officials, were all enlisted in favour of the Suppression of Juvenile Mendicancy and the Reformation of Juvenile Criminals, and society was brought to recognise the truth of the old motto, that prevention is better than cure, and that it is a far easier process to train the child than to reform the man.

Eventually Lord Palmerston (then Home Secretary), who had the faculty of seeing when the nation had made up its mind on any question, took the matter in hand, endeavoured to reconcile the somewhat conflicting views of various politicians and philanthropists, and produced, on June the 19th, 1854, a “Youthful Offenders Bill,” which, after passing successfully and rapidly through both Houses, received the Royal assent on August the 10th. In the

preparation and passage of that Bill Lord Shaftesbury lent invaluable aid, and brought to bear all the resources of his long experience and practical wisdom.

The preamble of the Bill set forth, "That whereas Reformatory Schools have been, and may be, established by voluntary agency in various parts of the country, it is expedient that more extensive use should be made of these institutions." When a school was certified as fit for the purpose, the Act provided that, on conviction, after a short imprisonment of a fortnight or less, the child should enter the school and remain for a term of years under the sole charge of the managers.

As a consequence of this Act the number of these schools went up to 34 in 1856, to 45 in 1857, and to 59 in 1860, and during that period there was a marked decline in juvenile mendicancy and juvenile delinquency clearly traceable to their operation.

From the rush and whirl of ordinary life Lord Shaftesbury was in the habit of taking occasional refuge abroad. The change to the Continent presented great attractions to Lady Shaftesbury, and he was always anxious to please her. Thus in January, 1853, we find him in Italy, and in September of the same year in France and Switzerland. Unlike the majority of travellers, however, each successive journey on the Continent introduced him to fresh fields of labour and opened up fresh channels for practical sympathy.

Jan. 23rd.—Sunday. Turin. Saw yesterday Pasteur Meille, of the Waldenses, and that Christian soldier and confessor, Gen. Beckwith. Talk of self-devotion, indeed, among the Papists! who has exhibited so much as this man in his prolonged life of thirty years among "the saints" of the valleys? Saw, too, the church of the Waldenses rising in one of the finest positions in Turin!

Jan. 24th.—Genoa. Attended yesterday Italian service at two o'clock, and heard the Waldensian Pasteur Meille. O Lord, that I should have lived to witness and hear such a thing in such a place! What would have been the feelings of old Milton?

"Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold!"

They are avenged, and in the way that they themselves would have desired it, by the word of God having "free course, and being glorified," in the very capital of their fiercest persecutors! An overflowing congregation, a touching service, a heart-inspiring hymn.

In the evening at eight o'clock, Desanctis (a Romish priest once, now a Christian presbyter) preached to the people. He is a great man, a good man, a Christian man. Well may we say, with devout and humble thankfulness, "many kings and prophets have desired to see the things that ye see, and have not seen them!"

But all hangs on a thread! Who shall catch it if it falls?—"fear not," "underneath are the everlasting arms." "The event may be retarded," says the excellent Meille; "persecutions may arise, but the foundation of the Church is laid." God will soon give us the top-stone, crying, "Grace, grace be unto it!" After morning service, met Desanctis and Malan, a Deputy to the Chamber, and

a Waldensian. Much confidential and comfortable talk (it was at Meille's lodgings). We agreed that we should now make a great effort for additional circulation of the Scriptures, but avoid a very public statement, even in England, of our hopes, our progress, our intentions. "The *laws* are still against us; they are still unrepealed; they are the laws of the Middle Ages, and are not brought into harmony with the Constitution. Hence our danger; the judges, who are bigoted adherents to the old system, try all religious causes with closed doors, and test the case by the *Code* and not by the Constitution. There is a strong reactionary party, who, were they in power, could, and would crush us by the existing laws of the kingdom. We have, in fact, under Heaven, nothing but the good dispositions of the actual Ministry!" It was agreed that I should call on Count Cavour, the Prime Minister. I did so, and sought him everywhere, but in vain; so I wrote him a letter which Perponcher, the Prussian Chargé d'Affaires, undertook to deliver to him. Stated that "I had been most anxious, as an Englishman, to testify my gratitude, and that of my country, for his good-will to the Vaudois Church; that we watched the progress of religious and constitutional liberty with deep interest; that England was alive to the welfare of Sardinia; and that if anything could rouse us, it would be any menace directed to its conduct and independencies. I then expressed my desire to have learned from him how to explain the long-continued discrepancy between the laws and the Constitution; how Mr. Mazzinglia could be sentenced (as he was a few days ago at Genoa) to three years' imprisonment for having given a copy of St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians; that we in England could never understand which was to prevail, the old law or the new Constitution." I then added my personal respect for his character, talents, &c.

Thus Mazzinglia is condemned, and can be set at liberty by the prerogative only of the King *by a pardon*. Thus all is imperfect; nothing is secured; the whole edifice might to-morrow be thrown down! and yet it will not fall; "it is founded on a rock." God has already blessed Sardinia for the Church's sake. Oh that this people knew the secret of their strength!

Saw Perponcher—much agreeable and useful conversation with him. I bless God that I have been to Turin; and I pray Him to render my visit fruitful to His honour and the Church's service?

Jan. 29th.—Nice again. Last night to Hudson (Minister at Turin) at the Feder. To meet Mammiani, for a short time the Pope's Prime Minister under the Constitution at Rome, now a refugee. He seems a wise, intelligent man, and anxious for the regeneration of Italy.

Feb. 2nd.—Engaged for two days in devising schemes of Bible diffusion. Struck out the plan of peripatetic schoolmasters, as in Ireland. God in His mercy prosper it!

Count Cavour's reply to Lord Shaftesbury's letter contained many expressions of esteem and personal regard, and explained the actual position of affairs. He stated, that although in the political conditions of the country it was unwise to make any sweeping reforms, Lord Shaftesbury might rest assured that the cause of religious liberty was making steady progress.

The following extract was written in the autumn, during Lord Shaftesbury's tour in France and Switzerland:—

Sept. 5th.—Every step that one takes on the Continent gives a fresh proof of the vast superiority of the foreigner in all matters of taste and design (except that of gardening) to the English people. Not only their public buildings, but their ordinary dwellings, the hotels, the shops, their minute ornaments, their dress, all the things they make—their railway carriages, their refreshment-rooms, their stations—name what you will, all exhibit a refinement and purity of conception, generally diffused, which are not found even in our great architects and modellers. Struck yesterday by the defective result of English preaching. The sermon was good, and apparently sincere; but it was delivered, like ninety-nine sermons out of a hundred by English ministers, in a cold, monotonous, sing-song uniformity. The preacher was stiff as a May-pole; and his discourse flowed clear, steady, unbroken and unvaried by voice or gesture, like the water from a lion's mouth. Not so the foreigner; he is fervent, imaginative, utters as much by his gestures as by his tongue, and maintains attention by the variety of his tones. He is an intermittent spring; and his auditors wait with impatience for the next gush of the lively stream.

Almost immediately upon his return to England Lord Shaftesbury entered heart and soul into the anti-slavery agitation, whose centre was at Stafford House, and, after himself, whose moving spirit was the Duchess of Sutherland.

March 25th.—Began a movement for the evangelisation of the fugitive slaves settled in Canada. It is a natural, necessary, and becoming consequence of our movement for emancipation. They are utterly friendless and forgotten.

May 7th.—To-day Mrs. Stowe received at Stafford House by the Duchess of Sutherland and the two committees; it was a singular and most useful gathering. We had every rank of life, every form of opinion, political and religious—bishops, dissenting ministers, tradespeople, peers, Quakers, and the wives of all. The homage was general; and every one seemed delighted with the soft, earnest, simplicity of her manner and language.

May 13th.—Mrs. Stowe dined with us here last night, and all her party; very successful. I rejoice, as a peacemaker, to have brought together the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Rev. Thomas Binney, a flaming Dissenter. After dinner we had many Dissenters, many clergy, the Editor of the *Patriot* newspaper, Josiah Conder, shopkeepers, lawyers, peers, &c., &c., all with their ladies. It was quite “a happy family;” and every one seemed mightily pleased.

May 17th.—St. Giles's. Last night overflowing meeting at Exeter Hall (I in the chair) on Anti-Slavery. Zeal tremendous; satisfied I was, for a wonder, with my own speech, more so probably than anybody else.

June 22nd.—My campaign for the niggers is both laborious and expensive. We want more shoulders and more purses to the work.

In course of time the “Address” to the women of America went forth, signed by tens of thousands of the women of England. It was replied to by Mrs. Tyler, wife of the ex-President, who pointed out to the Duchess of Sutherland and her co-signatories, where fitting objects for their sympathy might be found. “Leave it,” she said, “to the women of the South to alleviate the sufferings of their dependents, while you take care of your own.

The negro of the South lives sumptuously, in comparison with a hundred thousand of your white population in London."

While Lord Shaftesbury was engaged in this Anti-Slavery campaign, many of the American papers attacked him with great severity, and urged him to "look at home" and consider the condition of the working classes of his own country. The ire of an editor of one of the "religious" papers of the South was greatly roused, and in an angry article he wrote: "And who is this Earl of Shaftesbury? Some unknown lordling; one of your modern philanthropists suddenly started up to take part in a passing agitation. It is a pity he does not look at home. Where was he when Lord Ashley was so nobly fighting for the Factory Bill, and pleading the cause of the English slave? We never even heard the name of this Lord Shaftesbury *then*."

Lord Shaftesbury loved a good joke, and he often related this story with infinite merriment.

In religious circles, one of the most engrossing subjects of thought, and fruitful fields for action, was China. A political and social revolution had commenced in that country, which was regarded as an event more momentous than any that had occurred previously in the history of Protestant Missions, and the hope was entertained, that the downfall of idolatry and the establishment of Christianity throughout the Chinese empire, would be ultimately ensured. The leaders of the insurrection openly denounced the whole ancient system of superstition; a great change was being effected in the minds of the people; isolation and exclusiveness were no longer the national boast; goodwill and fraternity were being proclaimed to distant nations. "That populous empire," Lord Shaftesbury wrote in his Diary on July the 20th, "hitherto hermetically sealed against intercourse, reciprocity, and civilisation, seems, like Jericho, to have been compassed about seven days, and awaits only the final shout, when the walls shall fall down flat and the servants of God take possession."

No one was readier than Lord Shaftesbury to see an opportunity, and avail himself of it. Now was the time to send out additional missionaries; now was the time to circulate freely the Holy Scriptures. It was the jubilee year of the Bible Society, and it was resolved by the Committee to give to the people of China, in their own tongue, a million copies of the New Testament. To this and other plans for reaching the people Lord Shaftesbury gave invaluable aid. The opening up of China opened up to him a boundless vista—"the beginning of the end."

Sept. 3rd.—The *Times* is overflowing with surprise, and cannot account for it, that the prodigious revolution in China has been effected in so short a time, and by so easy means. No one who has studied the 2nd Book of Chronicles, studied, I say, not simply read, can doubt that, when the end vastly exceeds the means, and the work is strikingly disproportionate to the instrument, "the thing is of God;" it is the result of His own immediate and direct interposition. Was there ever such a political event as the rebellion of the Ten Tribes? Was there ever one so contrary to all human experience, all human reasoning, all human policy?

But "this thing is done of me," said God by the prophet; and so He would say now, did He vouchsafe to speak, as of old, to men upon earth. I see it, I see it, surely I see it; the Gospel will be offered where, in truth, it has never yet been fairly offered, in China and Japan; it will then have been "preached for a witness to all nations," and then will "the end come!" "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

The efforts being made by the Bible Society for the evangelisation of China, were seconded by those of the London Missionary Society. They called together a special meeting for the purpose of raising funds to send out additional missionaries, and invited Lord Shaftesbury to take the chair. He willingly responded, and commenced a vigorous speech by saying: "This matter commends itself to the judgment and feeling of every man who cares, in the least degree, for the welfare of the human race. It requires neither statement nor argumentation; an actual reality is before us; the old wall of superstition is broken down; the empire of China with its three hundred millions, is opened to our efforts; the breach, so to speak, is practicable; the citadel is to be stormed, not by the potentates and armies of Europe, but by Protestant agents, by a noble rivalry of Protestant missions from every part of the civilised globe, and of every evangelical denomination."

Dec. 1st.—Yesterday chair of London Missionary Society in aid of their Missions to China. Shall, I suppose, give great offence to my friends in the Establishment; sorry for it, but the cause is too holy, too catholic, too deeply allied with the single name of Christ, for any considerations of Church system and Episcopal rule. These things are, to my mind, good in their places, but their places are bounded by time and space; the Cause knows nothing but universality and eternity. What is the meaning of "Grace be with all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity"? Did not Morrison, Milne, Medhurst, Moffat, Williams, love Him? If grace, then, was with those men, shall I, vile man, presume to say that *I will not be* with them also?

Sanitary reform in the metropolis had become, in every sense of the term, a vital question, and the years 1852 and 1853 were marked by several measures of great utility. Among them were the "Metropolis Water Act," by which it was provided that no water supplied for domestic use should be taken from any part of the Thames below Teddington Lock; the "Act to amend the Laws concerning the Burial of the Dead in the Metropolis," giving authority to the Secretary of State to order, for the protection of the public health, that any particular burial-ground should be closed, and that any parish should have power to take certain simple steps for procuring a new cemetery; the Compulsory Vaccination Act; the Smoke Abatement Nuisance Act; and others.

Every fresh measure in the direction of sanitation brought, directly or indirectly, fresh labour to the Board of Health, and every fresh burden laid upon that ill-used and long-suffering Board brought to Lord Shaftesbury, in particular, anxiety, toil, and annoyance.

April 29th, 1852.—Great motion in House of Lords on sanitary state of the metropolis. Carried the point, and had passable success.

May 14th.—The *Times* has taken up the note of the undertakers, the water companies, the Parliamentary agents, and the whole tribe of jobbers who live on the miseries of mankind, and are hunting the Board of Health through brake and briar, and hope to be “in at the death!” Be it so: if we fall, not a body will be left to shout “unclean, unclean!” and form, and guide, and impel, public opinion. Matters will become worse and worse. I tremble for the issue. Walked yesterday to review my old haunts in Westminster, and look at the wretched children in Pye Street; sick, sick, sick, to see how little years of labour had done.

Nov. 17th.—Grieved to learn that not only nothing is done by the Government, but that the Ministers will take good care that nothing shall be done by any one else: the Board of Health is to be destroyed; its sin is its unpardonable activity.

Dec. 31st.—So Sir W. Molesworth is to be our new Master at the Board of Health? What mortifications I have undergone in this service! And will this endurance be blessed at last, or will our enemies succeed in destroying the only institution that stands for the physical and social improvement of the people? Our foes are numerous, and I dread their success; it would vex me beyond expression to see Chadwick and Southwood Smith sent to the right-about, and the Board, which, under God, has done and has conceived so many good things, broken up.

The “unpardonable activity” of the Board had, in fact, brought it into unavoidable collision with every interest of magnitude. Referring to this, Lord Shaftesbury says:—

August 9th, 1853.—It is not wonderful, though sad, when we remember the interests that it has been our duty to approach and handle. We roused all the Dissenters by our Burial Bill, which, after all, failed.

The parliamentary agents are our sworn enemies, because we have reduced expenses, and, consequently, their fees, within reasonable limits.

The civil engineers also, because we have selected able men, who have carried into effect new principles, and at a less salary.

The College of Physicians, and all its dependencies, because of our independent action and singular success in dealing with the cholera, when we maintained and proved that many a Poor Law medical officer knew more than all the flash and fashionable doctors of London.

All the Boards of Guardians: for we exposed their selfishness, their cruelty, their reluctance to meet and to relieve the suffering poor, in the days of the epidemic.

The Treasury besides; (for the subalterns there hated Chadwick; it was an ancient grudge, and paid when occasion served).

Then come the water companies, whom we laid bare, and devised a method of supply, which altogether superseded them.

The Commissioners of Sewers, for our plans and principles were the reverse of theirs; they hated us with a perfect hatred.

Occasionally, hope revived that the Board of Health might yet be the

appointed means of further sanitary triumphs. With Palmerston for Home Secretary, Lord Shaftesbury thought that not only would the Board be saved from destruction, but that new life would be given to it. "I have never known any Home Secretary," he wrote, "equal to Palmerston for readiness to undertake every good work of kindness, humanity, and social good, especially to the child and the working class. No fear of wealth, capital, or election-terrors; prepared at all times to run a-tilt if he could do good by it. Has already done more than ten of his predecessors." But these anticipations were not destined to be very fully realised.

Aug. 19th.—Palmerston has undertaken, and apparently with success, several of our Board of Health measures. I rejoice in his efforts, but cannot give him, except for good will, all the praise bestowed by the *Times*. We, unfortunate people, having "borne the burthen and heat of the day," having collected all the evidence, having stirred the public attention, having incurred all the odium. receive no support from the Government, and consequently fail. He, having borne and done nothing of the kind, but being the Secretary of State, succeeds! But observe how he ignores *our* considerations and difficulties, and cuts the Gordian knot by enacting whatever is easy, and omitting whatever is the reverse; *we* laboured our hearts out to give compensation to the clergy; *he* gives them none. *We* devised a long and intricate scheme to lower, for the poorer sort, the expense of interments; *he* orders extramural burial, and leaves the artisan to meet the increased cost as well as he can! Alas! alas! success is not what you do, but what people say of it, and they are almost always too ignorant, or too indifferent, to judge rightly.

Towards the end of the year it became manifest that the days of the Board of Health were numbered, and that some "cold, idle, comfortless, do-little office" would be set up in its stead. It was a positive grief to Lord Shaftesbury, who, as he said, had given to it "five years of his life and intense labour, and had not received even the wages of a pointer, with 'that's a good dog.'"

It was not until the summer of 1854, however, that the crisis came, and it is referred to thus:—

July 29th, 1854.—Palmerston will not hear of my resigning; nor will I of remaining, unless on grounds very intelligible. This public service is a hard, ungrateful thing. My remuneration has been that usually allotted to monkeys—more kicks than halfpence.

July 31st.—No choice of resigning or remaining; the House of Commons threw out the Bill this day. . . . Thus after five years of intense and unrewarded labour I am turned off like a piece of lumber! Such is the public service. Some years hence, if we are remembered, justice may be done to us; but not in our lifetimes. I have never known a wrong by the public redressed, so that the sufferer could enjoy the reparation, for

"Nations slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust."

Aug. 5th.—On Thursday last gave a dinner, by way of farewell, to the Board

of Health, the commissioners, doctors, engineers, clerks, secretary, seventeen in all. We part very good friends.

Aug. 12th.—On Thursday last Board Bill received the Royal assent, and the old Board was extinguished. We have left no arrears of business; our successor will have all before him; he will not be required to give five minutes to arrears on our period of office. Thus have closed six years of very hard and gratuitous service. I may say, with old George III. on the admission of American Independence, "It may possibly turn out well for the country, *but as a gentleman I can never forget it.*"

Lord Shaftesbury wrote constantly in his Diary throughout the year 1853 on the progress of Democracy, Republicanism, and levelling opinions. He traced it, not so much to the general desire of the people, or to the influence of the press, but to the operation of commercial causes and money-making ambition. Landed property was being regarded apart from all notions of ancestral feeling, of attachment to hereditary estates, of long connections between property and peasantry, and was looked upon merely as a negotiable article of merchandise, to be sold and shifted with as little of affection and difficulty as a five-pound note.

July 26th.—This is the worst form of republican indifference to the generous elements of antiquity. But more: younger children must no longer receive annuities and portions, but must each have a slice of the landed estate. In two generations, then, every property would be subdivided; the landed interest, as a distinct and powerful body, would be extinguished, and the House of Lords rendered impossible, for it can never subsist, except as an independent body— independent by the wealth of its individual members, having hereditary rights, but also hereditary property.

August 22nd.—The atmosphere of political principles and institutions is decidedly democratic in the present day, and men are borne on against their wishes to democratic results. What is it? Is it by our own folly, or that of our ancestors? Is it the cycle of the principle of government, like the recurring periods of drought, famine, plenty, health, and disorder? Or is it the will of God that every form should have its day, and then perish? Aristocracy exists on the Continent by the sword; in England by sufferance. Which will have the longer duration—the obedience of the soldier, or the patience of the ten-pound householder?

It is observable that not an appreciable fraction of the people of England desire the abolition of the King and the peerage; and yet, by degrees, rapid degrees, they will come to it, and be astonished beyond measure when the work is irremediable. So it appears; but we may yet, in the mercy of God, be reserved, institutions and all, for higher things.

Sept. 13th.—The year 1848 was the climax of our odiousness to the foreigners. They will never forgive us for the calm, the security, the assurance, with which our monarchical and aristocratical institutions withstood the shock that affected, in Europe, monarchies and republics alike. They praise us and abhor us.

Having glanced at some of the public events in which Lord Shaftesbury

was concerned during this year, we now turn to the Diary to extract some passages relating more immediately to himself.

In reviewing the work in which his life was being spent, he says :—

April 6th.—Many Bills in hand. *Times* sneers at me, and speaks of my “restless benevolence.” But why am I *restless*? Because others are *restful*.

April 7th.—Engaged more than ever: small works compared with the political and financial movements of the day—a Lodging-House, a Ragged School, a Vagrant Bill, a Thieves’ Refuge! No wonder that people think me as small as my work; and yet I would not change it. *Surely God has called me to the career.*

June 12th, Sunday.—“With all your experience” (I imagine some young man saying to me), “would you counsel me to follow the career that you have chosen and pursued?” In the first place, I reply that, in spite of all vexations, disappointments, rebuffs, insults, toil, self-denial, expense, weariness, sickness, all loss of political position, and considerable loss of personal estimation—in spite of being always secretly despised and often publicly ignored—in spite of having your “evil” most maliciously and ingeniously exaggerated, and your “good” “evil spoken of”—I would, for myself, say “Yes.”

June 13th.—But what would you counsel to another? I should advise him to consider maturely what he desired. If he desired to rise in the world, to have a party, to be much thought of, to be a great man at Court or in politics, I should say “No.” If he desired internal satisfaction, that humble joy through Almighty God (amidst ten thousand vexations) that attend you in retirement and in thoughtfulness, I say emphatically “Yes.”

June 29th.—Harassed by public and private business. My heart goes so completely into every question, that I fret like one possessed. Chimney-sweepers, juvenile mendicants, “*et hoc genus omne.*” Speeches and Chairs without end. But all is not vain; I am reaping a harvest. Is it because, in God’s mercy, I have not fainted? The working of the Ten-Hours’ Bill is peace, wealth, and happiness, social order, and moral improvement.

An impression prevailed that, because Lord Shaftesbury had succeeded to the earldom, and possessed large landed estates, he must necessarily be a very wealthy man. As a matter of fact, he was, as we have already hinted, for the greater part of his life, in such circumstances, that only by exercising the utmost care was he able to escape from distressing financial difficulties. “Heroism” is not too large a word to employ with reference to the long, hard battle he fought, in his endeavour to fulfil the apostolic injunction, to which he often refers, and to “owe no man anything, but to serve him in the Lord.” In estimating the extreme difficulty of his position, it must be remembered that his whole life was spent under the eye of the public; that an adverse press was ever eager to find a ground of attack upon him; that as a leader in every charitable organisation of the day, he could not urge upon others to be liberal and not give freely himself; and that, identified as he was with every movement on behalf of the poor, the demands upon his private charity were almost incredible in number and extent. When Lord Shaftesbury put down his name on a subscription list, he did not “offer to the Lord that which

cost him nothing," he offered that which cost him self-denial, self-sacrifice, and anxiety.

One of the greatest troubles that could befall him, was to find himself unable to give pecuniary aid to a deserving cause. He was willing to make any sacrifice, to leave himself almost entirely without resources, in order to give to those who had need; and if, on any occasion he was obliged to say "no," it was a positive pain to him. A little incident in illustration may be narrated here. A lady called upon him one day, and told him a piteous story of a Polish refugee who was in a state of utter destitution. She had a dread of asking Lord Shaftesbury for money, because she knew him well, and knew how pressing were the demands made upon him from all quarters. She told her story, however, and left the issue with him.

"Dear me!" he said, "what is to be done? I have not a farthing. But the poor fellow must have something at once. What can I do?"

He was as agitated and distressed as though some strong personal trouble affected him. Then a bright idea flashed through his mind: he suddenly remembered that in the library he had got a £5 note "in reserve as a nest egg," and bringing it in, with an air of infinite delight, he begged his visitor not to delay a moment in conveying it to the man in need.

In quoting from Lord Shaftesbury's Diaries passages—which, it must be remembered, he never intended when writing them should come before the public eye—relating to his monetary affairs, we prefer to incur the censure of any who may consider this beyond the province of the biographer, rather than to lose the opportunity of showing him in the midst of circumstances in which he was misjudged and misunderstood because his real financial position was not known.

May 24th.—Made up my mind; must sell old family pictures, must sell old family estates; it is painful; ancestral feelings are very strong with me; but it is far better to have a well-inhabited, well-cottaged property, people in decency and comfort, than well-hung walls which persons seldom see, and almost never admire unless pressed to do so; and as for estates, why, it is ruin to retain them in the face of mortgage, debt, and the necessary provision for your children!

May 28th.—Sent to St. Giles's for two more pictures to be sold. The house is falling, and must be repaired; will not do it from any fund or revenue by which moneys devoted to religion, charity, or cottage building, would be diverted. Must therefore surrender more heirlooms, dismantle my walls, check ancestral feeling, and thank God that it is no worse. . . .

June 29th.—To build cottages is nearly as ruinous as to gild your saloons; it is an enormous expenditure, and no rent. A pair of cottages cost me four hundred pounds, and the rent I receive from them is £2 10s., or at most £3, for each cottage, garden included.

The following entries, relating to a variety of subjects, are selected from the Diary which, during this year, was singularly free from gaps:—

April 14th.—Took Lionel * to-day to Harrow; saw him comfortably and

* His son.

happily housed at Mr. Warner's. Ah, Lord, I commit him unto Thee in body and soul; preserve him, cherish him, make him and dearest Evelyn Thy servants, that they may walk before Thee with a perfect heart in Christ Jesus our only Saviour! Visited the grave of my blessed Francis; there he was deposited four years ago; he neither sleeps nor is dead; his body is there, but his soul is in Paradise. I no more doubt it than I doubt my own existence, and "them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." What a wonderful thing is the Christian religion! it makes us to see and to feel that a stroke of death is oftentimes one of the tenderest of God's mercies!

Saw, too, the "testimonial;"—the schools erected to his memory. Oh, may I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his!

May 3rd.—The House of Commons is the depository of power, and it is vain to hope to be an *effective* man out of it. You may experience much social civility, but no one accords you a hair's-breadth of political influence. "Philanthropy," combined with a peerage, reduces a man to the lowest point.

June 13th.—The fleet is gone to the Dardanelles! O God, protect my son* in soul and body for Christ's sake!

Aug. 10th.—Unless something be done, and that speedily, to give activity and vigour to the House of Lords, it will sink into a mere registration office for the decrees of the House of Commons; Bills come up in a cloud in the month of August; 70 or 80 to be discussed and passed in a week! How can we do anything but simply inspect and register them? This must, God willing, be my first effort next Session. But what hope have I of success? The past Session has disheartened me.

Aug. 13th.—When I went to the House of Lords I determined to show its activity and power in the institution of social improvements. I did not seek my own repute; I knew I was injuring my own comfort, but I wished, so far as in me lay, to rescue the House from the character of the "dormitory." God knows it has been no "dormitory" to me.

The two next entries were made during his annual tour on the Continent.

Sept. 18th.—Sunday. Geneva. A great steamboat, groaning with the number of passengers, left the quay this morning! This in the city of Calvin! I am not opposed to innocent recreation on the Lord's day, but no one has a right to make his own recreation on that day the burthen and affliction of another. That thousands may disport themselves on Sunday, hundreds must surrender, not only repose, but even, were they so minded, public worship! It cannot be just and well-pleasing to God.

Sept. 22nd.—Paris. *Times* of 17th declamatory, and justly, against rewards to agricultural labourers, of ten shillings and a new coat, for twenty years of good conduct. Made an attempt myself to introduce larger sums at the Blandford Labourers' Friend Society, but, though I wrote a year ago, I have received no answer. The agricultural labourer could greatly benefit his condition, were he inclined to a little care and economy; a young man, by the payment of sixpence a week, might secure to himself an annuity of twenty pounds a year after sixty years of age.

Oct. 5th.—Progress fair at St. Giles's. All the men employed on the house

* His eldest son.

desired a holiday, and they had it with cricket, football, quoits, &c. I confess it did my heart good to see them sharing with me, in due time and proportion, the enjoyment of the old park of my ancestors.

In the early autumn of this year there was a severe visitation of cholera throughout the country, and the Presbytery of Edinburgh wrote, through their Moderator, to the Home Secretary (Lord Palmerston) asking whether, in the circumstances, a national fast would be appointed by Royal authority. The Home Secretary replied in a characteristic letter of such sterling common sense, that a part of it may be quoted here, as it illustrates the manner in which Lord Palmerston co-operated with Lord Shaftesbury, both working towards the same end, but by different means.

“Lord Palmerston would suggest, [that the best course which the people of this country can pursue to deserve that the further progress of the cholera should be stayed, will be to employ the interval that will elapse between the present time and the beginning of next spring, in planning and executing measures by which those portions of their towns and cities which are inhabited by the poorest classes, and which, from the nature of things, must most need purification and improvement, may be freed from those causes and sources of contagion, which, if allowed to remain, will infallibly breed pestilence and be fruitful in death, in spite of all the prayers and fastings of a united but inactive nation. When man has done his utmost for his own safety, then is the time to invoke the blessing of Heaven to give effect to his exertions.”

Nov. 2nd.—London. Palmerston has refused a fast day in his answer to the Scotch Memorial, and, in such a style, that, though his letter contains abundant good sense and much truth, he will be regarded by the religious world as little better than an infidel. His notions and feelings theologically are feeble, no doubt, and erroneous; but he had no intention to be irreverent, though he has stirred up a nest.

Dec. 21st.—The “burking” system of the newspapers is more fatal and hostile than their attack. At conference I made a longish speech on various points which the *Times* reduces to this: “Lord S. said that the children ought to be treated with justice and kindness;” and, shortly after, Mr. Sturge is made to say, in the same amount of words, that “he could not agree with Lord S.” !!

CHAPTER XXII.

1854—1855.

IN 1853 the cloud that had long hung over the East was gathering blackness, and threatening to burst in storm. A dispute about the holy places in Palestine was the pretext upon which the peace of forty years was to be broken. Eight years previously, the Emperor of Russia had spoken of Turkey as "a dying man whose dissolution was at hand." On the 9th of January, 1853, the Emperor, in conversation with Sir G. Hamilton Seymour, explained his views in unmistakable language. "Turkey is falling to pieces," he said, "and it is important that England and Russia should come to a good understanding, that neither should take any decisive step of which the other is not apprised." A little later on, he declared: "I tell you, if your Government has been led to believe that Turkey retains any element of existence, your Government must have received incorrect information. I repeat to you that the sick man is dying;" and he urged that England should join with Russia in making arrangements beforehand as to the inheritance of the Ottoman in Europe.

A few months later came the dispute about the holy places; Turkey claimed that the only Protectorate over the Christians of Turkey was the Sultan's, and, although negotiations innumerable were undertaken to adjust matters between the two Powers, the hope of maintaining peace grew fainter and fainter, and on the 1st of November, 1853, Russia declared war against Turkey.

Lord Shaftesbury's Diary follows the incidents of the war with great minuteness. We shall only extract occasional passages to mark the progress of events, and his opinions and actions with regard to them.

Sept. 17th, 1853.—The Emperor of Russia has proudly and angrily rejected the Note of the Four Powers as altered by the Porte. The Turk is insane, and the Muscovite wicked, but he is a fool into the bargain. He has thrown away his character as the umpire of Europe; he has been guilty of sad aggression, has dealt in falsehoods, and, by commencing war, he will open up the means of insurrection, revolution, and socialism (the very bugbears of his life) to Italy, Poland, France, Hungary, and Germany.

Oct. 14th.—Brighton. We are in war and not in war; full of rumours, perils, protocols, negotiations. Drummond has written a clever letter to the Peace Society, in which he tells them that they desire peace, only that they may have leisure to make money; that if war would answer the purpose they would (he implies) like it as well, that they denounce Mars and Moloch, but worship Mammon, who, according to Milton, is the basest and meanest of them all!

Feb. 8th, 1854.—All seems beating up for conflict. The Czar, if not the wisest, must be the maddest of politicians. He is isolated in Europe; Austria and Prussia have refused their co-operation; the whole of Germany is indignant and ardent to get rid of Russian influence. I have always believed that the Emperor lived under the delusion that his authority was dominant at Berlin and Vienna. This rejection, therefore, will equally astound and exasperate him.

March 6th.—The event of the day is, to my mind, the speech of the Emperor of the French to the Legislative Chamber. He there declares that "the days of conquest are passed," never to return. He shows that France has a deeper interest than England in repressing the power of Russia, and that the intimate alliance of these two countries, formerly such bitter rivals, is a noble impulse to civilisation. He has acted wonderfully well throughout; it would be wrong, nay, unjust, to suspect him, to have even a misgiving; and yet the change is so immense, his policy so unexpected, that one ought, for some time at least, to be upon one's guard.

In the Manifesto of the Emperor of Russia, dated February the 9th, 1854, in which he announced to his subjects the fact that England and France had taken up the cause of Turkey, these words occurred: "And thus England and France have ranged themselves by the side of the enemies of Christianity, against Russia fighting for the Orthodox Faith."

To allow this reproach to remain unanswered was painful to many Christians in England, and, on March the 10th, Lord Shaftesbury, as their mouth-piece, took the opportunity of a formal motion for papers on Turkish affairs, to address the House of Lords on the subject. On behalf of the friends of missions, he directly contradicted the assertion of the Czar, and undertook to prove that Turkey had, of late, done everything to advance, and Russia everything to retard, the progress of Christianity. After pausing to express his opinion that the negotiations had resulted in their only possible issue, he defended the necessity of "making alliance with any power, heathen though it may be, to maintain the cause of right, justice, and order, against the aggressions even of professing Christians," and to declare, that the real question at issue was, whether we should "assert the rights of a weaker state, maintain the independence of nations, and endeavour to assign a limit to the encroachments of a power that seemed bent upon darkening all that was light, and subjugating all that was free, among the nations of mankind." For himself he could wish that we were well rid of both the parties concerned—"that the Russians were driven to the North of Archangel, the Turks to the East of the Euphrates," but, in the circumstances, it was "right to prefer the autocrat who had granted such great facilities to the advancement of Christianity and civilisation, to the autocrat who had denied them in his own dominions, and who would deny them still more fiercely should he ever become, by our neglect, the master of those noble provinces that he so ardently coveted."

In tracing the gradual growth of wealth, intelligence, and civilisation amongst the Christians of Turkey, Lord Shaftesbury stated that, owing to the singular liberality of the Turkish system, there had been a large diffusion

of the Scriptures; in fifty towns there were distinct congregations of seceders from the Greek Church; Protestant teachers and schools had multiplied, and, in capital and provinces, religious associations, printing presses, Bible depôts, colporteurs, and native teachers, were openly permitted. There had been, it was true, outbreaks of Muslim bigotry, but these were local, and had been controlled by the Government; the chief persecutions of Christians had been inflicted by other Christians, stimulated by their priests. He continued:—

Now, contrast this with what is permitted or prohibited in Russia, and draw your inference as to what we have to expect should these awakening provinces fall under the dark and drowsy rule of the Czar. No associations for religious purposes are tolerated in Russia; no printing presses are permitted for printing the Bible in modern Russ, the only language understood by the people; no versions of the Scriptures are allowed to cross the frontier except the German, French, Italian, and English. Not a single copy, I repeat, of the Bible in the modern Russ, in the vernacular tongue, can gain access into that vast empire; and it is believed, on the best evidence, that not a single copy has been printed, even in Russia, since 1823, in the tongue spoken by the people! No colporteurs, of course, nor native agents, to enlighten the gloomy provinces; no depôts for the sale of the Scriptures, no possible access to the Word of God.

Lord Shaftesbury then pointed out the tyranny of Russia in siding with the Greek priests; in persecuting the seceders; in endeavouring to hinder Sir Stratford Canning and other Ministers, in their labours to procure justice for the Protestants; in forbidding Jewish subjects to possess the Hebrew Scriptures, and in suppressing missionary efforts among heathen, or semi-savage, tribes on the outskirts of her empire; and contrasted the policy of Turkey in permitting and protecting missionary agencies, which had brought about a “great development of knowledge and liberal sentiment, enlarged hopes and aspirations, of the Christian population.”

After extolling the comparatively liberal sentiments and policy of the preceding Czar, Alexander, Lord Shaftesbury concluded as follows:—

He died; and in 1826 the Emperor Nicholas ascended the throne. And what did he then do? He suppressed, by an ukase, the Russian Bible Society, with all its branches; suppressed every privilege granted to religious societies, and brought back that Cimmerian darkness of the human intellect and the human heart, that he seems to prize so highly.

Has Turkey, I ask, done anything of the sort? Has she not, my Lords, in the last twenty years, allowed more to the progress of liberty and truth, than Russia in the whole of the famous nine hundred years that the Emperor boasts as the present age of the alliance between the Slavonic nations and the Greek communion? Undoubtedly she has; and this inference cannot be gainsaid—that, if the Sultan had been less liberal towards freedom of religion, less considerate of the rights of conscience, there would have been no Menschikoff note, and no invasion of the Principalities.

But now, my Lords, though these are not the matters for which we undertake the war, we may rejoice that we are not engaged in upholding a state of things

adverse to all amelioration, and subversive of all liberty and truth. And, seeing that we have entered on this conflict in no spirit of ambition, covetousness, or pride, but for our own defence, and in the maintenance of great principles, which concern alike all the races of mankind, let us have no fear for the issue, but offering a humble and hearty prayer to Almighty God, let us devoutly trust that His aid will not be wanting to bless our arms with success, and a speedy peace, in this just and inevitable quarrel.

The newspapers of March the 11th, the day following the delivery of this speech, contained this remarkable passage from the *St. Petersburg Journal* of the 18th of February :—

Since the year 1829 his Majesty has followed with earnest attention the march of events in Turkey.

The Emperor could not close his eyes to the consequences of changes which, one by one, have been introduced into that State. Old Turkey has disappeared since the Turkish Government has sought to plant institutions diametrically opposed to the genius of Islamism, and to the character and customs of Mahometans—institutions, more or less copied from the type of modern Liberalism.

In reply to a letter from his son Evelyn, who had written to congratulate him on the success of his speech, he says :—

March 11th, 1854.

God bless you, my darling boy, for your kind, sympathising letter. The success was *indeed wonderful*.

You ask me how I get through so much work ; why, as I hope that you will hereafter, by hearty prayer to Almighty God before I begin, by entering into it with faith and zeal, and by making my end to be His glory and the good of mankind. “*In hoc signo vinces.*”

Yours affectionately, S.

The “much work” alluded to in the foregoing letter, was not only the routine duties inevitable to the position Lord Shaftesbury had taken in public life ; on all hands new labours were pressing upon him.

It had been represented to Lord Shaftesbury—and his wide acquaintance with foreign affairs and frequent visits to the Continent, confirmed the truth of the statement—that the cause of religious liberty in France needed to be brought under the personal notice of the Emperor. The recent alliance presented, it was thought, a favourable opportunity for carrying this into effect.

Lord Shaftesbury to the Emperor of the French.

LONDON, April 19th, 1854.

SIRE,—The liberty that I have taken in addressing your Majesty will, I feel assured, be forgiven when your Majesty shall have considered the gravity and importance of the subject that I have ventured to bring under your attention.

The position that your Majesty has given to France in the estimation of Europe ; the happy and providential Alliance between the French and English nations, and the great principles for which, in truth, both your Majesty and our beloved Queen are contending, have led us not only to hope, but to believe, that we shall,

all of us in both countries, obtain to the full the privileges and blessings that we are seeking to obtain for others.

Your Majesty will be astonished and grieved to learn, by the document which accompanies this letter (a document signed by some of the best names in England, and to which hundreds, had time been allowed, would have attached their signatures) that the Protestant Churches in the French Empire do not, at present, enjoy the freedom, right, security of property and conscience that are enjoyed by the Seceders from the Greek Church, or Protestants, as they are termed under the Turkish dominions. They are, on the contrary, suffering many grievous vexations, and they are apprehending many more, unless it shall please Almighty God to move your Majesty's heart to show yourself their friend and protector in all that they can claim as Christian men, and the citizens of a great Empire. It would ill become me to press on your Majesty the effect that such a contrast would produce, in present circumstances, on the minds of Europe and America.

With a humble and hearty prayer to the Throne of Grace, that your Majesty may receive this address in the spirit in which it is offered, and that your Majesty may be disposed to accord us what we presume to ask,

I have the honour to be, with much respect,

Your Majesty's very obedient, humble servant,

SHAFTESBURY.

The letter was forwarded by Count Walewski, and in course of time a reply was received, written by the Emperor himself, in which his Majesty somewhat warmly denied that the Protestant Churches were in the state represented. Not only had he taken the opinion of M. Guizot upon the general question, but he had obtained exact information from the Departments referred to, and was assured that therein was equal justice and protection for all.

Lord Shaftesbury was not easily silenced, when he had strong evidence on his side, even by the voice of an Emperor. He had overwhelming testimony that, not only had any mayor, or other magistrate, power to refuse Protestants the privilege of meeting for public worship, and to shut up their chapels by force, without assigning any reason, but that this was constantly being done, and that the pastors of many churches, especially those in the Haute-Vienne, were even then mourning their scattered flocks, their closed churches, and their empty schools. It was the opinion of Lord Shaftesbury that the Emperor was misinformed, or was blind to the power which the Ultramontane party was exercising over the civil authorities, and, in the present temper of affairs, he wanted to see him interpose his high authority, and maintain before the world the principle which Napoleon I. set forth in these memorable words: "The dominion of the law ceases where the undefined domain of Conscience begins, and neither the prince nor the law can do anything against this liberty." Lord Shaftesbury, therefore, sent the following letter to the Emperor:—

Lord Shaftesbury to the Emperor Napoleon III.

LONDON, June 20th, 1854.

SIRE,—I have to acknowledge, with sincere thankfulness, your Majesty's condescension in replying to my letter.

I may not intrude on your Majesty's goodness, and presume to controvert anything that has been stated by your Majesty. Yet I may, perhaps, venture so far as to send a list of a few places of worship (by no means the whole) that have been closed since the Presidential Decree of 1852, and to add that the interposition, which I was bold enough to undertake, was founded, not on any request or communications to me from the Protestants in France, but on the reports of English travellers who had visited the scenes, and on the narratives in religious and authentic periodicals.

I will dare, sire, to go one step further, and say that your Majesty has not received true intelligence from your functionaries. I take this freedom, and, at the same time, entreat for it, your royal pardon. I would not write in this way to the Emperor of Russia or any other Potentate; but I cherish, from my heart, the alliance with France, and I cannot endure the thought that the people of England should connect your Majesty's name with the odious name of Persecution.

I am, sire,

With much respect,

Your Majesty's very obedient servant,

SHAFTESBURY.

There was further correspondence on the subject, and every step, that could be taken with prudence, was taken to secure greater religious liberty to French Protestants.

Worldly honours were not coveted by Lord Shaftesbury, but he was not indifferent to them. The honours he had himself achieved, far exceeded any that could be bestowed upon him. It is, however, remarkable that, up to this point in his career, no public honour had been accorded to him, save and except the presentation of the freedom of the town of Tain in Scotland!

It was when he was fighting a battle as hard as any that should be fought in the Crimea; when he was distressed by failure in procuring just legislation for chimney sweepers, and "harassed by Quaker letters bepraising the Czar" and denouncing him; when "private affairs and public affairs, the Danube and House-drainage, Ragged Schools and the Kings of the East, Omar Pasha and 'pure literature for the people,' the Turkish Exchequer and his own" were dividing and confusing his mind, that he received the following letter from the Prime Minister:—

Lord Aberdeen to Lord Shaftesbury.

ARGYLL HOUSE, May 4th, 1854.

MY DEAR SHAFTESBURY,—It would give me great pleasure if you would permit me to submit your name to the Queen for the vacant Blue Ribbon. This is not intended as a political appointment; for, although I hope your general feelings are not unfriendly to the Government, I make the proposal exclusively from a desire to mark my admiration of your unwearied exertions in the cause of humanity and of social improvement.

I am aware that honours of this description are usually conferred from very different motives; but I feel certain that the distinction was never better

deserved, and I doubt not that I shall myself receive credit for making such a selection.

Believe me, very truly yours,

ABERDEEN.

Almost every weighty question that came before Lord Shaftesbury he discussed with himself in his Diary, and these are his thoughts and arguments on receiving Lord Aberdeen's "friendly and gratifying letter":—

May 5th. . . . Though my immediate impulse was to decline it, prayed to God for counsel and guidance. The point to be considered is "will it impede, or will it promote, my means of doing good?" Minny wants me to accept it "as a just acknowledgment," so she says, "of my deserts." I am unwilling to do so, lest it should be considered a *payment* of them, and I be told, hereafter, either that I was never disinterested in my labours, or, when I appeal to Government for aid in my projects, that they have done enough to oblige me, and that they can do no more!

I do not, myself, care about the thing the least in the world; and I do not see that it would be advisable to take a step by which nothing can be gained and something may be lost.

First, though I am really anxious to maintain this Government in office, I do not wish to bind myself to it by any party ties; and this would, in some degree, lay me under an obligation to the Minister.

Secondly, it would preclude me, in some degree, from claim on any other Minister, who might succeed Aberdeen, and I can prosper, in my various and difficult undertakings, only by being on good and disinterested terms with all.

Thirdly, many ignorant and many malicious persons would decry all public virtue, and say that "every public man had his price."

Fourthly, many censorious, spiteful, and wondering remarks, some in bitterness, some in pleasantry, which I need not record, would be made on myself.

Fifthly, the novelty of this reward for such services as mine, would offend many people, and lower the value of the decoration among those for whom it is principally intended.

Sixthly, the fees would amount to more than one thousand pounds, a sum which I have not and cannot command, and which, if I had, I must devote either to my children or to duties towards my people. Those who are rich, or without claims on them, may do these things; but how can I, when, at this moment, people are asking for payment of their debts, and I am unable to satisfy them?

This is my mind; but I must, in deference to the wishes of another, take one day for thought and counsel. God give me a true judgment.

The result of the deliberation was that he declined to accept the honour, and wrote to Lord Aberdeen to that effect.

May 10th.—Wrote on Saturday to Aberdeen and declined the Garter; but I thanked him heartily and affectionately for his kindness, and for the estimate he put on my public services. He understood and felt my difficulties, and sent, he told me, my letter to the Queen. I regret the necessity of the determination, for I am not indifferent to the honour; but I am sure that I have done wisely, God be praised; and, so far as I can judge, people seem to think so.

The position of affairs in the East revived the hope that the time was at hand when a way would be opened for the return of the Jews to their inheritance in the Land of Promise. Whatever opinion others might hold upon this subject, and whatever interpretation they might place upon the prophecies in the Scriptures concerning it, Lord Shaftesbury never had a shadow of doubt that the Jews *were* to return to their own land, that the Scriptures were to be literally fulfilled, and that the time was at hand. It was no commonplace belief he held; no mere assent to a proposition. It was his daily prayer, his daily hope, "Oh, pray for the peace of Jerusalem!" were the words engraven on the ring he always wore on his right hand—the words, too, that were engraven on his heart. His study of the prophetic Scriptures led him to associate the return of the Jews with the Second Advent of our Lord, and this was the hope that animated every other.

He believed in human instrumentality bringing about Divine purposes, and, as we have seen, had laid a scheme for the Colonisation of Syria before Lord Palmerston in 1840. Nothing practical having come of the negotiations, he now brought the subject under the notice of Lord Clarendon.

May 17th.—Wrote this day to Sir Moses Montefiore, to learn, if I could, the sentiments of his nation respecting a plan I have already opened to Clarendon, and Clarendon to Lord Stratford, that the Sultan should be moved to issue a firman granting to the Jewish people power to hold land in Syria, or any part of the Turkish dominions. This would be analogous to the Decree of Cyrus. Surely no one can say, "you are precipitating events;" they are rushing upon us; we desire simply to meet them. All the East is stirred; the Turkish Empire is in rapid decay; every nation is restless; all hearts expect some great thing; all look to wars, convulsions, changes, new and wonderful issues; nothing, men fear, is to remain as it is, yet no one can shadow even the outline of the events to come. No one can say that we are anticipating prophecy; the requirements of it seem nearly fulfilled; Syria "is wasted without an inhabitant;" these vast and fertile regions will soon be without a ruler, without a known and acknowledged power to claim dominion. The territory must be assigned to some one or other; can it be given to any European potentate? to any American colony? to any Asiatic sovereign or tribe? Are there aspirants from Africa to fasten a demand on the soil from Hamath to the river of Egypt? No, no, no! There is a country *without a nation*; and God now, in His wisdom and mercy, directs us to a *nation without a country*. His own once loved, nay, still loved people, the sons of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob.

Among the labours that at this time made up the common round and daily task of Lord Shaftesbury's life, was a renewed effort to better the condition of Chimney Sweepers. It was not, however, until some years later that his efforts were crowned with success.

May 2nd.—Great anxiety about Bill for relief of Chimney Sweepers. Have suffered actual tortures through solicitude for prevention of these horrid cruelties. What a mystery that our efforts have been so long unavailing. The accursed system is, I fear, returning to London.

May 20th.—For three days have suffered much from giddiness, and to-day suffer from grief. The Government in the House of Commons threw out the Chimney-Sweepers Bill, and said not a word of sympathy for the wretched children, nor of desire to amend the law. They stood on mere technicalities, Fitzroy and Lord J. Russell giving the ministerial opposition. Walpole was as hostile as any of them, sacrificing the bodies and souls of thousands to a mere point of legal etiquette! I have to thank Phillimore for bringing it in, and Kinnaid and Acland for supporting it; and again I must bow to this mysterious Providence that leaves these outcasts to their horrible destiny, and nullifies, apparently at least, all our efforts to rescue them in soul and body.

May 21st.—Sunday. Very sad and low about the loss of the Sweeps Bill. . . . The Collar of the Garter might have choked me; I have not, at least, this or any other Government favour against me, as a set-off to their insolence and oppression. I must persevere, and by God's help so I will; for however dark the view, however contrary to all argument the attempt, however painful and revolting the labour, I see no Scripture reason for desisting; and the issue of every toil is in the hands of the Almighty.

May 22nd.—Half-past ten. . . . Wrote to Aberdeen about the conduct of the Government. I thank God that Palmerston was no party to the act, he came to vote for me and found Fitzroy in the field against me!* Am in many minds what to do. Shall I move an address to the Crown, and state the whole case? Shall I let the matter rest to another Session? . . .

The following extracts from the Diary relate principally to the private joys and griefs of Lord Shaftesbury during this year:—

May 15th.—Very busy; little time for thought, none for reading. Oftentimes do I look at a book and wish for it, as a donkey for a carrot; and I, like him, am disappointed.

May 17th.—Went to chair of mothers' meeting in Westminster; a wonderful, really a wonderful—call it, in the language of theology, a miraculous—spectacle. It was a sight to bless God for, such a mighty reformation of drunken, idle, profligate, dirty, and cruel parents. As usual, none of the clergy there. A work of this kind, and of this high and spiritual character, effected by an unordained person, a humble layman who, without the intervention of a bishop, or a college education, had nothing but the grace of God and the Holy Scriptures, is too powerful, too convincing, too irresistible. It overwhelms "Apostolical Succession" by an avalanche of practical truth.

July 4th.—To Harrow for the speeches. It pleased me. Dear Evelyn was among the speakers; and most admirably, most agreeably, did he execute his task both in French and English. Every one was delighted with his manner, his appearance, his manifest ability. Ah! Lord, make him Thy true, constant, and fruitful servant!

July 22nd. . . . Threatened by loss of Seeley's aid in the various movements and societies. This is heartrending. "I cannot," as Moses said, "bear all this burden myself alone." Specially the Lab. Friend Soc. will suffer. It has long depended, humanly speaking, on Gregson, Roberts, and Seeley, the universal and constant (with myself) sub-committee. But Gregson has ceased to attend;

* Fitzroy was Under-Secretary at the time.

Roberts is abroad for health ; and now Seeley must "give in !" Lord, raise us up fit men for this service ! O Lord, succour us ! It is surely a work for Thine honour and man's real welfare !

It was when *en route* to Ems to drink the waters, before proceeding on his annual Continental tour, that he wrote :—

Aug. 12th.—Ems. Had heard, on road, at Bonn, report of death of poor Jocelyn by cholera ; confirmed by a letter from Palmerston. Such is the will of God ; and we must say of this, as of many other events, "What I do thou knowest not now ; but thou shalt know hereafter." It is very sad, for he leaves behind him a wife and four young children ; very awful, for he was cut off suddenly, without notice or preparation. "In the midst of life we are in death." He was in excellent health, all things considered, but a few hours before the pestilence struck him—"the arrow that flieth at noon-day." . . . It has startled and grieved me ; so good-natured, good-tempered, and good-hearted ; he was popular, with much social merit. . . . God sanctify it to us all—to his relatives and acquaintances, to the circle of his associates, to high and low, rich and poor ! Let it drive us more earnestly to prayer, for ourselves and for our children !

Aug. 17th. . . . Jocelyn buried at Hyde Hall on Tuesday, the day after we received the intelligence. Besides other reasons for remaining, it was thus physically impossible to pay the last tribute of respect and affection. The feeling is strong to pray for the departed, specially if your belief comes short of assurance. But it must be resisted ; there is no warranty for it in Scripture.

Sept. 8th.—The dear old Duchess of Beaufort has been gathered to her fathers, full of years and God's grace. At eighty-four years of age, and with such hope—nay, assurance—of a blessed eternity, who can weep for her departure ? She has run a remarkable course ; she fought a good fight ; she kept the faith. Called by God to be His instrument for the revival of the truth in the upper classes of society, she became "a mother in Israel." I entertain for her the deepest reverence and affection, and well may I add, gratitude, for her undeviating kindness and love towards me, and hearty sympathy in all I undertook. Many and profitable have been the hours that I have passed in her company. Very kind letter from her worthy daughter, Lady Georgiana Ryder.

Nov. 12th, Sunday.—St. Giles's. To London a few days ago, to exhibit the terrors of Wild Court to the editors of papers and others, that they might see the present state of things, and judge by the inspection of a year hence (should God so far spare us) of the improvements we propose to make, their cost, their completeness, and efficiency. It answered well.

The object of Lord Shaftesbury in inviting a number of noblemen, ministers, representatives of the press, and others to a kind of "open-air meeting" in Wild Court, Great Wild Street, Drury Lane, was that those who were interested in the London poor might have an opportunity of knowing, from personal inspection, the character of the dens in which too many of them were obliged to herd together. This wretched Court was selected as a suitable locality for the extension of the experimental labours of the Society for Improving the Condition of the Working Classes (the Labourers' Friend Society) in introducing into London better house-accommodation for the poor.

The newspapers of the following day published graphic descriptions of the place; and it was stated, among other details, that the inadequacy of the means supplied for sewage, drainage, and water supply were such, as, but for ocular proof, could hardly have been believed to exist in any civilised country. It was found, too, that in the fourteen houses of which Wild Court consisted, nearly one thousand persons found shelter, and that the very staircases were nightly covered with poor wretches to whom even the pestilential accommodation of the rooms was an unattainable luxury.

Nov. 27th.—Saw yesterday, in the paper, that Lockhart was dead. He had long been in a declining state, and now he is gone! His family anxieties had been great, and his bodily sufferings too. I must ever remember him with gratitude, for the *Quarterly Review* has ever been open to the maintenance of mercy, truth, and wisdom, in the cause of the labouring population. His kindness to myself was unwearied.

Dec. 18th.—London. . . . Chair in evening at Drury Lane, for an oration of Gough's.* The man is a marvel—a real marvel. He would be a marvel if there were only his eloquence and flow; but he is pious and modest withal, which renders him a perfect prodigy. He acts as well as he speaks.

War in a Christian spirit presented no anomaly to the mind of Lord Shaftesbury. He acknowledged the Hand of God in the unfolding of every fresh page of History, and he saw, or thought he saw, in the events which were happening in the East, the ripening of many purposes and the accomplishment of many ends, which he believed to be Divinely decreed. Thus he writes of the Czar:—"He has aimed at universal empire, and is now undergoing the sentence that God ever inflicts on such fearful ambition." Again: "He has greatly persecuted the Jews, of whom nearly two millions live and smart under his warlike dominion. But he will learn, as all have learned who have oppressed them, that they are 'a people terrible from their beginning hitherto,' terrible in their possession of God's covenanted protection;" and so on throughout the Diaries.

What did present an anomaly to the mind of Lord Shaftesbury was, that any action could be taken by the leaders in the great movements connected with the war, except in a serious spirit, and, more than this, that any steps should be taken by a Christian nation, without national prayer, or any signal mercy be received, without national thanksgiving. It grieved him that banquets given to military and naval heroes on their departure for the war should be so "light and jocose." "Surely," he says, "we should send them forth with prayer, and hope, and confidence, not with wine and laughter." It grieved him that the despatches of Lord Raglan made no acknowledgment of the God of battles. "He falls sadly short of Hardinge, who, announcing his great victory over the Sikhs, gave all the glory to God. Forgive him, O Lord, and us too, for the nation must have a share in the responsibility."

And again: "Why are Raglan's despatches so cold and thankless to

* The Temperance Lecturer.

Almighty God? Is it not grievous? Is it not awful, that, amid such plain and unquestionable proofs of God's interposition, there should be no mention of His name? Is he ashamed to follow Lord Nelson and Lord Hardinge? Is he thinking more of the clubs of St. James's Street, than the audience of the Heavenly host? I am deeply sorry, and tremble for him and for the cause. It is a sad pity, a melancholy loss, for a nobler specimen of a soldier and a gentleman has never existed in our land."

Lord Shaftesbury did not in these criticisms require from others what in principle he did not give himself; nor did he preach and fail to practise. The entries in his Diaries are full of devout acknowledgments of the goodness, mercy, and judgment of God, while on many occasions, and especially on the eve of critical events, he recorded the particular subjects of his prayer. Here is a specimen: "O Lord, Almighty God, protect those gallant men of both nations by sea and by land, from the pestilence, the battle, and the flood; give them a speedy and a joyous victory; a speedy and a lasting peace; restore them safe and happy to their land, and that right soon. We pray not, O Lord, in malignity or revenge, but for the peace of nations, and the security of freedom; restrain the ambition of this man, stay his encroachments, confound his devices, and turn his heart. Rend from him his ill-gotten gains, the acquisitions of fraud and violence, confine him within his own limits of race and language. Save a Protestant land from idolatrous rule, and enable us to do some great work for Poland, of justice, mercy, and retribution; and thus, by Thy grace, both in the East and in the West, Thy word shall have free course and be glorified through Jesus Christ our Lord."

The following letter to Mr. Haldane relates to this subject:—

Lord Shaftesbury to Mr. Haldane.

Dec. 21st, 1854.

MY DEAR MR. HALDANE,—A controversy will, I suppose, arise on the propriety of the refusal of Lord Aberdeen to set apart a day for thanksgiving in acknowledgment of the victories of Alma and Inkerman.

On a consideration of the whole matter, I think that he was right.

It would be a happy thing if the public and private prayers of the nation ascended, at every hour, to the Throne of Grace, but it is a serious question whether the Queen shall frequently interpose, and, by authority, direct the devotions of the people.

In the first place, the constant repetition of such an exercise of prerogative has a tendency to bring their power into dispute, and it is, I understand, very open to question.

Next, the frequency of the appeal diminishes and almost wears out the effect; and it should, therefore, be reserved for instances of a great crisis, such as the commencement of a war, or the close of it, or some event having a decided and marked issue.

This is the more requisite, as a day set apart involves a heavy fine on large masses of the working community. Not one employer in a hundred will pay his people for the day of suspended labour; and thus, while easy people rejoice, the

operative classes almost groan, and positively sustain a loss, while we experience none. This breeds discontent, and takes greatly from the value of the authoritative observance. The people assent to it on great occasions; but on an occasion less marked, both they and the Dissenters, and even the Clergy, complain of the decree.

Lord Aberdeen added an argument which I had never heard before, but it has great force. "Take heed," he said, "how you get into *the habit* of superseding the Liturgy by new prayers under the Royal order; you may introduce precedents fatal to the integrity of your Prayer Book."

We had, and most fitly, a prayer at the beginning of the war; we should, I hope, have one more if it please God to bless our arms with the capture of Sebastopol.

If you concur with me, will you use your influence to turn the thoughts of religious newspapers into the same channel?

Yours very truly, S.

The last paragraph in the letter quoted above is noteworthy. Mr. Hal-dane had great influence with the *Record* newspaper, and it was through him that, on all occasions and on every conceivable subject, Lord Shaftesbury was able to communicate with the public.

The end of 1854 and the early part of 1855 was a period pregnant with important events in the life of Lord Shaftesbury, as it was in the political history of the country. The mismanagement of affairs in the Crimea, particularly as regarded the Commissariat Department, had kindled a feeling of distress and indignation such as had never been known before.

Dec. 21st, 1854.—The mismanagement and stupidity, if not utter negligence, at Balaklava, have caused a great amount of loss of life, of property, and health. This was excusable in the outset; it is not excusable now, when the Government know all these things.

Dec. 22nd.—Much talk with Clarendon, Newcastle, and Lord Lansdowne; they are downcast, and fear the consequences of the incapacity of their local agents. The country has sent out stores of *every* kind, equal to five times the demand; and yet neither the sound nor the sick, the officer nor the private, can obtain the twentieth part of what is wanted.

It would be beside our purpose to tell the story of the grievous calamities that befell our countrymen in the Crimea in the terrible winter of this year. "The noblest army England ever sent from these shores," said the *Times*, "has been sacrificed to the grossest mismanagement. Incompetency, lethargy, aristocratic hauteur, official indifference, favour, routine, perverseness, and stupidity, reign, revel, and riot, in the camp before Sebastopol, in the harbour of Balaklava, in the hospitals of Scutari, and how much nearer home we do not venture to say." Every day fresh tidings came of privation, sickness, and death; of unspeakable suffering from neglect; of medical stores decaying at Varna that were intended for Scutari; of tents standing in pools of water for want of implements to dig trenches; of consignments of boots all for the left foot; and so forth. One good came out of the evil, not limited to the Crimea, but destined to affect every battle-field for all future

time, namely, the landing in Scutari of Miss Florence Nightingale and the noble band of women who accompanied her, as nurses to the sick and wounded. Thus was inaugurated the Geneva Red Cross Association which has since done so much to mitigate the avoidable horrors of war.

When Parliament re-assembled after the Christmas recess (Jan. 23), public indignation in England had reached its height.

Jan. 25th, 1855.—London. Accounts from the Crimea wax worse and worse; our men are decimated by disease, cold, and hunger. The survivors are feeble and demoralised. We have no commanders, no officers. "Counsel has perished." Raglan's staff—specially his Quarter-Master and Adjutant-General—are incompetent, ignorant, obstinate, and preferring the observance of a red-tape regulation to the comforts, nay, the lives of the soldiers. Newcastle, at home, seems not more efficient; he sees all the evil, and yet, through weakness or perverseness, applies no remedy. Unless God in His wonderful mercy interpose, we shall have a national disaster unprecedented in the annals of English history. O God, give us the spirit of penitence, confession, and prayer! Here is our only hope. Have written to McCaul, Seeley, and Haldane, to stir up every one to earnest, hearty, and constant supplication.

And J. Russell has chosen this time to send in his resignation, and break up the Government! Can any one who knows the man and his antecedents, doubt that self-seeking, place-loving ambition, aims at the Premiership, and jeopardises everything for his own particular?

Mr. Roebuck had given notice that he would move for a Select Committee "to inquire into the condition of the army before Sebastopol, and into the conduct of those Departments of the Government, whose duty it has been to minister to the wants of that army." As this involved "a censure upon the War Department, with which some of his colleagues were connected," Lord John Russell considered that his only course was to tender his resignation, "probably," as Lord Shaftesbury said in a letter to Mr. Haldane, "with a desire to flood the Government, in the hope of floating to the surface and getting the best anchorage as the waters subside."

On January the 29th Mr. Roebuck's motion was carried by 305 to 148, and on the following day the Coalition Government ceased to exist.

Feb. 1st. . . . Folly, rashness, self-conceit, and miscalculation, are at their height. Affairs in the Crimea, and affairs at home, seem to prove that we are anything but "a wise and understanding people." All is in confusion; the old Government is out; and there is no new one to come in. Meanwhile the war proceeds, the army perishes, and judgments arise out of our own personal childishness. We are silly beyond the silliness of a boarding-school. . . . On Monday night a majority of 150 destroyed the whole Administration, intending to destroy only Newcastle and Aberdeen. The Government might have been saved, would it have announced a change in the War Department, and a resolution to reform the Civil Departments of the army; but the "mock heroics" got hold of them, and they preferred defeat. These struttings of dignity are very legitimate in ordinary times, but wholly misplaced in such a crisis of the nation as this.

Derby proposed yesterday to Palmerston that he, Gladstone, and Sidney Herbert, should join his administration. Palmerston replied that he would join none which did not contain Clarendon at the Foreign Office. He subsequently refused to join him at all.

Feb. 3rd.—We are full of rumours; and none are agreeable. It is certain that Lord J. Russell (!!!) has been desired, this day, to form an Administration; and Palmerston has consented to take the lead of House of Commons, Lord John going to the House of Lords. . . . Why is the House of Lords to be made the London Reformatory, where convicted criminals are to have another chance? Is it good that so tarnished a man should be in so brilliant a situation?

Palmerston has many defects for a Premier; but he is better than any competitor. He has judged wrongly in aiding Her Majesty to inflict the Russell incubus on the country. He urges in excuse that "he should have been charged with personal views and a desire to get the thing into his own hands."

Feb. 5th. . . . Palmerston has received orders to construct an Administration! It was no slight affront to public morality that Lord J. was ever summoned to do so. But "public morality" is a mediæval thing; the 19th century has outstripped it!

Feb. 6th.—The Peelites, it is said, refuse to join, though reluctantly; but Gladstone leads them, and they follow him. Various reasons are assigned, but none of them sound, patriotic, wise, or *true*. I hear that Gladstone has long exhibited a desire to return to Lord Derby, and I believe it. He would then be Leader of the House of Commons, and be virtually Prime Minister. Then would he work his will in the ecclesiastical appointments. People will begin to expect that Palmerston's Church nominations will differ much from Aberdeen's, being influenced by my opinion. There could not be a greater error. He has never in his life, and never will, so long as he has breath, consult me on anything. It is not very likely that he will consult anybody; but, if he do, it will not be one connected with the Evangelical party.

The day after the above entry was made in the Diary Lord Shaftesbury received the following letter:—

Lord Palmerston to Lord Shaftesbury.

PICCADILLY, 7th Feb., 1855.

MY DEAR SHAFTESBURY,—Will you be Duke of Lancaster with a seat in the Cabinet? You would be useful to us in Council, and your being there would, I am sure, be gratifying to large bodies of the people.

Yours sincerely,

Let me know as soon as you can.

PALMERSTON.

Later on in the same day a further letter was sent. It ran thus:—

Lord Palmerston to Lord Shaftesbury.

PICCADILLY, 7th Feb., 1855.

MY DEAR SHAFTESBURY,—Unexpected difficulties have arisen which may interfere with the offer which I made you this morning, and therefore I must ask you to consider it as suspended till you hear from me again.

Yours sincerely,

PALMERSTON.

The difficulties to which I allude do not relate to you but to others.

Although the receipt of the first letter could not be otherwise than gratifying to Lord Shaftesbury, the receipt of the second brought him infinite relief. His replies to both letters are given below:—

Lord Shaftesbury to Lord Palmerston (No. I.).

Feb. 7th, 1855.

DEAR PALMERSTON,—I have received your letter, and consider, as you desire, the offer suspended.

I have sent my letter, which was ready, that you may see that probably after all, I may not be such a colleague as you wished for, at least not one worth struggling for against a difficulty.

Yours,
SHAFTESBURY.

Lord Shaftesbury to Lord Palmerston (No. II.).

Feb. 7th, 1855.

MY DEAR PALMERSTON,—You may be assured that I am much gratified by your kind proposition, and I feel very sensibly both the honour and the friendship of it.

But the acceptance of office involves so large a surrender of many important occupations in which I am engaged, and have for a long time been engaged, that I should make up my mind with great reluctance to enter on a new career.

The circumstances of the time, however, are such that no one may stand on his own particular habits and tastes, if the surrender of them can be of advantage to the public weal. Your letter states that I can be of such service, but while I submit my judgment to yours, and prepare to undertake a charge to which I am most repugnant, I may assert that I can be of service to your Administration only by adhering to the principles I have professed, and by which I have obtained any small confidence I may have from the country.

Pray be assured that I am not presuming to make conditions. I simply desire to state that there are certain opinions and principles, which I have always maintained, and which, wherever I be placed, I must continue to maintain.

Now, the only points on which you and I are likely to differ are:—

1st. Questions such as Maynooth, and matters akin to it. I am not for the extinction of Maynooth, that cannot be now done, but I am strongly against the extension of it, and very much in favour of its reformation and adjustment to the necessities of Ireland.

2nd. Any measures for the encouragement of the Papal power, such as the appointment of Roman Catholic chaplains to the several gaols.

3rd. The question of the Jewish Relief Bill.

4th. Measures affecting the *vexata quæstio* of the Sabbath, such as the disturbance of the Act, passed last session, for the closing of public-houses on that day, which has worked so well, but to which there is a strong opposition.

Now, if with the hazard of these differences, and your knowledge of the several positions I hold in the country, at the head of many Associations and Committees, you are still of opinion that I can render a service in the present awful crisis (for this is my main consideration) I will surrender, to your judgment, my own very

strong antipathy to official life, and hold the situation until you shall have found some other one equally to your mind.

Yours very truly,

SHAFTESBURY.

The incident is narrated in the Diary in these words:—

Feb. 8th.—And so I have had the chance of being a Cabinet Minister! Palmerston proposed to me the Duchy of Lancaster with a seat in the Cabinet! It is a crisis, a dreadful crisis—a Government must be formed! Reserving all principles, I accepted it in the sense shown in my letter, though I loathed it beyond the power of expression. My first impulse to refuse, but overruled by the importunities of Minny. Believed, and still believe, that I should have been thwarted, defeated on everything, whether of movement or existence; should have been absolutely alone, defied in the Cabinet, and misunderstood out of it.

A few hours afterwards requested by P. to consider “the offer as suspended,” in consequence of unforeseen difficulties.

. . . This morning a letter from Lady Palmerston to say that the Whigs were infuriated by their “small” share of power and place; and that P. must give the Duchy to one of that party. I acquiesced more cheerfully in the withdrawal than in the proposition of the offer. Lord Lansdowne took the lead against me.

The letter alluded to above, was as follows:—

Lady Palmerston to Lord Shaftesbury.

Thursday morning, Feb. 8th.

MY DEAREST ASHLEY,—Palmerston is distracted with all the worry he has to go through, and he must go to Windsor at twelve, so he desired me to write to you.

He says that your high character and position in the country would, he feels sure, have been of great use to the Government, but after he first wrote to you he found himself in a very unexpected difficulty. The Whigs at Brookes’ were all up in arms at the Government not being formed on more Liberal principles or rather with “more of the Whig party.”

They are disappointed at the Peelites joining, and at under people of that party keeping their places, so that, in that manner, there are hardly any places to fill up. They press, therefore, very much for a Whig in the Duchy of Lancaster, so as to make the Peelite division in a greater minority. One part of our friends strongly press for Lord Grey, and another put forward Lord Carlisle. I don’t think Palmerston will agree to either, but still he would give way to having a Whig appointed, rather than to have all the party dissatisfied.

Nobody has made any personal objection to you, and Palmerston would certainly have preferred you to any other person, both from opinion and affection; but as you did feel reluctant to accept the trammels of office, and felt that it would be a sacrifice on your part to give up your independence, he will not urge you any further; but hopes you will give him your assistance and the benefit of your advice.

Believe me, yours ever affectionately,

E. PALMERSTON.

P.S.—It is no pleasure to have to form a Government when there are so many unreasonable people to please, and so many interested people pressing for

their own gratification and vanity, without any regard to the public good or the interests of the Government and country.

For a time the anxiety and suspense which an offer of a place in the Government always brought upon Lord Shaftesbury, were removed. But only for a time. Lord Palmerston had too high an appreciation, from long personal experience, of Lord Shaftesbury's qualifications for statesmanship, to dispense with his immediate assistance without a struggle.

In the meanwhile, however, he was called to a work of the gravest importance, for which, as far as we are aware, he has never had the credit which was justly his due, namely, the organisation of a Sanitary Commission, with full powers to redress the grievances at Scutari and Balaklava, as far as they were capable of redress, and thus to roll away, as far as possible, the stigma that attached to the nation.

"That commission," Miss Nightingale wrote to Lord Shaftesbury, some time afterwards, "saved the British army."

One day, when excitement and indignation were at their height, on account of the mismanagement of affairs in the East, Dr. Hector Gavin, who had been for three years Government Commissioner for the prevention and cure of cholera in the West Indies, called upon Lord Shaftesbury, to talk about his labours on the Board of Health in relation to the same disease, and, as a matter of course, the conversation turned upon the ravages made by cholera among our brave soldiers in the East. It was during that interview that the scheme for a Sanitary Commission in the East was suggested to the mind of Lord Shaftesbury.

The outline of the history of the movement is given briefly in the Diary. The amount of labour involved can be imagined.

Feb. 14th. . . . Have been running about to stir up Prelates and Ministers to a day of prayer. Tried, unsuccessfully, to see Panmure* on sanitary arrangements for Crimea Hospitals, but all in vain; a "Philanthropist" is always a bore.

Feb. 15th.—A day of success. May God be praised, and to Him be all the glory! First, efforts with the Bishop of London, Archbishop of Canterbury, Gladstone, and Palmerston, for a day of humiliation, have prospered. Most thankful was I to-day to find P. not only ready, but urging, that the day should be a special day, and not a Sunday. This is very good; it looks serious and reverent.

Next, Panmure has listened to my scheme for a Sanitary Commission to proceed, with full powers, to Scutari and Balaklava, there to purify the hospitals, ventilate the ships, and exert all that science can do to save life where thousands are dying, not of their wounds, but of dysentery and diarrhoea, the result of foul air and preventible mischiefs. Again I bless Thee, O Lord; and bring the work, we pray Thee, to a joyous issue!

The Commissioners, who were appointed without delay, were Dr. Sutherland, of the General Board of Health; Dr. Hector Gavin (who was afterwards killed accidentally in the Crimea); Mr. Rawlinson, Civil Engineer; Mr. Newlands, Chief Inspector; three sub-inspectors, and one assistant engineer.

* Lord Panmure (formerly Mr. Fox Maule) was Secretary of State for War.

*Lord Shaftesbury to Lord Panmure.**Feb. 19th, 1855.*

MY DEAR PANMURE,—The Commissioners must proceed by Marseilles. No time should be lost, and the screw steamer will not be ready for some days ; nor is there any room left to receive new comers.

You will, I hope, be good enough to permit them to do so. . . .

[*The question of stores to be taken, and remuneration to the Commissioners followed.*]

The service will be laborious, and even perilous ; and these gentlemen have cheerfully surrendered their personal comforts, and, in the case of Mr. Rawlinson, professional emolument, to aid the public in this crisis. Mr. Newlands is the chief officer of Liverpool, a person of great energy and experience ; the other sub-inspectors are from the same place, and will be of infinite service to superintend the cleansing of Scutari, Balaklava, and the camp.

We are greatly indebted to the Town Council of Liverpool for the liberal manner in which they have placed their medical staff at the disposal of the Commission ; we could not, otherwise, have obtained such excellent service at so cheap a rate. It is to be considered as their contribution to the effort made for the improvement of the health of the army.

We estimate that two months, or, at most, three months, will be sufficient for the purpose in view.

It will be very desirable—nay, almost indispensable—that the Commissioners should have the power of hiring, on their own account, such numbers of workmen as they may find necessary.

The entire success of this undertaking will depend on the instructions given to Lord Raglan, Lord W. Powlett, and other authorities, to carry into execution without delay whatever the Commissioners may declare to be essential to health and safety.

You may really repose confidence in them ; they are trustworthy men, and they will advise nothing that is needless or extravagant. If, upon giving a plan, they are met with any delays, however short ; sent from one department to another ; their hands bound with red tape, and their shins broken by a succession of official stumbling-blocks, they will be useless—indeed, ridiculous ; and they will, themselves, feel, as every one will say, that they might as well have remained at home. We cannot, in these matters, trifle with time ; minutes here are as valuable as years : and a pestilence might ravage the troops while a score of functionaries were writing to each other to ascertain whose business it was to attend to it. But with vigour and dispatch, very little writing, very little talking, and very much action, I entertain, under God's blessing, the most sanguine hopes.

It would be a great result.

Yours very truly,

SHAFTESBURY.

In addition to the letters to Lords Raglan and W. Powlett, I would recommend a strong letter to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

So completely were the arrangements, even to the minutest details, under the personal direction of Lord Shaftesbury, that, at Lord Panmure's request,

the Instructions to the Commissioners were drawn up by him, and were even written by his own hand.

The instructions were clear, precise, and energetic, and were supplemented by a dispatch from Lord Palmerston to Lord Raglan in terms no less vigorous. After requesting that Lord Raglan would give the Commissioners every possible assistance, he continued: "They will, of course, be opposed and thwarted by the medical officers, by the men who have charge of the port arrangements, and by those who have the cleaning of the camp. Their mission will be ridiculed, and their recommendations and directions set aside, unless enforced by the peremptory exercise of your authority. But that authority I must request you to exert in the most peremptory manner, for the immediate and exact carrying into execution whatever changes of arrangement they may recommend; for these are matters on which depend the health and lives of many hundreds of men, I may indeed say, of thousands."

The work of the Sanitary Commission is matter of history. Lord Shaftesbury having originated and efficiently organised it, retired, as was his habit, into the background, while others enjoyed the credit. There were some, however, of whose good opinion he was very mindful, who did not deny him the just recognition of his timely services. Among these were Lord Palmerston and Miss Florence Nightingale. At the time, and ever afterwards, the latter, in public and private, gave "honour where honour was due."

The following extract is from a letter written by her in 1858:—

Miss Florence Nightingale to Lord Shaftesbury.

30, OLD BURLINGTON STREET, Oct. 16th, 1858.

DEAR LORD SHAFTESBURY,—I venture to send you with this a copy of my Report to the War Office upon army sanitary matters. It is, as you will see, strictly confidential, and has *not* been presented to the House of Commons. But as Lord Shaftesbury has, for so many years, been our leader in sanitary matters (as in so many other wise and benevolent things), it seemed to me but right to send him a Report which contains so much of what was done by himself, viz., the work of the Sanitary Commission in the East, although I can scarcely expect that he will read it.

I am, dear Lord Shaftesbury,

Yours very faithfully,

F. NIGHTINGALE.

Two public events occurred about this time, to which reference is made in the Diary. The following extracts relating to them may be quoted here, before reverting to subjects which more immediately concerned Lord Shaftesbury. The events were, the death of the Czar of Russia, and the visit to England of the Emperor of the French.

March 2nd.—Intelligence by electric telegraph that the Emperor of Russia died this morning between 12 and 1 o'clock.

I cannot but feel for the man, though I denounced the Czar. He died. I doubt not, in great measure, of a broken heart, and the fearful excitement of wounded

pride and irrecoverable reputation. Mighty losses in men and money ; a declining population ; increasing European confederacies against him ; an exhausted empire ; the certainty that he could gain nothing, the almost certainty that he must lose a great deal ; all this, backed by the conviction that he himself was, in fact, the cause of the war, snapped the springs of mental and physical life ; and he died a greater slave to his ambition than many of the serfs to their tyrannical owners.

March 19th.—Last night to an evening party at Windsor Castle. Went by train in full dress (a special one being provided), and returned by the same after midnight. Emperor had been installed a Knight of the Garter. A wonderful change and elevation ! In 1848, the last time he was in England, I mounted guard with him as a special constable in Mount Street ; his next visit to this country (such are the vicissitudes of French public men) may be like Louis Philippe's, in flight, and as a refugee !

Some people dislike the history of the man and some of his doings. It may be so ; but it is here an affair of nations, not of persons. His individual character and conduct (supposing it to be reprehensible) must be merged in his representation of the French people ; it is a question of London and Paris, not of Victoria and Louis Napoleon. Nevertheless, his policy will admit of defence ; his *coup d'état* is not without its point of excuse and right. The stain on his actions—and it is a deep stain—is the cruel, unjust, spiteful, vindictive, and base confiscation of the Orleans property. This is indelible, and for ever deprives him of the possibility of being called a high-minded man.

We, as Englishmen, have no right to find any fault. We must, on the contrary, be full of his praise ; he has, up to the present time, been loyal and true.

April 23rd.—It is a retributive justice that Palmerston is Prime Minister to receive the Emperor. He was dismissed for speaking favourably of him. And it is also a justice that John Russell is absent from the scene of hospitality and splendour. He was the man who counselled the Queen to cashier Palmerston.

In a letter to his son Evelyn, who was studying in Geneva, Lord Shaftesbury gives a graphic, gossipy *résumé* of public and private news :—

Lord Shaftesbury to the Hon. Evelyn Ashley.

LONDON, Feb. 28, 1855.

MY DEAREST EVELYN,—I have just received your letter of the 20th. It has been very long upon the road, if your date be correct ; and I avail myself of "a sitting" in the House of Lords to hear appeals, to give you a few lines.

We have had much trouble ; we are again quiet for a while externally ; I fear that, internally, our dangers and difficulties are no less than they were. When Palmerston had formed his Government, it suddenly fell down with the dry-rot, and he had to begin anew on old foundations and with old materials. The motives of the Peelites for retirement are not clear. The arguments, no doubt, against Roebuck's committee are unanswerable in the line of folly and peril ; but they knew them when they accepted office, and they knew also that the question was still pending, and likely to be enforced. It is matter for serious inquiry whether, in such a crisis, men are justified in incurring a certain and immediate, for a problematic and remote, danger. There were two evils to choose between—the evil of refusing the inquiry, and the evil of conceding it ; and, great as is

the evil of the concession, it was less, in my humble judgment, than the evil of refusal.

As for the article in the *Record*, it stated very nearly the whole facts. Lord Lansdowne took the lead against me, stimulated, in part, by many of the Whig party, who wanted the place for a Whig, and, in part, by the ladies of Sutherland House, who wanted the place for Carlisle. Palmerston was terrified, and gave way. I do not blame him, because, in his predicament and ignorance of the true state of things, it seemed, and perhaps was, wiser to take a colleague with a party at his back before a colleague without one. He had to get the machine of Government into motion, and he was anxious for anything that might grease the wheels. He yielded, therefore, for a Whig. When Lord L. had brought him thus far, he waited a bit, and then asked for Carlisle. Palmerston protested against such an appointment as ridiculous, useless, enfeebling; but, as usual, he gave way, and Brookes' prevailed.

He is much to be pitied; he has not a single friend in public life who desires to give him honest, kind, and prudent counsel; he is not himself disposed to seek such counsel; the consequence is that he is blown to and fro, and reverses the apostolical precept: "Try all things, and *hold fast that which is good.*" So far from being firm, he is beaten from everything; and I much doubt whether he has, since he became Premier, been able to do any one thing according to his own judgment and preference.

But his difficulties, it must be admitted, are enormous. He has no party of his own to rest upon; he has not even two or three able and friendly adherents to fight his battles. His choice is limited for office men; he is limited to the H. of Commons, and to such of the H. of C. as dare to vacate their seats. These are few, and mostly unworthy; and yet the public are roaring out for *new* men; but no new men of any value have been introduced through the Reform of Parliament; and the Minister can no longer introduce new men through the channel of the rotten boroughs.

Well, he has now formed a new Cabinet on the secession of the Peelites. It is, to all intents and purposes, a purely Whig administration; it will be shaky, unpopular, and of short duration. God grant that it may last long enough to carry us to a speedy peace!

The selfishness, the meanness, the love of place and salary, the oblivion of the country, of man's welfare, and God's honour, have never been more striking and terrible than in this crisis. These, added to the singular conceit of all the candidates for office (and all have aspired to the highest), have thrown stumbling-blocks in his path at every step. The greediness and vanity of our place-hunters have combined to make each one of them a union of the vulture and the peacock.

There is a blight, my dear boy, on all we say, think, or do. God is not with us.

I much fear that Palmerston's ecclesiastical appointments will be detestable. He does not know, in theology, Moses from Sydney Smith. The vicar of Romsey, where he goes to church, is the only clergyman he ever spoke to; and, as for the wants, the feelings, the views, the hopes and fears, of the country, and particularly the religious part of it, they are as strange to him as the interior of Japan. Why, it was only a short time ago that he heard, for the first time, of the grand heresy of Puseyites and Tractarians!

Go on with Herschel. Stick to German, French, and mathematics, and keep up your classics, so far as to be ready and able to start afresh on your return in

preparation for Cambridge. Let all be "begun, continued, and ended" in Him, "from whom alone cometh all counsel, wisdom, and understanding!"

Well you may be struck that England is "in danger of losing her influence abroad and her integrity at home." She is humbled. We hear the words of Isaiah: "Come and sit down in the dust." Constitutional government is a laughing-stock, and the progress of rational freedom on the Continent is checked for half a century. War, as Demosthenes said, discovers τὰ σαθρὰ, the rotten parts of an Empire; our sin has found us out; America comes next; and then the liberty of great nations will either be extinguished or become anarchy.

The French alliance I have always sought and defended; and I do so still. But I have sought it negatively, not positively—as an alliance not to do us any good, but to save us and the world from much harm. But I have seen, from the beginning, that "*incedis per ignes suppositos cineri doloso*"

Col. Tronchin is a noble fellow: "hold all such in reputation:" cultivate him much, and all of that stamp in Geneva; it is a fruitful soil.

The frost has ended with us, and the disemployed people, thank God, are returning to work. It has been a hard time, and yet I have almost prayed for a continuance of it, in the Crimea at least. I fear the return of spring and warm weather; the heat of the sun will draw out the pestilential exhalations of a soil which has, for months, imbibed the filth and mortality of an enormous camp.

We have sent out a powerful Sanitary Commission.

May God bless you and preserve you, my dearest boy, in time and in eternity through Christ Jesus.

Your affectionate father,
S.

The "escape from office" on which Lord Shaftesbury had congratulated himself was not so complete as he had anticipated. Changes were made in the Cabinet owing to the resignation of Sir James Graham, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Sidney Herbert; and Lord Palmerston determined, if possible, to secure the co-operation of his kinsman. Among the changes was the appointment of Lord Carlisle to the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, by which the Duchy of Lancaster became again vacant; and this office, with a seat in the Cabinet, Palmerston once more offered to Lord Shaftesbury.

It was in vain for him to urge the old objections. Palmerston was determined, and he used every exertion and influence, direct and indirect, to induce Lord Shaftesbury to yield. "I can have no objection to your holding yourself free to vote as you like," he wrote in reply to the reiterated objections. "It will be as well, however, that you should not mention to others your reservations, because these things are exaggerated in passing from mouth to mouth, and create discussions that become embarrassing to Government, and are turned against it by opponents. I therefore accept your acceptance."

But Lord Shaftesbury had not accepted, and he immediately obtained an interview with Lord Palmerston to plead for delay.

Meanwhile the position had become embarrassing. The newspapers had announced—"We believe the Earl of Shaftesbury will succeed the Earl of Carlisle as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster;"* and letters came pour-

* *Globe*, March 10th, 1855, &c.

ing in from all quarters, urging him to take the decisive step, or congratulating him, as though it were already taken. Among the former was Mr. John Delane, the editor of the *Times*, who said: "Your high estimation in the country would be of great value to any Government." But the pressure from without was of little weight, compared with that from within his own immediate circle.

Lady Shaftesbury, who was absent from home at the time, wrote:—

I do beseech you not to refuse. Reflect how *much more* weight everything has, coming from a Cabinet Minister. Think, for instance, of all you have said to the Emperor about the persecution of the Protestants; it will have tenfold weight when he knows that your position in England is such as to have a seat in the Cabinet.

Lady Palmerston was as persistent as the Prime Minister, using her influence not only with Lord Shaftesbury but with her daughter, Lord Shaftesbury's wife. "Palmerston is anxious for the Queen's sake that he should be at once sworn in," she wrote to her, and followed this up with a letter, one of many upon the subject, to her son-in-law.

Lady Palmerston to Lord Shaftesbury.

PICCADILLY, Friday.

MY DEAR ASHLEY,—I am quite affronted that you would not come and have some tea with me to-night. I wanted to tell you several things. How many letters pour down upon me from people you would not expect, all anxious to hear of your taking the Duchy.

I have even one from Henry Stanley at Athens, expressing his hope that you would join the new Government.

Lady Molesworth also told me to-day of many who were anxious to hear of your acceptance, and amongst these Charles Villiers—which I hardly expected, as he always finds fault with everybody. Sir William,* of course, wants you, and Sir Benjamin Hall was so anxious to have you in the Government that he came to talk to me about it yesterday; and I suppose you know that Lord Carlisle is *very anxious* for you. But now there is another consideration that I wanted to mention. You refused to take a place in the Queen's Household, you have refused the Garter (which she did not like), and now, if you refuse a third offer of belonging to her Government, I am sure she will be quite offended; for though Palmerston had full permission to fill up the places as he thought most conducive to the advantage of his Government, yet he did take her approbation before he offered it to you. Therefore it is, in fact, her offer.

Good-night, my dear Ashley. I hope you will send a favourable answer.

Yours ever affectionately,

E. PALMERSTON.

"I never was in such perplexity in my life," said Lord Shaftesbury to the writer, when narrating these incidents. "I was at my wit's end. On one side was ranged wife, relations, friends, ambition, influence; on the other, my

* Molesworth.

own objections, which seemed sometimes to weigh as nothing in comparison with the arguments brought against them. I could not satisfy myself that to accept office was a divine call; I *was* satisfied that God had called me to labour among the poor. There was no Urin and Thummim; no open vision. I could do nothing but postpone, and in doing this, I was placing Palmerston in a most awkward position. But God interposed for me."

The "interposition" came in a curious way. When perplexity was at its height he received the following letter from Lady Palmerston:—

Lady Palmerston to Lord Shaftesbury.

MY DEAR ASHLEY,—Palmerston has three people waiting for him, and two in his room, so that he could not write a line *now*, but he will satisfy you entirely upon all the points you mention.

And he is very anxious now, that you should put on your undress uniform and be at the Palace a quarter before three to be sworn in.

Pray do this, and I am *sure* you will not repent it. Palmerston is *VERY* anxious to have his Government complete, and, as there has been so much delay in all these discussions, he would be very anxious that you could, for the Queen's sake, appear at the Palace to be sworn in a quarter before three.

Yours ever affectionately,

E. PALMERSTON.

Lord Palmerston was in a dilemma Up to that point he had been unable to find anybody who would satisfactorily fill the vacancy, otherwise he would have relieved his friend from the pressure that he knew was intolerable. His own light and hopeful spirit made him believe that, once in office, all the objections would disappear and only good would ensue to all. But had he seen any loophole for his friend, he would not have continued his urgent demands.

And Lord Shaftesbury was in a dilemma. There had been no answer borne in upon his soul, no handwriting upon the wall, no voice that he could interpret as the voice of God, to set the question at rest for him. To use his own words:—"I never felt so helpless. I seemed to be hurried along without a will of my own; without any power of resistance. I went and dressed, and then, while I was waiting for the carriage, I went down on my knees and prayed for counsel, wisdom, and understanding. Then, there was some one at the door, as I thought, to say that the carriage was ready. Instead of that a note, hurriedly written in pencil, was put into my hands. It was from Palmerston. "Don't go to the Palace." That was thirty years ago, but I dance with joy at the remembrance of that interposition, as I did when it happened. It was, to my mind, as distinctly an act of special providence as when the hand of Abraham was stayed and Isaac escaped."

The "ram caught in the thicket" was the Earl of Harrowby, and on March the 31st he was sworn in as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

In this day of religious liberty it may seem, to some, a curious fact that,

up to the year 1855 there was an enactment in force, prohibiting the teaching of the Gospel and the worship of God in private houses, when more than twenty persons beside the family were assembled. Against persons who assembled in any numbers for secular or political purposes, for gain or merriment, there was no legal prohibition; but, if a body of Christians met to pray and to preach, they were liable to fine and imprisonment. When the Madiari were imprisoned in the dungeons of Romish Tuscany, for having faithfully discharged their duties as Christians in their own household, all England was up in arms, and was furious in indignation, while, at the very time, there was in this country a law in full force, which gave power to restrain the Christian teacher, to persecute the little bands of praying folk who met from house to house, and to place many of the religious organisations which were leavening the mass of society at the mercy of any non-approving neighbour.

It is true that the law was regarded in most cases as only a dead letter, an obsolete thing, but, as the *Times* observed, it was "a rod in pickle, an ecclesiastical engine to be called into operation when desired." If a staunch Protestant Government were to be succeeded by one of a Puseyite character, and that again by another leaning still more towards Romanism, the law, as it stood, was ready to their hands, to shut up a vast number of Sunday and Ragged Schools as well as every mission meeting and cottage lecture, throughout the country.

In May Lord Shaftesbury gave notice of a motion to bring in a Bill to repeal so much of the Act of 52 Geo. III. as prohibited the assembling of more than twenty persons above the members of a household for purposes of religious worship in one house.

It seems at first sight extraordinary that a matter apparently so simple could have called forth any very strong feeling, or have encountered any very serious opposition. It might reasonably have been thought that such a measure would have commended itself to the approbation of all, as in accordance with the general view of religious liberty, and a common regard for the religious improvement of the people. Such, however, was not the case. The Earl of Derby, the Bishop of Oxford, and others, threatened a strenuous opposition, and therefore, on June the 12th, on the order of the day for reporting the Bill, Lord Shaftesbury, who at first had conceived that his task would be merely a nominal one, found himself compelled to traverse the whole length and breadth of the question.

His arguments were to this effect. It was notorious that there were amazing numbers of persons who never went into any place of public worship at all; that the Established Church and Nonconformity combined, were inadequate to grapple with the infidelity of the times; that, therefore, every facility should be given to bring the masses within the reach of instruction and the sound of the Gospel, and that no impediment whatever should be placed in the way of those who sought to neutralise the poison of indifference and infidelity by the antidote of religion. Owing, mainly, to the extreme

difficulty of inducing the working classes to attend the ordinary religious services in churches and chapels, there had been provided, to meet the wants of the people, Missions, Cottage Lectures, Bible Classes, Sunday and Ragged Schools, and other kindred institutions, by means of which hundreds of thousands of persons had been evangelised, although in nine cases out of ten these meetings had been positively illegal, as they almost invariably commenced and closed with singing and prayer, which constitute "Religious Worship." During the year 1854, for example, the City Mission had held no less than 25,318 meetings, of which 22,000 were in direct infringement of the law. Were the law enforced, these, and all similar gatherings, must of necessity be stopped. Lord Shaftesbury went on to say:—

It might be contended, perhaps, that the law was obsolete. It might be obsolete in one sense, but it had great power of revival, and might be enforced at any moment. Indeed, at present it was constantly used for purposes of intimidation, and he could quote instances in which it had been actually put in force. In 1820 an information was laid against Lord Barham, the present Lord Gainsborough, by Lord Romney, at West Malling, near Maidstone, under the Act, religious services having been held in Lord Barham's house when he was unwell, instead of in the village schoolroom. Lord Barham was fined £40—£20 for each meeting. . . .

A gentleman, a county magistrate in a northern county, early in 1854 came to reside on his estate, and found the parish in a most neglected condition. At the gates of his park was a large coal mine and a dense population around it. Finding that nobody would do anything for them, he went one evening in every week, and in the largest cottage read a chapter of the Bible and some religious tracts. The meetings were numerous attended; but, after a few months he was obliged to drop it, and it ceased. And why? It was hinted to him that persons were about to lay an information against him for a breach of the Conventicle Act. He, being an active county magistrate, felt that it was not right in him to set an example of breaking the law, so he gave up his reading. . . . The gentleman in question might have had a cock-fight, jumping in sacks, or any sort of amusement, and nobody could have objected to it, but the moment this gentleman, commiserating the religious destitution of the people, went to their cottages, read to them a chapter in the Bible, and joined with them in religious worship, the law said "Mind what you are doing, for if you are caught at this again you will be fined £20."

After citing another and very striking case, in which the law had been put in force so recently as March, 1850, Lord Shaftesbury maintained that unless some public end could be shown to be advanced by the present law, or unless it could be shown that its repeal would be subversive of public morality, it was not just or right to place a veto upon a man receiving any number of persons into his house for purposes of religious worship; and he appealed to the right reverend prelates opposite, whether it was consistent with their position or their Christian dignity, to deprive some of the most useful of their own clergy, or of the Nonconformists, of the power of doing their best to evangelise their flocks without breaking the law, or to consent to the present

system of wholesale connivance? He appealed also to the Government, whether the more wise and the more just plan would not be to repeal the law altogether; or else, if they would not consent to such a course, to enforce its provisions strictly.

The result of the division is told in the following entry:—

June 13th.—Last night moved “Religious Worship Bill” in House of Lords. Encountered by nine Bishops. Oxford and London leading a knot of Puseyite Peers, and Lord Derby with as many of his followers as he could command. Carried it, however, by 31 to 30, the Irish Bishop, Singer, giving me the majority. One of the most, perhaps the most unpleasant evening I recollect in public life. Derby and his friends behind me while I spoke, insolent, interruptive, discouraging. He seemed like a man who felt a deep irritation at the movement and a hatred for the mover. Faltered, at least to my own sensation, very greatly; was awfully depressed, unhappy, and diffident; nothing without in the House, and nothing within my own heart, to cheer me.

The antagonism of the Bishop of Oxford to the Bill was vehement and persistent, and for a time it appeared to be in considerable jeopardy.

June 16th.—Last night Derby moved that the Religious Worship Bill be sent to a Select Committee, and carried it by 17. Eleven Bishops voting with him. It is the height of folly in them to resist the measure; the Bishops, especially, had an opportunity of giving, with grace and favour, what they cannot retain. They have exhibited, on the contrary, great ignorance, bigotry, and opposition to evangelical life and action, and have seriously injured their character, influence, and position. The feeling is universal and very strong. The Archbishop, I rejoice to say, and the Bishop of Winchester, stayed away. Had, I bless the Lord God, more comfort and strength last night than before.

Lord Shaftesbury was invited to join the Committee, but, as soon as he saw the names of those composing it, he declined, feeling sure that in every way he would be completely overpowered. The opinion of the Select Committee was, that the Bill should not be proceeded with, but that another should be substituted. This was accordingly done, and it was introduced to the House by the Earl of Derby, who stated that the Bill he had brought up from the Select Committee provided: 1. That no penalties should be incurred by any religious worship conducted by the incumbent or licensed curate of a parish, or by any clerk in holy orders acting on their behalf. 2. That no penalties should, under any existing laws, be imposed for the use of prayer in opening or closing of meetings held to promote any religious or charitable object. 3. That no penal clause should attach to any layman holding any meeting for religious purposes, provided he acts with the consent and concurrence of the clergyman of the district. 4. That if such layman failed in obtaining the clergyman’s sanction, and could obtain the concurrence and permission of the bishop of the diocese, he should be equally sanctioned in that proceeding.

It was obvious that the new Bill did not touch the evil of which Lord

Shaftesbury complained, and which he sought to remove. This was almost acknowledged by Lord Derby when he said: "There were cases in which some individuals, desirous of holding family worship and of admitting his poorer neighbours to it, might be restricted by the existing law; and he should be inclined to consent to some relaxation in such cases, though he could not frame any such clause."

That impediments should be placed in the way of religious worship by dignitaries of the Church of England was intolerable to Lord Shaftesbury. In attempting to legislate that meetings should be held only under the direction of an "authorised" leader, in accordance with certain forms, and in a licensed place, he saw clearly that, although their plea was ostensibly to preserve order in the Church, the actual motive was to limit the work of laymen, to arrest the progress of Dissent, and to prevent any innovations which should disturb existing relations between the clergy and their parishioners.

In moving the rejection of Lord Derby's Bill, he said that after the discussion that had taken place, it was impossible the law could remain obsolete, in the large communities where it had hitherto been obsolete. If the Bill proposed by Lord Derby became law, it must be enforced, and why revive the old law or bring a new one into operation which must cause restrictions in religious worship? The principle involved in the question had gone deep into the heart of the country, and whether his own Bill were rejected or not, it was only for a time, for sure as was the setting of the rising sun, it would be found that its principle would be asserted—namely, "*that every man should have a perfect right to worship God when and how he pleased—to worship in his own house, with his neighbours, in any number, and at any time; that this should not be a mere privilege, but a right, unless it could be shown that public morality or public safety would be endangered by it.*"

He objected to Lord Derby's Bill on the ground that, under the guise of the Statute Law, it was an entirely new Ecclesiastical Discipline Bill, to give greater power to the bishops over the clergy and laity. Its first clause enacted that such worship should only be performed by "licensed" curates, who, more than any others, were under the power of the bishops; laymen must go, as suppliants, to the incumbent or bishop, to ask leave to hold service in their own houses, and take their chance of permission or refusal. The second clause granted permission to offer prayer in opening or closing a meeting, "certainly not in the middle. If prayers were offered up in the midst of such a meeting a penalty of £20 would be incurred." But the bare idea of "permission" to pray was intolerable to Lord Shaftesbury. "It may as well be said," he exclaimed, indignantly, "that I am to have 'permission' to breathe the air!"

In a series of vigorous and crushing arguments he attacked the Bill, point by point, and concluded by moving that the Bill brought in by the Earl of Derby be read a second time that day three months.

A spirited speech by Lord Brougham, immediately following that of Lord

Shaftesbury, produced a telling effect, and upon its conclusion the Earl of Derby rose and withdrew his Bill.

A week later an important and influential meeting was held in Freemasons' Hall to strengthen Lord Shaftesbury's efforts, when a petition was adopted for presentation to the House of Lords. Within four days of the presentation of this petition, Lord Shaftesbury again brought forward his Bill, having revised it in some points, which rendered it less objectionable to the Bench of Bishops, but without infringing upon its principle. The Bill was recommitted to the Select Committee, and Lord Shaftesbury, with the Archbishop of Canterbury, were appointed members of that Committee.

Late as it was, the Session did not pass before Lord Shaftesbury's Bill stood part of the statute law of the land. It established the power of the incumbent or curate, and the persons authorised by either of them, to conduct religious worship in a schoolroom or any building, be it barn or palace, in any part of his district, without in any way being molested by any power, judicial or ecclesiastical. It enabled a householder to use his house for religious worship, and to gather into it any number of persons without his being any longer subject to pains and penalties of any kind whatever; and it made the meetings of missionaries, scripture readers, and religious teachers, whether held from house to house or in some regular place, lawful assemblies.

We must now glance at some of the "miscellaneous" events of the year, and go back to cull our extracts from the Diary, relating to matters of minor public interest it may be, but which affected the private life of Lord Shaftesbury and were connected with the main current of his work.

March 28th.—On Monday spoke three times in House of Lords on Sardinia. Opportunity offered, and was prompted to seize it by hope of pleasing Sardinian Government, and so increasing one's influence to aid Waldenses and the Bible Society. Very fervent, and received, as I thought, in silence. Felt quite overwhelmed. This is the painful character of the House of Lords. You seldom know whether you are pleasing or displeasing your audience, so stiff is their phlegm!

May 3rd.—I dread, sadly dread, these schemes of national education. Pakington, who is a good man, and a sensible one, has taken the lead in a scheme for local rates to maintain the education of the people. Such a plan is a death-warrant to the teaching of evangelical religion. *It had better be called "a water-rate to extinguish religious fire among young people."* Here, indeed, we must betake ourselves to prayer, for the scheme (little does my honest and kind friend Pakington perceive it) poisons the very root, and causes that "things, which should have been for our peace, be unto us an occasion of falling."

May 8th.—Inglis is numbered with the departed. He died the day before yesterday. A man so single, so peculiar, has seldom existed in public life. Pure-minded, affectionate, true, incorruptible, governing all his public actions, and, I am sure, too, his private life, by the love and fear of God, he maintained a career which had no precedent, and, probably, will be no example. Everybody was compelled (there is no other word) to respect him, and those who enjoyed his intimacy, loved him.

During the month of June Lord Shaftesbury was busy with two Bills,

one for further legislation on behalf of Chimney Sweeps, whose wrongs were still left unredressed (which Bill, chiefly in consequence of the active resistance of Sir G. Grey, he was compelled to withdraw), and another, on behalf of Milliners and Dressmakers. The question of their condition had been frequently discussed, but nothing had been done until 1842, when the Report of the Employment Commission was issued, and, even then, no direct legislative results followed. In 1843 there were 1,500 young persons of 14 years old and upwards employed in this business in the metropolis. Their hours were from fifteen to eighteen a day, with only from two to six hours for rest. The consequence was that consumption and impaired eyesight were terribly prevalent amongst them. In 1844 a committee of benevolent ladies caused Sunday work to be abandoned, and in 1853, the proprietors of many dress-making establishments agreed to abide by rules, laid down by an association formed to protect the interests of the needlewomen. Since that time, however, things had lapsed almost to their former worst condition, and Lord Shaftesbury's Bill proposed that between May the 1st and August the 1st, which included the "London season," work should be prohibited between 10 p.m. and 8 a.m., and, for the remainder of the year, between 9 p.m. and 8 a.m. An hour and a half was to be allowed for meals; all proceedings for the enforcement of penalties under the Bill were to be taken at the police courts, before magistrates to whom the jurisdiction in these matters was to be exclusively committed. The principle of the Bill had already received recognition in the three great measures, the Factory, the Mines and Collieries, and the Ten Hours Bill.

June 6th.—Have prepared Bills for the Chimney Sweepers and Milliners. Sad, cruel, overwhelming their sufferings; but how shall I prosper? All is in His hands, who cares as much for the smallest, sickliest sempstress as for all the grand ladies of the land. But it is not the great who are alone chargeable with connivance (to suit their own convenience) at these enormous abuses; every woman who is rich enough to have a fine gown is *particeps criminis*, and the wealthy of Liverpool, Birmingham, Norwich, and all the large towns, perpetrate the same abominations.

June 16th.—On Thursday last introduced Bill for relief of "Milliners and Dressmakers." Statement, though most distressing, received with little favour indoors, and, so far as I can see, with none out of doors, not a paper, except the *Standard*, has uttered a word in defence of those poor, helpless, oppressed girls. Referred to a "Committee on Trade."

Immediately after the close of the Parliamentary Session Lord Shaftesbury started for his customary tour abroad.

Aug. 8th.—Do not start on my journey with a light heart; far rather remain in England. . . . Am getting on in life, and must use, while it lasts, my remnant of intellect; powers, such as they were, weaken; and no wonder, for it is all expense and no income; all labour and no rest; all action and no study; all exhaustion and no supply. Not had time to read a single book, a single review. . . . It requires the skill of the most cunning practitioner to turn to account time in Mosaic.

The journey which began 'without light-heartedness was to end in deep gloom. His son, Maurice, had for many years been the victim of a sad malady, and, while Lord Shaftesbury was on his travels, the news reached him that he had passed away.

Lord Shaftesbury to the Hon. Evelyn Ashley.

BASLE, Aug. 21, 1855.

MY DEAR EVELYN,—Here, on our way to Lausanne as fast as we could go, we received a telegraphic message to announce that dear Maurice had entered into his rest. It has pleased God to take the afflicted child—afflicted doubtless in His infinite wisdom—and receive him into Paradise. For that he is there, through the boundless love and merits of our blessed Saviour, I am as certain as I am of my own existence. His intellect, through a terrible succession of fits, had sunk exceedingly; yet his heart was erect; he was heard to murmur "Christ's Kingdom, Christ's Kingdom," and endeavoured to recover many texts that he had learned in earlier days. What a lesson is this for the teaching of youth! Here is he consoled, and repeating, as it were, the password into Heaven by the spiritual knowledge acquired in his merest childhood, the only remnant of mind in an hour of darkness.

I have lost two precious sons for the short time of human life; but I have, by the love of Christ, housed them for ever in Heaven. May those who survive walk worthy of their vocation, and, after a life of service and faith, be gathered into a blissful eternity. I am going to travel all night, in the hope of reaching Lausanne for the final work of respect and affection.

May God be with you.

Yours affectionately,

S.

Lord Shaftesbury to the Hon. Evelyn Ashley.

SCHWALBACH, Sept. 3rd, 1855.

MY DEAR EDY,—Your letter, addressed to Lausanne, followed me to Schwalbach, and found me recovering, thank God, from a singularly sharp attack of bilious cholic. . . . Poor dear Maurice was interred in the cemetery of the district (there being no English churchyard) attended by many kind and sympathising people. Wonderful it is that this feeble boy had such a charm around him, as to attract very many. His intellectual weakness and his spiritual strength resulted in a very impressive combination. I have directed a tombstone to his memory, on which will be engraved two texts which he cherished, and often repeated, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want;" "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." How good he now knows in reality; he knew it before in faith. Frequently in speaking and in writing, I have been permitted to comfort him by quoting the words of our blessed Lord, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." . . . I have written details to St. Leonards; the children might send you the letters. . . . I am in perplexity about our fleets. What is that in the Euxine doing? Lyons seems to have no more energy than Dundas. As for Sweaborg, the Russian account is clearly a lying one; it says that "we attempted to land troops, and were beaten back with loss." Not a single man, thank God, was killed. . . . Can you

devise a little change for Lionel before he returns to Harrow? He must, poor boy, have been grievously dull all this time.

May God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

S.

The Diaries abound with fugitive thoughts put down at odd moments on a wonderful variety of subjects. Here is one as an example:—

Aug. 15th.—Intellect is everything in this age, character nothing. Let a man make a good speech, and he is a good man—good enough, at least, for all practical purposes. “*Illuc cuncta vergere* ;” these public examinations for public appointments are hastening the consummation. If a man can construe well a passage in Tacitus, or solve a mathematical problem, it is enough ; no inquiry as to the higher qualities, moral fitness, personal adaptation ;—away he goes a writer to India, having passed, in many instances, his pillars of Hercules, never to go further—possibly to retrograde.

The following are among the closing entries in the Diary for the year:—

Dec. 8th.—Woburn Abbey. Here last night. What a place ! It is not a palace, a house ; it is a town, a municipal borough, a city. Why, with all its appurtenances of stables, gardens, out-buildings, &c., there is more brick, stone, and mortar than in a dozen streets of Dorchester or Blandford. It is a “*Kirjath Huzoth*,” “a conglomeration of streets”—costly, astounding, wearisome.

Dec. 12th.—St. Giles. Winter has set in early and vigorously. Sufferings of the poor very great. The scenes, as recorded in the Police Reports, at the doors of the workhouses, and all night long, are horrifying. Boards of Guardians, Vestrymen, Relieving Officers, and the President of the P. L. Commission, are alike, either brutal, ignorant, or foolish. These things morbidly affect me. They are ever in my mind, and during the inclement season destroy all my comfort, and abate the enjoyment of what, by God’s mercy, I possess. All is remediable, but not by one man. And now “philanthropy” is at a discount ; people are nauseated with humanity and “humanity-mongers,” and especially with myself.

Dec. 27th.—Just heard that Palmerston designs to make some lawyers “Peers for life”—a step as pernicious as it is specious. It must eventually, and not remotely, destroy the hereditary House of Lords. It will begin by making us the “French Chamber,” and end by making us the “American Senate.”

Written to dissuade him ; but *cui bono* ? The day is come—“*Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus*”—and all these things will fall.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE INNER LIFE.

"I HAVE no desire whatever to be recorded, but if, against my will, I must, sooner or later, appear before the public, I should like the reality to be told, be it good or be it bad, and not a sham." So wrote Lord Shaftesbury to the daughter of one of his oldest friends,* when the shadows of time were lengthening. When, during the last year of his life, it was the privilege of the writer to hear from his lips the story of many of the incidents recorded in these volumes, it was his frequently reiterated wish that no attempt should be made to tone down, or explain away, his "unpopular religious views," as he called them. This wish has, of course, been reverently respected; and if these views have not been made clear throughout the preceding chapters, the writer has failed to depict Lord Shaftesbury.

The narrative is now approaching a period in his career when he was more than ever to stand in the forefront of religious movements, and to be the Evangelical leader in religious controversy. Moreover, Lord Palmerston was Prime Minister, and his Church appointments were in great measure to be made under the guidance of Lord Shaftesbury. It will be appropriate in this place, therefore, to pause in the narrative, and examine what were his distinctive "unpopular religious views," and what was his position among the Evangelical party. In doing so, we shall confine ourselves, as much as possible, to his own spoken or written words; and it may be remarked here, that in quoting from them, the chronology has been to some extent disregarded, as, from youth to old age, from the commencement of his stewardship until the time when he gave in his account of the same, his theological opinions knew neither variableness nor shadow of turning.

"I am essentially and from deep-rooted conviction," he said to the writer on one occasion, "an Evangelical of the Evangelicals. I have worked with them constantly, and I am satisfied that most of the great philanthropic movements of the century have sprung from them. I stand fast by the teachings held by that party, but I am not, and never have been, a leader of that party."

That was said in 1884. In 1856 he wrote to Mr. Haldane as follows:—

Lord Shaftesbury to Mr. Haldane.

PARIS, Sept. 9th, 1856.

DEAR MR. HALDANE. . . . You wrote to me the other day, and were kind enough to address me as a "Leader of the Evangelical Party." This is a position too perilous, too uncertain, and too useless for any one to accept. No

* Letter to Mrs. Corsbie, daughter of Mr. Alexander Haldane.

one can be an effective leader unless those who follow him are prepared to repose confidence in his judgment and guidance, not during smooth and easy times alone, but in times of doubt and perplexity. No one in these days has such a sentiment. All confidence has ceased; and people, from a variety of causes, take up their opinions, and let them fall, entirely in reference to themselves or their particular sections. A man that aspires to be a leader, or rather to assume the importance of one, must now either drive or be driven. The first is impossible in the state of men's minds; the second is disgraceful.

Besides, though there are very many points, indeed most points in which I concur theologically with the Evangelical party, there are some in which, as friends or counsellors, &c., &c., I think several of them very far from charity or justice. Let them catch me tripping (and who can always walk upright?), and there would be as much real spite (though veiled under regret) and pleasure, as among the editors of newspapers or the congregation of Puseyism.

I will do all that in me lies, under God's blessing, to aid their endeavours, advance the good cause, and maintain the simplicity of "The Truth," but I will not aspire to "lead" them, notwithstanding the band of worthy, noble, pure-minded beings to be found in their ranks.

Yours very truly,

S.

Lord Shaftesbury belonged to the older order of Evangelicals—to the Venns, Romaines, Topladys, Berridges, Simeons, Grimshaws, Herveys, Scotts, and Newtons of a former day—to the school represented by Hugh Stowell, Haldane Stuart, Edward Bickersteth, Hugh McNeile, Henry Venn, William Marsh, Alexander Haldane, in his own day.

He believed in the doctrine of the total depravity of the human heart by nature; in the necessity of a "new birth" through the "revelation to each individual soul, by the agency of the Holy Spirit and the Word, of the great saving truths of the Gospel of the grace of God, by which the understanding is spiritually enlightened and the character transformed." He believed in the Christian life as a humble, "continuous trust in the Atoning Blood," a simple faith in Scripture, a constant prayerfulness, and a recognition of the Hand of God in all the events of life.

He ever maintained that the Evangelicals of his day had deteriorated, on the ground that they were not as clear in their views, as distinctive in their principles, or as thorough in their dogmatic teaching, as of old. While acknowledging that there was a great increase in zeal, he believed there was a great decrease of spiritual teaching. "The old standard was lowered, the pure milk was mixed with water, if not with something more deleterious."

His Protestantism was not political. It was not asserted simply as the source of freedom, the basis of civil and religious liberty; it affected the very springs of his spiritual life.

True Protestantism, in his view, "asserts the right of private judgment; but it asserts, at the same time, the inspiration of the Scriptures; it asserts the all-sufficiency of the Scriptures for man's salvation; asserting, along with it, that except in the belief of those Scriptures, there is no salvation at all;

and it labours to effect the unity of the Churches by a unity in Christ, far more than by assailing or defending establishments (mistaking externals for internals), all the combatants getting thereby their share of the nutshell, but losing the whole of the kernel.”*

On the doctrine of Justification by Faith, his trumpet never gave any uncertain sound. He speaks of it as “That grand doctrine, the very life of the Bible and the Keystone of the Reformation,” a doctrine which he felt was rapidly on the decline among all classes and degrees of religionists. “The prominence almost universally given to works apart from doctrine,” he says, “to deeds of charity and benevolence, to a good life, to philanthropy, so called, to splendour and liberality in sacred things, to ‘love of the brethren,’ to labour for others, to everything where the notion of merit of one form or another, consciously or unconsciously, can enter in, marks the spirit of the day, and we shall relapse into the civilisation of Athens and Rome, with much brilliancy and softness of exterior, worshipping heroism, science, commerce, wealth, art, and everything human and superhuman, but the One True God.”†

“I hold to the doctrine of Justification by Faith,” he said on one occasion to the writer, “and go not only the whole length of Luther, but farther still; I accept the axiom of Doddridge, ‘The best act that the best man ever did, contains in it that which is worthy of condemnation’—of course, that is, as measured by the standard of God Himself.”

His faith in the Scriptures, the whole Scriptures, and nothing but the Scriptures, was as simple as it was sincere.

“My invariable and invaluable guide was this,” he said, on the occasion to which reference has already been made, “never to go in action or belief where the Scriptures would not guide me. This never failed me; and if at any time it brought me where I might have had doubt, I gave the Scripture the benefit of the doubt. For example, there is that question of the Eternity of Punishment, so much discussed now. If I maintain it, I do not wish it. I find it revealed, and must believe that, somehow, it is the just judgment of God—to be explained hereafter, if it cannot be understood now.”

Lord Shaftesbury never questioned the inspiration of the Scriptures; his faith was never staggered by the difficulties involved in the acceptance of the whole of the Bible, from the first chapter of Genesis to the last chapter of Revelation. “What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter” was a favourite text with him, and he applied it to questions upon which other men’s minds were perplexed. For himself, he was content to wait; convinced that for all the things hard to be understood there was an explanation forthcoming, even though it might not come to him.

Speaking at a meeting of the Church Pastoral Aid Society on one occasion, he said:—

I have heard with mine own ears a master in Israel remark in a public

* Lord Shaftesbury’s Preface to Life of Luther, by A. L. O. E.

† *Ibid.*

assembly, that to say that the Book of Chronicles and the Gospel of St. Luke stood on the same ground of inspiration was to utter an untenable proposition. I say that to make such a declaration is to concede the whole question. Moreover, men contend that one part of the Bible is inspired, and that another is not, or that there are differences in the degrees of inspiration. The whole authority of the Bible is thus cut up from beginning to end. Depend upon it, my friends, that there is no security whatever except in standing upon the faith of our fathers, and saying with them that the blessed old Book is "God's Word written," from the very first syllable down to the very last, and from the last back to the first.*

Next to searching the Scriptures "experimentally, spiritually, dogmatically, for the soul's own good, and as a matter of personal religion, with much retirement and prayer," Lord Shaftesbury considered it was the duty of every one to set forth before the world the one "clear, distinctive, experimental, dogmatic truth, summed up in the word 'Gospel.'" It was his constant lament that clergy and laity alike were engaged in caring about many things, and forgetting the one thing needful—"the Divinity of Christ, His Atoning Sacrifice, and His Coming Kingdom." It was a frequent saying of his that "the offence of the Cross has not ceased;" and he urged at all times—in the midst of threatened dismemberments and disruptions, of disturbances of heart and feeling, of strange and novel theories—the great duty of all to "know nothing among men save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

Thus, when speaking of the distracted state of the Church, he exhorts the clergy to make these truths continually the burden of their preaching.

For my own part, I believe that the sole remedy is one of the simplest and one of the oldest; not amusements for the people, or a system of secular education, or this thing and another, that are suggested; the sole, the sovereign remedy, in my opinion, is to do what we can to evangelise the people by preaching on every occasion and in every place, in the grandest cathedral and at the corner of the street, in the royal palace and in the back slums, preaching Christ to the people, determined, like St. Paul, to "know nothing among men save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." I do believe that the preaching Christ is still the power of God unto salvation. It may, indeed, have ceased to produce its proper effect upon the generation in which we live; but why? Because in many of the pulpits—not of the Church of England only, but of many Non-conformists—preaching gives so uncertain a sound; preachers refrain so completely from dogmatic teaching. It is because so many of the sermons preached in these days, instead of setting forth the Gospel in its simple yet majestic power, are mere essays: milk-and-water dilutions of the saving truths, which those who deliver them have undertaken to proclaim. It is because there is in the pulpits to which I allude, no preaching to satisfy the heart, to meet the affections, to purify the moral nature, that the power of preaching has lost so much of its effect. I am not speaking now of fine folks who attend fashionable places of worship, nor am I speaking of that large class called "skilled artisans," a very numerous and powerful body, who will, no doubt, in future, largely in-

* Church Pastoral Aid Society, May 8, 1862.

fluence the legislation and destinies of this country; but I am speaking of the great mass of the poorer sort of people whom we find in our large towns, and of our agricultural labourers. To these people the power of preaching is just the same as it ever was, provided it comes from a truly pious man, who appeals to the heart and preaches the simple truths of the Gospel. I have been very much among this class, and I know that they will either have religion of the best quality or none at all. And the religion which is of the best quality, in their estimation, is that which addresses itself to their inmost affections, softens all their sorrows, and alleviates their miseries by showing them that they have the sympathy of their fellow men and the still higher sympathy of the God who created them.*

Again, when urging upon the clergy the necessity of being able to meet every man with his own kind of weapons, he counselled them never to let this be done at the expense of the great practical truths of Christianity:—

Answer him by saying that he has a witness in his own heart, that he needs a Saviour; tell him not to trouble himself about these minute things, for which he has little time or leisure, but to examine his own heart; hold up before him that truth which is most opposed by the natural heart of man—he will admit everything rather than that—hold up clearly before him the great truth of a crucified Saviour. This is the great crucial, the great testing point. That school of objectors will give you every single thing but that. They will give you the Incarnation, the Divinity of our Lord: they will give you almost every single thing that an Evangelical heart can desire—but that they will never give you. That is the way in which they are now deceiving so many, and that is especially the way—I know it from practical experience—in which they are getting hold of so many highly-educated young women of this country; speaking to them about our Lord as if they loved Him more than any other class of men loved Him, and considered Him the very height of human perfection; and thus turning them away from the great saving truth, without which no other truth in Scripture would be worth having—salvation by a crucified Redeemer. I say, therefore, that though it is not necessary for you to deal with controversy, you should be armed at all points and ready to give a reason for the hope that is in you.†

Of Lord Shaftesbury's unfaltering belief in the special and particular operation of Divine Providence, even in matters of comparatively minor importance: of his childlike confidence in God as the "hearer and answerer of prayer," we have already spoken in these pages. There is one other subject to which reference has also been made, but which should be mentioned more particularly now—his belief in the doctrine of the Second Coming of our Lord. It entered into all his thoughts and feelings; it stimulated him in the midst of all his labours; it gave tone and colour to all his hopes for the future. The motto engraven upon the flaps of the envelopes he daily used, bore the inscription, "Even so come, Lord Jesus," in the original Greek.

"I cannot tell you how it was that this subject first took hold upon me,"

* Church Pastoral Aid Society, May 7, 1868.

† Church Pastoral Aid Society, May 5, 1864.

said Lord Shaftesbury to the writer; "it has been, as far as I can remember, a subject to which I have always held tenaciously. Belief in it has been a moving principle in my life; for I see everything going on in the world subordinate to this one great event. It is not a popular doctrine; it is not, as it should be, the hope of the Church; it is, as a rule, held only by the poor. I have on several occasions taken upon me to point out to the clergy that it should be one of the main subjects of preaching. I made a speech at Exeter Hall, and said, 'You begin to see that the world cannot be saved by human agency; it must be by the coming again of Christ. As a Church, you are full of self-righteousness. You think you can do all by yourselves, and do not even hint at a Second Advent.' Things are better than they were, however. I remember the time when it was the rarest thing possible to hear the subject referred to. I know there are many difficulties connected with it, and that different views are held. I, for example, concur in almost everything said by Mr. Grattan Guinness,* except the astronomical part which I do not understand. Of one thing I am satisfied: the great event is not far off. 'Behold, I come quickly' does not mean, 'Behold, I come in a hurry,' but 'when the times are ripe.' Everything is ripening. God is doing His own work. Preachers and missionaries see now that it cannot be done by them. Difficulties are multiplying in every department of things. Only a few days ago Gladstone said to a friend of mine, 'God help the man who has to govern this country in twenty years' time.'"

In a letter to Mr. Hind Smith, the Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, he wrote:—

This dispensation seems to be drawing to a close, yet our Lord delayeth His coming; and why? Perhaps He comes not, because so few people ask Him to come. Were effectual fervent prayer of righteous men multiplied a hundredfold, the state of things might be changed, and many now alive might live to see the fulfilment of the promise which is the grand and only hope of all the ends of the earth. Speak to the young men to lay this event deeply to heart.

Miss Marsh, one of his greatly valued friends, writing, after his decease, an "In Memoriam" letter to the *Record*, remarks: "'There is no real remedy,' he often said, 'for all this mass of misery, but in the return of our Lord Jesus Christ. Why do we not plead for it every time we hear the clock strike?'"

Scattered throughout Lord Shaftesbury's Diaries there are a great number of passages, in which he expresses, very clearly, his views upon many vital religious points. A few of them have been collected, and are given here. They, better than any words of ours, will describe that phase of his life which was the mainspring of the whole—the life of quiet, joyful communion with God and with his own heart.

Jan. 9th, 1852.—Sunday. Is it not clearer every day to thinking minds, and much more to influenced hearts, that it is a "little flock" to whom the Father

* "The Approaching End of the Age."

will give the kingdom? And yet it is wonderful to see the self-delusion of many, who confess that they are sinners, and hope, in that confession, to be secure, and who yet do nothing to extricate themselves from the sin they acknowledge. The great mass of conforming and confessing people have no zeal, no "charity"—I wish our translators had retained the true word "love"—no burning love for the honour of God, no burning love for the temporal and eternal welfare of mankind; and yet, without this, there is no true and vital religion in the heart.

Christmas Day, 1852.—I am taught on this day that "Jesus Christ, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God," and yet He "made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." *Do we believe this? can we believe this?* It would be difficult, nay, quite impossible to do so on any grounds of experience or human reasoning. Nothing but Scripture can interpret Scripture. I should reject it, if announced to me by man. I accept it, believe it, bless it, as announced in Holy Writ. The text that says "God is Love"—the pure, perfect spirit of Love itself—explains it all; and, like the Israelites, I bow the head and worship.

June 19th, 1853.—Sunday. This is a passage from Bishop Stillingfleet: "Prayer among men is supposed to be a means to change the person to whom we pray; but prayer to God doth not change Him, but fits us to receive the things prayed for!" A great passage, and very explanatory of the difficulty oftentimes started, that the will of the all-seeing, all-knowing, all-judging God is to be diverted or nullified by the pertinacity of man! The will of God is always, at every moment, in every place, in all circumstances, and towards all persons, to be gracious and merciful. Every bounty and goodness that the bodies and souls of men can desire, are ever flowing from Him; but we are not capable of receiving them; they are, therefore, for the time, lost, and man sinks in misery; but prayer, intense prayer, that spirit by which men "ought always to pray, and not to faint," begets in us the aptitude, the capability, to apprehend that which God is ever bestowing; and *we* are changed while *He* continues "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

April 3rd, 1854.—Reading 2nd Chronicles. The older I am, the more I love that book. It should be studied, weighed, and prayed over, hour after hour, by every man in public life.

Oct. 11th, 1857.—Read in afternoon Matt. xxv. What a revelation of the future judgment on the largest portion of the human race! Those on the left hand are condemned, not for murder, robbery, debauchery, not for breaches of the Decalogue, or for open blasphemy, not for sins they have *committed*, but for duties that they have *omitted*. And is not this the state of the great mass of mankind? The great mass do not commit great crimes; did they so, society would fall to pieces in the twinkling of an eye; but they go on, day after day to their life's end, thinking of themselves, very little of others, and nothing of God. Rich and poor are alike; the rich are absorbed by enjoyment, the poor by necessity, the

intermediate class by the pursuit and manufacture of wealth. "I have done no harm," "I am not worse than my neighbours," "I have merely used my own," &c., &c.: all these are the pleas, the hopes, the justifications of the "innocent" world. But while man takes one view, God takes another. "Have you done good?" "Have you attempted it?" "Have you sought to advance my Name?" "Have you laboured for the physical and spiritual welfare of your fellow sinners?" St. James (iv. 17) condenses the spirit of our Lord's words, "Therefore to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

March 30th, 1866.—St. Giles's. Yesterday, again saw Sturt.* He was full of the same confidence, calm and resigned. "Christ died for every one," he said; "I, for *one*, among the rest." Here he realised the highest point of Christian life, in appropriating to himself, in faith and love, the merits of our dear Lord and Saviour.

March 18th, 1868.—The larger portion of those who profess to believe, are eagerly eliminating from their creed all dogma and doctrine. They accept the Scriptures just as far as it suits their philosophy. Such will be the religion of the future, in which Vishnu, Mahomet, Jupiter, and Jesus Christ will all be upon a level; with some, all equally good, with others, all equally bad.

August 25th.—What is the ultimate good that these haughty sons of science seek for themselves and for mankind? When Professor Godwin has brought thousands to believe that we sprang from a mushroom; when Professor Huxley has taught as many that we sprang from a monkey; when Professor Tyndall has satisfied myriads that prayer is vain, useless, unphilosophical, ridiculous; when the seventh commandment is proved, "intellectually," as Pusey says, "to be no longer necessary"; when polygamy is permitted and divorce rendered ten times more easy; when, with Mr. Mill, it is agreed that there is much morality in the Koran superior to that in the Gospels; when Revelation is accepted only as a myth; and science acknowledged as the only source whence a man may learn "whence he cometh and whither he goeth"; how shall we be better, wiser, happier? What will it add to the joys of men of leisure, ease, and education? but, especially, what will it add to those of the poor, the sickly, the destitute, to the peasant, the mechanic? Ask not what it will add; turn to the Book of God, and see what it will take away.

Dec. 21st.—Every one, regardless of all that he speaks, writes, or does in respect of things religious, claims for himself—and the easy world accords the claim—a share in the Christian name and Christian sentiment. They vary in form, method, and degree. "Broad Church" for the members of the Establishment (and, including the indifferent, they are the majority) and "Liberality" for the Dissenters, are the euphonious expressions under which are entertained every species and degree of unbelief, from a slight perplexity to unqualified materialism. To accept or reject at pleasure; to handle with freedom and levity what they do

* Mr. Henry Sturt, of Crichel, Dorsetshire. He was first cousin to Lord Shaftesbury, his mother having been Lady Mary Ann Ashley. He died on the 15th April following.

accept; to make man's intellectual powers the rule and measure of God's Providence, and the limit to what has been revealed; and with all this, as most of them do, to assert externally that they have a sentiment of religion within—they do not explain what—this is, in the pedantic slang of the day, “the School of Thought!” Truly, it has the “form of godliness;” but how manifestly it “denies the power thereof.” The power of godliness demands prostration of heart, a deep sense and feeling of sinfulness, of wretched infirmity, of utter unworthiness in the sight of God, of the necessity of forgiveness by the love and through the strength of Another! Do these thoughts accompany and influence within, the outward profession of religion in the present day? In a few, no doubt; for God has His seven thousand, but the rest are under a strong delusion, and they believe a lie. . . .

Jan. 25th, 1870.—We are prolific just now in associations, unions, and leagues, both offensive and defensive. We have a league for secular and compulsory Education. We have another for the reverse. Unions to promote Ritualism, unions to put it down, unions to make Sundays pleasurable, unions to make them solemn, and now we have in prospect an “Evangelical Union,” which cannot be, in our present state, anything but a union of words and expressions, of wishes and fears, of arguments and plans, without the possibility of union in any one course of action, or, indeed, of any combined and concentrated declaration. People are speaking glibly of Evangelical union, without knowing what an Evangelical is. . . .

Jan. 31st, 1871.—Really I have more to fear from the defenders of religion than I have from its assailants. More mischief seems to be done, in many instances, by those who undertake the cause of the Bible, than by those who would overthrow it. Let the Bible tell its own story, use its own language, make its own appeals. Enforce all these, but add nothing of your own. The “scientific friends” are as dangerous as the “scientific enemies.” Revelation is addressed to the heart, and not to the intellect. God cares little, comparatively, for man's intellect; He cares greatly for man's heart. “Two mites” of faith and love, are of infinitely higher value to Him than a “whole treasury” of thought and knowledge. Satan reigns in the intellect; God in the heart of man. Try the Scriptures intellectually merely, and you will encounter no end of difficulties, and these difficulties will agitate and darken your moral and spiritual perception of the truth. Try them by the heart, and you will find such a flood of comfort, conviction, and assurance, that all difficulties will vanish, and even those started by science will fade away; for faith and gratitude will set them down to ignorance and incapacity, and revel in the whole force of the discovery that knowledge, material and philosophical, is for time, but love for eternity. . . .

April 28th.—How, in logic or common sense, can a man have merit in the sight of God? To have merit, so as to constitute a claim, or the possibility of a claim, on another, must rest on an independence between the parties: a power in one to do something to which the other is not already entitled. God created man, and gave him all his faculties of body, soul, and spirit. God has an unlimited right to every act, word, and thought of the being He has formed. What can a man offer to God that is not already God's own? God gave the faculties, and to

Him must return every operation of them. If man devoted to God, perfect obedience, perfect love, from the beginning of his life to the moment of his death, without a moment's suspension, or a particle even of infirmity, he would simply have cleared himself of God's anger: he would have done nothing at all to establish a right on God's favour.

Nov. 19th.—Sunday. We must be very careful in our statements of what God can do, and what He cannot do. "There is no limit," says that admirable man, Boulton,* "to His power, save that which involves a contradiction, physical, rational, or moral." Now, what is a contradiction? a contradiction in reference to the Almighty? Several things might be contradictions according to our reason and intellect; but our reason and intellect are created things, and formed within certain limits, and for certain purposes. We are not so constructed as to be able to fathom these things—we ought not even to examine the surface, when we know that we can never in this life reach the bottom. St. Paul has said that "God cannot lie." But is that said to declare an impossibility, a defect of power, an utter incapability? I trow not. It is a human expression, to express the truth, unchangeableness, unbounded love, the wonderful character of God. As we say in ordinary life, "a man *could* not do such and such thing," because we firmly believe that he would not do it.

Jan. 30th, 1872.—"Oh," says Froude, and others like him, "because we write and speak thus, you charge us with hating God." "No, not in these terms," we should reply. "We charge you with hating *His Christ*." . . .

April 14th, 1873.—Have been reading Calvin's "Commentaries on the Scriptures." They are singularly vigorous and convincing. They abound in piety, learning, discernment, and power of fathoming and penetration. Everything seems to have been written after long and deep deliberation; and hence a wonderful consistency with himself throughout. I can hardly conceive the labour that he must have bestowed on his works. Such thoughts, refined, balanced, compared, finished, and recorded, demand more toil and mind than are given by a hundred critics. Yet I bless God that we are hereafter to be judged by Christ, and not by Calvin. With all his piety, goodness, truth, he is awfully severe, and does not seem to be, like our blessed Lord, "touched with a feeling of our infirmities."

Yesterday, Easter Sunday, took Lord's Supper. God be praised. When reading St. John, and the last words on the Cross, "It is finished," convinced that, if the doctrine of transubstantiation be true, Christ would have said "It is begun." It is begun, the series of sacrifices now commenced by my death, to be repeated to the end of time. Again in Corinthians: "Ye show forth the Lord's death till He come." On the Romish assumption, we do not *show forth*, or *proclaim*, or *commemorate*, the Lord's death each time we take the Holy Sacrament. We *cause* His death, we *renew* it, we *compass* it. All alike foolish and blasphemous.

* The late Rev. Dr. Boulton, Principal of St. John's College of Divinity, Highbury.

April 15th. — Doddridge, in his paraphrase commenting in Sect. 170 on Mark xiv. 72, calls the Authorised Version a "valuable translation." I wish that in the two passages, John vi. 20, and xviii. 5, the Greek words, being the same, had been rendered by the same in English. The result would be most striking. The very same words operate two very opposite effects. "It is I!" overwhelmed and threw to the earth his furious adversaries. "It is I!" gave at once security and joy to his terrified friends. . . .

April 3rd, 1874.—Good Friday. The events of this day are so astounding, so infinitely beyond the comprehension, feeling, and even the imagination of man—so contrary to all our selfishness, so inconsistent with all our habits, so supremely wonderful, inexplicable, and unparalleled, that did we not know God to be love, and His blessed Son, therefore, the same—pure, absolute, boundless love—we could hardly, I think, believe a word of such a plan and performance of redemption. It is only by seeing Him as the real, single, intense, eternal, and illimitable principle of love, that we can bring our feeble minds, perverted judgments, and corrupt hearts, to a conclusion even that the thing was possible.

May 14th, 1878. . . . is falling rapidly into the errors of the day. He preaches very smooth things. In a long sermon about forgiveness and God's mercy, he only mentioned "sin" once. "It is not," he said, "that I intend to suppress God's hatred of sin. God forbid." And there it ended. Then, at the close of his sermon, in order to magnify the mercy of God, he exclaimed, "There is no one in this congregation who, having come to the service an unbeliever, may not leave it justified before God." That is true, no doubt, but is it truly stated? What is belief? What does it contain? What does it demand? Does it demand conviction of sin, confession of sin, repentance and faith? All these things, except faith, are dropped now-a-days, and people are led to believe that to accept Christ as a Saviour, and to wish for His salvation, is the sum and substance of a heart turned to God. It requires no self-abasement, no confession of the justice of the Divine wrath, no acknowledgment of inherited corruption; and, disguise it as the preacher may, no sense of demerit, and no sense of deserved condemnation. It is, in fact, reduced to an easy, agreeable acceptance of a pleasant invitation, to be had at any time that is convenient to you. Herein lies the seed of an incipient Antinomianism.

April 20th.—Easter Sunday. The simple dignity of the narrative in the Gospels of the resurrection of our blessed Lord, is, in itself an ample evidence of its truth. An event so stupendous, the accomplishment of prophecy so clear, the fulfilment of promise so true, and the manifestation of Almighty power so irresistible, are recorded in a few colloquial words, without note or comment, without effort to impress the reader or magnify the issue. Contrast this with any merely human composition (real or imaginary) to set forth the life and achievements of a hero, and mark the difference. The panegyrist cannot trust to the facts alone, or to the deductions of his readers, he must amplify, place in several lights, and stimulate the imagination.

Nov. 28th.—Believers and unbelievers have, each of them, their fears, but how different in intensity and duration! The unbeliever, whenever he reflects, must feel, "What if it all be true?" The believer, in a moment of depression, may think, "What if none of it be true?" The unbeliever dismisses reflection, and goes on as before. The believer indulges it, and it issues in redoubled assurance and joy.

Aug. 17th, 1880.—Read this morning, the first thing, Psalms xc. and xci.—"The song of Moses, the Man of God." Blessed be the name and memory of that true, noble, beloved servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, for doubtless our Saviour would have said of him, as he said of Abraham, "He rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it, and was glad."

In what spirit and in what sense did the old believing Hebrews read those two compositions? Is it probable—nay, is it possible—that men, reading and hearing such things with humble understandings and devout hearts, should not have felt and seen that there was in store for God's real people, an eternity of life, of happiness, and of truth?

CHAPTER XXIV.

1856—1858.

FROM 1855 to 1865—the years during which Lord Palmerston was Prime Minister—the Diary of Lord Shaftesbury is scantier than at any other period of his life, one volume containing the whole of the entries for the ten years. They are sufficiently full, however, to give a clear account of the labours in which he was engaged, as well as a succinct history of the times. There are, throughout those years, many entries referring to Lord Palmerston's Church appointments, but these we shall reserve until later, in order to mark the whole progress of Lord Shaftesbury's action in relation to them.

Against any encroachment upon the sanctity of the Christian Sabbath, Lord Shaftesbury always came to the front with a vigorous opposition. He had placed himself at the head of many societies for guarding it, and, at any time, could put in motion a vast system of religious machinery to resist the movements made by secularists, or others, for "violating the Lord's Day." For over forty years, in Parliament, at public meetings, by appeals through the press, and by every other means within his reach, he kept up an unceasing warfare:—sometimes to obtain restrictive legislation on the subject, but always to advance the claims of the Day of Rest on the conscience and intelligence of the nation, and especially of the working classes. In his speeches at the annual meetings of the Lord's Day Observance Society, and the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association, over both of which he presided, he enforced what he regarded as the rights, duties, and privileges of the Sabbath in relation to social, domestic, political, and religious life; and as, year by year, there were fresh attempts made in and out of Parliament to procure the opening of museums and places of amusement on that day, so, year after year, to the very close of his life, he was zealously at work organising fresh efforts to resist the threatened encroachments. "Your political liberties," he said on one occasion to the members of the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association, "are more secure under the charter of the Sabbath, than they can be under all the charters which were ever given by any of our kings, including that of Runnymede itself. That charter is greater than any other that God has ever given to man. It is as great as the sanctity of His own Book."

We have seen his action in 1847 with regard to Sunday labour in the Post-office, and, subsequently, in stopping the Sunday delivery of letters throughout the kingdom. In 1854 he succeeded in passing a Sunday Closing of Public Houses Act—which, however, was repealed in the following year

by the Sale of Beer Act. And now we must look at some of his further efforts in the same cause.

Any thing that would tend to make the English Sunday approximate to that of the French was hateful to him. He had no sympathy with the saying, "Ennui was born in London on a Sunday," as he shows in the following note:—

Sept. 23rd, 1855.—The stir in Paris on the Lord's Day is like the breaking up of a mill-dam. It is a rush, a torrent that carries all before it. Each one must judge for himself, but, putting aside the religious considerations, I vastly prefer, for a day of repose, the deadness of London. One's head whirls with the flow of vehicles and the unceasing masses of human life, that make the streets and walks almost groan with their weight. The people seem to delight in the impossibility of moving backward and forward without jostling one another. But so far from being enlivening, the spectacle is, to my mind, actually depressing. It is terrible, painful, alarming to see so wholesale, resolute, national a desecration of the Lord's Day. Whether it be disbelief or disobedience, the result is distressing, and weighs one down with the reflection that millions are set in open resistance to the Most High, and are bent on giving the victory to the flesh over the spirit, to time over eternity, to the god of this world over the God of the other. "They crown," as old Jeremy Taylor says, "their cups with roses and their heads with folly and forgetfulness."

This excites one's sorrow, and, I trust, one's prayers. Another spectacle excites my indignation. Every sense of humanity, kindness and justice, is shocked by the perpetual unbroken labour of the working-man on the Sabbath Day. Buildings proceed, and thousands toil as though they had no limbs to be reposed, and no rights to be respected. Can we wonder at the sixty years of revolution this country has undergone? Shall we wonder if it enter soon on another half century of woe and conflict?

And yet there are many in England, some from ignorance, some from malignity, who would *reduce* us, or, as they would say, *elevate* us to a Parisian level.

In 1856 there were two causes for grave apprehension that the Parisian Sunday was to be introduced into England. Sunday bands were permitted in the metropolitan parks, and strenuous efforts were being made to throw open the Crystal Palace on that day, while the old attempt to legalise the opening of the British Museum on Sundays was renewed with greatly increased vigour.

As regards the Crystal Palace, Lord Shaftesbury had a personal grievance. When the enterprise was taking shape, he, at a time when there was considerable difficulty and some fear with regard to it, had come forward to support the effort, and had presided at the enthusiastic meeting in which its future was determined. "Having obtained a guarantee that it would, under trustees, be turned to the best purposes, and that it would not be open on Sundays," he noted in his Diary at the time, "I deemed it right to make an effort for the safe and useful recreations of the people—to please them, at any rate, by making the attempt."

It was, therefore, with no little anxiety that he watched the movements

of the Crystal Palace Company, and with no little fervour that he addressed an enormous gathering of Sunday-school teachers in Exeter Hall, met for the purpose of protesting against the proposed opening of the Palace on Sunday.

His opposition to Sunday bands in the metropolitan parks was destined to occasion him considerable inconvenience. Popular feeling was very strong in certain quarters upon any interference with the right of people to do as they pleased on the Sunday. In the previous year Lord Robert Grosvenor had introduced a Bill to prevent Sunday trading in the metropolis, and the people, thinking that their liberty was being infringed, commenced a series of Sunday riots in Hyde Park, and continued them for several Sundays until they gained their end—the withdrawal of the Bill. In the course of these riots serious cases of personal violence had occurred, windows had been broken, and attempts had been made to set fire to houses.

When, therefore, in 1856, Lord Shaftesbury commenced a campaign against Sabbath desecration—with which, by the way, Lord Robert Grosvenor's measure had nothing to do, as it had no reference whatever to the "better observance of the Sabbath," but only to the pressure on certain tradespeople who desired a full day of rest—he did so at considerable peril. In February he took the chair of the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association, with the following result:—

Feb. 11th.—The enemy had been beforehand, and packed the room very dexterously, by scattering, not concentrating, their numbers. The chairman, therefore, was not even master of the platform; all was noise and confusion; all threatened violence, if not of blows—though that was very near—yet of perilous pressure. Seeing that order was impossible, because disorder was predetermined, and that nothing but mischief could arise from a prolongation of the meeting, I vacated the chair, and gave our friends an opportunity of closing the meeting, without furnishing to their adversaries an apparent victory, no speeches having been made and no resolution moved.

Later in the year a fresh effort on the part of Lord Shaftesbury was destined to be attended with more threatening hazards still. Sir Benjamin Hall, the Chief Commissioner of Works, had, in the previous year, introduced military bands into the metropolitan parks. Lord Shaftesbury objected strongly to this innovation, on religious grounds as well as on many others—such as the compulsion of the bandsmen to do anything but regimental duties on the Sunday, the fear lest the popular notion that it was a movement of Prince Albert's to Germanise the Sunday should render him unpopular, and the offence to the religious feelings of hundreds of thousands of the community. But it was simply on the ground of national responsibility that he opposed it. His efforts were directed to induce the Government to withdraw the appointment of the bands, when the national responsibility would cease. As to the rest, he considered that only private efforts, by teaching, preaching, or example, should be made to raise the standard of Sunday observance, and under no circumstances would he urge an aggressive

policy, or invoke the aid of legislation or authority, except in matters under law and police regulations.

The result of his endeavours to obtain the withdrawal of the sanction of the Government, is told in the following extracts from the Diary :—

May 17th.—London. Violent and fearful struggles on Sabbath question, Palmerston suffered himself to be dragged through the dirt by Sir B. Hall, and endorsed all the follies, insolences, outrages of that perilous fellow. Mighty feeling against him in House of Commons—his Government endangered. I had forewarned him heartily, earnestly, but he rejected my advice. Matters, however, had become serious, and I spoke then to Archbishop of Canterbury, and obtained from him a letter to P. Went to P. late on Friday night, and persuaded him to accept letter and discontinue bands; announced it on Monday morning; great rejoicing, and addresses voted.

Vengeance, however, is announced. Sir B. and many in Brookes's; choice spirits from every class, high and low; the *Times* and a whole swarm of penny posters are frantic; riots are threatened to-morrow; furious placards all over the streets, and *my house*, here accurately "numbered and defined," is marked out for the special visit of the mob. To-morrow (Sunday) is fixed for the display of "public rage;" and, in fact, the police are somewhat alarmed. It is a frightful thing that every fancy of the populace, if thwarted, is to be supported by tumultuous gatherings, and yielded, as last year, by timid Ministers! But will Palmerston yield? He is lost if he does.

May 18th.—Sunday. The "Ides of March" are come, but not passed; must barricade my house and prepare for mischief.

Cannot but muse sometimes on the joy that will be felt by many in London, especially in the clubs and drawing-rooms, when they hear of the "smash" in Grosvenor Square.

The conclusion of the whole matter may be told in an extract from a letter to his son Evelyn :—

During two successive Sundays our house has been in a state of siege; windows closed, blinds down, and mobs expected! All, nevertheless, passed quietly; the people are utterly indifferent; though a few "roughs" will easily be found to break windows and assault policemen.

The great band question, if left alone, will go out like a night lamp—yet it is the commencement of a series of such things, attempts to lower all religious observances, and secularise whatever is esteemed sacred. We are taught to expect movements, and successful movements, like these in the "latter days."

There was nothing morose or ascetic about Lord Shaftesbury's views; he had no desire to curtail lawful recreations; on the contrary, we find him, in a variety of ways, labouring to bring an increase of healthful and innocent recreations within the reach of all. In these years, therefore, when he was so actively engaged in resisting encroachments on the sanctity of the Sabbath, he was as ardently busy in seeking to obtain Early Closing in places of business, and the inestimable boon of a Saturday half-holiday.

In an address to the members of the Young Men's Christian Association at Manchester, on the 25th of March, he said :—

There is no slight amount of mischief arising from the long detention of young people of both sexes in shops and warehouses. I believe this practice to be productive of the very greatest mischief; it lowers the whole physical system by over-toil, and it lowers, simultaneously, the moral taste and appetite, and destroys in them every desire for what is wholesome, leaving only the desire for what is most stimulating and sensual. The body is wearied and the spirit deadened, which otherwise might have been employed in matters tending to reform, elevate, and dignify the personal character; and, therefore, I see the immense value of what is called the Early Closing Movement. I believe it has been to the young of immense value, and I should be very glad to know that simultaneously with that we had, not only for young men, but also for the whole operative class, the assignment every week of a good half-holiday. I believe there is no other way in which you can improve the observance of the Sabbath so effectually, as by giving a half-holiday on every Saturday afternoon. And I must say that all those who have concurred with me in opposition to the motion of Sir Joshua Walmsley, for opening places of amusement on the Lord's Day, are bound to go along with those who entertain the opinion that I do—that if we refuse to give them that form of recreation on the Lord's Day, we are bound to do what we can to give them some form of recreation on some other day.

Among the events noted in the Diary during the year 1856 are the following:—

Jan. 24th.—(Windsor Castle).—Sir E. Lyons here. Full of interesting and instructive narrative. . . . His statements redeem the character of Lord Raglan as a general, and show that in many, and those the most important instances, the most necessary and promising enterprises were stopped by the refusal of the French to co-operate, and in some, too, by their failure to act up to their engagements. I never heard or read such a complication of errors or mishaps, growing, in great measure, out of the evil of a divided command. A special Providence must have watched over our armies, or we should have been, as Canrobert was always fearing and saying, “thrown into the sea.”

March 31st.—Yesterday, Sunday. Peace was signed, and the intelligence sent by electric telegraph. The guns announced it to the people. Let us bless the Lord who has brought us out of so many and great dangers, who has shown us such unspeakable and undeserved mercies, and who has taught us how and why to thank Him! May it be a true peace, a lasting peace, a fruitful peace. May it give double energy and double capacity to our thoughts, desires, and efforts.

May 31st.—On Thursday metropolis equally distinguished by its numbers and its discipline: self-discipline, self-control; two millions of people must have been in the streets during the fireworks and illuminations (500,000, it is said—I heard it from Palmerston—had been added from the country), and yet all was quiet, orderly, peaceable. I saw myself, from the window, myriads collected, and only one mounted policeman to represent authority. The stream, the river, the deluge of human beings that flowed by, the steady pace, the density of the mass, the complete occupation of the whole width of the streets, the regularity of movement, like an easy watercourse, no sound but that of slight conversation and a few short laughs, and the time during which it lasted, as they quitted Hyde Park, were unprecedented and indescribable.

August 19th.—Miss Nightingale is returned to England quietly, and neither receiving nor, so far as we can see, wishing a triumphant entry. She is worthy of honour, and may she have it to her heart's content.

The question of the creation of life peerages, which was under discussion during this year, was one on which Lord Shaftesbury held strong opinions. It arose in consequence of the issue of letters patent purporting to create Sir James Parke, Knight, a Baron of the United Kingdom for life. The appointment was challenged by Lord Lyndhurst, who contended that there were certain limits to the power of the Crown in the creation of peers, and that the House of Lords had a jurisdiction and a right to decide on the validity of the patents by which commoners are admitted to the privilege of peers.

"As for the Appellate Jurisdiction," Lord Shaftesbury wrote to a friend, "I had rather lose it altogether than admit the creation of peers for life." Referring to the debate, he says :—

Feb. 11th.—We had a good debate on the 7th respecting peerages for life. A majority referred the question to a Committee of Privileges. Derby never spoke so well before. The discussion is injurious; it brings under Republican and hostile review, the whole principle of hereditary succession, and has roused the Democrats to hope and action.

The scheme is not popular. Yet it may triumph, for the Government will try to enforce the measure, though most of them dislike it.

While the question was pending, he wrote to Mr. Haldane :—

February 20, 1856.

. . . The life peerage question might be met in a safe and useful way. Doubtless, the Appellate Jurisdiction is very weak, and likely to become weaker in the House of Lords. But an arrangement whereby we should annex a seat in the Upper House to certain *judicial functions*, existing and to be created, would take away the bald, crude creation of life peerages, prevent all possibility of abuse, and give us the strength we desire.

The question was referred to a Committee of Privileges, and, in the end, Baron Parke was created a peer, with title to issue.

The creation of peers from among the ranks of commercial men had been advocated by Lord Shaftesbury as early as the year 1849. The result of further efforts in this direction is given in the following entry :—

Aug. 8th (Schwalbach).—As I foresaw and foretold, so is the result of my advice to Palmerston to raise a millowner to a peerage. The *Manchester Times* (Bright's paper) rejoices in the proper appreciation of the merits and position of manufacturers, and speaks the sentiments of the entire class. They consider, and this I was convinced of, that a bar of exclusion is removed and their equality recognised.

In the spring of this year Lord Shaftesbury sustained a loss in the removal, by death, of his brother-in-law, Lord Cowper.

Referring in his Diary to his loss, he writes :—

April 17th.—Poor dear Fordwich! He was with us well on Monday morning; he left London well on Tuesday morning for business at Maidstone; at three o'clock he was taken ill in court, and at half-past nine he was dead! The suddenness, the awfulness, of it, recalls forcibly the death of poor Jocelyn. Both mysterious, both inscrutable decrees of Providence; we have only to do as the children of Israel, "bow the head and worship."

A more lovable man never lived; a good husband, and tenderly attached to his children.

The celebration of Harvest Home at St. Giles's this year was attended with special circumstances. On one day 250 labourers sat down to a feast; and 350 on the following day. On each occasion the festivities were preceded by Divine Service in the church.

Oct. 29th.—Antony arrived safe and sound from Russia, and in time for this festival.

House full (who would have thought it?)—of foreigners! Creptowitch (the Russian Ambassador) and his wife, Azeglio, Messrs. Monico and Jaucourt, these all present at the Harvest Home. The Persignys invited and most anxious to come, but summoned suddenly to Windsor. Last night arrived the Portuguese Minister, M. Lavradio, and his spouse.

All this to help my mother-in-law in her necessary duties, to propitiate the "parlez-vous," and "make the thing go off."

Oct. 31st.—Persignys came after all, and went away this morning. All were good-humoured and agreeable. Creptowitch specially pleased me.

In the speech from the throne at the opening of Parliament on February 3rd, 1857, this ominous passage occurred: "Her Majesty commands us to inform you that acts of violence, insults to the British flag, and infraction of treaty rights committed by the local Chinese authorities at Canton, and a pertinacious refusal of redress, have rendered it necessary for her Majesty's officers in China to have recourse to measures of force to obtain satisfaction."

This state of things had arisen from the fact of a boat (*lorcha*), the *Arrow*, having been boarded by Chinese, who carried off twelve men on a charge of piracy. It was contended by the owners that the *Arrow* was a British vessel, and by the Chinese that it was a Chinese vessel. The British Consul demanded the release of the captured men, and his demand not being complied with, war with China ensued. As a matter of fact, the *lorcha Arrow* was not a British vessel at all, and complications of a most serious nature arose in China, and reacted upon the Government at home.

Lord Derby brought forward in the House of Lords, on the 24th of February, a motion censuring the Government, in sweeping terms, for their proceedings in China. The debate continued over two nights, when the division showed a majority of 146 to 110 against Lord Derby's motion. On February 26th, Mr. Cobden, in the House of Commons, brought forward a motion: "That this House has heard with concern of the conflicts which have occurred between the British and Chinese authorities in the Canton river; and, without expressing an opinion as to the extent to which the Government

of China may have afforded this country cause of complaint respecting the non-fulfilment of the Treaty of 1842, this House considers that the papers which have been laid upon the table fail to establish satisfactory grounds for the violent measures resorted to at Canton in the late affair of the *Arrow*, and that a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into the state of our commercial relations with China."

Lord Shaftesbury's views with reference to this question are given in the following entries:—

February 27th.—China question uppermost in men's minds and on men's tongues. Party spirit governs the whole, and the result is that there is more falsehood, in its various phases and degrees, uttered and felt by every speaker, and on both sides, than occurs in any six weeks of ordinary life! The Chinese are bepraised as innocents, as saints, as patterns of softness, purity, genius, docility, honour—as specimens of what men and nations should be. Does any one being, in either House, believe a ten-millionth fraction of all this? Does any one believe that if J. Russell had been in government, he would not have said the very reverse of what he did say last night? Does any one doubt the same of Derby? And does any one believe that, if the members of the Government (instead of being where they are) had been in Opposition, they would not have done and said what has been said and done by Derby and J. Russell? Public life is intolerable and disgusting (yet how much worse in America!). "Truth and justice, religion and piety," for which we pray, have no more share in these concerns than the mines of Golconda in the manufacture of green cheese.

It is a painful question. The Chinese are, doubtless, insolent, irritating, aggressive, and false. We, on the other hand, give abundant provocation in the pertinacity and outrage of our opium smuggling. In the present case (I voted with Government in this sense) we had law and right on our side in the matter of the *lorcha*; and, even had the right been less clear, the vote proposed—a vote of censure—was extreme. Derby did, so far, good service in bringing many improprieties before the public view; but he gave a signal proof how good things may be done from wrong motives. A more self-seeking unreal partisan movement was never made.

The debate proceeded for three nights, and on the fourth Lord Palmerston defended the conduct of the Government, and avowed his intention to treat the vote as one of "no confidence."

March 4th.—Government defeated last night on China question by majority of 16. A sad result. Right or wrong, the Government must be supported to bring these matters to a satisfactory close; but now they are crippled in the eyes of the Chinese, and apparently detached from the basis of the country. Such a coalition was, perhaps, never before seen or imagined. Cobden, D'Israeli, and Gladstone, all combined to turn out Palmerston, and obtain office. J. Russell, ever selfish, came as a unit to the confederacy.

I did not expect it. Hoped and believed that God, having employed P. as an instrument for good, would maintain him. But His ways are inscrutable. To my own influence over future ecclesiastical appointments (should Palmerston continue in power), I foresee the termination. They will say that my advice led

him to the nomination of the several clergymen; that this exasperated Gladstone, and gave rise to the effort and the coalition; and that Derby's party, many of whom had professed a resolution to keep Palmerston in office, had deserted him and their promises; that, in short, my counsel had done more harm than good. And yet, has he not prodigious strength in the country? Has he not acquired, by this means, a popularity such as no minister has heretofore enjoyed?

It will be remembered that after the Opium War of 1840-2, Lord Ashley brought before Parliament the whole question of the opium trade, with a view to putting an end to the traffic in this drug as a means of revenue for our Indian empire. Those efforts were not successful in attaining the desired end, although they served to inaugurate a standing protest against the iniquity of the system. Meanwhile, the arrangements consequent upon the Treaty of Nankin made smuggling easier than ever. The Chinese saw that they dared not put in force the laws against the importation of opium. The scum and refuse of Europe and Asia hovered about the Chinese waters, or domiciled at Hong Kong as British citizens. Any lawless Chinese could take up his residence there, and procure a colonial register, with liberty to use the British flag.

Long before the boarding of the pseudo-British, but in reality Chinese, lorch *Arrow*, by Commissioner Yeh, which brought about the war of 1856-7, Lord Shaftesbury had determined to again attack the Opium question by a motion in the House of Lords for taking the opinion of the judges as to its legality. He refers to the subject thus:—

March 8th.—Some time ago gave notice of Opium question; delayed it, first, to acquire information; then, to obtain the legal questions as drawn up, for submission to the judges, by Rochfort Clarke. Debate on China arose; defeat of ministers and public confusion. Derby, evidently hoping to catch me in a collusion with the Government, asked me in the House whether I intended to proceed; I answered "Yes," explained the cause of delay, and promised to lay my questions on the table, which I did last Friday.

Granville on Thursday, after my statement, privately objected to my taking my course in the matter, urging that I should embarrass the Government, raise inconvenient debate, and do much mischief. I replied that the belief of "collusion for electioneering purposes" would do ten times more harm, and that withdrawal on my part was simply impossible. Having returned home, wrote him a letter, saying that if he would, as Minister of the Crown, state in the House of Lords that the discussion would be detrimental to affairs in China, I would put it off. Saw him in evening at House of Lords; he objected to make such an appeal, but offered to grant my motion if, in making it, I would keep to legal points. I agreed, and he pledged himself to that course.

On the 9th of March Lord Shaftesbury brought forward his motion. He denounced the system as "one of the most flagitious instances of unscrupulousness in the pursuit of wealth that mankind had ever witnessed, . . . in every point of view scandalous and perilous." He set forth its evils from the commercial, the financial, and the political point of view, and commented on

its immorality as disgraceful to the character, of England and inimical to the spread of Christianity. Successive Governments and Parliaments had tolerated these things, but "there was a growing sentiment in the country," he said, "that the traffic was altogether illegal, and was not only inconsistent with statute law, but was in direct contravention to the law of the realm." He wished this point settled, therefore, because, if the judges declared it illegal, it would be for Parliament to devise a remedy; if they declared it legal, "he should have an entirely new starting-point, and he could then appeal to the people of England to consider this great national sin that had reduced our character and restricted our operations, and brought the name of the British people upon the south-east coast of China, to a level in morals and conduct with the old detestable buccaneers of America." He moved that the opinion of the judges be taken on the two points: first, whether it was lawful for the East India Company to derive a revenue from the opium monopoly; and, secondly, whether it was lawful for them to sell the opium for the direct purpose of being smuggled into a friendly country.

After some debate the motion was withdrawn on the understanding that the Government would take the opinion of the law officers of the Crown on the matter.

Meanwhile, Palmerston had advised her Majesty to dissolve Parliament at the earliest period consistent with the due discharge of public business.

March 9th.—Dissolution received with zeal and favour towards Palmerston, such as no one ventured to anticipate. It is rather like an explosion, than an exhibition, of feeling. P.'s popularity is wonderful—strange to say, the whole turns on his name. There seems to be no measure, no principle, no cry, to influence men's minds and determine elections; it is simply, "Were you, or were you not? are you, or are you not, for Palmerston?" This is not safe nor trustworthy; the sooner we come to a close the better.

Palmerston's health is not so vigorous as it was, and years aggravate the disorder. At this moment he is suffering from gout, which he cannot shake off, while the demands on his time and attention are severe.

In the General Election that ensued, Lord Shaftesbury's eldest son became a candidate for the representation of Hull. The result of his candidature is told as follows:—

March 28th.—Intelligence of Accy's election:—Clay, 2,365; Accy, 2,353; Compton, 1,392; Seymour, 434.

And all this without a bribe, treating, or any illicit inducement. His success is wonderful, and is of God's goodness. May it be sanctified to him. May it be the beginning of a career noble, patriotic, useful, religious, to his Master's honour and man's welfare. Evelyn there; of great service, a first-rate canvasser; showed every quality of a clever, energetic man of business. God protect him and all of them.

At a public dinner given to Lord Ashley to celebrate his return as member for Hull, Lord Shaftesbury was present, and in reply to a vote of thanks for

his attendance, he thanked the citizens for the generous kindness they had exhibited to his son.

You have taken that youth by the hand and started him in the race of life with every hope, I believe, of usefulness and honour. It cannot but be matter of deep emotion that I should now see my son, in his earliest years, placed in that position where many men have terminated their career; that I see him commencing life in the highest situation that British freemen can confer upon their fellow-citizens; that I see him, young and inexperienced, entrusted with mighty interests; that I see him the member for the third sea-port in the kingdom.

Towards the close of his speech he took his audience into his confidence in the following item of family history:—

Now, gentlemen, I am going to take credit to myself and my boy that we are Yorkshiremen. I was not born in Yorkshire, yet I rejoice to say that I have a small Yorkshire property, and that at no distance from here, but I claim the right to be considered a Yorkshireman from this, that when my father married, it was the only worldly possession he had of any sort or kind. By this he was enabled to marry my mother, and hence the son who has now the honour of addressing you.

The result of the General Election was a large Liberal majority, and the triumphant return of Lord Palmerston as First Minister of the Crown.

On May the 14th, soon after the assembling of the new Parliament, Lord Shaftesbury returned to the Opium Question. In reply to his question as to the legality of the sale of opium in India, the Lord Chancellor said a case had been drawn up by the legal advisers of the Board of Control, and was about to be submitted to the law officers of the Crown.

It was not until the 24th of August that the opinion of the law officers was presented. It was to the following effect: that there was no illegality in the cultivation or sale of opium by the East India Company; and that, as regarded the trade, it was no violation of the Treaty, but, as some doubts existed as to whether it was not contrary to the spirit of the Treaty, it would be expedient to introduce some change, so as to avoid remonstrances that might possibly be made.*

For the present nothing further could be done, but Lord Shaftesbury resolved that in the following year he would again bring the whole question of the opium trade before Parliament. India, however, came before the House in connection with its transfer from the East India Company to the Crown, and minor details of administration naturally fell into the background. When the Government of India Bill was passed, and Indian affairs became administered directly by the Home Government, it was needful that time should be given for the due adjustment of the altered relations, and the opium trade, among other Parliamentary questions, was for a time kept in abeyance.

That difficult question still remains unsettled. Lord Shaftesbury never ceased to denounce the traffic as infamous, and never lost an opportunity to

* Hansard, 3 s., cxlv. 249, cxlvi. 107, cxlvii. 1884, 2003.

call public attention to it as indefensible on political, moral, religious, and social grounds. He remained President of the Anti-Opium League to the end of his life, and one of his last vigorous speeches was made when presiding at its anniversary meeting.

Any effort that had for its object the preaching of the Gospel to the masses was sure to command the warmest sympathy of Lord Shaftesbury; and in the spring of 1857 we find him rejoicing over the commencement of a series of Special Religious Services in Exeter Hall, on Sunday evenings.

May 31st.—Sunday. One event I must recall, and a Sunday event, too. Last Sunday a glorious triumph for religion and the Church of England. Ah, blessed be God! a splendid proof of the use and value of the Religious Worship Act passed two years ago! Under the powers of this Act in Exeter Hall, an evening service was conducted by the Bishop of Carlisle in full canonicals, for the benefit of all comers, especially the working classes, who “were not habitual Church or Chapel goers:” such was the advertisement.

An attendance of more than three thousand—order, decency, attention, and even devotion. They sang well and lustily, and repeated the responses to the Litany (the only part of the Liturgy used) with regularity and earnestness. Villiers preached the sermon, on “What saith the Scripture?” practical, pious, affectionate, true; delivered with dignity and power, and deeply impressive. During the service, and when we retired, we felt the presiding hand and goodness of God, and openly and secretly gave Him thanks.

Many have been the proofs that we have had of happy fruits: of persons attending who never in their lives before had been in any place of public worship.

Another service this evening. Cadman officiating. Fuller than before; hundreds sent away. Equally prosperous. God is manifestly with us, and with discourses such as these. Cadman preached like an Evangelist.

Abundant success attended these Services; thousands were present every Sunday evening, and testimony was borne from all quarters that a large class of persons was being reached by this means, who were unaccustomed to be present at any of the ordinary ministrations of the Church. It was a movement that exactly met the need of the times; it had the sanction of the Bishop of London (Dr. Tait), and of the incumbent of the parish in which Exeter Hall was situate, and it fulfilled, it was believed, all the requirements of the Religious Worship Act of 1855; it was designed to bring the clergy and the people more closely together, and to remove the impression that the clergy were “only gentlemen who wore black coats and received large salaries”; it appealed especially to the working classes, and was adapted to meet their prejudices by providing that there should be no distinction of persons, no reserved seats, no collections, and, in short, that every one who came, no matter how humble he might be, should be dealt with upon precisely the same footing as if he were the first man in the land.

Twelve Services were held, and towards the end, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, five thousand eager listeners thronged the Hall and half as many more were sent away every week for want of room. The Services

were then discontinued, and arrangements were made for their re-commencement in the month of October. But, a short time before they were to be re-commenced, an inhibition was issued by the incumbent of the parish to the minister who was to have officiated at the re-opening.

That minister, fearing to commit a breach of the law, declined to hold the Service; the committee was called together, and, although Lord Shaftesbury, doubting the legality of the inhibition, urged the continuation of the Special Services, his judgment was overruled, and the Services were stopped.

Application was then made for the use of St. Martin's Hall, but the incumbent of that parish, although approving the Services, announced his intention to issue an inhibition against their being held within his parish.

In these circumstances, as the incumbent of the Strand district persevered in his inhibition, the Nonconformists stepped in, and to the manner in which they acted at this juncture Lord Shaftesbury bore high testimony.

To the members of the Nonconformist body we owe a debt of gratitude for the manner in which our places have been supplied. They have, in this instance, acted with a delicacy and a forbearance which redound infinitely to their credit. They declined to engage Exeter Hall until they had ascertained that it would be quite impossible for us to renew our Services, and, having taken the Hall, they offered to give it up at any moment we might desire. They also, that they might not seem to do anything by way of foil or contrast to us, adopted, most minutely, forms of the service which we had instituted. They selected the hymns which we used to have sung, and the officiating minister read a lesson and a portion of the Litany of the Church of England, while in his discourse he never, either directly or indirectly, alluded to the difficulties under which the Church of England was placed, or to the freedom of the party to which he belonged, or to the manner in which that body had come forward to follow in our footsteps.*

Meanwhile a great stir had been created, and in the uncertain state of the law on the subject, Lord Shaftesbury gave notice of a motion to amend the Religious Worship Act of 1855, and adapt it to meet the exigencies, not only of the present case, but of any similar case that might arise in the future. The High Church party prepared themselves for a strenuous opposition; almost every other section of the Church was in sympathy with the movement. It was curious to find how, with this one exception, all shades of opinion were united in favour of an alteration of the law.

On the motion for the second reading of his Bill, entitled the "Religious Worship Act Amendment Bill," Lord Shaftesbury went fully into the history of the case, and having set forth its peculiar hardships and incongruities, proposed that the power of inhibition should not extend to parishes or districts, the population of which, by the last preceding census, exceeded 2,000, that such inhibition should not be valid unless it be sanctioned by the Bishop of the diocese, and that the power of inhibition should be limited to "any congregation or assembly occasionally meeting for religious worship in

* Speech in House of Lords, Dec. 8, 1857.

any building or buildings not usually appropriated to purposes of religious worship."

The proposed addition of a clause to the Religious Worship Act—for such was to all intents and purposes the scope of the new Bill—met with very strong opposition from Bishop Wilberforce and the section of the Church he represented. It was in consequence of a statement made by him, to the effect that a large majority of the bishops urged a postponement of the second reading, that Lord Shaftesbury concluded by moving that the Bill be read a second time on the 8th of February.

The measure, mild as it was, called forth "an immense amount of sacerdotalism, even among the Evangelical clergy." The laity went heartily with Lord Shaftesbury; the clergy, with few exceptions, were either openly or secretly against him. In this state of affairs the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the 5th of February, introduced a Bill for legalising Special Services in unconsecrated buildings, in connection with the Church of England, the main feature of which was to secure more power for the bishops than Lord Shaftesbury's Bill proposed, by making their sanction necessary. On the 9th of February, as twenty-four bishops were reported to be unanimous against his Bill, Lord Shaftesbury withdrew it in favour of the Bill introduced by the Archbishop.

Referring to the meeting at which this unanimity was obtained, the Bishop of Oxford wrote:—"The bishops have been sitting in conclave for hours, which certainly consumes much time—our wild elephants seem every now and then a little tamed, and—if the "Bishop-Maker" were dethroned by the fall of Pam—might, I think, become manageable. At present it is sad work. Such ignorance of first principles!"*

In the summer of 1857 the serious intelligence was received from India of a succession of mutinies issuing in the occupation of Delhi by the insurgent regiments, and the wholesale massacre of Europeans. A thrill of horror ran through the country as, day by day, and almost hour by hour, the particulars, some of them grossly exaggerated, were made known.

On the day when the first startling intelligence of the outbreak was received Lord Shaftesbury wrote in his Diary:—

June 27th.—What, whence, is it? I regard it as the dying effort of Brahminism, which is visibly, palpably, declining; all its remaining strength is excited and concentrated for one final struggle.

But God help us, and maintain His own work! The events will be ascribed to the evil effects of the Missions; and, for a while, the conviction will prevail. *Sursum corda, sursum corda*, for "the cause" of God's truth and the safety of the Empire!

Throughout the duration of the mutiny Lord Shaftesbury, in a special volume devoted to the subject, noted down from day to day his thoughts,

* Letter to the Hon. A. Gordon, quoted in "Life of Bishop Wilberforce," by his Son Vol ii., p. 376.

feelings, and opinions in relation to Indian affairs. From this volume we do not propose to quote. That sad and awful chapter in history has been written again and again. We shall confine our quotations, therefore, to the private journal in which his own actions are referred to, and from this but briefly.

Aug. 22nd.—Spoke last night, and denounced the idolatrous homage paid to Brahminical caste by the system of Bengal levies.

Aug. 29th.—Spa. Number and variety of things to be prayed for : that He will quell the mutiny and give us a speedy victory ; that He will make this outbreak the commencement of a new order of things ; of a wiser and more vigorous government ; of justice and judgment ; of greater knowledge and greater zeal for man's real good ; of fresh openings for the advance of the Gospel ; of enlarged missionary operations ; of increased opportunity to promote and invite the Second Advent.

That He will protect, shelter, and deliver from their unspeakably ferocious enemies, the helpless women and children outraged, tortured, murdered by the incarnate fiends of Hindostan.

That He will abate the suffering of our troops already in the field, supply their wants, give them repose, sustain their courage ; that He will hide, in the hollow of His hand, those now going out to India, and console the wives, the mothers, the children, that are left behind in sorrow and anxiety.

Ah God, it is heartrending to remember these things, and yet there is talk of larger reinforcements from England. Wrote yesterday to Panmure, Palmerston, V. Smith, and Mangles, to counsel the levy of African regiments. The Africans are eager for employment, they make first-rate soldiers, would bear the Indian climate, and have no fraternisation with the natives. Cheaper, too, by far. Ardently do I pray that this plan may be adopted. What a lift also to the nigger ! and what a blow to the slave trade !

On the 30th October a meeting was held at Wimborne Minster, Dorset, in aid of the fund being raised for the relief of the sufferers by the mutinies in India. Lord Shaftesbury presided, and his speech on that occasion was one of the most remarkable ever delivered by him.

After briefly, but vividly, describing the nature of the atrocities committed, he proceeded :—

Well, now bear this in mind, the retribution that follows upon these crimes must be equal to the nature and extent of the crimes themselves. I maintain that justice, pure, simple justice, demands we should exact of these men that compensation which is due to that crime unparalleled in the history of mankind. We do not seek for revenge. God forbid that the word should be used in our declamation ! And God forbid that the sentiment should enter into our hearts ! But there is such a thing as justice, and there is such a thing as a sense of justice imprinted upon the human heart by the hand of God Himself ; and, although no private individual may take private justice into his hands, yet the sword is given to the rulers of a State, and that sword is to be exercised to maintain order and to execute the decrees of God against those who so wantonly have shed the blood of their fellows. Justice, I hold, must be satisfied ; every principle of policy and every principle of religion require it ; it is your policy—and the

greatest policy in the sense of humanity—that justice should be fully exercised. . . . Read the order of that noble soldier and gallant Christian, Brigadier-General Wilson, to whom has been confided the command of the troops around Delhi, and to whom was entrusted the honour of conducting the assault upon that devoted town. Mark the words of that brave man! Here is an extract from his general order:—"He need hardly remind the troops of the cruel murders committed on their officers and comrades, as well as their wives and children, to move them in the deadly struggle. No quarter should be given to the mutineers." Is there a man living who will not assent to that proposition? "At the same time, for the sake of humanity and the honour of the country which they belong to, he calls upon them to spare the women and children that may come in their way." I confess that when, ladies and gentlemen, I read that general order I was almost moved to tears in deep thankfulness to Almighty God that He had raised up such a man, and put such a sentiment into his heart, upon such an occasion; and I do also rejoice that those noble fellows under his command, notwithstanding their exasperation, notwithstanding the fury of the assault, listened to the request.

After combating the idea that the origin of the insurrection was due to religious motives, or that the prestige of England had passed away, he continued:—

We must now enter upon a bolder, a truer, and more Christian course; we must come forward in the plainest, simplest, and most open manner, to declare that the Government of India is a Christian Government, that it rests upon Christian principles, that it has Christian views, and that it will go forward in Christian action. Simultaneously with that, the Government must declare that it will never, directly or indirectly—either by itself or by others—use force or bribery, or any illicit mode whatsoever in order to turn the natives from their faith. You must give to them precisely the same rights and liberties in matters religious that you claim for yourselves. If you claim—which you will claim, I trust—that the Government of India, declaring itself to be a Christian Government, will also declare that it will give all due countenance and protection to its co-religionists—the Christian missionaries; you will also declare, and call upon the Government, to declare, that they will allow to the Hindoos and to the Mahometans precisely the same liberty that they claim for themselves. Your conduct must be based upon Christian principles; everything that you do must be in Christian character to a Christian end. Are we to be scared from this great duty that is confided to our charge? Are we to be scared by a few bugbears that are raised up, telling us that if we do this we shall disaffect the natives on one side and disaffect the natives on the other side? And what have we gained by a time-serving forbearance? We began by every encouragement to their filthy practices. Our police kept the ground at the horrid rites of the goddess Kali; our tax-gatherers collected the tolls of iniquity at the confluence of the Ganges and the Jumna; Juggernaut, when it crushed its hundreds of victims, was decked with flags and bunting from the warehouses of the East India Company. This has ceased; and we have tried the experiment of choking our faith; with what result? Why, if we had ravaged the country with fire and sword to make proselytes, if we had shed as much blood as Nadir Shah, could we have excited a

more savage rebellion, a more awful insurrection, than this which has been wrought by these fondled and ungrateful Sepoys?

The *Times*, in an able article commenting upon the speech, said:—"On a subject like the Indian Mutiny, on which everybody has been expressing himself for months in almost the same words, genuine heart alone can speak with freshness. In the hardening process of repetition we lose the edge of our feeling; even the greatest horrors, by being perpetually brought before us, become matters of course, and we find ourselves unable to recover our first strong impressions, except somebody renews them for us by the force of a more retentive, realising, sympathy. Lord Shaftesbury's speech reads as if the news of the Indian outrages had only reached us yesterday, and he were giving his very first impressions. Yet there is nothing extravagant or unguarded in his style. Nothing can be more just and moderate than what he says about punishment, and we are glad that he has called attention to that part of General Wilson's address to the troops. How simple and just is General Wilson's settlement of this question, 'No quarter to the mutineers; spare the women and children!' This is the proper, natural, combination of justice and mercy."

A statement made by Lord Shaftesbury in the course of his speech, called forth some months afterwards a sharp and bitter controversy. He refers to it thus:—

March 28th, 1858 (Sunday).—An unhappy mention of the name of Lady Canning, in a speech at Wimborne, had brought upon me a world of troubles. They were dormant until 3rd Feb., although the speech was delivered at the end of October, but they have harassed me ever since, and they have this day (notwithstanding it ought to be a day of comfort and repose) gained a head; yesterday opening one battery, and to-day, I am told, another in the *Saturday Review* and the *Sunday Observer*. The parties who began, treated me as a wilful misrepresenter of Lady Canning; the parties who continue it, endeavour to prove that I am bloodthirsty and false, a savage and a liar.

"Evil reports die hard," as the following entry, written fifteen years later, will show:—

Nov. 5th, 1873.—In *Bee-Hive* of last Saturday Professor Beesly has revived the old story of the Indian mutilations, some fifteen years ago. I then admitted an inaccuracy in the heat of speaking, which I corrected in the papers the moment I saw it, and *before* I was attacked. I now see where, in giving an explanation, I made a mistake. I should have stated more than I did. I should have stated the case thus: "A few days before I spoke, a lady whom I know very well, said to me, 'I am just come from Eastnor, and I was present when the lady of the house read a letter from Lady Canning, in which she spoke of the many and fearful mutilations.'" So it was; Miss Lindsay was my informant, Eastnor Castle the place, and Lady Somers the person to whom the letter was written. God deliver me from my enemies, for they are too strong for me!

There was one result of the great revolt in India which made a strong

impression upon Lord Shaftesbury—namely, that it opened up a wide and noble field for Christian enterprise, on which all the great Evangelical societies seemed to be eager to enter. Never before, perhaps, at any great crisis had these Societies banded together, with minor differences forgotten, all united in one great object, all animated by one great hope, all combined in one great and glorious work. Throughout this anxious period, when the past and the future of English dominion in India were in question, he lost no opportunity of urging upon these Societies, and upon individuals, the necessity of sending forth missionaries, copies of the Bible, catechists, teachers, and of having recourse to every form of effort and organisation available for maintaining the strongholds in the possession of Christian agents in India, and of assailing the strongholds of the enemy.

Frequently, in the course of the many speeches he made at this crisis, he paid glowing tributes to those Christian heroes who were performing such noble deeds for God and country in India. Thus, at the Bible Society meeting, in 1858, he referred to Sir Henry Lawrence and Sir Henry Havelock in these words:—

Who were the men that first checked the awful career of mutiny and rebellion? Let us consider the character of these men, their habits, their expressions, their bearing. Were they men of the ordinary stamp—mere men of the world—men who were conversant only with the duties of their profession? Who was the man that first, by the vigour of his intellect, the force of his heart, the depth of his principles, the extent of his knowledge, the resolution of his whole character, gave a great and, as it turned out ultimately, effective check to the rebellion? Was it not that great man: the greatest perhaps that India has produced, the greatest, regarded as a compound of the Statesman and the Christian—a man as remarkable for vigour in action as for gentleness of soul—was it not, I say, that great and good man, now gone to his rest, and whose name I can never utter without the deepest emotion and reverence, Sir Henry Lawrence?

Again, who was that man that, by deeds unparalleled in history, by a heroism peculiarly his own—a heroism which he was able to infuse into the handful of men under his command, so that they stood undismayed in the presence of many thousands of the enemy armed to the teeth; who was it, I say, that put a final check to the progress of those awful disorders, those terrible calamities in India? Was it not that preaching, praying, psalm-singing man, Sir Henry Havelock? Well did the Right Rev. Prelate, now on my right, the respected diocesan of this great metropolis, liken that band of heroes to the Puritans of old, and draw the attention of those who heard him to the fact which is now so completely established, that psalm-singing is not inconsistent with heroism, nor prayer incompatible with the truest courage and the discharge of the highest duties.

The most conspicuous part taken by Lord Shaftesbury in Indian affairs during this crisis, was in moving a vote of censure against the Government for their Indian policy. Lord Canaing, as Governor-General of India, issued a proclamation to the chiefs and people of Oude, by which the property of the Talookdars—or native landed proprietors of Oude—who had not made their submission to the English authorities, was confiscated. This proclama-

tion was disapproved by the Government of Lord Derby. Lord Ellenborough, as President of the Board of Control, thereupon issued his famous despatch, in which, although the strife in India was scarcely over, he censured the Governor-General in unmeasured terms for the harshness of his repressive measures in Oude, condemned his proclamation in the strongest language, and, as it was conceived, sought to pacify the natives by humiliating the Executive. It was an attempt to weaken the hands of the Viceroy at the moment when he required the fullest use of his powers: it would have been a dictatorial proceeding had the whole of the facts that gave rise to the proclamation, or the motives of the Governor-General, been fully known; but it was altogether unwarrantable in the present state of information; it was, moreover, couched in terms which no statesman should have used to another at any time; and it was doubly injudicious in the present crisis, as tending to weaken the authority of the Governor-General and encourage the resistance of those who were in arms against us.

There was great indignation throughout the country. The question was taken up at once in both Houses of Parliament and votes of censure were moved.

In the Lords, the vote of censure was moved by Lord Shaftesbury. The anticipated debate excited unusual interest. Long before admission to the House could be gained, its approaches were thronged by "strangers" who had obtained, or who hoped to obtain, the privilege of the *entrée*. The space in front of the Throne appropriated to the sons of peers and persons of distinction, was fully occupied soon after the Lord Chancellor had taken his seat, and the space below the bar was also crowded. "The scene," said the *Times*, "was altogether one of the most brilliant and animated that has ever been witnessed on the occasion of a debate." The scene in the House of Commons has been brilliantly described by M. de Montalembert in his celebrated pamphlet, "*Un Débat sur l'Inde au Parlement Anglais.*"

Lord Shaftesbury had been a Conservative upon principle and a member of two Tory Governments, but he had never been a party man at any time of his life, and was even less so now than ever. Although, on the occasion to which we refer, he was speaking from the Opposition benches—for he always occupied the same place, and never crossed over on any change of Government—he began his speech with this apparent anomaly: "Whatever political sympathies I possess, have ever been and still are, with that great party now represented by Her Majesty's Government."

This position was perfectly understood by those who understood Lord Shaftesbury. They knew that it was the outcome of the truest patriotism as well as of the highest principle; he could not subordinate to the exigencies of political party what seemed to him for the public good; and the independent position that he assumed was not, as some supposed, from incapacity to work in harness, but because he felt constrained to uphold and vindicate certain principles, and principles were to him more than parties.

To the part Lord Shaftesbury took in this crisis of Indian affairs, he refers in the following entries in the Diary:—

May 15th, 1858.—Last night (strange that I should be found to take such a step) “exhibited articles of impeachment.” Moved, in the House of Lords, a vote of censure on the Government! Cannot record, having lost the thread, day by day, what led to it. But so it was; and Government met it by “previous question,” yet they had but a majority of nine! This was, in truth, a defeat to them.

Circumstances were administrative to the event. The character of the motion (a vote of censure), the subject-matter (the Empire of India); the revival of courage, union, and activity, among many dejected and divided; the very large attendance of peers; the seats and places appropriated to the House of Commons quite thronged, ladies filling the whole length of both galleries; the steps of the Throne, and adjacent spaces, choked up; and the Strangers’ Gallery crammed to the last square inch—made the entire thing very brilliant in case of success, but equally dark in case of failure.

The attention was wonderful. After a few interruptions at the outset, intended to put me down, a pin might have been heard to drop during an hour and three quarters.

The arraignment of the Ministry was not successful. In the Peers, there was a division, in which the Government obtained a small majority. In the Commons, the motion was withdrawn, as news arrived from India which greatly modified the impression of Lord Canning’s action. Lord Ellenborough had the good sense to take upon himself the responsibility of what he had done, and saved the formal condemnation of his acts by resigning his office.

This was not the last occasion in which Lord Shaftesbury was to come forward in Parliament this year on Indian topics. When the Government of India Bill was under discussion, he declared “war to the knife” on one point which he considered vital; namely, that in the proclamation setting forth to the natives the new relations between England and India, consequent upon the abolition of the East India Company, there should be a distinct recognition of the claims of Christianity. He urged repeatedly that, instead of “harping upon that odious word neutrality in religion, there should be a distinct and manful acknowledgment of Christianity on the part of the Government.” When the proclamation left England, he was satisfied with the terms in which it was couched, but it appears to have undergone some alterations for the worse before it was published.

We must now revert to some of the less striking events of the years 1857-8, which have been passed over hitherto.

At no time in his life did Lord Shaftesbury employ the services of a permanent secretary, and the pressure of correspondence was one of the burdens he felt constantly. Entries like the following are frequent:—

March 28th, 1857.—Sit down and weep over the sad, wearisome, useless expenditure of time and strength on the letters I must read, and the letters I must write. No one would believe (I can hardly believe it myself) the amount of everything that is precious that is wasted in this way. Whole days and nights are consumed in the merest trifles of correspondence, and, if I attempt to review

what I have been enabled to do of a solid or permanent kind, what to refresh my mind by the smallest supplies of knowledge, I find that a week, which has been passed in acknowledging useless letters and answering frivolous questions (not one letter in a hundred worthy of notice), has not furnished me with one hour of comfort or information.

Were this burden less, I might do many things of more public benefit, at least I might attempt it. But (it is no figure of speech) I am worn out by this dull, monotonous, fruitless occupation. Nervous fatigue is often the consequence of unbroken application. Yet, what can I do? If I go on, I must endure this loss of health and time; if I desist, and reply to no letters, the wrath I excite, the abuse, the invective, the assertion that "I am no Christian," are terrible. For myself I mind not; but I do shrink from causing, by any self-care and self-indulgence, evil speech and evil feelings towards my order or my profession.

Have now, at least, a hundred letters unanswered; and, yet, have not had leisure to do one stitch of private business, enjoy barely an hour of recreation, nothing on public affairs, and two books I have desired to look at still unopened. My mind is as dry as a gravel road, and my nerves are sensitive and harsh as wires.

Year by year Lord Shaftesbury's sympathy with every effort to spread the Gospel was widening, and in May he took the chair at the annual meeting of the Baptist Society for Foreign Missions. It was one of those occasions, as he said, when one who "maintained, in all their integrity, his distinctive opinions as to Church government and subordinate points of faith, might find that there were truths common to the whole human race, of every creed, language, generation, and age, paramount to every other consideration, in furtherance of which he might join with all who held the faith and loved the common Lord in sincerity, to make known those truths whereby men are dignified and God is glorified."

Aug. 22nd.—Went on 13th to Halifax to attend opening of "People's Park," the munificent donation of Frank Crossley, a manufacturer with a princely, and what is better, a Christian heart. He was kind enough to insist on my attendance as "the best friend of the working classes." Speeches, of course, without end.

In his speech, proposing as a toast "The wellbeing of the people," Lord Shaftesbury, referring to Mr. Frank Crossley's magnificent gift to the people of Halifax, said:—

We often read in the papers of "munificent bequests." To my mind it is a phrase that has no meaning at all. I see no munificence in bequeathing your property to charitable purposes, when you are going out of this world and have not the possibility of longer enjoying it. What I like are munificent *donations*; I like to see men antedating the pleasure of those upon whom they bestow their bounty, antedating, I trust, their own pleasures, and enjoying, while yet alive, all the reverence, homage, and affection that is showered upon their memories after they are interred in the grave.

The elevation of Mr. Macaulay to the peerage—an honour, as the *Times* said, which belonged peculiarly to the man, and was a fitting, if not an

adequate, return for a life spent in the public service and devoted to literary labour of the most dignified order—is thus referred to:—

Sept. 4th.—Macaulay is to be made a Peer. This is wise, politic, useful, conservative. Urged this on Palmerston a year and a half ago. It will be taken as a compliment by literary men—small and great.

Sept. 15th.—Wrote to Macaulay to congratulate him and myself and the Lords on his elevation. I can never forget his speech on behalf of the Ten Hours Bill.

Later in the year Lord Shaftesbury wrote to Lord Macaulay urging him to speak in the House of Lords on the subject of General Havelock's services in India, and the honours it was proposed to confer on him. To that letter he replied:—

Lord Macaulay to Lord Shaftesbury.

HOLLY LODGE, KENSINGTON,

Dec. 7th, 1857.

MY DEAR LORD,—I am most deeply sensible of your kindness. But I think it better not to make my first appearance as a speaker in the House of Lords on an occasion on which there can be no difference of opinion, and on which there would be no room for anything beyond mere rhetorical display. I shall be seldom able to take any part in debate, for my chest suffers severely from continued speaking, and I have been forced entirely to give up reading aloud, of which I was very fond; I therefore wish to reserve myself for occasions in which I have what I think good advice and strong arguments to offer.

As to our officers and soldiers in India, there is no honour or reward which they do not deserve. Thank God, our nation has not degenerated.

Ever, my dear Lord,

Yours very truly,

MACAULAY.

"I shall be seldom able to take any part in debate," was a mournfully true prophecy. The voice that had rung out such words of burning eloquence in the House of Commons was never heard in the Upper Chamber. There was but a short term of life remaining to the new peer, and in his retirement at Kensington he devoted himself to his History, "the pleasure and business of his life." Almost suddenly, on the 28th December, 1859, he died, and on the 9th January following was buried in Westminster Abbey. Referring to these events are the following notes from the Diary:—

Jan. 3rd, 1860.—Dorchester. Here at Quarter Sessions. Heard on Saturday of death of Lord Macaulay! heard it with public and private sorrow. I liked him, and, in many respects, admired him. Personally I mean, for his abilities and acquirements commanded more than ordinary admiration. His sentiments and expressions were always generous, his feelings noble; he hated duplicity, meanness, violence; he never thought that brilliant exploits compensated for the want of moral worth; and he would call a man a villain, a rogue, or an oppressor, whether he were arrayed like Solomon, or in tatters like Lazarus.

These super-eminent and mighty talents, though never openly and directly employed for God's service, were, at least, never perverted to evil uses. Is there

a sentence in any of his writings to offend decency, morality, the Christian faith?—not one. I did not know till now how much I was attached to him. May I never forget his true and noble speech made, at my request, in the House of Commons on behalf of the factory children! Their prayers, I trust, ascended for him to the Throne of Grace.

Urged Palmerston to write, as Prime Minister, to the family, and propose that he should be interred in Westminster Abbey. He consented.

The question of the admission of Jews to Parliament, in which Lord Shaftesbury had for many years taken a prominent part, was again under discussion in the summer of 1858, and he refers to the position he had determined henceforth to take up with regard to the question, thus:—

July 1st.—This evening Jew Bill in Lords. Had signified my intention, to many, of offering no further resistance. It is in vain, and altogether useless, nor is it wanting in a tinge of peril, to deny, pertinaciously and hopelessly (for the country is, and ever has been, quite indifferent) the yearly demands of the Commons.

I yield to force, not to reason. I think my responsibility satisfied on this side; and, by prolonged refusal, I should begin responsibility on the other.

See how the question stands. Commons, for many years, have sent up Bills with vastly-increasing majorities. Country quite apathetic, though numerous elections have occurred during that time. The Commons have decided that a Jew can sit on their committees, manage a conference with the Lords, take part in debate, and use every influence, but from the vote he is excluded. This, added to the actual state of the question, leaves the House of Lords scarcely anything, and certainly nothing of value, to refuse. More opposition is therefore futile.

The labours of Lord Shaftesbury in connection with the Social Science Congress at Liverpool, in October, were manifold. An epitome of them is given in the following entries:—

Oct. 27th (St. Giles's).—The longest gap in my whole book, I believe. . . . Started for Liverpool on 11th. Reached it too late for the service in church. Dined with W. Cowper at a hotel, we two having rambled in search of a dinner. At eight o'clock to St. George's Hall. Refused to move a vote of thanks to Lord J. Russell because I could not honestly praise him (a political intriguer and the unfeeling adversary of the wretched chimney-sweepers), but agreed to move one to Lord Brougham. The sight of the Hall, studded with company, was brilliant in the extreme. When I rose to speak, was enthusiastically received, and so when I sat down. Short, but, by God's blessing, eminently successful.

Next day inaugural addresses of the Heads of Sections. Had written nothing and wished to say nothing, except to my own Section (Sanitary Improvement), but was overruled; and happy am I that it was so, for never has any effort so prospered!

Even at the moment before rising, the day being far advanced, resolved to make an excuse, but was urged on. Spoke in haste, fearful of fatiguing audience, and yet anxious, as I was embarked to "get out my say." Saw that they were interested, and proceeded. Towards close resolved to cut peroration short, then determined to continue. Suddenly forgot allusion I intended to make, but I

paused not. Suddenly remembered it, uttered it, and finished to my heart's desire. All this is to me miraculous; the several steps of progress, all of which I resolved not to make; the loss and recovery of the allusion to St. Paul at the end (which gained more success than anything I had ever said) were the result of guidance from above, not of my own powers.

The effect of this speech was surprising. The *Times* was friendly and laudatory; the *Daily News* loud and lively in its approbation. "If," said the paper, "the Congress had produced nothing but that one speech, the labour of the whole and the service of the country would have been well and amply met."

Well, then, to God be all the glory, and to me increased thankfulness and increased confidence in Him only, and an increased sense of responsibility!

On the Wednesday, chair of my Section. At half-past four dinner, six miles off, with Mr. Brown, M.P., and then in haste to Philharmonic Hall to take chair of Bible Society meeting. An immense gathering.

On Thursday, Sections. Then to meeting of working-men in Amphitheatre. Here the reception, before and after speaking, that the working men gave me, I shall never forget, nor will any one else who saw and heard it!

On Friday, Sections. Dinner in St. George's Hall. Speech, of course.

On Saturday, presidents and officers met the public in the concert-room to take leave. Suddenly ordered by John Russell to second a resolution of thanks to the Press. Got through it. At three o'clock to Manchester. Met four hundred of the operatives at the Cotton Tree. Took up my quarters with my hospitable friend Barnes; stayed there Sunday. Attended, with wonder and delight, afternoon special service in Free Trade Hall, conducted by a young Baptist, full of intellect and vigour, named Mursell. On Monday to Beckett's (Kirkstall Grange) for Bible Society in Town Hall. On Tuesday to Bradford, having speechified at Beckett's Schools for Young Men's Christian Association. Spent night at Mr. Wickham's, M.P. for the town. Very hospitable. On Wednesday to London.

In the course of his address as President of the Health Section Lord Shaftesbury controverted the argument, at that time very prevalent, that, in order to cure or alleviate the evils of the social system all physical remedies were almost worse than useless, and that moral remedies alone should be applied. He alluded to the operations of the Public Health Act as evidence that the reduction of mortality was possible, and cited authorities for the statement that the preventible mortality of the country amounted annually to 90,000.

Now, we may be told by some that these things are but in the course of Nature, and we ought not to interfere; on such we will turn our backs; we will not listen to such a representation. We may be told that these things are costly, and require financial effort, and the people are not ready to undertake the expense; but we may safely say that it is disease that is expensive, and it is health that is cheap. There is nothing that is so economical as justice and mercy towards all interests—temporal and spiritual—of all the human race. If we be told that spiritual remedies are sufficient, and that we labour too much for the perishable body, I reply that spiritual appliances, in the state of things to which I allude, are altogether impossible. Make every effort—push them forward—

never desist—lose not a moment—but depend upon it that in such a state of things you will in the end be utterly baffled. But when people say we should think more of the soul and less of the body, my answer is, that the same God who made the soul made the body also. It is an inferior work, perhaps, but nevertheless it is His work, and it must be treated and cared for according to the end for which it was formed—fitness for His service. I maintain that God is worshipped, not only by the spiritual, but by the material creation. You find it in the Psalms : “Praise Him, sun and moon : praise Him, all ye stars of light.” And that worship is shown in the perfection and obedience of the thing made. Our great object should be to do all we can to remove the obstructions which stand in the way of such worship, and of the body’s fitness for its great purpose. If St. Paul, calling our bodies the temples of the Holy Ghost, said that they ought not to be contaminated by sin, we also say that our bodies, the temples of the Holy Ghost, ought not to be corrupted by preventible disease, degraded by avoidable filth, and disabled for His service by unnecessary suffering.

CHAPTER XXV.

1859—1860.

ON New Year's Day, 1859, the Emperor Napoleon, on receiving the usual congratulations of the Diplomatic body, uttered some words to the Austrian Ambassador at the Tuileries, which indicated that the relations between the two Empires were unsettled.

The hour had come, and the men were ready, to commence the struggle that was to end in the liberation of Italy, the expulsion of Austria from Lombardy and Venetia, and the overthrow of the temporal power of the Papacy.

On one side was the young Emperor of Austria, trammelled by the traditions and follies of his predecessors, surrounded by counsellors unfit to deal with free thought or free men, and with an army destitute of leaders; the Pope, with his first fresh Italian sympathies narrowed down by circumstances, giving proof that the Papal Power must ever be the enemy of Italian freedom; Ferdinand of Naples, treacherous, perjured, and oppressive. On the other side France, panting for glory, eager to "go to war for an idea"; Italy groaning for release from the tyranny of the petty governments that rent her in pieces; Sardinia, erect, alert, and strong in the strength of justice and of truth. On this side was Cavour, embodying Italian shrewdness with English steadfastness, whose "foresight and steadiness chained Fortune to his chariot," to whom power was a necessity and failure an impossibility, whose energy was dauntless, and who knew no fear, hesitancy, or scruple. And on this side was Garibaldi.

It is impossible to summarise, in a page, the history of the causes leading to the mighty struggle that was about to take place, and the events which marked each stage of its progress. It may, however, assist the reader to recall those incidents, if only an imperfect outline of some of them be given him.

The marriage, in January, 1859, of the Princess Clotilde, daughter of the King of Sardinia, to Prince Louis Napoleon, was interpreted as an intimation that the champion of Italian liberty would be supported by the power of France. Soon after this war seemed inevitable. Lord Cowley was sent by England to Vienna on a confidential mission to offer mediation. Russia proposed a congress to settle matters amicably. Austria insisted that, as a preliminary, France and Sardinia should disarm. Meanwhile, Cavour visited Paris and strengthened his position with the Emperor, securing the interests of Italy, whether there should be peace or war with Austria.

The voting of large sums in the Sardinian Chamber, for the fortifications

of Alessandria, on the 12th of April, was regarded by Austria as a menace. Eleven days afterwards (April 23rd) an insulting ultimatum from Count Buol was presented at Turin, and this Count Cavour turned to account by throwing upon Austria all the responsibility of war.

That same night 120,000 Austrians, under General Gyulai, crossed the Ticino, and the day following, Victor Emmanuel published his proclamation: "Let our war-cry be 'The Independence of Italy.'"

While these events were happening the British Parliament was in the throes of a dissolution.

Lord Shaftesbury's Diary for 1859-60 contains fewer entries than at any other period of his life. This is mainly to be accounted for by the fact that, side by side with his Journal, but in separate volumes, he wrote, during a part of these years, a running political comment on foreign affairs.

On the day before Good Friday—the day before Baron de Kellersberg delivered Count Buol's ultimatum—England was startled by two telegrams, one giving hopes of peace, the other declaring the imminence of war. On that day Lord Shaftesbury noted in his Diary:—

April 22nd.—Have agreed, this week, to do two things which, in ordinary circumstances, I should have refused. I dine out to-night, the evening before Good Friday, and I give a dinner on Saturday—a small dinner—the evening before Easter Sunday. And why? The state of affairs is very serious; it is of importance that our Government be well affected to Sardinia. The Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio is arrived on a special mission. Malmesbury, having but one day, invites me to meet him at dinner. My known sentiments towards Sardinia are thus recognised by the Minister as those he is not afraid to countenance; and I may, too, have an opportunity of dropping "a word in season." Why the other? Because it is the sole occasion within reach of possibility, of bringing Azeglio and Delane* into communication. Ten thousand misconceptions may be thus removed, and ten thousand truths established, towards the defence of Sardinian freedom and the maintenance of European peace.

The sympathies of Lord Shaftesbury were keenly excited on behalf of Sardinia, and he wrote a letter to urge all who "took an interest in the blessings of civil and religious liberty to come forward and express their sympathy in this just and noble cause." That letter gave rise to a considerable amount of adverse criticism, and brought to Lord Shaftesbury a large increase of public work.

It was when all Europe was agitated by the approach of this great conflict, that the Conservative Government thought fit to bring in a Reform Bill. At the close of the debate on the second reading (March 31) the Ministry of Lord Derby was defeated by a majority of thirty-nine—and an appeal to the country followed; the elections taking place during the most critical period of the war. The result of the elections was a gain to the Conservatives, but so small that, at a meeting of the chiefs of the Liberal party, in

* Editor of the *Times*.

Willis's Rooms, it was agreed to move a vote of "No confidence" in the Ministry. This was done by the Marquis of Hartington, and after a long and stormy debate, lasting for three nights, the division showed a majority of thirteen in favour of his motion.

Lord Granville was sent for to form a Ministry, as the Queen felt it to be "a very invidious and unwelcome task" to choose between "two statesmen so full of years and honours, and possessing so just a claim on her consideration," as Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell. Lord Granville, however, was unsuccessful in his attempt. Lord John Russell would not serve under him, but expressed his willingness to serve under his old rival, Lord Palmerston; and, eventually, Lord Palmerston again became Prime Minister, and held that office to the end of his life.

These events are referred to in the Diary as follows :—

May 31st.—London. A struggle is at hand, and an issue to be tried on a vote of want of confidence. I could vote it readily, cheerfully, conscientiously, as against the present Cabinet; and then I could do the same against those who should have replaced them. Palmerston alone would inspire me with hope; for I believe him to wish well, to desire to act well, and to be resolved to be well, with the real and permanent interests of England.

I cannot feel the same of any other man in Parliament. He may not have been always so; but he is so now. He is far from young, he is satiated with office, he is happy at home, and independent of all pecuniary and social necessities. Hence he can afford to be honest, unselfish, and patriotic.

June 15th.—Since this, a defeat of another kind. Derby, by the House of Commons, and Palmerston, after a few hours' effort by Lord Granville, with, as he said, the ardent desire of the Queen, appointed to form a Government.

June 21st.—The Ministry is formed and on a very wide basis. To form a Ministry in any other way would have been impossible; it was a choice of evils, a choice of dangers; and Palmerston wisely took the lesser of the two.

He has Radicals, Tractarians, Whigs, and himself. There are elements of discord, rivalry, intrigue, ambition; but there is no apparent necessity why they should break out. The "talking" power of the Cabinet, especially in the House of Commons, is very great, perhaps too great for steady and easy deliberation when in council, and for unity of action in public.

Yet, if Palmerston were removed, the whole thing would be an agglomeration (and nothing more) of molecules floating in various, and ever opposite, directions.

The peculiar position Lord Shaftesbury maintained in the political world; his wide acquaintance with the state of feeling among all classes in the country, and the transparency and integrity of his character, made him to be sought by men of all nationalities and all shades of opinion, and his advice to be held in high esteem. It was thus that, in the midst of the crisis in Italy, Count de Persigny, the French Ambassador, and others, were anxious to have the expression of his views, and this involved him in much interesting and important correspondence.

In the autumn of this year, while the struggle for freedom was still pro-

gressing in Italy, and the final consummation was awaited with feverish anxiety, it occurred to certain leading Italians that it would be desirable to concentrate and organise the sympathies of England in their cause, by the formation of a Committee to be presided over by some leading Englishmen; a letter, signed by Messrs. Avesani, Rocca, and others, was sent to Lord Shaftesbury, requesting him to take this position.

"It is generous" (they wrote) "for England to show so warm a sympathy; and it would be of great service to the Italians that this great nation, which has preceded every other in the path of all liberties, should make it felt in an efficacious manner. We trust in you, my Lord; allow us to keep this trust."

In replying to this appeal Lord Shaftesbury expressed his sense of the great honour done to him in soliciting his name for such a purpose, and added:—

If I could take the same view as you do of my position and influence, I should not hesitate, even for a moment, to accept the post that your confidence has offered to me. The claims, nay, more, the just demands of Italy on the sympathy and co-operation of Englishmen, are such that it seems impossible for any one, be he great or be he small, to hold back any support that it might be in his power to bestow. Your case and our own are very similar: we long and ardently desired the blessings of civil and religious liberty. To obtain them, we got rid of our obnoxious rulers, chose those who should succeed them, and established a form of government differing as little as possible from that to which we were habituated, and all this was done without bloodshed, without violence, without rapine, without confusion, or even disturbance of the order of daily life, and simply by the will of a united people determined to be free.

Your course has been the same. But great as was our conduct, yours has hitherto been far greater. We had long enjoyed the form, and oftentimes the exercise, of free institutions; the principle and practice of them were familiar to us. But liberty came upon you like a thunderclap, and yet she found you as orderly, peaceable, ready, as alive to the blessings she gives, and the duties she imposes, as though you had been trained to them from your very cradles. So intense is the effect that simply the love of national freedom can produce on the understandings and the hearts of men.

We were told that you did not care for liberty, and that you had not courage to assert it. We were told that you were unfit for self-government, and that Austrian bayonets were necessary to save your beautiful land from bloodshed, plunder, and anarchy, by your own people. We were told that your mutual hatreds and jealousies were such that no one State, no one city, could be in harmony with another. What, in fact, were we not told to your detriment and dishonour? Many believed what they heard. I did so at one time myself, but who can wonder at it? What precedent had history afforded of so apparently sudden a fitness for the exercise of the greatest of human callings—the exercise of civil and religious freedom? A nation seemed to be born in a day, born at once, in its full moral stature, with all the powers of self-control, without which there never was, and there never will be, any true or lasting liberty.

This letter—a portion of which only is given above—created a great

impression in Italy. Although the question of Chairmanship, and indeed of the formation of the Committee, was waived until its functions should be more clearly defined, Lord Shaftesbury's letter was copied into all the papers, and the *Times*, in a leading article, gave currency to the idea that there was "something about a committee and a subscription-list which does not quite harmonise with a great national assertion of independence." The gentlemen who had signed the appeal to Lord Shaftesbury lost no time in repudiating the misconstruction that the *Times* had put upon their motives; but it was too late to eradicate the unfavourable impression that had been produced, and in the end, as "these things, if not taken up at once and by acclamation," lose their force, Lord Shaftesbury prevailed upon the memorialists to abandon the project.

Lord Shaftesbury's sympathy was much appreciated by Garibaldi, who wrote to him, in Italian, translated as follows :—

General Garibaldi to Lord Shaftesbury.

December 12th, 1859.

MY LORD,—You have, in two letters published in the journals, done justice to the Italians, and have assumed the patronage of their noble cause, dear to the English. I express to you, in the name of my country, the deepest sense of gratitude. Don't desist, my Lord, from this patronage at the present moment. I made an appeal to the Italians, and they worthily responded; I know that the English also want to respond. Shall I not see you at the head of this movement of national sympathy? I say of sympathy, because it would be indecorous for us to demand from the English that grand material assistance that it is the duty of the Italians only to give to their own cause. You will acquire the greatest title to the eternal gratitude of this country. Accept, my Lord, that of a soldier and your devoted

G. GARIBALDI.

Owing to a long pending discussion, with regard to a Peace Congress for settling the affairs of Italy, it was not until January that Lord Shaftesbury replied to Garibaldi's letter.

Lord Shaftesbury to General Garibaldi.

LONDON, Jan. 12th, 1860.

DEAR SIGNOR GARIBALDI, — Your letter, dated 12th Dec., has hitherto remained unanswered, because, so long as the Congress was in prospect, I was unable to see clearly what course to pursue.

Now that the Congress is indefinitely postponed, I can more easily perceive the way to obtain that expression of sympathy on the part of the British people that you so reasonably and so earnestly desire.

Italy, we rejoice to hear from you, has nobly done her duty in the response she has made to your appeal for material succour. I trust that England will not be less ready to give what you ask of her, the moral support derived from the manifestation of the hearty approbation and ardent prayers of a free people.

But to obtain this fully, authentically, unmistakably, you should come yourself in person to receive it. My friends whom I have consulted, concur with me

in saying that your presence here, as the representative of a generous and oppressed people struggling for civil and religious liberty, would call forth such an expression of national feeling as would be, if possible, equal to the occasion, and to your own merits.

Believe me to be

Your faithful friend and servant,

SHAFTESBURY.

That invitation Garibaldi was not able, for the present, to accept. It was not until April, 1864, that an opportunity presented itself for him to visit this country, and when he did so, Lord Shaftesbury was among the first to welcome him, and was his constant companion throughout the whole of his visit.

Garibaldi was not the only leader who appreciated and acknowledged Lord Shaftesbury's services on behalf of Italy. Cavour wrote also, and in very similar terms, to thank him for what he had done, and to urge him to still use his best endeavours to obtain for Italy the moral support of England.

When, in July, 1859, the Peace of Villafranca was suddenly concluded, Cavour, disappointed, had retired from office; but on the 21st January, 1860, he was recalled, nominally by the King, but really by the people. This was at the time that the annexation of Savoy and Nice to France was first mooted. To these events the following letter refers:—

Lord Shaftesbury to Count Cavour.

LONDON, Feb. 3rd, 1860.

MY DEAR COUNT CAVOUR,—The feeling in England among all classes who desire the welfare of Italy, is one of joy and gratitude to God for your return to office.

No one can entertain that feeling more strongly than I do. I congratulate not *you*, but *your country* on this happy event; and most heartily do I pray that it may lead to the secure establishment of civil and religious liberty throughout every portion of the land where the Italian tongue is spoken.

But may I add one word of entreaty (which word would be, not only mine, but that of the great majority of my fellow-citizens), that you will never listen to any scheme for the separation of Nice and Savoy from the Crown of Sardinia. We, here in Great Britain, loathe the very thought of it. We think that it would tarnish very much the motives and conduct of the Emperor of the French; and, not a little, the motives and conduct of the Sardinian Government. It would throw a stain on the whole efforts for National Independence; and entirely alienate the affections of Englishmen.

We hate the traffic in the rights and freedom of peoples, as we hate the traffic in slavery and human flesh. And we protest against anything that shall substitute the influence of France for the influence of Austria, and jeopardise, in any measure, the peace, comfort, and security of the Swiss Republic.

Pray excuse me for thus writing to you; it is forced on me by the very deep

respect I have for yourself, and the intense interest I feel for the honour and welfare of Italy.

Believe me,

Very truly yours,

SHAFTESBURY.

A few days after this letter was written the Marquis of Normanby moved, in the House of Lords, an address to the Queen, praying her to direct her Government to use their best endeavours to prevent the transfer of Savoy and Nice to France. Lord Shaftesbury supported that motion in a speech which the newspapers characterised as "a noble burst of eloquent indignation." It is thus referred to in his Diary:—

Feb. 8th, 1860.—Spoke last night in House of Lords on Normanby's motion relative to annexation of Savoy. Felt deeply, spoke strongly, perhaps imprudently; but my object was to state the truth, as felt by the people of England, untrammelled by the legitimate caution of ministers and would-be ministers.

He brought a series of powerful arguments against the proposal, and in concluding said:—

To the latest hour of my life I will protest against handing over a nation that enjoys free institutions to a government under a despotic dynasty; and against handing over a free people, bound hand and foot, to a country where they can enjoy no free expression of opinion, or, if guaranteed that expression of opinion, can exercise no power in giving it practical effect. I protest against a country where religious liberty is proclaimed, being handed over to a nation where religious liberty, if proclaimed, is often violated; and I protest also, against the policy of treating nations like flocks of sheep, and making them, regardless of their consent, the subjects of barter and exchange. We in this country have long protested against the traffic in human flesh; I equally protest against any traffic in human or national rights.

The motion was opposed by the Government, and withdrawn. The sequel is matter of history. On the 23rd of April the voting in Savoy and Nice on the question of annexation to France, closed. In Savoy, 130,533 voted in favour, and 235 against; in Nice the votes were 25,743 for annexation, and 160 against it.

Before passing away from the subject of Italian affairs we must give a few extracts from the Diary, more especially those relating to Garibaldi, of whom Lord Shaftesbury said, in a letter to a friend, "He seems to me to be one of the noblest fellows that ever lived; just the sort of man that the English people ought to reverence and support."

May 26th, 1860.—St. Giles's. How I wish that I could keep an account, for refreshment of memory, of all that occurs; of the rejection, by the House of Lords, of the Paper Duty Bills; of the wise contempt with which the House of Commons treated all who endeavoured to stir it into fury; of Garibaldi's heroic effort to deliver Sicily; of my equally heroic effort to save the Commission in

Lunacy, by once more thrusting my head into the lion's mouth and going to give evidence before the Committee.

June 7th.—London. I had better give up my book—can find no time to record anything.

June 12th.—Garibaldi has achieved wonderful results. It seems to me that God's protecting and accompanying power has repeated for him the miracle of Gideon and his three hundred. The greatness of his exploits is eclipsed by the greatness of his character: truth, simplicity, disinterestedness, and humanity, are stamped on every action.

My heart has been with him all along. It is now with him more than ever. Legal reasons, political and politic reasons, have kept down open expression; but now, that he has wrought independence, has established a *de facto* government, has made a treaty on equal terms with the King of Naples, who, thereby, admits his position, we may, surely, signify our deep sympathy with the cause, and our personal admiration for the man!

Dec. 1st.—Bunsen is dead. I knew him well, and who could help loving him?

Although the affairs of Italy occupied much of Lord Shaftesbury's time during 1859–60, he was breaking fresh ground in many other directions. In Syria the hostility of the Druses to the Maronites and the dispatch of forces to maintain the peace there caused him much anxiety and labour, and, in putting a question to the Foreign Secretary in the House of Lords, as to whether the authorities of the force sent to Syria were to interfere directly or indirectly with civil and religious affairs, affecting either Moslems or Christians, he did not disguise—in the course of a long and graphic speech in which he set forth the whole position of Christians in Syria—the fact, that his desire to obtain an answer arose “from the insuperable distrust he felt towards his Majesty the Emperor of the French.”

There were matters nearer home, however, that called forth his energies. The Special Sunday Evening Services, at Exeter Hall, inaugurated by Lord Shaftesbury and the “Palmerston Bishops” had proved successful beyond all anticipation. The interest in the services, instead of flagging, grew greater every Sunday, and it was now a question how to extend similar efforts, so that, on the one hand, the lowest of the low—the classes to whom the Gospel was never, or very rarely preached, could be gathered together—and, on the other hand, how an interest in the Gospel could be awakened in the middle and upper classes who had “cared for none of these things.” To reach the latter, a series of Special Evening Services was held in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral; and for the former, Sunday Evening Services were commenced in the theatres of the metropolis. Both of these movements sprang directly from the Exeter Hall Services.

In the Theatre Services Lord Shaftesbury took the greatest possible interest. They were originated by Mr. Sawell of the London City Mission, who was an energetic co-worker with Lord Shaftesbury in religious and philanthropic matters for some thirty years. Mr. Samuel Morley was also one of those who gave invaluable assistance in the formation of the scheme.

But as soon as it was in working order, Lord Shaftesbury stood at the helm to direct the progress of the whole movement; he bore the brunt of the battle in their defence, and he reaped the harvest that was sown, inasmuch as the good that was done, was done to those who belonged to himself—the poor, the wretched, and the abandoned.

In January, 1860, five theatres were opened for religious worship. The Victoria (in the New Cut), the Britannia (Hoxton), the Garrick (White-chapel), Sadler's Wells (Islington), and another. By the middle of February seven theatres were opened, and the average attendance was 20,700 each night. Allowing a deduction of ten per cent. for people coming from mere curiosity, there were 18,630 persons listening to the Word of God who had probably never frequented any place of public worship before.

Lord Shaftesbury frequently "assisted" in the services at the various theatres, and especially at the Victoria Theatre. It was a strange sight that met his gaze as he looked in at the theatre just before the first service that he attended there; stranger still, as he stood upon the stage, facing the foot-lights, Bible in hand, and read a chapter of the "sweet story of old." From floor to ceiling the vast house was thronged; in boxes, stalls, pit, and gallery, were costermongers, street cadgers and labourers; women in fluttering rags, many with babies in their arms; boys in their shirt-sleeves and corduroys; young men and maidens in their gaudy "Sunday best;" and here and there a few persons in attire denoting that they belonged to the "better" classes. At the opening of the service there had been much confusion. No shrill whistles, no slang cries or cat-calls, no roars of laughter, as on the evenings when the audience waited for the curtain to rise on some bloodthirsty melodrama; but conversation, interspersed with disputes about room, or priority of claim. When the first hymn was sung there had again been some little confusion; it was a novelty to the people. The simple lively airs of the American evangelists had not yet been heard. When, therefore, the first verse of the Old Hundredth was attempted, it fell flat, and seemed to provoke merriment. The words of the hymn were not known, a vast number of the people could not read, many had no idea of tune, still more had no idea of time. But, before the fourth verse had finished, many who had hitherto been shy of lifting up their voices, or were unfamiliar with the tune, joined in, and the fifth verse concluded with a triumphant roar!

When the opening prayer was offered, a few attempted to kneel, a large number buried their faces in their hands or their hats, or, in the front rows, laid their heads on their sleeveless jackets—some turned their backs to the stage, and some to the gallery, but throughout the whole house the silence was intense, solemn, and striking.

There was a buzz of approbation when Lord Shaftesbury rose to read the lessons; but there was good taste enough in the audience to confine itself to that quiet demonstration of approval.

It is recorded in the book of Ezra that when, on a great historical occasion, the people were gathered together to hear the Book of the Law, the priests

"read in the book of the law of God *distinctly*, and *gave the sense*, and caused them to *understand the reading*."* This is exactly what Lord Shaftesbury did, and what so very many ministers unhappily fail to do. He was an excellent reader, and whether to the little village congregation at St. Giles's, where he invariably read the lessons when staying at his country seat, or in the vast theatres of London, where for many years he frequently did the same, he "caused the people to understand," and thereby touched their hearts and consciences.

The strangest sight of all that night, was seen when the preacher, having given out a text, told the simple story of the Gospel of Christ. The people listened with extraordinary attention, as if they had never heard of the subject before; and, as one of the preachers at these Theatre Services, describing a similar occasion, said, "Down their pale cheeks, that had once blushed, and from their eyes still retaining their lustre, tears flow, and occasionally over all the audience a stillness reigns, that proves reality to be more effective than fiction, and the story of a Cross erected on a Judean hill 1,800 years ago to have lost none of its power."

It soon became apparent that these services were accomplishing a vast amount of good. They attracted thousands of the poor, whose rags and tatters prevented them, even if they had the desire, from attending the regular places of worship. They stood in relation to churches as ragged schools stood in relation to other places of education. Their scope is described by Lord Shaftesbury thus:—

To aid the progress of the general improvement is the object of these Special Services. No one contemplates them as a permanent system: our desire is to fell the trees, to clear the jungle, to remove impediments. We hope to bring thousands of our ignorant and neglected brethren to think about Christianity. Having learned it, they will, we trust, pursue it; and, rising above their attendance at the theatre, attach themselves to the Church of England, or some one or other of the recognised and established forms of worship.

It need hardly be said that these religious services in theatres did not meet with universal approval. On February the 24th, in the House of Lords, Lord Dungannon rose "To call attention to the performance of Divine Service at Sadler's Wells and other theatres by clergymen of the Church of England on Sunday evenings; and to move a resolution that such services, being highly irregular and inconsistent with order, are calculated to injure rather than advance the progress of sound religious principles in the metropolis and throughout the country."

Lord Shaftesbury, "the only culprit in the House, and one of the principal movers in originating these services," replied. His speech was the most novel and interesting of its kind ever heard in that august House. For two or three hours his audience were riveted as, in picturesque language, and with unsurpassed earnestness, he told the whole story of the movement. He met

* Ezra viii. 8.

the argument that between these services and the associations connected with a theatre there was an utter incongruity, by explaining that the class of people attending them had the greatest possible repugnance to either a church or chapel: that everything had been done to procure other buildings, but without success; and, although music-halls might have been hired, these places were rejected because, in almost every instance, they were connected with taverns. He denied that there had been any disorder of any kind at any of the services, and quoted letters from Sir Richard Mayne, the chief of the police, testifying that at every service the people had conducted themselves with the greatest propriety. Lord Shaftesbury examined the argument of opponents that these services tended to draw people from the churches and chapels they ordinarily attended, and refuted it by abundant letters from clergymen and ministers of churches in the neighbourhood of the theatres.

In combating the assertion that these services were endangering the Church, he produced ample testimony from clergymen who had participated in them, that the reverse appeared to be the case.

In concluding his remarks, he said:—

My lords, you must perceive the rising struggle to preach the Gospel among this mighty mass of human beings. Can you be indifferent to it? I ask whether you are prepared, as members of the Church of England, to see the Church stand aloof, and the whole of this movement given up exclusively to the Dissenters? Will you say to those destitute and starving men, "We can give you no sort of food. Come, if you like, to episcopal churches and chapels, and there you shall be preached to in stiff, steady, buckram style. We will have you within walls, consecrated in due and official form; otherwise you shall never hear, from us at least, one word of Gospel truth." Are you prepared to admit that the Church of England, despite the pressing and fearful necessity, is bound so tightly by rule and rubric, and law and custom, that she can do none of the work? Will you say, "We have not a sufficient force of clergymen; we have not churches or chapels; we have no money to ordain and support the ministers of religion?" In that case the people who are benefited by these services will reply, "Let the Nonconformists, then, do the work, but let the Church of England take up her real position as the Church of a sect, and not that of the nation; she has been applied to and found wanting, and let us follow those who have called us to the knowledge of the truth."

Lord Shaftesbury was ably supported in the debate by Earl Granville and the Bishop of Llandaff, the burden of whose remarks was, "If this thing be of God, who are we that we should withstand it? and if it be of men, it will surely come to nought;" and eventually Lord Duncannon withdrew his motion.

Christianity in India was, as we have seen, at this time a subject impressed on the heart of Lord Shaftesbury, and at many meetings he urged the necessity of a constant and consistent acknowledgment of Christianity on the part of the Government.

In March an important Conference on Missions was held in Liverpool,

where Lord Shaftesbury was in the chair, and Sir Herbert Edwardes, fresh from India, a chief speaker. Many were the lessons drawn on that occasion from the Mutiny, its causes and its suppression, bearing on the national responsibility to elevate and Christianise the people of India. Lord Shaftesbury embraced the opportunity to deprecate the Government neutrality in religion, which had already issued in such fatal results. He said:—

Well do I remember the time when the Mutiny in India had carried terror to every man's heart. Well do I recollect how many men, who cared no more for Christianity than for the ground they walked on, said to me, "Clear it is that nothing is left for the saving of the Empire but that the people should be Christianised. We must introduce the Christian religion among them." The Mutiny subsided, and so subsided their convictions, and a greater deadness ensued after the Mutiny than existed before it; and soon shall we lapse into that nondescript, that inconceivable, that wild condition called "Government neutrality." Recollect, my friends, that Government neutrality will shortly become national neutrality; that Government indifference will shortly become national indifference; ay, and that Government sin will shortly become national sin. After all, what is neutrality? Neutrality is a word you may read in the dictionary, and neutrality is a thing you may find in the grammar; but neutrality in the moral life of a man is a thing that cannot have existence. Politicians talk of neutrality because they delight in mutual mystifications. But neutrality in religion is *impossible*. A man must either believe or disbelieve. If he disbelieves, he is an infidel, and that is the end of the matter; if he believes, he is bound, by every consideration of heaven and earth, with all his soul, with all his heart, with all his mind, to labour that the Word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified. . . .

In June the Ragged School Teachers of London made a presentation to Lord Shaftesbury at St. Martin's Hall, as a token of their affection and gratitude, of an oil-painting illustrative of the benefits of the Shoe-Black Movement. It was accompanied by an elegantly-bound volume, containing an address beautifully engrossed, to which was appended the signatures of no less than 1,700 of the subscribers.

The signatures were those of all sorts and conditions of men, showing how widely the Ragged School movement had extended its influence. They included the names of clergymen, bankers, solicitors, merchants, and others of a like station; but a much larger proportion consisted of clerks and agents, grocers and gardeners, cooks and cow-keepers, hosiers and hatters, plasterers and polishers, and the like, no fewer than 120 honourable mechanical employments being represented.

In replying to the address, Lord Shaftesbury said—

I would rather be President of the Ragged School Union than have the command of armies or wield the destiny of empires. That volume, with its valuable collection of signatures, may go among ancient family records, and it will show to our posterity that some have been good enough to say that I have not been altogether useless in my generation.

The painting was honoured with a position over the mantelpiece in the dining-room at Grosvenor Square; the volume was kept in a case in the room, and both were shown with pride and pleasure to visitors to the very close of his life.

On the 6th of August about 4,000 persons assembled in the Free Trade Hall, at Manchester, to witness the presentation to the Countess of Shaftesbury of an address and a fine marble bust of the noble Earl, as a testimonial of the gratitude of the Factory Operatives for his powerful advocacy of the Ten Hours Bill.

The Countess, in acknowledging the presentation, said: "My good friends, it will not require many words from me to express the deep and heartfelt gratitude with which I receive the testimonial of your respect and affection. I prize it highly, as coming from a large body of my countrymen, whose character for intelligence and morality qualifies them to estimate at their true value any efforts made for the welfare of the community. You will believe, I am sure, that, having watched the progress of your exertions with lively interest, I warmly rejoiced in your success; and it is my fervent prayer to God that it may be blessed through many generations to you and to your children."

The bust, by Mr. M. Noble, besides being an admirable likeness, was an exquisite work of art, and it was gratifying to know that the cost of it was defrayed by a collection, almost entirely in pence, from the Operatives.

Sept. 17th.—St. Giles's. I wish I had recorded, at the time, when both my feelings and my memory were fresh, the presentation of the picture and address by the Ragged School Teachers, in St. Martin's Hall; and of the bust, by the Northern Operatives, in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. Striking, important, affecting celebrations—both of them; perhaps without precedent in our own or any other history. I give Thee thanks, O Lord.

The bust was erected on Wednesday, the 14th, in Stone Hall, of St. Giles's House, under the eye of Noble the sculptor.

Sept. 23rd.—The Saint. Last season in London, my daughters, all four, with Mlle. Krause, their excellent governess, attended twice a week at the Orthopædic Hospital, to tend the young cripples, and read to them. It was signally successful, and blessed, by God's grace, to the teachers and the taught. Never have I felt more joy than to see, that the more wretched the object, the more degraded and helpless the sufferer, the greater the sympathy of my children, and the greater their devotion. "Every good and perfect gift cometh down from above"!

The Third Annual Social Science Congress was held at Bradford, on the 10th of October. Lord Shaftesbury was President of the Association, and Lord Brougham President of the Council. For the first time in his life Lord Shaftesbury read his speech, in which he commented upon the subject matter to be dealt with in each department and section, with a view to show that all the subjects ran into each other towards the one end—the well-being of mankind. The paper occupied an hour and a half in reading, and was received with enthusiastic applause.

Of the hundreds and thousands of speeches that Lord Shaftesbury had made upon every conceivable subject, he was always guided in their preparation by a few simple rules, to which he remained faithful to the end of his career. He did not write his speeches—and never accustomed himself to trust to notes. He got together all his evidence and everything he wished to quote, and these he put in shape, but the connecting matter he never formally prepared. He thought the subject well over, made himself master of the facts, and trusted for the rest to the inspiration of the moment. In one or two instances, when he had to speak in the House of Lords (where, less than anywhere else, he felt the requisite inspiration), he committed his speech to memory, nearly word for word, and then handed the MS., to which, however, he never referred, to the reporters for publication, when he was specially anxious for an accurate report. It was a saying of his, that, for an ordinary speech, it was not of great consequence how it was commenced, but it was all-important how it ended, and he almost always, therefore, prepared his peroration, sometimes committing it to memory.

As the years advanced, certain characteristics which had been developed in early life became more and more pronounced. "My temperament is painfully susceptible," he wrote in the autumn of this year; "I am very soon elated, and as rapidly depressed, both in extremes: at one moment in the highest joy, then in the deepest despair." Towards the close of the year he wrote:—

Dec. 20th.—A man verging upon sixty must expect disappointments. And so I do. Yet, nevertheless, I have many moments of aspiration and hope. Though sometimes faint and feeble almost to inanition, I am, at other times, vigorous, lively, and forward, as in the best days of my youth; and I feel a singular reluctance to withdraw from the field, dark and dismal though it be, while there appears the smallest opening to do God's service. Man must not estimate what good can be done by his own proportion of big and little. God called me to the relief of the factory population, and gave me strength accordingly. The work was great and conspicuous. He may call me to some obscure, inferior, and, humanly speaking, paltry effort. The work may be short and without honour. Yet, at the day of final account, the last may be more than the first; "the gleanings of the grapes of Ephraim may be worth all the vintage of Abi-ezer."

This is why I cannot resolve to retire, though I see clouds gathering around, and, within and without, am not what I was.

CHAPTER XXVI.

1861—1863.

On the 28th of February, 1861, the Earl of Derby brought under the notice of the House of Lords the subject of the displacement of labourers in consequence of great metropolitan works and improvements.

Lord Shaftesbury welcomed the consideration of the subject, and referring to his efforts in 1853, said, that the attempt to place the responsibility on the parties undertaking these great works had failed, the mere reports ordered to be made having proved utterly useless. There were at that moment seven bills before Parliament, which, if carried, would authorise 1,145 houses to be demolished, and this would displace 5,422 persons, while the 200 Improvement Bills promised for this session would cause ravages "as great as if a foreign army had invaded the country, plundered the inhabitants, and dispersed them in all directions." He drew a lively picture of the panic resulting, in poor districts, from sudden notice to quit, of the loss of time in seeking for new homes, and of the inevitable rush, at the last moment, into already overcrowded localities. As to the proposal to establish suburban villages for the poor, he contended that it was absolutely necessary that the labouring man should be near the scene of his work, and the woman, too, who earned small sums to supplement the husband's wages.

A short debate ensued, but no conclusion was arrived at, except that the petitions referring to the matter should be ordered to lie on the table. On March the 21st, however, Lord Shaftesbury returned to the charge, and moved an addition to the Standing Orders, for the purpose of providing that the report, made by the promoters of railway and other bills, of the number of houses and inhabitants displaced, should be referred to the Select Committee on each Bill, who should inquire into, and report on, the same. In supporting this proposal, he pointed out that, unless something was speedily done, great moral, financial, and even political, mischief would ensue. From personal inspection he could say, that the proposed improvements would displace a quiet, orderly, decent population, and inflict absolute ruin on many. To arrange for cheap trains for workmen was giving a stone when they asked for bread. The proposed suburban villages did not meet the present immediate need, however beneficial they might be in the future. He believed good was done by keeping the real state of things constantly before the country, and if the story did not rouse the nation to something like a great and magnanimous effort, "we have come," he said, "to the time when we must declare there is no foundation of truth whatever in the professing philanthropy and self-glorifying language of the nineteenth century."*

* Hansard's Debates, 3 s., clxii. 145.

After some discussion, Lord Shaftesbury's proposal was (with a slight modification) adopted. A fortnight afterwards he addressed the House on the subject of cheap trains for workmen, and advocated these, not as solving the difficulty, but as tending to mitigate the evils caused by the demolition of labourers' homes in the metropolis. It was stated by Lord Redesdale in reply, that, in consequence of the alteration in the Standing Orders on March the 21st, clauses arranging for such trains to be run had been inserted in the Railway Bills now before the House, and would serve as guides for the future.

In 1852 Lord Shaftesbury had brought before the House of Lords the subject of criminal lunatics, and had urged that a state asylum should be erected for this class, who proved a great hindrance to the effective working of the asylums in which they were placed among other patients. Their presence nullified, or at least impeded, the operation of the system of non-restraint—"a system, the great and blessed glory of modern science, which, by the blessing of God, had achieved miracles."*

On a promise being given by Lord Derby that the subject should not be lost sight of, Lord Shaftesbury withdrew his motion. It was not, however, till 1860 that the Act was passed which resulted in the erection of the State Criminal Asylum at Broadmoor.

Meanwhile, in 1859, a panic on the subject of madhouses had arisen in the public mind. A few distressing circumstances, which were made public, were magnified by journalists and novelists to such an extent that an opinion became prevalent that cruelty and injustice once more reigned supreme in English asylums. The House of Commons appointed a Select Committee, which, after hearing a large amount of evidence, came to the conclusion that "the public asylums were well looked after and carefully attended to." They recommended, however, that better accommodation should be provided for a large proportion of the 68,000 pauper lunatics still detained in the wards of workhouses.

Lord Shaftesbury was naturally the principal witness examined by the Select Committee, and his evidence gives a succinct history of the whole *régime* of lunatic asylums from the year 1828, many features of which we have glanced at in the course of this narrative.†

In 1861 an effort was made to establish a Benevolent Asylum for the Insane of the Middle Classes, especially for those of limited means, and to this movement Lord Shaftesbury gave his full sympathy and practical support. There was a fear prevalent that insanity was on the increase in this country, and the startling fact had become apparent that the lower classes, in cases of mental affliction, were in a greatly better position than the middle classes. The fees in the first-class establishments were prohibitive, and the pauper asylums were already inadequate to meet the demands made upon them. It thus happened that in the great majority of cases, the sufferer

* Hansard, 3 s. cxix. 1237.

† See Minutes of Evidence of Select Committee of the House of Commons, 1859, p. 65

received no proper treatment at all till the malady became chronic, which, if properly treated at an earlier stage, might only have been temporary.

The public journals took up the question warmly, especially the *Lancet* and the result was, that on the 19th of April a public meeting was held in the Freemasons' Hall, under the presidency of Lord Shaftesbury, to discuss the question, and, if possible, to found an asylum for the middle classes. In the course of his speech he graphically pictured the effect of such a calamity as insanity occurring in the families of poor clergymen, half-pay officers, medical men, legal students, young men coming from a distance up to London, with merely enough to sustain them during the period of their studies, clerks in banking-houses, and all those who live by salaries and daily exertions, like governesses and tutors. "What," he asked, "can be worse, or more miserable, than the condition of those persons under the affliction of insanity?"

The whole scope of the proposal was then fully discussed, and much enthusiasm was shown by the audience. Over £760 was subscribed in the room towards the £5,000 required to make the first experiment, but, although the whole matter was much applauded at the time, nothing came of it then, and it was apparently allowed to drop. The effort, however, was not without its immediate results, for it aroused public sympathy in the question, and although the sympathy was not shown in the exact manner contemplated by the promoters of the meeting, it gave a stimulus to exertion in other directions, tending to benefit the class for whom this special effort was designed.

Like much of the bread cast upon the waters by Lord Shaftesbury, it was "found after many days." Among the audience that day was Mr. Thomas Holloway. The scheme, as unfolded by Lord Shaftesbury, deeply impressed him, and harmonised so completely with his desire to benefit his fellow-citizens without pauperising them, that he resolved, there and then, that, should his prosperity continue, he would himself establish such an institution as had been that day foreshadowed. A quarter of a century later, that is to say, on June the 15th, 1885, the Holloway Sanatorium, in the midst of the beautiful heath and forest of the district of Virginia Water, was opened by the Prince of Wales, the first of the completed institutions which will be ever associated with Mr. Holloway's name. Up to that date he had expended £300,000 upon that magnificent institution.

An incident in connection with this matter may be narrated here. In 1864 Lord Shaftesbury received the following letter:—

Mr. J. Bowen May to Lord Shaftesbury.

BOLTON HOUSE, RUSSELL SQUARE,

13th April, 1864.

MY LORD,—A gentleman, who is possessed of nearly a quarter of a million, is about to make a settlement of it (after providing for his relatives) for charitable uses.

Knowing your great philanthropy and your experience in such matters, I

advised him to be guided by your Lordship as to the disposal of this property, if you would condescend to take an interest in the subject.

If your Lordship assent, might I ask the favour of an audience?

I have the honour to be,

Your Lordship's very obedient servant,

J. BOWEN MAY.

On the 25th of May in that year Mr. Holloway called on Lord Shaftesbury, and the question was fully discussed. Mr. Holloway had, prior to that visit, determined to spend the whole of his money on one object, and on one building; but from this course he was dissuaded by Lord Shaftesbury. Mr. Holloway died in 1883, two years before the magnificent Sanatorium at Virginia Water was opened, and three years before the opening of the still more magnificent Ladies' College at Egham, founded at a cost of £450,000.

Whatever mistakes Lord Shaftesbury may have made from time to time in the course of his long career—and that he did make mistakes occasionally no one will attempt to gainsay—it was not from lack of caution that they, as a rule, occurred. In nine cases out of ten they arose from the misleadings of others. The pitfalls he escaped were out of all proportion to those into which he fell. An illustration may be cited here.

Affairs in Italy aroused great religious fervour in England, and efforts were made to spread the knowledge of the Gospel there, by establishing a "Society for the Evangelisation of Italy," as though the people were to be treated as heathens.

On the 2nd of April he wrote to Mr. Haldane *apropos* to this:—

I have had much conversation with Azeglio. He says to me, on the part of Cavour, that the Italian Government is most friendly to the great and complete circulation of the Scriptures, and to religious liberty; but that the headstrong zeal of many English enthusiasts will compel him to become antagonistic. God give us true wisdom and true zeal!

Only two months later and the following entry occurs in the Diary:—

June 6th.—This day news of the death of Cavour. Victor Emmanuel is loosed from his wise, far-seeing bold, adviser. There will be joy in Vienna, joy in Rome, joy in Berlin, joy in Russia, joy even in London among Derby's host, but sorrow and fear in every heart that hates oppression, wishes well to mankind, and prefers, to all his'torical and benumbing traditions of frontiers and monarchies, "to do justice and love mercy."

I deplore his loss personally. He was ever kind and considerate to me. We never appealed to him in vain to repress ecclesiastical tyranny.

In the course of the summer of 1861 civil war broke out in America. It was inevitable that the cotton supply, then almost exclusively American, must fail, and India, which should have been able to take up the cultivation, was being desolated by famine. On the 5th of July, Lord Shaftesbury, in the House of Lords, moved an address to the Crown to extend in India the best

systems of irrigation and internal navigation. His speech was a masterpiece of painstaking research. He refers to it thus:—

This evening, in House of Lords, motion on India. Perhaps few of my efforts have cost me so much trouble, to select, cut down, prepare and arrange extracts, statements, and facts.

Briefly, the case was this:—The north-west of India had recently been afflicted by a famine, for the relief of which the British public subscribed more than a hundred thousand pounds; another such visitation was threatening the Madras Presidency. In both cases the result was to be attributed, in great measure, to the fact that rivers, irrigation streams, and canals, had become obstructed; the tanks and watercourses—the glory of native princes—had become the reproach of their successors. If the Government were as prompt as the public were liberal, such calamities might be averted throughout the whole empire, and the benefits thus conferred on India would be abundantly returned to England, in the shape of an exhaustless field of cotton supply, and a boundless market for our manufactures.

In his speech Lord Shaftesbury said:—

The famine proves unmistakably the defect of irrigation; and the revolution shows the great hazard to which we are exposed, in depending almost entirely on a single source for the supply of cotton. It is not my intention to put India in the place of America, I indicate it only as one great source, and to say that we might safely be dependent on India alone for our cotton supply; but the subject of our cotton supply is worthy of serious reflection, inasmuch as four or five millions of mouths, in the manufacturing districts, are dependent for their daily bread upon a constant supply of that article. While recognising West African and Australian sources for a portion of our supply, we may, for present purposes, confine our consideration to what may be produced by the territory of India. It is not necessary to enter upon the inquiry whether the famine might have been prevented, or the short supply of cotton foreseen. The fact is, the evils are before us, and we have to consider whether we can do anything to prevent the recurrence of such formidable mischiefs.

They were timely words, but the House would not join in the Address to the Crown. Nevertheless, Lord Shaftesbury was the first man in Parliament to apprehend and demonstrate that the wealth of India depended upon its waters, that its wealth was wasted by neglecting them, and that it might be indefinitely augmented by utilising them. He was, moreover, the pioneer of that policy, long since adopted, of not depending only on one source of cotton supply.

A brief entry in the Diary indicates a wide field of labour, the results of which were to be made known a few years later.

Aug. 15th.—Brocket. Obtained, in House of Lords, a renewal of my inquiry instituted twenty years ago, into the labour of children and young persons. No notice from many papers and only sneers from others. Yet it is a great question, and involves much for the happiness, honour, and security of the kingdom.

While all the labours referred to in this and the preceding chapter were in

progress, a great sorrow had been gnawing the heart of Lord Shaftesbury. His beloved daughter, Mary, had been for a long time a great sufferer from lung disease, and was gradually fading out of life. A few of the touching incidents of that long and anxious period of painful suspense, we extract from the Diary:—

Feb. 3rd, 1861.—Torquay. Sunday. Took Lord's Supper with Minny. Thankful, very thankful, to have this opportunity, as we are to be separated to-morrow for a far longer time than has ever yet occurred in our married life. She must remain here with poor dear Mary; and I must go to re-commence the work of the Session. Such will be our separation until the month of May, should God permit us to reach that period. To surrender public life, and all the cares of the poor and destitute—the ragged race—and all the physical and moral sufferings of London and mankind, merely to spare ourselves a little grief and a little anxiety, would not be right, and certainly not satisfactory. I must continue my work so long as God gives me strength, while there is work to be done, not only while it can be done in circumstances pleasant to myself.

The solitude of my once cheerful house in London will be very great.

Aug. 10th.—A year and a half has Minny nursed this heartrending malady. Her attentions, waitings, watchings, have been incessant. Wound up and let down again; in joy and despair; without intermission, repose, change. During the last few days, under singular intensity of doubt, distress, sympathy, terror, she held on until the doctor, last night, declared that he saw and entertained no hope. Then all gave way; the stream broke its banks; and power, endurance, almost vitality, ran over, and left her stranded in exhaustion and weakness. Was there ever such a nurse? Were ever judgment, tact, skill, sympathy, affection, love, so blended, and so administered, before?

Aug. 29th.—Torquay. Old Hooker, that blessed saint of God, lying on his death-bed, prayed, "Since I owe Thee a death, Lord, let it not be terrible; but Thy will, not mine, be done." And so now I pray on her behalf.

Aug. 31st.—Minny can rest neither day nor night. Yesterday we may say that for twenty hours she was not from her side more than twice; and each time not more than ten minutes. The mother's devotion to the child, and the child's affection to the mother, are God's own gifts.

Two things have been, and are still, in my heart—a prayer and a wish; a prayer for a comforting sign of her acceptance in Christ her Saviour! a wish that she may go out, like my blessed Francis, in the bright day, and not in the darkness and solitude of the night!

Sept. 1st.—Sunday. Requested Mr. Fayle to move his congregation to pray for Mary, and to name her. There is power, I doubt not, in the united prayer of assembled worshippers; and it is a good thing to show what a leveller death is, and how much we all stand in need of each other. I am astonished at, and bless God for, her gentleness, meekness, goodness; such trials I have never seen or heard of.

Sept. 3rd.—At twenty minutes past three this morning, it pleased Almighty God, by taking the soul of darling Mary to Himself, to close her indescribable sufferings.

I submit to the Divine decree, I confess His wisdom and goodness; and yet a positive horror is upon me when I think of her dreadful agonies. It will

never, it can never, be effaced! How I wish that God would reveal to me, before the time when all things will be known, His purpose, in such awful severity!

After these sad and sorrowful days, and as soon as circumstances would permit, Lord and Lady Shaftesbury went abroad. Shortly after their return, an honour, which had been offered to Lord Shaftesbury in 1854, and declined, was renewed by Lord Palmerston, and accepted. The circumstances, together with other matters of interest, are narrated in the following correspondence:—

Lord Palmerston to Lord Shaftesbury.

94, PICCADILLY, 10th Dec., 1861.

MY DEAR SHAFTESBURY,—There is one of the vacant Garters which has not yet been allotted. I very much wish you would take it; I am sure that its being given to you would gratify the whole country. You declined it, I know, upon a former occasion, but that is no reason against your taking it now. . . .

Yours sincerely,

PALMERSTON.

Lord Palmerston to Lord Shaftesbury.

94, PICCADILLY, 11th Dec., 1861.

MY DEAR SHAFTESBURY,—There is no hurry about your decision, as nothing can be done in the matter for some little time to come; but I hope you will accept, as I think such an application of the Order would be creditable to the Crown and gratifying to the country. You may possibly anticipate a difficulty on the subject of the fees, but I think I can see my way to overcome that. It is, in fact, a gross abuse that honours given by the Crown as marks of approbation should have the operation of personal taxes.

The Prince, I regret to say, is seriously ill, though the Queen is anxious that the country should not be alarmed about him. What he has, is one of those intestinal fevers which last a given time, and require careful watching. Anxiety about him will not cease for ten days to come, and I scarcely know how I can go out of town during that time. There will be a bulletin in the papers to-morrow. Do not state to any one, beyond Minny, your knowledge of anything more than the bulletin may contain.

But the fact is, he is in great danger. Watson, who has been called in, is a skilful man, and Jenner, one of the Court physicians, is specially conversant with fevers; and the main thing to be done is to keep the animal functions going till Nature can, by her own prowess, effect a cure.

I have seen Watson just now, who says there are at present no bad symptoms, but that in some respects, such as pulse, the Prince is somewhat better. I cannot calmly contemplate the extent of the calamity which an unfavourable issue would produce.

Yours affectionately,

PALMERSTON.

On the evening of the same day the following entry was made in the Diary:—

Dec. 11th.—St. Giles's. May God be gracious. The Prince Consort is dangerously ill. Raise him up, O Lord, from the bed of sickness, for Christ's sake. I shrink from contemplating the calamity. I see and feel the shock to the Queen. She has never known sorrow, and is unprepared for it. It will leave her melancholy, friendless, without a support, an adviser; no one to aid her in public affairs, no one in private.

For the Prince Consort Lord Shaftesbury had always felt the strongest personal regard, amounting to affection. On that terrible Sunday when the booming of the great bell of St. Paul's, and the flashing of telegrams, spread the intelligence of the great calamity that had befallen the nation in his untimely death, there were few, perhaps, outside the immediate circle of the Royal Family, to whom the sad news brought with it a keener sorrow. He wrote:—

Dec. 16th.—London. Heard at Ringwood this morning that the Prince was dead! Short of my own nearest and dearest, the shock could not have been greater! The desolation of the Queen's heart and life! the deathblow to her happiness on earth! God, in His mercy, sustain and comfort her! The disruption of domestic existence unprecedented in royal history, the painful withdrawal of a prop, the removal of a counsellor, a friend in all public, all private affairs, the sorrows she has, the troubles that await her—all rend my heart as though the suffering were my own. To me they, both of them, were ever kind, and both expressed deep sympathy when it pleased the Lord to take my Francis and Mary.

How we must pray that God's Holy Spirit be shed on her heart, and Christ Himself be made manifest to her!

I hear, too, that my valued friend and coadjutor in efforts for the sanitary improvements of England is gone—the learned, warm-hearted, highly-gifted Southwood Smith.

As in the Diaries for 1859 and 1860 so in the Diary for 1862 there are but few entries. He had, however, resumed, in 1861, after an interval of twenty years, his "Journal of passing events," in which he recorded from day to day a summary of principal occurrences, more especially with reference to the American war. From this Journal, as there is little in it personal to himself, further than the expression of his views on the events as they occurred (and many of these views, written on the spur of the moment, were afterwards modified or changed as further information was received), we do not propose to quote. It is a valuable volume, however, breathing in every line the intense and absorbing interest he took in the progress of those mighty movements which were to issue in the liberation of the slaves, and indicating in every page, as he pointed out in a letter to the *Times* at the commencement of the war, that "the triumph of the South meant the consolidation of slavery, and his sympathies were, therefore, wholly for the North."

Returning to his private Diary, we find the following as the first entry for 1862:—

Jan. 2nd, 1862.—The observations on a new year can have no novelty; they

are trite, invariably the same, and yet invariably touching and full of interest. It is like standing "in the old paths:" they are worn, but they lead to your home—the home of body, mind, soul, and spirit.

What an obituary for the year which is gone! . . . Cavour, the Bishop of Durham, Lady Canning, the Prince Consort, all in the prime of life.

Add to the obituary the Duchess of Kent, Lord Aberdeen, the Lord Chancellor Campbell, Sir James Graham, Lord Herbert.

Lord Palmerston's friendly and generous proposals with regard to Lord Shaftesbury's acceptance of the signal honour of the Order of the Garter are referred to thus:—

May 19th.—Strange to say I am become "a Knight of the Garter." I refused it under Aberdeen and I accept it under Palmerston. I could not persist in refusal, so great was his anxiety, and so many and so urgent his arguments. I wished, on many grounds, to avoid the honour; but obstinacy in refusal would have been almost personal to him, and misunderstood in myself. I do not despise, nor would I publicly depreciate, such rewards. They have their real value. And I felt bound to act against my own inclinations. It has, in some respects, been very successful, and has been thankfully taken by many as a tribute to certain opinions, and an acknowledgment of services hitherto considered to be of no public value. So far I rejoice, and say "that, though it is nothing, it is something."

How my precious, precious Mary would have been pleased! But the darling has better things to please her now.

June 29th.—I resisted very specially on the ground of expense; fees amounting to something not far short of a thousand pounds. P. assured me that such demands he considered to be a shameful impost on those whom the Crown wished to honour, and that he would make an arrangement with the Treasury. I have reason to believe that the arrangement he made was to pay the whole expenses himself, but to keep it secret from me. This is, indeed, truly generous and friendly.

It was in this year that the terrible cotton famine—consequent upon the failure of the supplies of cotton from the Southern States of America—caused such wide-spread misery among the population of our great manufacturing centres. In that crisis, party strife seemed to die away, and men of all opinions were bent on co-operating in whatever policy and measures were for the public good. Lord Shaftesbury loved the Lancashire people, with whom the sympathies of all his life had been bound up, and in the time of their great trial he watched their attitude with the keenest interest. Speaking of them at the annual meeting of the Pastoral Aid Society, he said:—

There is nothing finer on earth than a Lancashire man or a Lancashire woman. I have known these people now for a great number of years; I have observed the strength of their feelings, the ardour with which they pursue an object, the deep and undying sense which they entertain of any act of kindness which has been done to them. I really do not believe there is such another race of people to be found on the face of the earth. . . . They are one of the most independent people on earth; they will bear no dictation, and will listen to no advice

unless fully assured that it comes from a sincere heart. They are a people kind and open-hearted, a people ready to receive instruction in religion, orderly and loyal—and they are, at the present time, exhibiting such an heroic, patient, and Christian-like bearing, that I really believe it could scarcely be matched amongst the most educated, enlightened, and Christian men in the land. I confess I am moved to tears when I think of the endurance of those people and of the magnanimous spirit in which their privations are borne. The letters which I receive would, I am sure, go to the heart of any one; and yet there is no complaint, no demand for assistance, no desire for the interposition of Government; they only hope that that relief which the law allows may be extended to them, and they trust that a good time may soon come, when trade will again revive and they will be able to subsist by their honest industry.

It required no little self-denial for Lord Shaftesbury to refrain from going into Lancashire to visit the people in the time of their distress. He knew, however, that if he did so, it would unsettle many of the movements which were working harmoniously; and he feared it would lay himself open to the charge that he was creating an independent movement for his own glory. This would operate, in the long run, prejudicially to the Operatives, for whom he had yet many schemes of amelioration in reserve.

On the first indication, however, of a turbulent spirit in Lancashire, he wrote to counsel them and to remind them of promises made to him years ago. That letter was distributed in every town and village in the county, and it had an excellent effect. It is notorious that there was never a word against the ruling powers of the day sent forth from Lancashire.

There was a lull in Lord Shaftesbury's legislative efforts during 1862. With the exception of an "Act to amend the Law relating to Lunatics," which was passed this year, he does not appear to have brought forward any new measure. This Act made pauper lunatics chargeable to the union instead of to the parish, instituted various safeguards against the incarceration of sane persons, and provided for increased visitation, and further protection for single patients.

In the course of his speech Lord Shaftesbury narrated an anecdote to show that eminent men sometimes formed their opinions as to the sanity of a patient on very flimsy evidence. Once when he was sitting on the Commission as Chairman the alleged insanity of a lady was under discussion, and he took a view of the case opposite to that of his colleagues. One of the medical men who was there to give evidence, crept up to his chair, and, in a confidential tone, said, "Are you aware, my lord, that she subscribes to the Society for the Conversion of the Jews?" "Indeed!" replied Lord Shaftesbury; "and are you aware that I am President of that Society!"

In 1863, England, in common with all civilised nations, was thrilled with horror at the cruel and ruthless manner in which Russia was engaged in putting down an insurrection in Poland. The tyranny of the rulers of this unhappy country had often provoked sanguinary struggles, and for years the down-trodden people had waited for vengeance. In 1861 some 30,000 people

were assembled near the battle-field of Grochow; they were engaged in singing requiems and in prayer for the souls of those who had fallen, when the Russian cavalry charged in among them, slaughtered a number of persons, and arrested many others. An intense national feeling was kindled throughout the country. The indignant populace joined in other demonstrations of a patriotic character, and the result was fresh massacres by the Russian soldiery. A fierce hatred of everything Russian grew and spread, and most of the Poles in the service of the Czar resigned or deserted. The authorities retaliated with measures of a sternly repressive character. The Poles were forbidden to meet together, even in the churches, and all who were mourning for relatives killed in the massacres were severely punished. The excitement was allayed for a time by the nominal introduction of some liberal reforms, but the Poles knew too well that the Russian Government was not to be trusted to carry them out, and in October of the same year fresh disturbances took place. Poland was declared in a state of siege, and an era of guerrilla warfare, without any decisive conflicts, commenced. In February, 1863, the Committee of the National Insurrection issued its first proclamation, and almost immediately afterwards the standard of revolt was raised by Mieroslawski on the Posen frontier. District after district rose in insurrection, and the proclamations of the Committee directed the action of the insurgents. Britain remonstrated repeatedly (either separately or in conjunction with other nations) on behalf of the Poles, and France, Spain, Austria, Sweden, Italy, Portugal, Denmark, and the Netherlands, all intervened diplomatically for the same object. But these remonstrances were utterly disregarded by the Czar and his Ministers. News of one horror after another continued to rouse the indignation of Europe. Everywhere in Poland blood was flowing freely, and the midnight sky was red with the flames of burning villages and homesteads. Fines and confiscations brought all the wealthier inhabitants to the verge of ruin, and the whole population of suspected villages was put to the sword. The National Committee were not slow in making reprisals wherever possible, and the land was given up to a reign of terror.

Such was the state of affairs in Poland when, on March the 17th, 1863, a meeting, convened in the name of the Lord Mayor, was held in the Guildhall, to express English sympathy with the Poles. It was an enthusiastic gathering, and Lord Shaftesbury, in response to repeated calls, came forward to address the meeting. The speech he made on that occasion he was wont to consider as the greatest he ever made; referring to it twenty years afterwards he said, "It tore me to pieces to deliver it."

Once committed to any subject, Lord Shaftesbury always followed it up to practical issues. Again and again in the House of Lords, by questions addressed to the Government, he called attention to the Polish cause. An effort on the part of England, France, and Austria to induce the other signatories of the Treaty of Vienna to move the Russian Government to conciliation having been unsuccessful, Lord Shaftesbury, on the 8th of May, when

presenting, among others, the petition from the great meeting at the Guild-hall, and moving that these petitions do lie upon the table, took the opportunity to enter fully into the whole subject, and to express what was undoubtedly the national sentiment. It was a speech which cost him much. Apart from the labour in the compilation of his facts and arguments, it was a subject which made a heavy demand upon his sympathies. There was a passion and a pathos in his utterance which was never wrung from him more forcibly than when pleading the cause of oppressed nationalities. As in his memorable speech on the Ameers of Scinde, so now on behalf of the oppressed Poles, he threw his whole mind and soul and strength into his pleading.

We cannot record the speech. It occupied between two and three hours in delivery and was similar in character to the one made at the Mansion House.

The sequel is only too well known. It was in vain that Great Britain, France, Austria, and other European Powers exerted their moral influence and exhausted all the forms of diplomatic remonstrance. Russia and Prussia, in close alliance, affected to see in the insurrection only a manifestation of the revolutionary power in Europe. In 1864 the Czar's troops, officiously aided by Prussia, and with the secret sympathy and support of Austria, succeeded in trampling out the last sparks of resistance to the Russian authority. Large numbers of men and women, and even children, who had been in some way or other concerned in the revolt, or who were merely suspected of having favoured it, were executed; others were driven off in crowds to Siberia; and so, by perseverance in these ruthless measures, "tranquillity was restored." Poland was deprived of the last remnant of administrative independence, and placed under the care of eight military governors.

Miss Florence Nightingale was one of Lord Shaftesbury's correspondents, and all her letters he carefully treasured. The following, written in the course of this year, is characteristic of her style:—

Miss Florence Nightingale to Lord Shaftesbury.

HAMPSTEAD, N.W., Aug. 15th, 1863.

DEAR LORD SHAFTESBURY,—Always remembering that to you first we owe the giving of sanitary hope to our poor army, I should have ventured to solicit your acceptance of a copy of the complete report and evidence of our "Indian Army Sanitary Commission." It was, however, understood by us that it was to be of course presented to Parliament.

"By mistake," Sir C. Wood presented (so he writes) a paltry 8vo containing only the report and a précis of evidence, simply ludicrous from its incompleteness.

"By mistake," the type of the *two folio Blue Books* is broken up.

"By mistake," it is not to be sold at the Parliamentary dépôts.

"By mistake," it is not to be published—not to be had—not to be distributed to Parliament.

A small number, however (50 only to the House of Lords, and 100 to the House of Commons), have been sent to Parliament, to be given to those members only who apply for them.

Would you apply for the *two folio Blue Books* for a copy for yourself?

We want immediate pressure made to obtain the Working Commissions: three in India, one for each Presidency, and one at home attached to the India and War Offices (to advise), which have been recommended in the Report.

I should be proud indeed to be called upon at any time for information by you.

Your faithful servant,

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

There was no man living for whom Lord Shaftesbury entertained a more affectionate regard than for Lord Palmerston; and, among all his friends, advisers, and counsellors, there was no one on whom Lord Palmerston more completely relied than on Lord Shaftesbury. In many respects—nay, in most—the two men were the very opposite of each other, and yet they constantly found themselves drawing nearer and nearer together in heart and purpose. There is nothing extraordinary in this. The stories of great friendships furnish a thousand notable instances of the same thing. What that friendship was to Lord Shaftesbury, we shall see more fully later on; one phase of it finds illustration here.

Lord Palmerston was a frank, outspoken man, and he ventured to speak or write to Lord Shaftesbury on subjects that no one else dared to approach. Thus, in 1861, he wrote to him on the delicate question of money matters:—

Lord Palmerston to Lord Shaftesbury.

94, PICCADILLY, 29th Nov., 1861.

MY DEAR SHAFTESBURY,—Old Alava one day said to the Duke of Wellington that he had heard that the Duke's affairs at Strathfieldsaye were not well managed, and required more looking into; the Duke replied, "Mind your own affairs, and do not meddle with mine;" and he almost cut Alava for a couple of years afterwards; but at the end of that time he took him into favour again, and said that if he had attended, at the time, to what Alava had said, he should have saved a good deal of money. Now, I have a better excuse for mentioning your affairs to you than Alava had with the Duke; because, besides my great regard and friendship for you, I have duties towards Emily's children and grandchildren. Now I, like Alava, have heard people talk, and I am afraid that from your kindness and generosity of feeling, and from your desire to improve every part of your large estate, you have been led, by your local manager at St. Giles's, to devote to local expenditure and improvements a much larger portion of your income than would, in the usual course of things, be allotted to such purposes, and that you have thus stinted yourself unnecessarily with regard to that part of your income which is available for general objects. Everybody knows that every servant and agent would, if they could, absorb the largest possible amount of their employer's income in their own department, and that it requires a very watchful hand to keep them within proportional bounds. I have myself been a sufferer in this way, for some years ago, when I was at the Foreign Office and unable to spare a moment to look into my accounts, I found on going out of office that my land steward had made away with three thousand pounds of my money, while he had been urging me to sell a farm to pay debts which the money he had purloined would have fully satisfied.

You have so much to do, with all the various occupations which absorb your time, that it is not likely that you should have leisure to go into a minute examination of the expenditure on your estate. Your agent may be better than mine was, and may be perfectly honest; though even honest agents sometimes think themselves entitled to percentages upon their employer's expenditure, and are tempted, therefore, to make it as large as they can. But, if report says true, he at one time kept race-horses and brood mares, and was connected with racing men, and, of course, was a betting man; all these things, if they do not lead a man astray, infuse into his mind habits of restlessness not very suitable to accurate economy.

Well, now, what I would wish to submit for your consideration is, whether it would not be worth your while to follow the example of the late Duke of Rutland and the present Emperor of the French. The Duke found his expenses at Belvoir growing inconveniently high, and he asked Mr. Norman, his connection, to look into them, and the result was great economy and regulated order. The Emperor of the French has found that he was devoting to expenses in matters of great interest to him more than ought properly to be allotted to them, and he has called in Fould to look into his affairs and set them right.

I believe you employ Nichol and Burnett as your London solicitors; they are honest and honourable men, trustworthy, and men of business; why should you not employ one of them to go down to St. Giles's to examine, minutely, the accounts of your local agent, and to make you a report upon them and upon the state of your affairs, and to suggest, for your consideration, such arrangements as might appear deserving of adoption?

This is a measure which is often adopted, and I believe has generally been found advantageous; no local agent can reasonably object to such an investigation unless there be something which he wishes to conceal.

Yours sincerely,

PALMERSTON.

This advice was not given too soon. Lord Shaftesbury found himself becoming involved in serious financial difficulties, which, before long, grew critical.

Lord Palmerston's religion was essentially practical. We have given a specimen of it in his reply to the Scotch Memorialists. He was not the man to say, "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled," and forget to "give those things which are needful to the body." We are not surprised, therefore, to find the following entry in the Diary:—

July 19th, 1863.—Sunday. Happy that I was enabled to come to bless our dear Lord at His own table for deliverance, to a great extent, from apprehensions and fears of financial difficulty and disgrace; for disgrace it will be to be seen as one irregular, embarrassed, half insolvent in money matters. Deep, bitter, exhausting, have been my efforts and anxieties for some time past. But God, in His mercy, has blunted the edge and averted the crisis. Matters were at the worst when Palmerston, whose liberality and kindness are not only *excessive*, but invariable, sent to Minny yesterday five thousand pounds, stating that he must be allowed to pay his half "of her son's start in the world." O Lord, how can

I thank *him* but by imploring *Thee* to bless him and my equally kind and liberal mother-in-law, with all that is best in time and in eternity.

The catastrophe prognosticated by Lord Palmerston was not long in coming.

Aug. 20th.—Spa. Have had various bothers of a grave kind. Have dismissed Waters,* under pretence of allowing him to resign. Shall never discover my whole loss by mismanagement, speculation, trickery, and direct fraud. It has been a yearly and an occasional plunder. Twelve thousand pounds, during the twelve years I have had him, is a very low estimate. It will, I fear, be much higher.

The extent of Lord Shaftesbury's losses was never really known. They were certainly much understated in his first calculation.† For many years he was to have trouble and anxiety without ceasing—lawsuits without number, and vexations endless. It was a bitter ingredient in his cup, that, as the years advanced, the effort to keep free from debt became more and more difficult. It will not be necessary to dwell upon this subject, although throughout the Diaries for many years to come, there are touching passages to show how keenly he felt the position in which he was placed, how heartily he loathed the necessity of legal processes, and how earnestly he prayed for deliverance. With any man of less courage and determination, this additional weight, added to the burden of life, would have impeded all further progress. It was not so with Lord Shaftesbury, and, despite the accumulation of anxieties, he set his face more steadfastly than ever towards the objects of his life.

* His steward.

† In 1868 he estimates them at £50,000.

CHAPTER XXVII.

1864—1865.

THE story of the sufferings of the "Climbing Boys" employed by chimney-sweepers reads rather like a chapter from some terrible record of the Dark Ages, than a veritable chapter from the history of this enlightened century.

Little children, from four to eight years of age, the majority of them orphans, the rest bartered or sold by brutal parents, were trained to force their way up the long, narrow, winding passages of chimneys to clear away the soot. In order to do this, they had to move up and down by pressing every joint in their bodies against the hard and often broken surface of the chimneys; and to prevent their hands and knees from streaming with blood, the children were rubbed with brine before a hot fire to harden the flesh.

But the sufferings of the climbing boys did not end here. Their skin being choked in every pore, they were liable to a frightful disorder, called chimney sweeper's (or sooty) cancer, involving one of the most terrible forms of physical suffering; they began the day's work at four, three, or even two, in the morning; they were half stifled by the hot sulphurous air in the flues; often they would get stuck in a chimney, and faint from the effects of terror, exhaustion, and foul air, and then, if the usual remedy of lighted straw failed to "bring them round," they were often half-killed, and sometimes killed outright, by the very means used to extricate them.

Such was their work. For their "rest," they had low, ill-drained, ill-ventilated, and noisome rooms or cellars, and oftentimes slept upon the soot-heaps. For the whole week, perhaps for many weeks, they remained unwashed, and on Sundays they were generally shut up together, so that the neighbours might not see their miserable plight.

They were morally and intellectually degraded to the lowest possible point. Out of 384 boys examined by order of a Commission of Inquiry, so recently as 1864, only six could write and twenty-six could read, most of them very imperfectly.

The saddest point of all, perhaps, was that these hapless little sufferers were the victims of the fireside comforts of others; the "scape-goats of civilisation," sacrifices to thoughtlessness or greed.

No one can have failed to be struck by Lord Shaftesbury's dogged and indomitable perseverance. When once he made a cause his own, whatever obstacles might stand in his way, he would not—

"Bate a jot

Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward."

Difficult as he had found it, in 1840, to procure an Act forbidding the employment by chimney sweepers of climbing boys, it was a far more formidable task to prevent its evasion. After the passing of the Act, it lay for some time dormant, and when attempts were made to enforce it, the most unscrupulous devices were resorted to, in order to nullify its operation. Efforts were made from time to time to render the Act more efficacious, but without success. In 1851 a Bill to amend the Chimney-Sweepers Regulation Act of 1840 passed the Lords and was read once in the Commons, but was then allowed to drop; and so little interest was taken in it, that neither Hansard nor the *Times* report a word concerning it, beyond the fact that it was read. In 1853, when endeavouring to get a Bill passed to remedy the imperfections of the existing Act, Lord Shaftesbury said, "he did not believe that all the records of all the atrocities committed in this country or in any other, could equal the records of cruelty, hardship, vice, and suffering, which, under the sanction of the law, had been inflicted on this helpless and miserable race."*

Moderate as were the proposals made by Lord Shaftesbury, there was considerable opposition to the Bill, chiefly on the ground of, what was alleged to be, the absolute necessity, in some cases, of the employment of climbing boys.

Lord Beaumont spoke of the Bill as "a pitiful cant of pseudo-philanthropy;" and said of the former Bill, "that its sole effect had been that a few more houses had been burnt, and a few more persons endangered under its operation, than would have been if it had never been passed." To this Lord Shaftesbury replied that, "he could only say that he trusted in God he should ever fall under his (Lord Beaumont's) censure, and under the censure of all those who, with him, could apply to the course he had taken, a charge of 'cant' and 'miserable legislation.'"

The Bill was ultimately referred to a Select Committee, and thirteen witnesses were examined; but, although the cruelty of the system was fully set forth, the Committee reported that it was inexpedient to proceed further. In 1854, therefore, Lord Shaftesbury again returned to the charge, and pleaded for the "four thousand wretched children who were at that time engaged in this disgusting and unnecessary employment." He stated that in Manchester, sixty master chimney-sweepers had met, and testified to the degradation, cruelty, ignorance, and vice, inseparable from the system, and to the readiness with which the "machines" could be effectually used instead of climbing boys. In London, "machines" were almost exclusively used.

The Bill passed the Lords, but was thrown out in the Commons, and in the following year a similar Bill was read once in the Lords and then abandoned. It was clear the time was not ripe for legislation on the subject, and for some years no better opportunity arrived, although, as occasion offered, Lord Shaftesbury did not fail to utter a few forcible words upon it.

In 1861, when the Children's Employment Commission was appointed,

* Hansard, cxxvii. 198.

the climbing boys were included in the Inquiry. In due course evidence was taken, blue books were published, and, in July, 1863, Lord Shaftesbury brought the whole matter before the House of Lords, to be renewed again and again, and finally to result in the "Chimney-Sweepers Regulation Act, 1864," by which it was made unlawful for a chimney-sweeper to take into a house with him any assistant under sixteen years of age, and, in cases where boys were sent up chimneys, it empowered magistrates to impose imprisonment with hard labour instead of a fine. In any question that might arise as to the age of a child, the burden of proof was to lie on the employer.

It seemed that, at last, the system of cruelty and oppression was broken up, and that the 1st of November, 1864, might be styled "The Chimney-Sweepers' Emancipation Day."*

But the rejoicings were premature. In 1866 the Children's Employment Commission, in presenting their Fifth Report, gave evidence "of the failure of the Amended Act to answer its intended purpose."

It was not until ten years later that the abominable system of cruelty was utterly abolished.

In order to make the story of the climbing boys complete, we shall anticipate events and finish the record here. Not until 1872 do we find a further entry in the Diary on the subject; it is as follows:—

Oct. 9th, 1872.—Yesterday stirred, after a long interval, by my poor climbing boys. One suffocated in a flue in Staffordshire. The Act which forbids the practice, intentionally made the evidence difficult. Years of oppression and cruelty have rolled on, and now a death has given me the power of one more appeal to the public through the *Times*.

The case was that of a boy, named Christopher Drummond, who was sent up the flue of a fernery, and after the lapse of fifteen minutes was taken out dead. As nothing came of the letter to the *Times*, on the 19th of March Lord Shaftesbury drew attention to the matter in the House of Lords, but without success. A few months later the following entry occurs:—

March 20th, 1873.—Then to House of Lords to move for report of coroner's inquest on a poor little chimney-sweeper, seven-and-a-half years old, killed in a flue at Washington, in county of Durham. So much for my labour on behalf of the climbing-boys! But, by God's mercy, good may come out of evil.

One death was insufficient to arouse public interest in the matter, and in February, 1875, Lord Shaftesbury called the attention of the Government to another case—it was not known how many children might not have been sacrificed in the meantime—that of George Brewster, a boy of fourteen, who had been suffocated in a flue at Cambridge.

The press at last took up the question vigorously, and then came the opportunity for which Lord Shaftesbury had been waiting for years. For the manslaughter of the boy at Cambridge the master sweep was sentenced to six

* *Ragged School Union Magazine*, 1864, p. 245.

months' hard labour. Commenting upon this, in a stirring article, the *Times* said:—

“The law mitigates the guilt of this monstrous crime by including it in the category of manslaughter; but we are bold to say that, at this stage in the history of civilisation, it is only to be adequately characterised by that name of far graver significance in relation to the culpable sacrifice of human life, beyond which human censure cannot go. . . . Whoever deliberately authorised and permitted the employment of this unfortunate boy, are morally guilty of the crime of murder. . . . The time has come for a final review of a system under which such an offence is visited with no heavier punishment than six months' imprisonment.” *

This article gave rise to a lengthy correspondence in the papers, in which Lord Shaftesbury brought forward a number of cases to show how the illegality of the cruel practice was winked at generally.

On the 20th of April, 1875, he gave notice of a new Bill on the subject, and the announcement met with warm approval and the promise of cordial support. He refers to the subject in his Diary thus:—

April 28th, 1875.—Again on the rescue of the climbing boys. One's soul is torn by their misery and degradation. Have prepared a Bill; the second reading stands for May 11th. God in His mercy, grace, and love, be with me. Shall I have, after the manner of men, to contend with beasts? One hundred and two years have elapsed since the good Jonas Hanway brought the brutal iniquity before the public, yet in many parts of England and Ireland it still prevails, with the full knowledge and consent of thousands of all classes.

May 12th.—Last night Chimney-Sweepers Bill in House of Lords. It was, under God, a success in its issue, though I did not think it, or feel it, at the time. Was much disheartened at outset. House very inattentive—had twice to implore their “condescension to hear me.” At last they listened, and, so far as their undemonstrative natures would allow, applauded me. . . . Yet by His grace I have stirred the country. The *Times*, may the paper be blessed, has assisted me gloriously.

June 4th.—By God's blessing, Chimney-Sweepers Bill passed through Committee of House of Lords in the twinkling of an eye—not a syllable uttered.

June 12th.—Cross, Secretary of State for Home Department, has consented to take up the Chimney-Sweepers Bill in House of Commons.

The Bill passed into law that session, and thus, after a century of inquiry and legislation, there was rolled away one of the greatest reproaches to the civilisation of this country. Lord Shaftesbury had broken the fetters of the most oppressed, degraded, and tortured children on the face of the earth, and had set them for ever free.

No one can have failed to perceive that Lord Shaftesbury was, from his youth upwards, in the habit of using very strong and forcible language. Sometimes this habit carried him too far, and when this was the case no one regretted it more than himself; sometimes (when cruelty, injustice, and

* *Times*, March 25th, 1875.

oppression were his theme) he regretted that language was inadequate to convey the expression of his indignation and disgust; sometimes he used "a Nasmyth hammer to crack a nut;" and sometimes, in the heat and fervour of debate, or under the excitement of great popular applause, he was led away, as every orator more or less is led, into expressions which, had there been time to consider the choice of words, he would have modified or have left unsaid. He was a very rapid speaker (he had the reputation of being the most rapid speaker in the House of Lords), and the reporters were apt to complain that they found some difficulty in following him. Moreover, as we have said, he never, as a rule, prepared any part of an ordinary speech except the peroration, and it was inevitable that, occasionally, he should be betrayed into the use of expressions stronger than the occasion justified. The only wonder is that these betrayals were not of far more frequent occurrence.

He could say severe and pungent things in a pleasant way. For example, on one occasion a certain Nonconformist took upon himself to make an attack in the name of Nonconformists generally—although he was in no way their representative—on the faith and practice of the Evangelical clergy, charging them with being guilty of perjury and subornation. Lord Shaftesbury took up the matter on the ground that the clergy should not be left in the forefront of the battle to be shot at, as the cause was that of the laity as much as of the clergy, and said:—

I, too, have signed the Articles. I, too, am a subscriber to what is contained in the Prayer Book, just as much as the clergy are subscribers to it. I do, as a layman, everything that the clergy do, with the exception of the administration of the Sacraments, and I take my full share of responsibility along with them. My notion is that the best way of dealing with these attacks would be not to reply to them—not to take any notice of them. I think that if what we have heard of, had been addressed to me, in my capacity of a layman, I should have taken no notice of it whatever; or, if I had taken any notice of it, I should have merely said to the accuser, "Sir, I believe you are very ignorant; to say the truth, you are a very saucy fellow, and if you think that you represent the great and good Nonconformists of former days—the Howes, the Bunyans, the Flavels, and Wattses—or even that you have anything akin to the good, sound, and true religious Nonconformists of the present day; you are just as much mistaken as you would be, if you thought you were well versed in history, or had even been initiated in the first elements of good breeding or Christian charity." *

On another occasion, when justifying the use of some strong language in which he had been indulging, he said:—

I have not that faculty for mild speech which distinguishes some persons in this country. A story was told me by the late Earl Grey relating to himself and Mr. Burke. Lord Grey told me that on one occasion when in the House of Commons, as Mr. Grey, he had been speaking with considerable force of language and greater vehemence of tone than some persons might have thought seemly. On resuming his seat, he said to Mr. Burke, "I hope I have not shown much

* Church Pastoral Aid Society, May 8th, 1862.

temper." "Temper!" replied Mr. Burke, "temper, sir, is the state of mind suited to the occasion!"

Towards Neology—a term to which Lord Shaftesbury gave the most extended meaning—he felt that strong language indicated "the state of mind suited to the occasion;" and we find that, against its encroachments, which at this period were rapid, various, and almost universal, his stoutest utterances were directed. Hard as had been the battle he had fought with Romanism in days gone by; determined as his opposition was to be to Ritualism in days to come, it was against Rationalism that the whole strength of his armoury was directed. Whatever touched, or seemed to touch, irreverently, the Divinity of Christ, and His sacrificial atonement, or the inspiration and authority of the Sacred Scriptures, touched the apple of his eye, and he writhed under it. Those doctrines were not to him matters of mere theology; they entered into every fibre of his being; and to those who would rob him—or, rather, rob the Church—of the rest and comfort and strength of them, he might have said, with the beggared Jew:—

"Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that :
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That does sustain my house ; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live."

We do not propose to enter minutely into the various theological discussions in which Lord Shaftesbury was engaged at this period of his life, except in those instances in which legislation was involved, but the narrative would be incomplete were they passed over altogether. For many years—and especially from 1860, the date of the publication of "Essays and Reviews," to 1866, when Bishop Colenso's work on the Pentateuch and Professor Seeley's "Ecce Homo" were given to the world—there was scarcely a day when, either by lip or pen, Lord Shaftesbury was not protesting against attacks on the orthodox faith.

We shall cull, therefore, from the Diaries, from letters, and from speeches, some of his views on the theology of those years and the men who promulgated it.

Thus, of "Essays and Reviews," he says:—

A company of seven gentlemen, conscientious, no doubt, in their own views, but holding a belief and a faith antagonistic in the extreme from that which we hold, have put out a volume with much pomp and circumstance. Now, I hold that all the authors of that book are responsible for the whole and every part United in a single publication, sharing alike the consequences, the profit, the loss, the honour, or the disgrace, as it may be, of that publication, they are bound together in a common effort to introduce a new Gospel, which is to be propounded and circulated for the general acceptance of the British public.

After maintaining, perhaps not very logically, that if that book were true, the Bible must be false, and the Bible Society had, therefore, no business to

exist, as it was circulating a great imposition, he asked why the book had received the attention it had commanded.

"For no other reason than this," he said, "that for the first time in our history a plan of a new Gospel and a new system of interpretation of Scripture, has been boldly put forward by men whose names are notorious, by men who hold high offices in the Church, by beneficed clergymen, by dignitaries. The value is not in the writings, but in the offices of the men; the effect is not in the force of the work, but in the names of the persons who have sent it forth." *

Of Bishop Colenso's book on the Pentateuch, and the ultimate effect of the controversies created by its publication, he said :—

I maintain that this puerile and ignorant attack on the sacred and unassailable Word of God has been of inestimable benefit to the Word of God in this country. It has called forth a flood of learning and piety, vigour and truthfulness of explanation, and power of criticism, such as I did not know existed at the present time in this realm of England. It has, if possible, made that blessed old Book, which we circulate, to stand upon a stronger basis than ever; and I am sure that the admirers of that book cannot, at all events, pronounce upon the defenders of the Bible the curse of Meroz, that "they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." My friends, the greater the number of attacks on the Bible, the more determined and the more zealous you should be by redoubling the number of your issues; the more frequent the assaults, the more you should strive to increase the circulation, and for that purpose to reduce the price of the sacred volume. The more your issues are multiplied, the more the Book will be read; the more the Book is read, the more it will be believed, the more it will be loved; the more it is loved, the more it will be defended; the more it is defended, the more it will fulfil the great and blessed purpose for which God, in His Almighty goodness, gave it to a fallen world. †

Of M. Renan's "*Vie de Jesus*" he said :—

You see how that book, which was written for the most iniquitous purposes, the Life of our Lord, by Ernest Renan, has already set the Jewish mind upon inquiry, and prompted the Jews to have recourse to the Scriptures themselves, in order to see what kind of a person He is who has been so caricatured by Renan; and I believe the result will be that many will go away believers in the name of Him whom they had been taught to blaspheme, and will come to the conclusion that they themselves are greater miracles than any miracle that they venture to believe. ‡

To "Ecce Homo," and his never-to-be-forgotten phrase concerning it, the following entries refer :—

May 12th, 1866.—Speaking at meeting of Church Pastoral Aid Society, I denounced "Ecce Homo" as a "most pestilential book." This expression I well recollect. The report adds "ever vomited from the jaws of hell." No doubt,

* Bible Society, May 1st, 1861.

† Bible Society, 1863.

‡ Jews' Society, May, 1864.

then, I used the words. They have excited a good deal of wrath. Be it so. They were, perhaps, too strong for the *world*, but not too strong for the *truth*. It escaped, in the heat of declamation, justifiable and yet injudicious.

The book is as much admired and bepraised in England as Ernest Renan's in France, except that the French have not, as far as I know, found a bishop to endorse M. Renan; while we have found one, so I hear, to become surety for "Ecce Homo"!

May 26th.—No end of denunciations, in every form, of my opinion of "Ecce Homo"! . . . The book can no longer be read by any one in ignorance that its character is, at least, questioned by some.

A well-known Nonconformist minister put this question to Lord Shaftesbury: "From which do you think there is the greater danger, the progress of Ritualism, or the progress of Neology?" He replied: "To the Church of England as an Established Church I apprehend there is the greater danger from Ritualism, but as regards the Church of Christ and the cause of religion in the Church of England, I apprehend there is the greater danger from Neology."

Throughout these years wherever he went, in season and out of season, Lord Shaftesbury was as "a voice crying in the wilderness," and the burden of his exhortations may be summed up in the words he addressed to the members of the Young Men's Christian Association:—

In this day of unspeakable importance, will this Association continue firm to the Truth? Will it earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints? Will it resist all the various assaults, the dexterous attacks, the insidious approaches of that empty, specious sentimentality which, hating the real truth and endeavouring to subvert and set aside all specific and dogmatic teaching, approaches you and deceives you by professions that they who indulge it are so overwhelmed by the love of God that they can see nothing else, they can touch you upon no other doctrine, they can handle no other subject, all is submerged in that alone; and so His other attributes are altogether set aside, altogether ignored, as not worth a moment's consideration, and least of all, of the consideration of strong-minded and intellectual men. . . . If this is the way in which strong-minded men are to be approached, it is not the way in which strong-hearted men are to be approached. "With the heart man believeth," and not with the intellect. The intellect is very well in its way, but the heart is God's especial province; it is with the heart that men believe; it is with the heart that men will defy all these attacks; it is with the heart that man will rest secure in his convictions; it is with the heart that men will aspire to immortality; it is with the heart that by God's grace they will reach that to which they aspire.*

One episode of these controversies was, that the friendship between Lord Shaftesbury and his cousin, Dr. Pusey, which had long lain cold, was warmed into new life. When the judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council was given in the "Essays and Reviews" case, and the charges made against the writers broke down, Dr. Pusey wrote a letter to the *Record*.

* "Exeter Hall Lectures," 1862-3, p. 396.

calling upon all Christians to forego minor differences in mutual resistance of the great doctrinal errors of the day.

That letter gave rise to the following correspondence:—

Lord Shaftesbury to Dr. Pusey.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, *Feb. 26th*, 1864.

MY DEAR PUSEY,—You and I are fellow-collegians and old friends.

Time, space, and divergent opinions, have separated us for many years: but circumstances have arisen which must, if we desire combined action in the cause of our common Master, set at nought time, space, and divergent opinions.

We will fight about those *another day*; in this we “must contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints;” and it must be done together now. Your letter to the *Record* shows (at least I think so) that you are of the same mind as myself.

We have to struggle, not for Apostolical Succession or Baptismal Regeneration, but for the very Atonement itself, for the sole hope of fallen man, the vicarious sacrifice of the Cross. For God’s sake let all who love our blessed Lord, and His perfect word, be of one heart, one mind, one action on this great issue, and show that, despite our wanderings, our doubts, our contentions, we yet may be one in Him.

What say you?

Yours truly,

SHAFTESBURY.

To this letter Dr. Pusey replied:—

Dr. Pusey to Lord Shaftesbury.

CHRISTCHURCH, *Feb. 28th*, 1864.

MY DEAR SHAFTESBURY,—I thank you for your letter, and for the renewal of old friendship. I always sought to live in friendly relations with those who love our dear Lord and adore His redeeming mercy. Those few lines in the *Record* express what has, for these thirty years, been the deep longing of my soul, that we should understand one another, and strive together against the common enemy of souls. This soul-destroying judgment may, with, I fear, its countless harms, be overruled in God’s mercy to good, if it binds as one man all who love our blessed Lord, in contending for the faith assailed.

I have ever loved the (to use the term) Evangelical party (even while they blamed me), because I believed that they loved our Redeeming Lord with their whole hearts. So now I am one heart and one mind with those who will contend for our common faith against this tide of unbelief.

Yours affectionately,

E. B. PUSEY.

P.S.—I only read to-day your letter dated Feb. 26th. I had thought to write to you the letter which I afterwards sent to the *Record*, but I thought it best, in the end, not to ask you to own me again till you should be so minded.

It seemed as if the relations between the High and Low Church parties were to be materially altered, for among those who pleaded for conciliation, was Bishop Wilberforce, who wrote thus to Lord Shaftesbury:—

The Bishop of Oxford to Lord Shaftesbury.

BANBURY, Feb. 29th, 1864.

MY DEAR LORD SHAFTESBURY,—It is my earnest desire that the terrible evil of this “judgment” should become the means of healing the wound which the separation of High and Low Church inflicts upon us, by bringing together all who believe simply in the Bible and in the plain language of our Creeds.

I have no doubt that this is your wish, too, and I shall be heartily glad to co-operate with you, so far as you will allow, in resisting the flood of Rationalistic infidelity which is rising daily higher and higher. I am to be in London on Wednesday, if you should wish to communicate with me.

I am, my dear Lord Shaftesbury, most sincerely yours,

S. OXON.

There is, unfortunately, no record of the reply that was sent to the above letter, nor is there any reference to it in the Diary.

Decided and dogmatic as were Lord Shaftesbury’s utterances on the controversies of the times, he was not blinded by his zeal into lending support to actions which were conceived in the spirit of persecution, or that, to effect a present apparent good, would result in permanent harm. Thus, while (we use his own strong expression) he “loathed with the utmost abhorrence” Bishop Colenso’s book, he protested against Bishop Gray’s illegal mode of dealing with the offending brother. In the same spirit he replied to Archdeacon Denison on the question of the Endowment of the Greek Chair at Oxford in the person of Dr. Jowett, as shown in the following correspondence:—

The Ven. Archdeacon Denison to Lord Shaftesbury.

COMMITTEE ROOM, 3, ST. ALDATES,

OXFORD, Feb. 29th, 1864.

MY LORD,—The peril of the time is so great that I do not hesitate to write a letter which may, perhaps, appear to you a strange one. But I think that, however great the difference between us on some points may be, you will give me credit for having nothing nearer to my heart than to maintain the Scriptural Faith of the Church of England.

On Tuesday, March 8th, it will be proposed to endow the Greek Professorship in the person of Mr. Jowett; that is to say, to establish the rule that there is no necessary connection between Academic endowment and truth of teaching.

The “free handlers” of Holy Scripture regard the statute as ruling this point so completely that they are willing to accept it in the form proposed, and Dr. Stanley publicly thanked Dr. Pusey in the Congregation for having been instrumental in establishing the rule of neutrality in religion on the part of the University. Pusey, I believe I may say, now regrets his move.

We are labouring to secure votes. Your Lordship will forgive me for asking for your presence and vote.

Faithfully yours,

G. DENISON.

To this letter Lord Shaftesbury replied:—

Lord Shaftesbury to Archdeacon Denison.

March 4th, 1864.

DEAR MR. ARCHDEACON,—Be assured that I am delighted to receive a letter from you on these matters. In this case, I venture to differ from you. I feel confident that the right course in the first instance; and in the second, the wise and politic course, is to endow the Professorship notwithstanding the Professor.

Heaven knows how I loathe the theology of Dr. Jowett, but we should not put him down by dishonouring his chair.

A hearty combination of all those who hold the fundamental Truth will have ten times more effect if it be separated altogether from movements of this character. I speak particularly as to the effect upon the laity.

Very faithfully yours,

SHAFTESBURY.

In the summer of 1864 Lord Shaftesbury found refuge for a while from controversies with Neologians, and from the Education Commissioners,—who had stated their opinion that, except in large cities, Ragged Schools were not needed, as they tended to discourage the establishment of schools of a more regular and systematic character,—and it is refreshing to hear him discoursing to his friend Mr. Haldane, on the glories of the Grisons:—

Lord Shaftesbury to Mr. Haldane.

ST. MORITZ, CANTON DES GRISONS,

August 25th, 1864.

DEAR HALDANE,—Here is indeed a wonderful place! I am astonished that such a spot, so beautiful, so bright, and so healthy, should have remained, until the last few years, unknown even to the Swiss. The savants of Geneva, Berne, Lausanne, either did not know, or pretended not to know, of a district worth the whole Federation put together. It is more than 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, so high that no cereal crop can ever be raised; and no plain of Italy can boast so clear, so brilliant, and so blue a sky. I can count ten glaciers from the grass-plot, and sit writing with the window open, enjoying a temperature like the very finest October day in the county of Dorset. The air is as enlivening as champagne and as strengthening as beef. Forests, mountains, lakes, make up the scenery; and we have as much as the imagination can wish. Add to this, excellent accommodation (in the Kurhaus), capital food, and most obliging people, and you will have the *ne plus ultra* of a watering-place.

Nature, however, imposes on every one certain custom dues as the price of admission. You must be acclimated by certain small preliminary inflictions; a general feeling of discomfort, what school-boys call “being all no-how;” or a violent cold, cough, and sore throat, or some bad nights, or three or four stout indigestions. I have had them all, but I am now promised that, in a very short time, I shall become “young and lusty as an eagle.” . . .

Yours,

S.

Resuming his Diary, in the winter of the year, we find him again in the midst of old anxieties of all sorts:—

Dec. 12th.—St. Giles's. Fresh annoyances in lawsuits instituted by my late steward, and my tenant, Mr. Lewer. Both, for different objects, have put me in Chancery; and a pretty waste there will be of time, and spirits, and money. A successful suitor in the Court of Chancery is nearly a ruined man, always a loser—even by a victory.

Dec. 22nd.—What is there, in Church and State, actual or rising, of wisdom, or courage, or judgment, or constitutional knowledge, or high-mindedness, or firmness, or *patriotism*? Palmerston must soon be removed; and his successor, Gladstone, will bring with him the Manchester school for colleagues and supporters, a hot Tractarian for Chancellor, and the Bishop of Oxford for an ecclesiastical adviser. *He will succumb to every pressure, except the pressure of a Constitutional and Conservative Policy.*

Reform may be postponed; but it is inevitable. The next Session will be one of turbulence and mischief, every scheme being propounded, and many a one being carried, to please constituents on the eve of a general election; Gladstone, probably, taking the lead, nay, even breaking up the Ministry to secure his own elevation.

Thus we have before us democracy, popery, infidelity, with no spirit of resistance in the country, no strong feelings, no decided principles, a great love of ease, and a great fear of anything that may disturb that ease; and a willingness, nay, a forwardness, to put every apprehension aside, and say, "What does it signify?"

One of the pleasantest occurrences to Lord Shaftesbury in this year was the visit to England of General Garibaldi, for whom he had a profound admiration and regard. Garibaldi arrived in England on the 3rd of April. Lord Shaftesbury went to Southampton to meet him, accompanied him to the Isle of Wight, where he remained—the guest of Mr. Seely, M.P.—for some days, and became his constant companion the whole of the time he was in London, never leaving him, in fact, except when Garibaldi "would go to the Opera."

One of the subjects that particularly interested Garibaldi during his visit was Lord Shaftesbury's work in relation to the housing of the poor; and he took away many notes, and obtained much information, with a view to the construction of better dwelling-houses for the working-classes in Italy. In parting, Lord Shaftesbury presented him with a copy of the New Testament in Italian. It was a book with a story, for it was the only copy of the Scriptures that was finished printing while Garibaldi was in Rome. In giving it, Lord Shaftesbury begged him, as a personal favour, that he would read it, and this Garibaldi promised he would do. On his departure he pressed into Lord Shaftesbury's hand a little note which was intended as a farewell, in case he would not have the opportunity of speech. It ran thus:—

General Garibaldi to Lord Shaftesbury.

CLIFDEN, 24 Avril, 1864.

MY LORD,—Je désire beaucoup en partant vous faire savoir que je suis bien reconnaissant aux bontés dont vous m'avez comblé, et que je serai fier dans toute circonstance, d'être honoré de vos ordres, et de votre amitié.

Votre dévoué,

G. GARIBALDI.

LORD SHAFTESBURY.

"Of that name," said Lord Shaftesbury, referring to Garibaldi at a banquet given to him at the Fishmongers' Hall, "no man can speak without emotion. He is a man that represents, in himself, the best qualities that adorn mankind."

His portrait hung, to the last, in a conspicuous place in Lord Shaftesbury's library in Grosvenor Square.

In a separate manuscript book, Lord Shaftesbury commenced, in November of this year, a lengthy review of the various questions of the day as they arose. It was an intellectual pastime with him, and it had its practical use in being ready to hand for reference. We extract the following on English liberality:—

The newspapers are ever loud in their eulogies on English liberality; that it is ready, adequate, inexhaustible. They parade the subscriptions in answer to sundry appeals, and ask whether any case ever is rejected without joyous and abundant relief. It has never been so, and it is in the present day less so than formerly, and, every year, the difficulty of raising money for charitable and religious purposes will increase in proportion to the increase of the national wealth.

My own experience as a great mendicant for such objects, is decidedly as stated; but I do not quote it as authoritative, for people may be, as doubtless they are, weary of me and my applications. But the facts admit of no evasion. They show a vast change in the heart and spirit of the nation.

The Indian Mutiny was an event of a nature to stir the very depths of sympathy and feeling. The sum collected for the sufferers was small in itself and inadequate to the necessity.

The Famine in India was a special and undeniable appeal to luxury and wealth, with less of patriotic claim than the other, but with more of human and Christian obligation. The response was feeble.

The Crimean War might have roused (and would have roused in earlier days) a tempest, as it were, of generosity. The effort, though greater than the two former, was unequal to the occasion. The country could easily have spared ten times as much; but its private enjoyments had a stronger claim.

The Cotton Famine broke on the public like an earthquake or a thunder-bolt. The character, circumstances, and probable issues of this calamity, were enough to terrify the dull and the imaginative alike, the hard and the sympathetic. About a million and a half were raised, by great exertions and unceasing appeals. In reference to the overwhelming need, and the riches of England, it was a poor sum.

A thrill of horror and commiseration ran through the empire on behalf of the Poles. There was no end of meetings, none of speechifyings, no change of conversation. All ran on this line. Yet a few paltry sums, perhaps, in the aggregate, not amounting to the cost of half-a-dozen equipages, were collected for the sick and wounded, and this, too, while the Austrian Government was favourable, and allowed the money to be received and expended in hospitals at Cracow.

On the Danish question, on the cruel invasion and plunder of that kingdom, there was far more unanimity of feeling than in respect of Poland. Yet, after discussions, in Parliament, sensation-meetings, and private meetings, a sum under

twenty thousand pounds was the measure of our succour to the sick and wounded of that gallant army. Not a syllable was urged, nay, not a syllable could be urged, against the movement. All approved, and a miserable fraction contributed to the effort.

Now, compare this bounty with the bounty of the country in 1813 in aid of the Russians, whose land had been devastated by Napoleon. Above one hundred thousand pounds were collected and remitted to St. Petersburg. But we must observe that, in 1864 as compared with 1813, the national private income had increased, perhaps, twenty-fold; that the number of individual proprietors of wealth had increased probably in the same proportion.

In 1813 we were plunged in a long and ruinous war, with war taxes, and no hope of relaxation. We were found, nevertheless, full of fire and generosity to any cry of distress.

Next came Garibaldi. His reception, on arrival in London, was such as no man ever yet enjoyed, and such as, perhaps, no one will ever enjoy again. The millions that shouted, had they given sixpence apiece, might have realised a subsidy, which would have suited his Italian purposes, and which he would have accepted. But the contributions were trifling, and raised with difficulty.

The project of a gift from the gentry of England was happily checked by himself, in sufficient time to save his credit and *ours*. After many sittings of Committees, myriads of letters, and private requests, we had, in two months, obtained payments and promises for a sum considerably under three thousand pounds; and, by his providential interference, we were spared the disgrace of announcing to the world, that such was the maximum of the sympathy, or the munificence, of the British gentry.

All these cases must be considered in reference to the wealth and capabilities of the nation. Our means are multiplied twenty-fold; our religious and charitable expenditure barely two-fold; the love of money, and its cohesive power, increase with its bulk. A forty-fold advance will reduce the country to a one-fold expenditure.

But then, say the eulogists of national philanthropy, "the applications are so much increased." That is true, but so are the holders of property, both in numbers and in amount of possession.

The truth is, that the givers are few, and those few are overtaken. The ordinary and regular givers were always few; they are becoming fewer every day, as the ancient ones die off. The casual givers, those who give only in some "very peculiar and startling" event, such as the Cotton Famine, might be counted in a breath. Those who have given once, and who will never give again, may be written at full length ("names, weights, and colours of the riders," as one used to hear at a race-ground), on a small side of note-paper. Those who never give at all, might properly call themselves, like the devils in the New Testament, "Legion," for they are many.

In January, 1865, the death of his old "Christian pastor and friend," the Rev. Robert Moore, Rector of St. Giles's, Dorset, who had held the benefice for forty-two years, was a shock to Lord Shaftesbury.

Mr. Haldane was consulted as to the vacancy.

My sole desire is to give the living to a true, tried, and meritorious (humanly speaking) servant of our blessed Lord.

I should desire the joint opinions of yourself, the good Dean,* and Lord Midleton. A man endorsed by you three, would be an "epistle known and read of all men." . . . Let Emilius Bayley be included in your deliberations.

The result was the appointment of Mr. Robert Harkness, who still held the benefice at the time of Lord Shaftesbury's death.

The Diary for 1865 is much fuller than for many previous years, and a few passages on miscellaneous subjects may be quoted. The following relate to the illness of Lord Palmerston—a sharp attack of gout—which was a cause of great anxiety to Lord Shaftesbury:—

April 20th.—Though somewhat abated, my uneasiness respecting Palmerston is very great. O God, "spare him a little before he go hence and be no more seen."

May 1st.—P. is better, God be blessed. Nevertheless, I am very anxious. He may, and probably will, endure a little longer. I cannot, however, dare to hope (and to pray would be to pray for a *miracle*) that he will encounter another Session.

In reviewing the political situation the following passage occurs:—

July 10th.—This is considered a calm. But it is in reality no such thing. It is simply the peg driven through the Island of Delos; unloose the peg, and all will be adrift.

Palmerston is that peg. Let him be drawn out by defeat, by sickness, or by retirement, and all will be in confusion. Gladstone and the Manchester party will ensure that issue.

July 11th.—In fearful anxiety about Palmerston. He is, the Lord be praised, better, but he has not recovered, nor will he ever recover, at eighty years of age, his former strength. I have long thought that he will not meet another Parliament; or, if he does, it will only be to take his leave. He is gone to Tiverton; his friends declared that such a step, however hazardous, was necessary to sustain the public confidence. How ardently do I pray, day and night, that he may return in safety. He is the only true Englishman left in public life.

One of Lord Shaftesbury's favourite schemes was the Evangelisation of the East; and one of the agencies intended to promote it was the Malta Protestant College. The subject was first propounded to him in 1823, when resident in Rome, by Lord Hastings, who had just returned from his Governor-Generalship of India, and who, after a rest, was to assume the Government of the Island of Malta. He proposed to found an institution where the natives of the East should be taught gratuitously. Years passed away, and no grand effort had been made to give effect to the conception of Lord Hastings, although the subject had never escaped the attention of Lord Shaftesbury. Eventually, Dr. Adair Crawford, who had also long pondered the matter, consulted Lord Shaftesbury on the subject, and the result was a meeting at the Thatched House Tavern, and, in 1846, the establishment of the Malta Protestant College. Its object was the religious and social improvement of the populations living under Turkish rule; and, towards the accomplishment of this end, a certain number of native Oriental pupils were

* The Dean of Gloucester, Dr. Law.

received free of expense, and educated as schoolmasters, interpreters, missionaries, physicians, and merchants, while Europeans and wealthy natives were admitted on payment, and educated.

After years of up-hill work, it was found that the plan could not be made successful, and the following entry records the end of its existence:—

Aug. 3rd.—The Malta College must, on the whole, be regarded as a complete failure. It has been a work of much labour, much thought, much anxiety and high anticipation, many appeals to the public, and many prayers to God. But it has broken down; and we must close it in debt; and I, I fear, shall bear the principal burthen.

For several years there are frequent records of visits to Richmond—similar to the following, written in 1861:—

Went to Richmond to see my mother. She is far less suffering, thank God, than when I last saw her, less cough, less deafness, less depression. Her eye is not dim, she needs no glasses, nor the aid of a stick. What a marvel at eighty-seven!

The last of this long series of entries is in August, 1865:—

Aug. 8th.—Have just received intelligence from Dr. Julius of the death of my poor mother. She died without pain, enfeebled by age, and quite in her second childhood.

Aug. 13th.—Sunday. Yesterday consigned her to the grave in the vault at St. Giles's, "in the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection." In November next she would have completed ninety-one years. Well does God say to Solomon the word of praise, because he had "not desired long life."

In the autumn of this year the cattle plague was raging in England with fearful violence. Of 80,000 cattle attacked by the disease, 40,000 had died; and in September, between 6,000 and 7,000 animals were dying each week, while the sheep also were threatened. Pending the action of the Government as to a special public prayer, the Bishop of Oxford wrote a prayer—of great beauty and practical force—and circulated it in his own diocese. Lord Shaftesbury obtained a copy, and pronounced it to "be one of the most exquisitely pious prayers he ever read." The following entry will not surprise any one who knew him well:—

Oct. 10th.—St. Giles's. Public prayer last Sunday. Have circulated a short form, for private use, by Bishop of Oxford. Sent it to every farmer and cottager on all my estates; also some to London, and remitted a sum of money to Mr. Baring Gould for the printing of it in Wolverhampton.

While this great calamity was hanging over the nation, a deeper and a darker cloud was shadowing the household of Lord Shaftesbury. His friend, Lord Palmerston, the man he trusted and loved, through whose influence he had been able to effect so much, whose life seemed so essential to the nation, was at the point of death.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LORD PALMERSTON AND CHURCH APPOINTMENTS.

1855—1865.

THE record of Lord Palmerston's life has been fully given to the world. Every one knows the main features of his wonderful career; how, for sixty years, he was a Member of Parliament, and nearly the whole of that time in office; how he was in the House of Commons for thirty years before the Queen came to the throne, and how, from first to last, he was a man with the capacity to live in the full enjoyment of life, and to work with a will for the good of mankind and the welfare and glory of his country. There are aspects of his life and character, however, which have not hitherto been made known; they relate to the inner circle and the hidden sphere, and few, if any, knew them better than Lord Shaftesbury.

Until Lord Palmerston had entered his eighty-first year he showed none of the ordinary signs of old age, nor any relaxing of that hold on life which characterised his whole career. The attack of gout referred to in the preceding chapter was the first indication of his approaching end.

During the elections in July, 1865, he addressed the electors at Tiverton and then went to Bocket, where the attack of illness occurred. Before he was sufficiently recovered, he went for a ride, took a chill, and indiscreetly refused the remedies proposed to him.

Oct. 16th.—London. Came up with Minny to-day in consequence of a telegram from Evelyn. Heard, on arrival, that P. was better. She is gone to Bocket; I remain here. She is enough—at such times as these a multitude, even of the dearest friends, is burdensome.

Will the Lord spare him to us a little space before he “go hence and be no more seen?” I believe that it will be so.

On the 18th, Lord Shaftesbury, who, as will be seen immediately, went at once to Bocket Hall, wrote to Mr. Haldane:—

BROCKET HALL, *Oct. 18th, 1865.*

DEAR HALDANE,—Palmerston rallied wonderfully yesterday, but now he lies on the very verge of the grave. A few hours, and he will be no more.

God have mercy on him for our Lord's sake! I have hope, well-founded hope, that he dies in peace. Three days ago he expressed his firm trust in Christ to our invaluable friend and physician, Protheroe Smith; and as we prayed over him to-day I saw his eyes open, and heard low indistinct sounds of assent. God is unspeakably good. “If Thou be extreme to mark what is done amiss, who can abide Thee?”

Thus goes the "Ultimus Romanorum," and now begins, be assured of it, the greatest social, political, and religious revolution that England has yet endured.

What an instrument he has been in the hands of the Almighty !

Yours,

S.

The Diary continues :—

Oct. 20th.—Brockton. Till now, unable to record the death of my much-loved friend. It pleased Almighty God to take his soul on Wednesday morning, 18th at a quarter to eleven o'clock.

First, I thank God that I was present to watch and pray by his bedside. Minny had, on Tuesday morning, sent me a telegram to say, "Much better"; and, on that word, I was preparing to return to my business in Dorsetshire; but, *providentially*, I read what she had, *providentially*, also added, "You were expected, you may as well come for one night at all events." I determined so to do, merely to shake hands with him and wish him joy. And right glad am I that I was moved to take this step; for, on my arrival, I heard that he had suffered a sudden relapse and that the physicians had abandoned all hope. Yet I could not quite abandon prayer; and I clung, without sanction, to the issue, as it were, of a miracle.

Later in the night, about eleven o'clock, I went to his bed-room, and saw him lying, apparently unconscious, and breathing hard. We all sat up the whole night: Fanny and Minny with their mother, and I, W. Cowper, Georgiana, Evelyn, and the doctors, occasionally in the bed-room, or the room adjoining. He was sinking gradually, but without pain.

Some of the incidents of that anxious night are very graphically told :—

About two o'clock it might be, the doctor, Protheroe Smith, thinking that his end was very near, proposed that all should unite in prayer, and commend his soul to the living God. We heartily concurred; and I went into the next room to arouse the good Dr. Watson, then asleep on a sofa, who had expressed an earnest wish to join the family in any act of worship.

An hour or more after this, William leaned over the bed and began to recite some passages of the Liturgy, the short and pithy supplications, one or two of the Collects, and the Lord's Prayer. He was, I think, in this very judicious, as using the words and petitions with which Palmerston might be familiar. It is manifest to me that he was heard by Palmerston, who opened his eyes and seemed to give, by low but special sounds, expressions of assent.

William then asked me to pray over him, saying, "he knows your voice, and he will be touched to find that you are so near him." Inwardly I implored God's grace; and then I did so. His eyes were opened widely, and he repeated, after many of the petitions, the same sounds that had so comforted us all under William's prayer. I spoke of sin, of forgiveness, and of sin being washed away only by the blood of our crucified Saviour. There was no sign of repugnance, no moving of the hand in token of denial (and he had strength to do so, for he had moved his hands before, and he moved them afterwards), but the same soft and peculiar sound, that seemed more like a breathing of the heart, than an effort of the mouth. This done, he closed his eyes, and relapsed into his former drowsiness.

A good deal later, and just before the last gasp (I forget the precise hour), Protheroe Smith spoke to him, and said, "Are you in pain?" "Oh no," he replied. Somewhat after that Smith (Dr. Watson standing by) asked him, "Will you take any refreshment?" "Oh no, no," he answered, in distinct tones. Both the doctors remarked to me, "We are now certain that he heard your prayers and that his consciousness remained with him."

If that be so, then am I equally certain that he acknowledged, accepted, and embraced our petitions, joined in the confession of sins, and trusted in the merits of the All-powerful Redeemer. Such was the character of the man that he never would have passed in silence, still less have apparently admitted, anything that his spirit rejected. We may joyously believe that, after a long life of absorption in worldly affairs, God, of His free and unbounded mercy, revealed to him His Son Jesus Christ, and has enabled all those who so truly and tenderly loved him, to say with unhesitating confidence and joy, "We now commit our brother to the grave, dust to dust, ashes to ashes, in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection."

I was not in the chamber at the very moment of dissolution; but I came in time to imprint a parting kiss on his forehead yet warm, and put my hand on his closing eyes.

It was but natural that Lord Shaftesbury should scan the political horizon with some anxiety, and he proceeds to record Lord Palmerston's estimate of men who were to succeed him:—

Oct. 25th.—Palmerston had but two real enemies, Bright and Gladstone. Gladstone's language, and specially his acts, will show that the master mind which curbed him is gone; and his resentment will appear in the political associations he will form, and in the violence and relish with which he will overthrow every thought and deed of his great leader.

Palmerston knew all this, but never mentioned it with asperity. Once he said to me, though he seldom dealt in predictions, "Gladstone will soon have it all his own way; and, whenever he gets my place we shall have strange doings."

He feared his character, his views, and his temperament, greatly. He rarely spoke severely of any one. Bright and Gladstone were the only two of whom he used strong language. Cobden he described as a man from whom he differed in many respects, but he never, in my hearing, applied to him any forcible epithets. Lord Russell, from whom he had received the greatest wrongs—personal and political—was never alluded to but with a laugh, and in a good-humoured way, "Oh, he's a foolish fellow, but we shall go on very well now." And he was right, for the later conduct of Lord Russell was antagonistic to his first, and the six years of his tenure, under P., of the Foreign Secretaryship, were years of confidence and esteem between them both.

He saw clearly, but without any strong sentiment, Gladstone's hostility. He remarked to me one day, when we were discussing some appointment: "Well, Gladstone has never behaved to me as a colleague in such a way as to demand from me any consideration." And this he said with the air and tone of a man who perceived the enmity but did not care for it. Yet he always endeavoured to keep him safe in Oxford. When Lord Derby dissolved the Parliament, P. requested me to do all that lay in my power to secure Gladstone's seat for the University. When Parliament was dissolved, in July of this year, P. again applied to me;

and every effort was made. But the Conservatives and their adherents committed the gross folly of ejecting him from Oxford, and thus sending him to Lancashire. "He is a dangerous man," said P. ; "keep him in Oxford, and he is partially muzzled ; but send him elsewhere, and he will run wild."

Oct. 29th.—Yesterday Palmerston was committed to the grave in Westminster Abbey. He had said, in his will, evidently never contemplating a public funeral, that he "desired to be buried at Romsey." The universal wish that he should be publicly interred prevailed with his family, and Lady Palmerston gave way under our assurance that a place should be reserved for her at his side in the Abbey as he had designed for her in the cemetery.

The crowds were immense, but in wonderful order ; silent, deeply reverential, and apparently unwilling, even by signs, to disturb the solemnity of the procession. Such a scene has seldom been seen ; and long will it be ere such another be witnessed. The people loved the man, his open simplicity, his imperturbable good-humour, his incapability of resentment, his readiness to stand up, at all times, for what he thought right ; they confided in his sagacity, his experience of affairs, his preference of the public interests to nepotism or to self ; they saw in him, in short, everything that they desired to see in a *Ruler* in one aspect, in a servant in another. Every man regarded him as a personal friend ; and every one, in his loss, seems subjected to a sense of personal insecurity.

While I deeply mourn him as my dear, true, and private friend, and while I tremble for the destinies of England, I acknowledge with gratitude and joy the special mercy of Almighty God towards him, and towards his relations. He might have lived to a second childhood ; he might have lived to exhibit mental decrepitude in the House of Commons, and give rise to wishes that he would resign, and to complaints that his friends did not persuade him to resign. He went down, on the contrary, in the height of his popularity, in the peace and prosperity of the country, in the plenitude of the public confidence, in the full enjoyment of his faculties, in the midst of social and domestic happiness, in the possession of power, and with the daily prayers of thousands that he might long be spared for the honour, the welfare, and security of the Empire. "His sun went down while it was yet day ;" and the twilight will be, to the eye at least, as attractive and beautiful as his full blaze of splendour.

The intellect, too, left in its vigour, freshness, and elasticity, was becoming far too active and vigorous for the body. He battled, hour by hour, with that sinking frame, which, though still perfect in its organisation (for so the post-mortem revealed) was qualified for long and peaceable existence, but not for rapid and anxious exertion. His suffering, latterly, must have been extreme. With a courage equal to his understanding, he continued to demand of his physical system all the service it had rendered in his early days. A conscientious eagerness to fight for his country, while he had a leg to stand on, impelled him very far, and temporarily sustained him. But eyes, and ears, and nerves, and muscles were failing fast ; and one saw, with pain, the desperate efforts he made partly to conceal and partly to overcome them. Hitherto this reflection has comforted, and upheld my mother-in-law. She recognises the merciful hand of God towards both herself and him, in the many years of happiness they were permitted to enjoy together, and his easy removal before any mental and further bodily visitations.

The death of our friend Palmerston has made a gap in many lives and in many quarters. The first is in his wife's existence. It is a sudden change from excitement and activity to utter silence and repose. She revolved round the centre of all political movements, she is checked in her orbit, and is become stationary. Her hopes and fears and affections, so keenly roused and so tenderly exercised, towards him, whether in strength or weakness, in anxiety, or in joy, will be wholly extinguished, or made to burn in a lower degree, towards other objects.

It is a change, and a gap, to Minny. He tenderly loved and admired her, and said to her, as she entered his room, not many days before his death, "Minny, come in, come in; you always seem to me like a sunbeam." Such affections withdrawn are not a slight abstraction of vital warmth.

I cannot but observe a considerate Providence in the removal of the husband before the wife. She has many things to sustain and console her. He would have had none. She has her children and her grandchildren about her; he would have been alone and helpless in the extreme, with all the bitterness and keenness of sorrow which befalls one so entirely isolated and deprived irreparably of all the supports, alleviations, and balms, that exist only in domestic life and the ministrations of affectionate and unpaid service.

It is a change to Evelyn,* who is discharged from an office of moderate emolument, but one of deep interest and instruction, and this, too, without a profession to fall back upon.

Referring to the assemblies given by Lady Palmerston, to which allusion has been made in an earlier part of this work, Lord Shaftesbury continues:—

Oct. 30th.—These parties at Cambridge House gave golden bridges of opportunities to all of different opinions, of attitudes mutually hostile, of warring partisans, to members of the two Houses, to many of all degrees, professions, occupations in the Commons; to all these they furnished means of intercourse, of social amenities, of acquaintances, and, perhaps, reciprocal satisfaction. Party asperities were modified, and many personal errors mitigated or subdued. For some time, at least, but possibly for ever, such gatherings will find neither place nor patron.

The loss to Lord Shaftesbury, personally, in the death of his old and tried friend was irreparable. He refers to it thus:—

Ah, but to none will the loss be as it is to myself. I lose a man who, I knew, esteemed and loved me far beyond every other man living. He showed it in every action of his heart, in every expression of his lips, in private and in public as a man, as a relative, and as a Minister. His society was infinitely agreeable to me; and I admired, every day more, his patriotism, his simplicity of purpose, his indefatigable spirit of labour, his unfailing good-humour, his kindness of heart, and his prompt, tender, and active considerateness for others, in the midst of his heaviest toils and anxieties. A great and mighty door for good is now closed upon me, so far as I can see, for ever. This I may lament, while I bless God for such grand, such frequent, such prolonged opportunities of doing good service in my generation.

I have kept no record—I now regret the omission—of the various cases I

* The Hon. Evelyn Ashley was Lord Palmerston's private secretary.

brought before him, and successfully, for aid from the "Bounty Money." The applicants, in abundant instances, approached the Prime Minister through me as their channel, and, as I never undertook any but deserving cases, so I never met with anything but ready acquiescence.

So with honours to be bestowed. He listened at once to my earnest counsel to give baronetcies to Baxter of Dundee, and Crossley of Halifax, in acknowledgment of their princely generosity to the people. I persuaded him on behalf of McClintock and Harry Parkes, overlooked and disregarded, despite his great services, by Lord Russell. He was ever forward, nay, delighted, to recognise and reward merit, wherever it was found.

It was no slight interest to be so near the centre of all action in politics, the fountain-head of all information. He was very open and explicit with me at all times. In conversation he withheld nothing but what he could not, in honour, divulge, and though not given to voluntary communications, he imparted to me almost everything, if it arose in the order of our discourse.

Lord Shaftesbury next proceeds to review the whole history of Lord Palmerston's Church appointments. It need hardly be said, that almost every appointment gave great dissatisfaction to the High Church party, and that every fresh appointment made to the Bench of Bishops especially excited their anger and chagrin. The "Shaftesbury Bishops" were "as a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence" to them, and especially to Bishop Wilberforce, who, in a letter to Mr. Gladstone on the question of a Bill to abolish the declaration made by Mayors, that they would not use their office against the Established Church, wrote:—"I shall be ready not to oppose the Bill if I find it possible to bring the Church party, and especially the bishops, to act together in that sense. I fear that this will not be easy. Lord Palmerston's wicked appointments meet us here at every turn—to yield everything to a Ministry, which every sound Churchman feels insults the Church almost every time it has to recommend to the Crown for a bishopric, is exceedingly hard."*

In his biography of Lord Palmerston, Mr. Evelyn Ashley says:—

"The Church patronage which Lord Palmerston administered during his two Premierships was so large that the principle on which he declared himself to act, and on which, indeed, he consistently did act, is worth reading in his own words. I can certainly of my own knowledge assert, that the one way in which a clergyman could make it certain that he would not get preferment, was to commence his letter of application by a statement of his political principles, thus making them a ground of claim. Lord Palmerston writes to Lord Carlisle, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland:—

"'I have never considered ecclesiastical appointments as patronage to be given away for grace and favour, and for personal or political objects. The choice to be made of persons to fill dignities in the Church must have a great influence on many important matters; and I have always endeavoured, in making such appointments, to choose the best man I could find, without any regard to the wishes of those who may have recommended candidates for choice.'"

* "Life of Bishop Wilberforce," vol. iii., p. 84.

In the appendix to the work from which the above quotation is made there is a remarkable letter from Lord Shaftesbury to the author, on the public and private character of Lord Palmerston, in which the following passage occurs:—

"He had much solicitude for the honour and efficiency of the episcopal office. He ever sought for good and proper men; and he discarded, in the search, all considerations of mere politics or attention to personal requests 'If the man is a good man,' he often said, 'I don't care what his political opinions are. Certainly I had rather not name a bishop who would make party speeches and attacks on the Government in the House of Lords; but, short of that, let him do as he likes.' 'I am a very lucky man,' he remarked to me; 'luckier than most Ministers. I have no sons, grandsons, or nephews to stuff into the Church; and, so far as all that is concerned, I can do what I think right.' An instance of his disinterestedness occurred to myself. I had ventured to suggest to him the name of a very learned, but comparatively unknown, man, for a high professorship. 'I must state,' I added, 'that he is a person of no social account, and has no friends to endorse him.' 'What does that signify?' he replied; 'is he a proper man?' 'Yes, a very proper man.' 'Then he shall be appointed.' And he was so appointed.

"I must add here, that a part of his definition of a 'good and proper man' for the episcopal bench, was, one who would go on well with the Nonconformists. He had a very special dislike of every form of clerical assumption."*

Without any consideration of the merit, or otherwise, of Lord Palmerston's selections, the amount and variety of his cases of ecclesiastical preferment are historically curious. Nothing has been seen like it, in the career of any other Minister. It will be seen from the following list† that Lord Palmerston had at his disposal twenty-five mitres and ten deaneries; including three appointments to English and two to Irish archbishoprics, sixteen English and four Irish bishoprics, and ten English deaneries:—

ENGLISH ARCHBISHOPS.							
Canterbury ...	1862	Dr. Longley.		Carlisle... ..	1860	Canon Waldegrave.	
York	1860	Dr. Longley.		Gloucester and	} 1856	Dr. Baring.	
"	1862	Dr. Thomson.		Bristol			
				" "	1861	Dr. Thomson.	
				" "	1861	Dean Ellicott.	
				Ripon	1856	Dr. Bickersteth.	
				Norwich	1857	Dr. Pelham.	
				Rochester ...	1860	Dr. Wigram.	
				Worcester ...	1860	Dr. Philpott.	
ENGLISH BISHOPS.				Ely	} 1864	Canon Haroid Browne.	
London	1856	Dean Tait.		Peterborough			1864 Dean Jeune.
Durham... ..	1856	Bishop Longley.		Chester	1865	Canon Jacobson.	
"	1860	Bishop Villiers.					
"	1861	Bishop Baring.					
Carlisle	1856	Dr. Villiers.					

* "Life of Lord Palmerston," by the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, M.P., vol. ii., p. 319.

† Extracted from the *Record*, Nov. 1st, 1865.

IRISH ARCHBISHOPS.

Armagh...	...	1862	Dr. Beresford.
Dublin	1863	Dean Trench.

IRISH BISHOPS.

Cork	1857	Dr. Fitzgerald.
"	1862	Dr. J. Gregg.
Killaloe...	...	1862	Dr. Fitzgerald.
Kilmore	1862	Dr. Verschoyle.

ENGLISH DEANS.

Christ Church,	{	1855	Dr. Liddell.
Oxford ...			

Westminster ..	1857	Dr. Trench.
" ...	1863	Dr. Stanley.
Canterbury ...	1857	Dr. Alford.
Carlisle ...	1856	Dr. Close.
Ripon ...	1859	Dr. Garnier.
" ...	1860	Dr. Goode.
Lincoln ...	1860	Dr. Garnier.
" ...	1864	Dr. Jeune.
" ...	1864	Dr. Jeremie.
Gloucester ...	1862	Dr. Henry Law.
Exeter ...	1861	Professor Ellicott.
" ...	1862	Viscount Midleton.

In addition to the above Lord Palmerston made a considerable number of appointments to important livings in the gift of the Crown, as well as the appointment of Dr. Shirley to the Regius Professorship of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, with a Canonry of Christchurch annexed, and of Dr. Payne Smith to the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Oxford, also with a Canonry of Christchurch.

We now turn to the Diary, for the statements of Lord Shaftesbury—the “Bishop-maker,” as he was not unfrequently called—with regard to these ecclesiastical preferments.

Nov. 1st.—In the matter of Church appointments Palmerston was conspicuous for justice, propriety, impartiality, and freedom from merely political views.

He, at once, and from the very first, gave me his confidence on these matters, and I very early determined to look at every vacancy, not from my own, but from his point of view. Many fit men passed before me whom I would, had I been Prime Minister, have raised to high places in the Church; and so I told him; but I added, “I do not advise you to do so, because you could not maintain them, if questioned, on the same grounds as myself, nor allege the same reasons. I must consider your position, the difficulties you have to contend against, the legitimate objections, even in such matters, that beset the path of a public man, and one, from his special office and responsibility, by no means in the attitude and powers of a private patron. I must propose what you and I can defend, not that which could be defended by myself alone.”

The first appointments were so successful that they influenced elections, turned votes in the House of Commons, and raised around him a strong party in the country. Some three years after the beginning of his career he visited Lancashire and Yorkshire; and he spoke to me, on his return, of the vast favour he had met with; and how he had been, everywhere, thanked for his nominations in the Church. The effect was seen in the anger of Lord Derby, who openly attacked them in the House of Lords, though with no response, either there or in the kingdom; impelled, no doubt, under the inspiration of the Bishop of Oxford, to run amuck, in his High Church and Tractarian fury, against the Evangelical character and truth of the earlier bishops. He was always anxious that they should be good men, active, zealous, and sound members of the Church of England. He regarded any approximation to Popery, Popish doctrines, and

Popish practices, with special dislike and even fear. From the commencement, I obtained his full assent that, on all occasions, men should be selected who would be moderate and decent in their language towards Nonconformists, and civil in their personal intercourse with them. He felt, as I did, the folly, nay, the iniquity, of haughty sacerdotal bearing, of vituperative epithets, of clerical despotism, towards the body of Dissenters; he saw, too, and resolved, if he could, to obviate the danger of such an ecclesiastical arrogance.

The Church gained, by this, an immense popularity and strength, which she is beginning to lose from no other cause than the proud, domineering assumptions of Convocation and Church Congresses.

The lists will show the great number and variety of the several appointments. Yet not one was even questioned, and Dr. Pusey himself, in supporting Gladstone's election against Gathorne Hardy, remarked that, "if all were not such as he could have wished, all, at any rate, were in the interests of religion." . . .

He oftentimes thanked me, in the warmest language, for the advice I gave him, and showed his appreciation of it by never making but one appointment, so far as I can recollect (that of Blakesly, Canon of Canterbury), without consulting me on the matter.

The first bishops were decidedly of the Evangelical School; and my recommendations were made with that intention. I could not foresee the duration of his power, and I was resolved to put forward men who would preach the truth, be active in their dioceses, be acceptable to the working people, and not offensive to the Nonconformists. He accepted my suggestions on these very grounds, and heartily approved them.

As his power was increased and prolonged, and a fair probability appeared of a durable administration, I felt, and he felt, the expediency of somewhat enlarging the sphere of selection; the First Minister of the Crown standing in a position, as I have observed before, widely different from that of a private patron.

After his junction with the Peel party he observed to me, "I should like to be a little cautious in the selection of bishops, so as not, unnecessarily to vex my colleagues, some of whom are very high. It is a bore to see angry looks, and have to answer questions of affected ignorance. This must not stand in the way of fit men, but, if we can now and then combine the two, so much the better."

This expression of feeling altered, of course, in some measure, the external appearance of the nominations. I say "external," because the principle remained the same; but it was difficult, henceforward, to select worthy, qualified—nay, even first-rate—men, if they were altogether unknown, without a ready answer attached to their names, should a question be asked. The range was limited. Public opinion, represented by the public press, limited the range still more, by perpetually calling for "learned men" to fill the sees. The Tractarians did so in the hope of forcing the elevation of some of their mediæval school; the Neologians, to push forward such as Colenso.

I saw this, and foresaw, also, that this new demand, sustained by almost every paper, would eventually be serious, greatly embarrass him under the pressure of the business of his office, and cause him disquietude, and so lead to a change in his mode of action.

He never gave a hint, himself, of any altered views; but I determined to seek, from that time forward, the best men that could be found, possessing such qualities and attainments as might render them good though not the best, men.

Professors, tutors, and dons of colleges are by no means, on an average, men fitted for episcopal duty. The knowledge of mankind and experience of parochial life are not acquired in musty libraries and easy-chairs. Practical divinity is one thing, speculative divinity another, and the accomplishments that make an active and useful bishop, are purchased at the cost of that learning which would make him a theological champion, armed at all points, and ready on all occasions.

The later appointments proceeded on this principle; and, God be praised, some adequate men were found. Position, however, satisfied the public; a dean, an archdeacon, a professor, or the head of a college, was assumed by them without inquiry to be a "learned man." So intent were the malcontents on this point, that when Conway, the vicar of Rochester, was appointed to the Canonry of Westminster, he was pronounced, until it was known that he had been fifth Wrangler at Cambridge, to be unfit to preach the Gospel to the poor of St. Margaret's.

He was sensitive, from the very first, in respect of the "feelings at Cambridge." After two Oxford men had been appointed to the Bench, he said to me, "Pray look out for a Cambridge man; they turned me out of Cambridge, and I should not like to be thought resentful." To this end Bickersteth was appointed Bishop of Ripon.

I suggested to him Dr. Tait for London, then Dean of Carlisle. I did so as believing that the "Broad Church" ought to be represented (I advised as though Prime Minister), and selected Dr. Tait as the mildest among them. It is an appointment in some respects to be regretted, in other respects to be commended, for, undoubtedly, we have got from him, as Bishop of London, ten times as much as ever was obtained from one, or all, of his predecessors.

Dr. Ellicott's appointment will be good for the end to which it was made. First, a Cambridge man was wanted; secondly, some one in a high theological position; and thirdly, my own feeling that honour should be done to every one (whenever occasion offered) connected with the answers to "Essays and Reviews."

The original nomination of Dr. Trench to the Deanery of Westminster was entirely his own. I found, when I asked it for Dr. McCaul, that he had made up his mind for Dr. Trench. I do not know who advised him; certainly, he himself knew little or nothing of the Doctor.

But it was at my suggestion he made him Archbishop of Dublin.

Garnier also was his own. He was a worthy man, the son of his old friend the Dean of Winchester; but I suggested his two successors, Dr. Jeune and Dr. Jeremie.

Twice under my advice he offered a bishopric to Dr. Vaughan, of Harrow, and was, in each case, refused.

In reference to the Deanery of Ch. Ch., I had no share beyond that of joining, with many others, to recommend Dr. Liddell.

Dr. Jacobson was proposed for my consideration in the following way:—The see of Chester being vacant, I had suggested, and Palmerston had accepted, the name of Archdeacon Prest, of Durham. Shortly afterwards he wrote to me, and enclosed a letter from Gladstone. In this a statement was made that Jacobson was the chairman of his Election Committee; that the nomination of this pro-

fessor to the vacant see would be very encouraging, and greatly strengthen his interests, the usual expressions being added of "fit man," "learned man," &c., &c.

Palmerston asked my opinion very seriously. "I should be glad," he said "to aid Gladstone to keep his seat for Oxford, because, small though it may be, it tends a little to check him, and save him from running into wild courses. But I will not do it unless you assure me that the Dr. is a proper man." . . .

Well, this is the only nomination that had a taint of politics in it; and there is much to be said on its behalf. But it is, so far as I know, the only one where the bishop has openly and speedily given offence. Departing from the excellent precedents set by his predecessors, Bishops Sumner and Graham, he has peremptorily refused, both to Chester and the great town of Liverpool, his sanction to the Bible Society.

The anxiety and toil, the hopes and fears, the endless correspondence and interviews, the care in the selection of the men to be suggested, the inquiries into their antecedents, the perusal of their published sentiments, the sense of responsibility, the prayers for "light and guidance," the reproaches of the High Church Party—these form the subject of innumerable entries in the Diary during the years that Lord Palmerston was Premier and his Church appointments were made under the advice of Lord Shaftesbury. He was greatly assisted in his labours by Mr. Haldane, to whom, when a history of the appointments was published in the *Record*, he wrote:—

ST. GILES'S, November 14th, 1865.

DEAR HALDANE,—The document you have sent me, exhibiting the ecclesiastical patronage bestowed by Lord Palmerston, is a document demanding gratitude and prayer to Almighty God.

No three Prime Ministers together had attained the number; and all in a lump, since Prime Ministers began, cannot show the same quality of appointment, or the same disinterested spirit in the several nominations. . . .

You may take to yourself very large consolation. That list may be to you, by God's mercy, one of the "pleasures of memory." Your wide experience, sound judgment, and Christian heart, were of signal, nay, indispensable importance; and now that we, like all other "dogs, have had our day," and are shrunk again to our former proportions, let us bless the Lord that, in His good pleasure, He used us, and has done so much by small instruments.

Salutem multam in Jesu Christo.

Yours, S.

In closing his review of Lord Palmerston's life, and its influence on Church and State, Lord Shaftesbury writes:—

We must now be prepared for vast and irrevocable changes. Palmerston was the grand pillar appointed, under God's Providence, to which all the vessels of the State were linked, and so the fleet was held to its moorings. It is now cast down; the ships are set afloat without rudder or compass, and will drift in every direction over the broad sea.

We seem as though we were going to do everything that we most disliked. No one wishes for reform, and yet every one will give it. The Parliament is

called moderate, and even "liberally" *Conservative* ; but it will prove decidedly revolutionary. The period is approaching when the real effects of the Reform Bill will begin to be felt, for many of the calmest and most thinking men foretold, at that time, that, while many and great changes would take place (as they have done), there would be no organic revolution till after the lapse of some twenty or thirty years.

Two vast changes may be traced within the last few years, changes in the mode of thinking, and of the estimate formerly attached to ideas and institutions. The elective franchise is no longer considered as a means to good government, but is, in itself, even where good government exists, a right and an enjoyment for the people. It is treated as a principle of education, as a mode of elevating the working classes, without any reflection how, unless properly used, it will depress every other.

The position of the House of Lords is materially lowered ; and such must necessarily be the issue of enlarged desires and powers in the House of Commons. I remember that, when Lord Melbourne became Prime Minister, he lamented, and his friends lamented also, that he had no majority in the House of Lords. It was of importance then that the Minister should not be weak in the "Upper House," as it is, at present, called. But what Minister, or what man, now thinks of the House of Lords? What voice, or even whisper, has it in the formation, or support, of an administration? None. It is allowed to debate, transact private business, and reject a few unimportant Bills ; but its vital powers are gone, and never will it dare to resist the House of Commons for two years on any point, as it resisted them for twenty on the Roman Catholic question.

The long and short of our present position is, that the time has arrived (*novus sæclorum nascitur ordo*) for the triumph of the Manchester School, of which Gladstone is the disciple and the organ. And, for the nonce, they have a great advantage ; for, though the majority of the country is against them, the country has no leaders in or out of Parliament ; whereas they are well provided, and are equally compact in purpose and action.

CHAPTER XXIX.

1866—1867.

THE year 1866 opened gloomily for Lord Shaftesbury. Many of the measures on which his heart was set were exposed to peril; Lord Palmerston, the "man in whom he trusted," was no more; the law-suits in which he was engaged with Waters, his late steward, and with Mr. Lewer, one of his tenants, had taken an unfavourable turn he had never contemplated; a full investigation into his own financial circumstances caused him much uneasiness. Ever since he began the Factory Question, he had laid out on that, and kindred movements, large sums of money; for charitable and religious purposes he had been compelled to act in excess of what he was able to afford, lest, by apparent parsimony, he should bring "outward profession" into contempt; and the cottage-building and drainage works at St. Giles's—undertaken to employ labour and to elevate the people—and the whole farming system had, by the mismanagement of his steward, proved ruinous. He had dreamed a dream, and on awakening, he wrote:—

. . . I acted upon feeling, and trusted to the conclusions of my imagination, not realising the fact that there is no promise of miracles to be wrought to supply what might be done by common sense, and that mere warmth of heart is a very deceptive guide in the details of life.

Notwithstanding these depressing circumstances, Lord Shaftesbury did not for a moment relax his hold of the many things he had in progress, or of others he had in contemplation. His only difficulty was that he could not keep pace with his work; to keep pace with the times he had long since given up as a hopeless task.

A movement, which for many years had been contemplated by Lord Shaftesbury, was inaugurated in the early part of 1866. On February the 14th, invitations were sent to the casual wards, and other similar places of resort, inviting some of the homeless boys of London, under sixteen years of age, to a supper at St. Giles's Refuge, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

It was a cold, wet night, and when the 150 who had given in their names made their appearance at seven o'clock—an hour before the proper time—they presented a miserable spectacle, with garments tattered and torn, and rather hanging about their limbs than covering them. The majority were quite barefooted, and all of them belonged to the most forlorn and wretched classes of society. On being questioned, they gave ready answers concerning themselves and their miserable history; how they sold fusees or begged for a

livelihood, and slept at night in casual wards or refuges, and for the most part, knew nothing whatever of their parents.

After a good supper, an adjournment was made to another room, when addresses were delivered to them, or rather a kind of conference was held as to any means that might be devised for rescuing boys of this class from the career of crime and misery which awaited them, and, by the institution of some scheme of employment, prevent them from becoming tramps and vagrants, and a pest to society.

Lord Shaftesbury addressed to the boys a series of direct questions, having first enjoined a truthful and fearless response to his interrogatories. The answers were given promptly and decisively.

"Let all those boys who have ever been in prison hold up their hands," he said first, and immediately about twenty or thirty hands were held up.

"Let those who have been in prison twice, hold up their hands." About ten were held up.

"How many in prison three times?" Five were held up.

"Is it the case that the greater part of you boys are running about town all day, and sleeping where you can at night?" A general response was made to this query.

"How do you get your livelihood?" Some boys called out, "Holding horses"—"Begging"—"Cleaning boots."

"Would you like to get out of your present line of life, and into one of honest industry?" A general and enthusiastic "Yes" was the reply.

"Supposing that there were, in the Thames, a big ship, large enough to contain a thousand boys, would you like to be placed on board to be taught trades, or trained for the navy and merchant service?"

A forest of upraised hands settled these alternatives in the affirmative.

"Do you think that another 200 boys out of the streets would say the same?" "We do."

With kindly words the boys were dismissed; but a stone was set rolling that day. The *Times* took up the movement warmly; the matter was discussed by the Committee of the Boys' Refuge, and two projects were at once under consideration: the first, to ascertain if the Lords of the Admiralty would give one of the useless ships of war, then lying in Her Majesty's dockyards, to be fitted up as a training ship for homeless boys who would wish to follow a seafaring life; and the second, to obtain, by hire or gift, an old-fashioned house with about fifty acres of land, a few miles from London, where those boys not fitted for sea, could be trained to agricultural pursuits, so as to supply the labour market at home, or to qualify themselves for colonial life.

The Government readily granted the *Chichester*, a fifty-gun frigate, which had never been out of dock, and in November Lord Shaftesbury noted in his Diary:—

Nov. 6th.—To-day to Poplar to see ship in preparation for our school. It has been a dream of fifteen years and more. We have dashed on and are ready for

action. If the means are supplied, the result is as certain as the movement of the planets ; but I tremble lest the zeal of my friend Williams, and my own, may not have plunged us into responsibilities beyond our strength. God alone can give us of the nation's abundance, and make the rich pour their bounties into the treasury.

The zeal of Lord Shaftesbury and his friend, Mr. William Williams—who, for a quarter of a century, has been the life and soul of this great work for “The Homeless and Destitute”—was a “wise indiscretion.” On the 20th of December, the inauguration of the *Chichester* took place, and Lord Shaftesbury, in his opening speech, asked :—

Was it not a scandal that this great country, whose sole defence, under God, rested in her navy, could not man her ships, and had to depend, in a large degree, upon foreigners ? It seemed absolutely necessary that everything possible should be done to keep up the marine, and he believed, if the public supported the present movement so that they might keep 400 boys on board, they might, from year to year, send forth some 200 lads to the merchant service.

Success attended these efforts. In course of time the *Arethusa* was granted for the same purpose ; the Farm and Shaftesbury Schools, at Bisley, and Fortescue House, at Twickenham, were opened for the training of boys for colonial life ; Girls' Refuges were established at Sudbury and Ealing ; other organisations were set on foot, and “The National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children” have been, throughout the years that have passed, a blessing and an honour to the country.

For Mr. William Williams Lord Shaftesbury always entertained feelings of personal affection and profound respect, as one of the oldest of his veteran comrades in all good work. For nearly fifty years Mr. Williams has stood in the forefront of the battle on behalf of the neglected poor of London, and it is to his zeal, to his singular powers of administration, and to his faith and sincerity, as Lord Shaftesbury often testified, that the great successes enumerated above were due.

In the spring of this year Lord Shaftesbury was feeling the beginning of the sorrows which advancing life inevitably brings—the loss of early friends.

My old, dear, precious friend, whom I have known and loved for forty years, Lady Ellesmere, is at the point of death. For herself I mourn not, for she loves, and by God's grace has long loved, our blessed Lord. As far as any human being can be fit, she is fit to die.

Many of my contemporaries are in sickness. Sturt is lying very ill at Critchel. God comfort him, and sanctify this visitation to his inmost heart. The Speaker, too, Denison, exhibits a feebleness which, at his age, is alarming. My friendship with him began at college.

March 28th.—St. Giles. On Tuesday early went over to Critchel. Sturt desired to see me. Knelt at his bedside and talked of our blessed Lord. He is full of faith, hating all self-merits, and looking only to a crucified Saviour. In the presence of death and separation from a very old and true friend, this is unshakable consolation. Here you have, as I said to him, the realisation of the

ancient Christian motto, "*Mors janua vitæ*," death the gate of life. To myself he was tender in the extreme, said how he loved me, and desired, as we parted, that I would kiss his forehead. It is a sad thing to lose any one that loves you. I have lost many lately, but may I labour the more for the love of our blessed Lord!

Every fresh year the busy month of May brought an accession of new labours, and this year a speech delivered at the annual meeting of the Jews' Society brought upon Lord Shaftesbury some sharp criticism from friends as well as foes. After asking how the Society, as "the great preacher and avower of simple, pure, unmixed, Evangelical truth," stood in the midst of growing heresies, he directed attention to two works, which he advised each member of the Society to procure:—

The first of them is "Lectures on the Prophet Daniel," by the Rev. Dr. Pusey, and the other is "Lectures on Isaiah," by the Rev. Dr. Payne Smith, Regius Professor of Divinity. It may, perhaps, startle some of you, that I should recommend a work written by Dr. Pusey. He may have some opinions from which we differ with respect to our views of ecclesiastical points, but I believe that a man of greater intellect, of more profound attainments, or of a more truly pious heart than Dr. Pusey, it would be difficult to find in any Christian nation. These volumes completely dispose of all the figments pretended to be drawn from reason and argument, with respect to predictions concocted after the event, or with regard to pseudo-Isaiahs. If you read these volumes, you will find that they have not left a single scrap of reasoning, a single shred of fact, to bring to bear against the volume of Revelation.*

The Victoria Institute, "for prosecuting researches into true Science, and for antagonism to anti-Christian philosophy," was founded in this year. Lord Shaftesbury was its president from the first, and took a deep interest in its proceedings.

May 25th.—Yesterday took chair of inaugural meeting of Victoria Institute. I dare, as it were, to take Heaven by storm, and assume that God, for His blessed Son's sake, will prosper and advance this institute, founded as it is, to show the necessary, eternal, and Divine harmony between true Science and Revelation.

The great subject of political controversy in 1866 and 1867 was the Reform Bill. We extract a few from many entries in the Diary relating to it.

March 12th, 1866.—To-day, Reform is to be proposed in House of Commons—some thirty years after first Bill; the next will be ten years hence; the next some two or three, and then?

April 30th.—Government have carried their Reform Bill by five, and intend to remain in. They are right, and I rejoice in their decision. The debate has been on the whole a very fine exhibition of intellectual power; Lowe's speech was a masterpiece of sustained and consecutive logic, and of well-chosen and adapted eloquence, well chosen both in character and in place. His facts were singularly illustrative, and stated with a brevity and precision of singular effect. I doubt

* *Jewish Intelligencer*, June 1, 1866.

whether a speech better adapted to place, persons, and circumstances was ever delivered in any country, or in any age.

June 20th.—A division on Tuesday, 18th, in which Government was beaten by eleven. The Ministers yesterday announced that they had communicated with Her Majesty (absent at Balmoral), and adjourned the Houses until Monday. This threatens resignation.

June 28th.—Derby called to make an Administration.

The next day Lord Shaftesbury received the following letter :—

The Earl of Derby to Lord Shaftesbury.

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, *June 29th, 1866.*

DEAR SHAFTESBURY,—Believing that you are not too well pleased with the course pursued by the Government since they lost Palmerston's leadership, and that you would not be unwilling to aid the formation of such an Administration as I have now received authority to construct, I should be very glad of a few minutes' conversation with you if you can name, by the messenger who will wait for your answer, any hour to-day at which you would oblige me by calling here.

Yours sincerely,

DERBY.

In the interview which took place the same day, Lord Derby, in offering to Lord Shaftesbury the Duchy of Lancaster, said that he had been anxious to obtain his co-operation in order that he might, thereby, refute the charge that the Conservatives were "hostile to the working classes," and that, if he took such an office, with a seat in the Cabinet, he might have leisure for some of his ordinary engagements. Lord Derby added that the presence of Lord Shaftesbury would, to no small extent, represent the opinions and policy of Lord Palmerston.

Later in the day the following letter was written :—

Lord Shaftesbury to the Earl of Derby.

June 29th, 1866.

DEAR DERBY,—A sense of duty, and personal regard for yourself, have induced me to consider your proposition with much anxiety.

Earnestly as I wish you success, I cannot believe that the addition of my name alone, to the list of your former colleagues, would render you any effective service. You have done your best, I know, to enlarge the basis of your Administration ; but the state of men's opinions, it seems, is not favourable to such an issue.

While, however, I should bring but little aid to your Cabinet, I should, in fact withdraw myself from the many and various pursuits which have occupied a very large portion of my life ; and which, so far from abatement as I grow older, appear to increase in number and force, there remaining yet fourteen hundred thousand women, children, and young persons to be brought under the protection of the Factory Acts. Nor is my presence in your Government in any wise necessary to refute the unjust remarks made by Earl Russell in the House of Lords, which I, and every one, heard with regret, for I can assert that during

my long career in the House of Commons, I received ample support, not only from some of the Whigs and Radicals, but also from many members of the Conservative party.

If I believed that any permanent strength might be the result of my acceptance of the Duchy of Lancaster, which you have been so kind as to propose to me, I should hesitate, even more than I now do, to venture on a refusal of it. But as I foresee no benefit to you, and for myself simply a necessary retirement from the work in which I am engaged, I cordially thank you for your remembrance of me, and entreat you to allow me to decline your offer, which I shall ever regard as a very high honour.

Yours sincerely,

SHAFTESBURY.

Lord Derby was very loth to accept this refusal, and urged, through a third party, its reconsideration—suggesting, at the same time, the Home Office, or the Presidentship of the Council, if preferred to the Duchy of Lancaster. But Lord Shaftesbury remained firm. "It would have been a self-sacrifice without any adequate result," he says in his Diary.

This was the last time that he was invited to take part in the councils of any Government. It was clear to Ministers that the position he occupied in politics and in social life was unique, and that any attempt to impose upon him the restraints of office would be useless, and henceforth they ceased to trouble him.

Towards the close of this year, Lord Shaftesbury, urged to the step by many friends, took an active part in the great controversy concerning Ritualism. Still true to the practice which had been useful to him all through his life, he determined, first of all, to go and see for himself what were actually the proceedings in the Ritualistic churches. The following is a description of what he witnessed at St. Alban's, Holborn, the scene of the ministrations of the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie.

July 23rd.—On Sunday to St. Alban's Church, in Holborn, with Stephens and Haldane. In outward form and ritual, it is the worship of Jupiter and Juno. It may be Heaven itself in the inward sense, which none but God can penetrate. A *high altar* reached by several steps, a cross over it—no end of pictures. The chancel very large, and separated from the body of the Church by a tall iron grille. Abundance of servitors, &c., in Romish apparel. Service intoned and sung, except the Lessons, by priests with white surplices and green stripes.

This being ended, a sudden clearance. All disappeared. In a few minutes, the organ, the choristers, abundant officials, and three priests in green silk robes, the middle priest having on his back a cross embroidered, as long as his body. This was the beginning of the Sacramental service (quarter-past eleven), the whole having begun at half-past ten. Then ensued such a scene of theatrical gymnastics, of singing, screaming, genuflections, such a series of strange movements of the priests, their backs almost always to the people, as I never saw before even in a Romish Temple. Clouds upon clouds of incense, the censer frequently refreshed by the High Priest, who kissed the spoon, as he dug out the sacred powder, and swung it about at the end of a silver chain. The priests in

the chancel, and the priest when he mounted the pulpit, crossing themselves, each time, once on the forehead, and once on the right and left breast. A quarter of an hour, or thereabouts, sufficed to administer to about seventy Communicants, out of perhaps six hundred present. An hour and three-quarters were given to the histrionic part. The communicants went up to the tune of soft music, as though it had been a melodrama, and one was astonished, at the close, that there was no fall of the curtain.

"God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Is our blessed Lord obeyed in such observances and ceremonials? Do we thus lead souls to Christ or to Baal?

In August Lord Shaftesbury was unwell, not seriously, but sufficiently so for him to procure the best medical advice. An exaggerated report found its way to the newspapers; the most alarming statements were circulated, and leading articles—kept in reserve in editorial lockers for obituaries—were taken out and adapted to the present circumstances. A denial from Lord Shaftesbury of the truth of the rumours set the matter at rest. He refers to it in the Diary thus:—

Aug. 8th.—On Wednesday, when such terrible rumours were abroad of my illness, upwards of four hundred persons, a very large proportion of the poorer class, called at my door. It touches me, and I bless God and pray for their welfare.

Although Lord Shaftesbury declined to become the representative of the working classes in the Cabinet, he lost no opportunity of furthering their interests. This was especially needful at the time that the Reform League was in full agitation, and when monster meetings were of frequent occurrence in the public parks. It was on the 23rd of July that the riot took place on the occasion of the "great" Reform League procession, when the railings in Hyde Park were thrown down, and an encounter between the police and the mob ensued.

Aug. 9th.—Have laboured much to put the Government and Derby right with the working classes. Effected for him several opportunities of saying conciliatory words in House of Lords. Have spoken to D'Israeli, whom I found, as I always found him in House of Commons, decided and true to the cause.

In October he had before him the presidency of the Social Science Congress at Manchester, with an inaugural address and many other things. He had not visited the people there since the Famine, and this was his chief inducement to accept the invitation.

Oct. 2nd (Manchester).—With my old friend in the Polygon, Fairbairn. Immense meeting of Bible Society in evening, Free Trade Hall.

Oct. 4th.—Inaugural address last night. Sharp work. Tuesday, journey from London and Bible Society in evening. Wednesday, interviews, meeting of Council, service in Cathedral, and address in evening. To-day, assize court, then to Health Section, afterwards chair of Sunday School Union and speech. Then to Reformatory Section at half-past eight, and speech. Then *soirée* and home.

Oct. 5th.—Chair for Denman's address and Dudley Field's Section of Trade,

&c., for discussion on labourers' dwellings. At four o'clock, chair of Women's Employment Commission. At eight, chair of workmen's meeting in Free Trade Hall. Seven thousand people : a glorious sight, and most successful.

Oct. 7th.—Yesterday, chair for address by Bruce. Then Health Section, speech on sanitary matters. Then two tedious sittings to photographers. First stone of Ragged School, open-air speech. Meeting at Town Hall of delegates from cotton districts of Lancashire (very, very satisfactory). In evening, "Free Libraries," and, as usual, "a few words."

Oct. 9th.—Yesterday, attendance in Sections, chair and speeches of course. In evening, chair of Co-operative Society. The zeal, enthusiasm, ardour of the people is beyond expression. It is almost fabulous. *Non nobis, Domine*. Never had such success in my life. Deeply regret that London papers have not noticed the grand meeting of workmen.

Oct. 10th.—Last night grand festival, myself in chair, with a frightful cold and cough, caught in the abbey on Sunday. Speech of course, but cut short by *extinction de voix*.

To-day, early council, and then chair to close Congress. The day was interesting. Some kind words to myself, specially from Dudley Field, a very distinguished American lawyer. Afterwards to see some local abominations.

Have been hurried, occupied, beset, run up, run down without a moment of repose, scarcely one to write to Minny, and yet I am strong, lively, unwearied, with no malady but my cold.

Oct. 12th (London).—Arrived here from Burnley, having visited Sir J. Shuttleworth, at Gawthorpe, to distribute his prizes.

Must by-and-by make a short summary. Yet here at once record the wonderful results, for mind and body, of the Ten Hours Bill. It is as manifest as the curing of the leper.

My success in Manchester was miraculous. In London the report of it is narrow and faint. The report of the address was alone printed. The prodigiously valuable and important meeting with the workpeople is not even mentioned. This I deeply regret, partly because the singular truth, fidelity, and affection of the operatives ought to be known, and partly because my power to do good, and to force the Government to do good, depends on the belief that people entertain of my possessing the confidence and love of the masses. I consider that, so far as London is concerned, the whole thing is a failure, and yet it was mainly to affect the Ministers and the Legislature that I undertook the fearful toil.

There were few of the busy years of Lord Shaftesbury's life more crowded with important occupation than the year 1867. "The work to be done," he says, "is greater than ever : more zeal, more energy, more knowledge, more patience, more activity, more strength, and last, though not least, more money." "All this," he adds, elsewhere, "drains one's mind and exhausts one's body, and the simple issue is that many think me a fool, and some regard me as a hypocrite." That sentence was written in weariness and depression. The inspiration and strength of his labours lay in the assurance to which he frequently gives utterance, "But surely this career has been ordained to me by God, and I therein rejoice, yea, and will rejoice."

The three principal labours of the year, in addition to "the repetition of daily and nightly chairs, of wearisome speeches, of interviews, committees, and correspondence," were the Reform Bill, the completion of his legislation on Factories, and the Ritualistic Controversy.

Of the progress of the Reform Bill he writes:—

Feb. 25th.—To-night D'Israeli will inaugurate Reform in great earnest. Household suffrage is the end, as sure as destiny. It is worthy of consideration whether it would not be better to concede it *now*, than have it *torn* from us *then*.

March 4th.—It seems to me monstrous that a body of men who resisted Mr. Gladstone's Bill as an extreme measure, with such great pertinacity, should accept the power he retired from, and six months afterwards introduce a Bill many degrees nearer than his to universal suffrage, and establishing, beyond all contradiction, the principle they so fiercely combated of giving a predominant interest to any class. Every period brings something to shake confidence in public men, and weaken thereby all means of carrying on, under real and trying difficulties, the National Government.

Lord Derby and his friends should have stated this to the Parliament, and declared that, seeing the necessity, the inevitable necessity, of extreme legislation, they, who had always opposed, surrendered their places to the men who had always enforced Reform principles.

March 9th.—It is in vain for Gladstone to protest his desire that the present men should remain in office. Politic though such a forbearance would seem to be, his language and his acts, his private statements inconsistent with, and contradictory of, his public statements, all prove him to be governed by the greed of place and salary and power. D'Israeli is no better. Here are two tigers over a carcass; and each one tries to drive the other away from the tit-bits. "What was a conflict last year," said Lowe, "is a race now," a race not for eternity of life to millions of souls, but for the pride and selfishness of a few to issue in the destruction of an empire. I could forgive, and even admire, a republican zeal, a democratic fury, however mistaken I might think it, founded on firm, though erroneous, convictions of human advancement; but this mockery of patriotism and truth is beyond one's endurance, and we cry out, helpless as we are and of no avail, "Unclean, unclean." . . . Derby told his friends that if they passed his Bill, they would "be in office for many years." Thus it is; all alike—all equally carnivorous. It is not the welfare of the realm, the security of our institutions, but the certainty of place. "Throw out the Bill," says Gladstone, "and promise my friends the same." "*Voilà ce que nous sommes*," as the *chiffonier* said over the dead cur.

On the 15th of July the Reform Bill passed through the third reading in the House of Commons, "with vociferous cheering and clapping of hands." Referring to this Lord Shaftesbury says:—

July 17th.—The gross hypocrisy; with the exception of a very few advanced Democrats, they all detest and fear the measure. But it is a sensual and self-seeking age; they hate trouble, they hate responsibility, they hate to look an evil (though certain) in the face. "They crown their cups with roses, and their heads with folly and forgetfulness."

On the 16th of July the Reform Bill was read a first time in the House of Lords, and Lord Shaftesbury was urged by many to speak on the second reading. He felt "timid, reluctant, full of doubt and misgiving," and yet he could not resist the conviction that he must do it; he would not assist to discredit the House of Lords and add one more to the many who would shun the task. He therefore, on the 22nd, moved the adjournment of the debate, so as to speak the first on the following evening. "I tremble at what I have done," he wrote that night in his Diary, "and, like Moses, do exceedingly fear and quake."

The remarkable speech made by Lord Shaftesbury will never be forgotten so long as this generation can remember that long period of controversy when some of the finest speeches that were ever made in the Houses of Parliament were uttered. His voice rang through the country like the voice of John the Baptist in the palace halls of Herod; he tore down the mask that was hiding the real features of the Bill, and he exposed, with almost prophetic wisdom, its true issues.

"It is somewhat difficult," he said, in his opening sentence, "to argue against a Bill which we do not wish to reject, and which it seems next to impossible that we can amend." But that difficulty was overcome, and he proceeded to his task.

Now, my Lords, I do not entertain any hostility to reform—very far from it. I have long been of opinion that some reform, though not necessary for good government, had become indispensable; indeed, inevitable. It is not necessary to enter into the various causes which have made it so; but I readily admit that some measure of reform could not much longer be postponed. I should have wished, however, to proceed more carefully and gradually. I should have wished to hold up the suffrage as a great object of ambition to the working man; I should have wished to hold it up as the reward of thrift, honesty, and industry.

He cited, in illustration of his meaning, that, in the Pottery districts, out of 9,000 potters in receipt of good wages, 3,000 had purchased their own freeholds and were living in their own houses. The addition of thousands of such men, elevated by such means, would be an honour and a security to the kingdom.

To proceed, as is done by this Bill, to lift by the sudden jerk of an Act of Parliament, the whole residuum of society up to the level of the honest, thrifty working man, is, I am sure, perilous to the State, and, I believe, distasteful to the working men themselves. I am sure it dishonours the suffrage, and that you are throwing the franchise broadcast over the heads of men who will accept it, but who will misuse it.

It had been stated that the present Bill was for the purpose of restoring to the people their rights. This was a view Lord Shaftesbury strongly combated—the notion that the elective franchise was a right and not a trust. He said:—

I shrink from openly asserting to what an extent the issues of that notion may be pushed. That the elective franchise was a trust, was a doctrine of an

elevating character; now that you say it is a right of all, I cannot see how it is possible for us to remain within the four corners of the Bill which you have now propounded. . . . Well, my lords, having laid down this principle that the suffrage is a right, and that universal satisfaction is your object, I hold that you have also laid down the great principle of universal suffrage; it is even clearer when you come to the lodger franchise, for see how the enactment will work upon the whole system. The lodger franchise assumes this principle: it contemplates the voter simply as a man, and not as a man in connection with the duties of a citizen. . . . He is not under the necessity of paying rates; he has not to serve as a juror, or discharge any of the functions which fall to the lot of the householder or ratepayer. Just see how this will operate. Take it, in the first place, in the capital and the great towns. You can, as yet, form no notion whatever of the numbers that will be added to the register in London, and the great towns, by the lodger clause. You are going to build in the dark; you are laying down a principle of the most expansive character, so expansive that there is no human force that will be able to control it.

Warning the House that the career upon which it had entered in adopting the lodger franchise and household suffrage was dangerous, Lord Shaftesbury expressed his opinion that this inevitably tended to the establishment of democracy. Direct democratic violence, he considered, was not to be feared. The changes would be brought about by the "stealthy progress of legislation." Among the evils he anticipated was the spread of Socialism—

I am sure that a large proportion of the working classes have a deep and solemn conviction—and I have found it among working people of religious views—that property is not distributed as property ought to be; that some checks ought to be kept upon the accumulation of property in single hands; that to take away, by a legislative enactment, that which is in excess, with a view to bestow it on those who have insufficient means, is not a breach of any law, human or Divine. It is certain that many entertain these opinions. It is certain, also, that in times of distress and difficulty, these opinions urged upon the people by any great demagogue, or by any person of power or influence among them, would take possession of their minds and sink deeply into their hearts; and if they had power, through their representatives, to give expression to those principles, they would do so speedily and emphatically.

Perhaps the most striking points in Lord Shaftesbury's speech were those in which he repudiated the notion that the Bill was a "Conservative" measure, and gave his opinion of "Conservative working men."

I have heard it said that the middle classes are not Conservative, but that if you go deeper, you get into a vein of gold, and encounter the presence of a highly Conservative feeling. In the first place, I ask, Is that so? And in the second place, what do you mean by the term Conservative? Do you mean to say that this large mass that they call the "residuum," of which, am I presumptuous if I say that, from various circumstances, few men living have more knowledge than I have, is conservative of your lordships' titles and estates? Not a bit; they know little about them and care less. Will you venture to say that they are conservative of the interests of the Established Church? Certainly they are

not. Thousands upon thousands living in this vast City of London do not know the name of the parish in which they reside, nor the name of the minister in charge of it. They are, however, very conservative indeed of their own sense of right and wrong. They are living from hand to mouth, and, in consequence, they are very conservative of what they consider to be their own interests.

The peroration was unlike any other in all Lord Shaftesbury's speeches. It does not appear to have been prepared. He had pictured the future in gloomy colours—old England brought suddenly and roughly into collision with young England; ancient and venerable institutions to be tried, without notice or preparation, by poverty, levity, and ignorance; and by many who, being neither poor, nor vain, nor ignorant, were yet too full of hot blood, effervescing youth, and burning ambition, to be calm, dispassionate, and just. And then, in laughing sadness and with serious jest, he concluded:—

It is our duty to fight for our country into whatever hands the Government may fall. Whether monarchical, republican, or democratic, she will be England still; and let us beguile our fears by indulging our imagination, and by picturing to ourselves that which can never be realised—that out of this hecatomb of British traditions and British institutions there will arise the great and glorious Phoenix of a Conservative Democracy!*

In 1861, in compliance with an Address to the Crown, moved by Lord Shaftesbury, a second Children's Employment Commission was appointed, and four voluminous reports were published, giving the result of an exhaustive inquiry into the employment of children and young persons in trade and manufactures not already regulated by law.

While that Commission was sitting Lord Shaftesbury (in 1863) moved an Address to the Queen praying that the Commissioners should be directed to inquire into the system of "organised labour," known by the name of "Agricultural Gangs." The nature of that system we have already explained.†

He refers to his great triumph in obtaining "the first statutory recognition of the rights of the rural children to have equal educational privileges with the children of the towns," as follows:—

Aug. 17th.—By the two Bills about to receive the Royal assent shall have closed thirty-four years of labour on behalf of the industrial classes of the country. The Agricultural Bill alone remains; and that one has received the affirmation of House of Lords; and so I may rejoice in the certainty of its becoming law in the ensuing session.

One of the two Bills referred to above was "For regulating the labour of juveniles in workshops," based on the Factory Act promoted by Lord Shaftesbury thirty years before. By the new Act every branch of juvenile labour was brought under Government supervision for the first time.

It was found that the early age at which the children of the poor entered the labour-market, in London and other great cities, was a terrible and a growing evil; that they were required to do the work of men when their

* Hansard, clxxxviii., p. 1917.

† See p. 3.

physical strength was only a little above that of infants; that in consequence they were stunted in growth, and warped by ignorance. It was found, too, that many of the workshops in which they were employed were mere laboratories of poison, ill-ventilated, ill-lighted, and often reeking with abominable odours; and worst of all, that these workshops were, in many instances, hotbeds of immorality.

The new Act forbade the hiring of children under eight years of age, and regulated the hours of labour of all under thirteen; it made provision for the education of all children under thirteen employed in workshops, and placed all workshops employing juvenile labour under the provisions of the Sanitary Act of 1866. Thus the crowning stroke was given to the various efforts made, for many years past, to bring all the industrial occupations of the young and the defenceless under the protection of the law.

Towards the end of 1866 Lord Shaftesbury was beset by increasing clamours for the laity to take some decisive action to check the progress of Ultra-Ritualism, and for him to head them. He asks:—

“But are they ready to be ‘headed’? Are there any of zeal, truth, courage, consistency, in the cause? Are they not divided into partisans, sympathisers, indifferents, and cowards? Let us first be assured that the tide will not ebb more rapidly than it flowed, and leave us on the beach, like stranded seaweed.”

Later in the year, although, in a letter to Mr. Haldane, he said he “would rather harangue a statue-gallery than speak on Protestantism to the British public,” he entered in his Diary:—

Dec. 12th.—Wrote to-day to *Times* in support of S. G. O.* May God bless the effort! I shall, of course, call down storms of calumny and anathemas, but my hope is in Thee. The laity are all but lost. Hopeless though it may be, some one must endeavour to rouse them to a sense of the many perils that beset us. A certain number of the laity desire a movement; but they are divided among themselves, and, in fact, have no strong feelings and no fixed principles.

In the month of March, 1867, when, as yet, Ritual prosecutions were almost unknown, and when no decision had been given, by the Courts, on Clerical Vestments, Lord Shaftesbury brought forward in the House of Lords a Bill in which he sought, by a plain, direct enactment, to settle at least one portion of the wide question—that of the Ornaments Rubric.

As a matter of course he met with stout opposition. The Bishops took in hand a Bill of their own, and determined to submit a measure to Parliament for the repression of excessive Ritualism; and, later on, applied to the Government for a Royal Commission. All this, however, was subsequent to the introduction of Lord Shaftesbury’s Bill.

The legislation that he proposed was of a nature to which he could not imagine that any objection could be raised by the members of the Episcopal Bench, because it only proposed to make the 58th Canon of 1603 part of the

* Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne.

statute-law of the land; that Canon having been approved by the Convocations of Canterbury and York, and ratified by the Crown—a Canon that only incorporated a usage that existed anterior to 1603, and, ever since that period had been obeyed by the bulk of the clergy.

On the 14th of May, Lord Shaftesbury, in moving the second reading of the Bill, traced the whole history of the Canon in question, and said that the object of his measure was simply to give statutory effect to the principle of that Canon which had had the effect of governing the system of the Establishment from 1604 to the present time, and of seeing peace and harmony in the Church of England. It was true the Bill only touched one point, but that point was the only one upon which there was really any legal doubt. “I am censured for proceeding by law,” he said. “Why, my Lords, law, or fancied law, is the cause of the whole mischief, and by law alone it must be removed.”

Having disposed of the legal aspects of the question, he inquired into the whole system on the brink of accepting which the Church was standing, and which, “if extended, might lead to the subversion of the Church of England itself, and bear along with it political evils tending to shake the existence of the empire.” He quoted some startling extracts from “The Church and the World, or Essays upon the Questions of the Day;” “The Chronicle of Convocation;” and the “Directorium Anglicanum,” to describe the various vestments, and the times and seasons at which they were to be worn; the advanced position of the Sacramental system; and the tendency to “subjugate all Christendom in body, soul, and spirit, to sacerdotal dominion.”

He continued :—

. . . My Lords, I hold that this is essentially a question for the laity. I will never cease to proclaim that it is not for the bishop and the minister to settle between themselves the order of the service, or what vestments are to be worn, but that it is for the great mass of the congregation to determine whether they will go on in those usages which their fathers have practised for 300 years. It is not for the mere majority of the congregation to determine what changes shall be made, but for the congregation at large; and even then it must be done consistently with the law of the land.

The Bill was thrown out by 61 votes against 46, a result not unexpected, as the following extract from the Diary will show :—

May 9th.—Much time and trouble on Vestments Bill. It is right, and it is hopeless, to undertake this cause. There are many open, and more secret, sympathisers with the Ritualists; defeat is certain; success would not bring much, for the abomination is but a symptom of a deep and incurable disease, a disease quite unreachable by anything short of God's Spirit. . . .

May 15th.—Last night motion for second reading of Vestments Bill, and obtained, though defeated in the division, a wonderful success. It was a far greater triumph than if I had carried it. . . .

The Bill would certainly have been destroyed after a long, languid, and

"lowering" struggle. Meanwhile, the country would have gone to sleep. The very victory of the Government and the Archbishop, binds them to real and immediate activity.

The persons who have given me commendation, and courage in consequence, were those from whom I least expected it. Ellenborough, for instance, who is critical in the extreme.

A Royal Commission, to inquire into the practices of Ritualism generally, was appointed, and Lord Shaftesbury was invited to become one of the members. His reply was as follows:—

Lord Shaftesbury to the Right Hon. Spencer H. Walpole, M.P.

May 22nd, 1867.

MY DEAR MR. WALPOLE,—Be assured that I am very sensible of the honour you have done me in requesting me to become one of the members of the Ritual Commission.

But I venture to decline the office, because I feel satisfied that my presence in it would be most distasteful to the large body of men whose opinions and practices I have presumed to condemn, and would deprive the Commission, in their eyes at least, of the character of entire impartiality, should the decisions be of an adverse nature. So strong are my sentiments, that I have a considerable misgiving as to my own unbiassed judgment. I told Lord Derby, as I now venture to repeat to you, that persons so prominent and so fixed as myself and the Bishop of Oxford must certainly fail to inspire confidence that there will be fair play between the contending parties.

Very faithfully yours,

SHAFTESBURY.

The Bishop of Oxford did not regard the matter in the same light. He "did not consider himself an extreme man," and he therefore not only went on the Commission, but secured the services of others who, like himself, were "not extreme men." There were nineteen Commissioners in all, and immediately on their appointment a private Committee was formed from its members, consisting of Lord Beauchamp, the Bishop of Ely, Canon Gregory, the Right Hons. Sir R. Phillimore, J. G. Hubbard, A. J. Beresford-Hope, and the Rev. T. W. Perry.

Their Report, it is hardly necessary to say, was not satisfactory to the extreme Ritualists, and still less so to the Evangelicals; and upon Lord Shaftesbury devolved the task, as we shall see later on, of attempting further legislation.

On the 1st of April, 1867, the Paris International Exhibition was opened, and a few days later Lord Shaftesbury opened the Salle Évangélique in that city. M. Guizot was present, and in the course of his address said:—"When I entered the hall and saw the gathering, and remembered its purpose, I said to myself, 'This is the greatest triumph of religious liberty in modern times.'"

There was very little rest in Paris for Lord Shaftesbury, as his time was taken up by "meetings, speeches, and 'a few words' to encourage French

Protestants and stimulate sympathy." But he looked forward to repose abroad in the summer.

A change of scene, diet, life, tongue, and nature, is necessary to produce repose. If in England, and specially if near London, there is, notwithstanding vacation-time, a blind, dull propensity to think of business, of letters, of things to be done, of preparations to be made, of gaps to be filled, and every occupation of the sort. One almost fancies that duties are left unfinished, that one's leisure is barely permissible. It is a fretting, uneasy state. Go abroad, and this ceases, because all is impossible.

The usual "change abroad" was not to be enjoyed that summer, however, the health of his daughter Constance rendering it impossible for him to leave home. He remained in England till the winter, and the following are some of the closing entries in the Diary for the year:—

Oct. 22nd.—St. Giles's. But some little good out of evil. Have been for three consecutive Sundays to special services in Theatres: to Victoria Theatre, to the St. George's in Langham Place, to the Pavilion. It is a great work, a good work, a deeply needful work, a work, too, though in the ninth series, well sustained. But what is it among so many? A thousand come in, and fifty thousand remain out, all seething with vice, profligacy, and violence. Yet we must persevere, and throw the Name and Word of Christ broadcast among them. Maintain the Church of England by all means. But we must not stand still in her buckram and coat of mail, and fight only according to the rules of fence. We must strike when, where, and how we can; and look to the Gospel, and not to the method. The masses will never be won by these imposing churches and coldly classical preachers. . . .

Revolution is led on as much by Conservatives as Radicals; they hope all things, promise all things, are elated with "confidence in the people;" and vow that they never doubted the necessity, right, duty, and safety of an extreme Reform.

Oct. 24th.—London. Attended funeral, this morning, of my poor old friend, Sir James South. Many the interesting and profitable hours I have passed in his Observatory. He was well "stricken in years." There is another gone of the few who, I believe, were sincerely and warmly attached to me.

Dec. 8th.—Busy in founding Society for giving Dinners to Destitute Children. Met at Canon Conway's.

Dec. 19th. Villa Liserb, Cimiés, Nice. Passed one whole day in Paris that Conty might have repose, and went at head of deputation to St. Cloud, to thank the Emperor for his protection to the Bible Society and to religious liberty in general at the Great Exhibition. Very well received, the Emperor having most graciously advanced the day to suit my convenience.

CHAPTER XXX.

1868—1869.

WHEN Parliament reassembled on the 13th of February, Lord Shaftesbury was still at Nice. This, over a course of Parliamentary life extending to nearly forty years, was only the second instance in which he had not been present at the opening; the first occasion being when he was detained in Nice, in 1833, in consequence of the illness of a relative,* and this year, when once more detained in the same place through the continued illness of his daughter, and his own indisposition. "I should greatly prefer," he said, "the gloom and cold of London, with my accustomed duties, to the brightness and warmth of this place without them."

His heart was still in his work, and his thoughts were busy with new schemes. His friend Mr. A. J. Stephens, the great ecclesiastical lawyer, with Mr. Haldane's concurrence, had suggested to him the introduction of an "Ecclesiastical Courts Bill," and he wrote to Mr. Haldane:—

You must reflect again and again, you and Stephens, on the advice you give me. Surely it would be impolitic, and almost impossible, for a private member to introduce a Bill on so wide and deep a subject as the Ecclesiastical Courts.

Such measures as these must be put forward on the authority, and with the responsibility, of a Government. . . . I should be left at the mercy of law lords, bishops, ritualistic peers, and a hostile Cabinet, to fight the battle alone.

The thing, if undertaken, must be preceded by a Commission. Such a motion could hardly be denied; certainly it could not be gainsaid.

Some weeks later he wrote:—

I shall be ready to do all that in me lies to bring forward Ecclesiastical matters—not, however, in any spirit of hope that success will follow, nor in any very fervent desire to prolong the existence of the Establishment as it now is.

On the 25th of February the Earl of Derby resigned the Premiership, and Mr. Disraeli reigned in his stead.

March 5th.—D'Israeli, Prime Minister! He is a Hebrew; this is a good thing. He is a man sprung from an inferior station; another good thing in these days, as showing the liberality of our institutions. "But he is a leper," without principle, without feeling, without regard to anything, human or divine, beyond his own personal ambition. He has dragged, and he will continue to drag, everything that is good, safe, venerable, and solid through the dust and dirt of his own objects.

The debate on Mr. Maguire's motion for an inquiry into the condition of Ireland, and the debate introduced by Mr. Gladstone on the Disestablishment

* Lady Fanny Cowper, afterwards Lady Jocelyn.

of the Irish Church, were followed by Lord Shaftesbury with painful interest.

Referring to the former, in a letter to Mr. Haldane, he says :—

NICE, *March 17th*, 1868.

The Irish debate . . . seems to me the quintessence of sparkling feebleness. It is a triumph of words and sentences over truthfulness and meaning. Because things have been well said, they are assumed to have been well conceived. Sound is taken for sense, and declamation for principle.

Cairns will become a regular boxer. The Lord Chancellor, stripped to the middle, and squaring at everybody, will make the House of Lords a place of public resort. He is too good a man for this department of political work. I love to hear him standing up for great truths ; but I have no sympathy with him as the apologist of Haman the Agagite.

The following note on the Irish Church debate is taken from the Diary :—

March 30th.—Yesterday evening Gladstone moved, in House of Commons, the abolition of the Irish Church. It is for England the most serious day since the Reformation. It is either the service of God, or the service of Satan. He may be opening the way to such a revival of Papal power as may make the most scoffing to tremble. He may be preparing such a career for the Protestant belief as may make the Roman Catholics curse the day in which he was born.

However, Gladstone himself has none of these grandiose views for good or for evil.

At the end of April Lord Shaftesbury was again in London, and in the few brief intervals of the “May Meetings” was busy in preparing for publication the work to which we have been greatly indebted in these volumes : “Speeches of the Earl of Shaftesbury (1838—1867) upon Subjects having relation chiefly to the Claims and Interests of the Labouring Classes. With a Preface.”

He refers to it thus :—

May 5th.—Have I done wisely ? I fear not. Have I consulted my own fame ? I fear not. Have I regarded my own comfort ? I fear not. I have been induced, by Forster, to collect and publish a selection of my speeches, with a preface, on subjects relating to Labour and large masses of people. I trust in God, who knows the intention, to bless the work. I foresee and forehear the comments. Then why did I do it ? because I was persuaded by the ardent kindness of Forster and others.

The volume is remarkable for the variety of its subjects, the high and holy principles enunciated, the abundance of interesting and varied information, the chasteness of its literary style and the quality of its eloquence. Lord Shaftesbury does not record his gratification on reading the reviews of his book—but that he must have felt gratified, no one will doubt.

Upon the report of the Ritual Commission being issued, Lord Shaftesbury, availing himself, in some measure, of its recommendations, prepared and laid upon the table of the House of Lords the “Uniformity of Public

Worship Bill." It related to Ornaments as well as to Vestments, and met, from the first, with strong opposition.

The second reading of the Bill was defeated in July without a division.

The following extracts from the Diary on various subjects will point the current of events:—

July 3rd.—On Wednesday met Winthrop, once Speaker of Congress in U.S., and the Poet Longfellow, at dinner in Forster's house. Amazingly pleased with both of them.

July 11th.—The Waters affair at an end; and let me bless God for it. And well concluded, too, in one aspect, for Mr. W.'s counsel admitted in open court that "Mr. Waters was deeply grateful to Lord Shaftesbury" for what had been done in the way of forbearance.

July 23rd.—To Broadlands on 20th for inauguration of statue to Palmerston on 21st. It went off well, both at the mansion and in the market-place. Granville did his work admirably; and so did Lowe. The Bishop had a difficult task in the sermon, but he made a masterly affair of it. There was afterwards a "cold collation" and speechifying under a tent, where W. Cowper, Argyll, and Cardwell, sustained the ceremony very efficiently. I was forced myself to utter a few words; I spoke what I felt, and felt what I spoke.

Aug. 20th.—Homburg. His Majesty the King of Prussia called on us to-day. He was singularly kind and civil, looked in strong health, and created a vivid feeling in his behalf. The Government is a compound of timidity and recklessness. D'Izzy is seeking everywhere for support. He is all things to all men and nothing to any one. He cannot make up his mind whether to be Evangelical, Neologian, or Ritualistic; he is waiting for the highest bidder.

Oct. 28th.—In the paper of this morning is announced the long-expected death of my true, dear, and constant friend, Duchess Harriet of Sutherland. In the year 1820 I first knew her; and, ever since she has been to me in heart, in temper, in demeanour, the most uniformly kind, considerate, and zealous ally and co-operator that ever lived. Such unbroken, such invariable, such thoughtful and sincere affection few have enjoyed. At the end of forty-seven years of acquaintance she was the same as at the beginning. She was ever ready to give her palaces, her presence, and her ardent efforts for the promotion of everything that was generous and compassionate and good. There was no pride, no meanness; her courtesy was not conventional, it was courtesy of feeling, of innate dignity, of a natural regard for the social and moral rights of others. I trust that my beloved friend has gone to her rest, there to meet my other friend, so precious to me, Harriet Ellesmere.

Archbishop Longley is also gone: a mild, amiable, and lovable man, but unstable as water. What a space my knowledge of him covers! He was a tutor at Christ Church when I went up as a freshman.

Reviewing his own position in relation to the changes being made in all things around, Lord Shaftesbury wrote:—

Nov. 7th.—What is my position now? It is like an old tree in a forest, half-submerged by a mighty flood: I remain where I was, while everything is passing beyond me. New ideas, new thoughts, new views and new feelings are flowing

rapidly by. I cannot go alone with the stream, and if I survive, one of two issues awaits me: either I shall be overwhelmed and so utterly lost, or the waters in their course will have rushed away and left me alone, stranded and leafless, a venerable proof of consistency, as some would say, but of bigotry in the estimation of others.

Dec. 5th.—Government out. Gladstone sent for! “Le roi est mort, vive le roi!”

To Mr. Gladstone, the new Premier, Lord Shaftesbury preferred a similar request to one that he had made without effect to Mr. Disraeli when he was Prime Minister. It was as follows:—

Lord Shaftesbury to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

Dec. 22nd, 1868.

DEAR GLADSTONE,—The new arrangements you have made in respect of certain young Peers in the House of Lords will prove, I doubt not, very beneficial.

But I have an impulse, which I cannot restrain, an impulse both from opinion and feeling, to suggest another movement; and I make it far less in the presumption of tendering advice, than of disburdening myself of a strong desire. The Jewish question has now been settled. The Jews can sit in both Houses of Parliament. I, myself, resisted their admission, not because I was adverse to the descendants of Abraham, of whom our Blessed Lord came according to the flesh; very far from it, but because I objected to the mode in which that admission was to be effected.

All that is passed away, and let us now avail ourselves of the opportunity to show regard to God's ancient people. There is a noble member of the House of Israel, Sir Moses Montefiore, a man dignified by patriotism, charity, and self-sacrifice, on whom her Majesty might graciously bestow the honours of the Peerage.

It would be a glorious day for the House of Lords when that grand old Hebrew were enrolled on the lists of the hereditary legislators of England.

Truly yours,

SHAFTESBURY.

Mr. Disraeli had replied in a “gushing” letter, expressing his great willingness to do anything, but stating that he was, for obvious reasons, less than any other Prime Minister in a position to grant the request. Mr. Gladstone replied that the case should be “carefully considered,” and made inquiry as to what Sir Moses Montefiore's fortune was supposed to be, and whether he had children, but there he allowed the matter to rest. It was a great disappointment to Lord Shaftesbury, who had the highest admiration of the character of the great Hebrew philanthropist. The admiration was mutual, and lasted to the end of their lives. On one occasion Sir Moses sent to Lord Shaftesbury a cheque for £95, to be used for the Field Lane Ragged School, or any other purpose he might think proper. It seems a curious amount. It was sent on the day that his wife would, had she lived, have attained her 95th year.

The last letter he ever received from Sir Moses Montefiore was written with his own hand in his 100th year, and was as follows:—

Sir Moses Montefiore to Lord Shaftesbury.

EAST CLIFF LODGE, RAMSGATE,

July 9th, 1884.

MY DEAR LORD SHAFTESBURY,—Your able appeal, in this day's *Times*, on behalf of the fund to provide the means of giving the poor children of the Ragged Schools a day's enjoyment in the country has this moment been read to me, and, sympathising as I do with this desirable object, I enclose, with very much pleasure, cheque for £15, with the hope that the appeal may be both liberally and cheerfully responded to.

Believe me, my dear Lord Shaftesbury, that I am delighted with the opportunity thus afforded me of evincing my heartfelt appreciation of the noble and benevolent works in which you have for a very long period taken so beneficent an interest. May God bless you and prosper your labours!

Hoping you are in the enjoyment of good health,

I am, my dear Lord Shaftesbury,

Very truly yours,

MOSES MONTEFIORE.

Lord Shaftesbury sent the letter and cheque to Mr. Kirk, the Secretary of the Ragged School Union, with the following note:—

July 12th, 1884.

DEAR KIRK,—You may keep the letter as a record of a man in his 100th year who can feel and write like one of five-and-twenty. Do not suppose that I have omitted to thank him. That grand old Hebrew is better than many Christians.

Yours,

S.

In 1867, 1868, and 1869, Lord Shaftesbury wrote, in special Diaries, his opinions on the movements of their times and their ultimate issues. They are more in the form of essays than of diary notes, and appear to have been written for the purpose of fixing his impressions at certain important periods in the national history.

They are far too voluminous to quote from extensively, the subjects are wide and various, and isolated passages would give but a poor notion of them, as they require to be read as a whole. In the volume for 1867, for example, the topics discussed are: Church parties, Commerce, Trades Unions, Foreign Affairs, Fenianism, Public Revenue, British Industries, the Navy, Law and Justice, Mercantile Morality, Politicians, Democracy, the Social System, Hereditary Honours, Religious Creeds.

In February, 1869, the continued illness of his daughter Constance rendered it necessary that she should seek a warmer climate, and her departure to Cannes, with Lady Shaftesbury, was a heavy trial.

Feb. 11th.—Minnie and Conty started to-day. Accompanied them to Dover. Oh, that God, in His mercy and goodness, for Christ's dear sake, may protect and

bless them, bear them safely to their journey's end, prosper to them the sun and the climate of Cannes, and restore us sound and happy to each other ! It is a sad, sad, and anxious separation ; but the ways of the Almighty are wise, deep, and inscrutable. . . .

In addition to the heavy losses Lord Shaftesbury had sustained from his steward, he had incurred enormous expenses—amounting to some thousands of pounds—in inevitable law-suits, civil and criminal, and the combination of circumstances against him produced so much anxiety that he felt incapable of exercising any prolonged energy. The dread of debt was “a horror of great darkness” before him. “If I appear to fail in life and vigour, it is not for the want of zeal,” he wrote to a friend, “but from that kind of Promethean eagle that is ever gnawing my vitals. May God be with you, and keep you *out of debt*.” And in his Diary, among many expressions of sadness and almost despair, he writes:—“Our Blessed Lord endured all the sorrows of humanity but that of *debt*. Perhaps it was to exemplify the truth, uttered afterwards by St. Paul, ‘Owe no man anything, but to serve him in the Lord.’”

The subject was ever in his thoughts, it was “a dead weight on his back which made him totter in every effort to go forward” ; it haunted him night and day, and often, in his Diary, he breaks out into a wail of lamentation : “My mind returns at every instant to the *modus operandi*. How meet the demands that must speedily be made ? how satisfy the fair and righteous claims of those who only ask for their dues ? How can I pursue the many objects I have in view, with this anxiety at my heart ? God alone can deliver me.”

Depressed and sorrowful as he was, he did not for an hour let the duties of life, or any of his self-imposed tasks, pass unfulfilled, and the Diaries are full of entries similar to the following :—

Feb. 23rd.—On Saturday to Lambeth Baths to distribute prizes to working men. Sunday, to Britannia Theatre (Special Service), Hoxton. Excellent, satisfactory, heart-stirring—I receive perpetual testimony from the poorer classes of the benefit conferred by them. It seems, occasionally, a wearisome journey to undertake, on dark and rainy nights, to the East of London ; but I ever rejoice when there—all is earnest, pious, simple, and consolatory. The careworn faces, especially of the women, become almost radiant with comfort.

March 6th.—Debate in House of Lords on Criminal Bill. I met, as usual, from the public, with a mixture of praise and contempt. A great majority of mankind assume that if a man be stamped as a “Philanthropist” he cannot have common sense. They hold that it betokens a softening of the brain ! Alas, poor Yorick !

Last night, at Welclose Square, went to a gathering of thirty thieves. What a spectacle ! what misery ! what degradation ! and, yet, I question whether we, fine, easy, comfortable folks, are not greater sinners in the sight of God than are these poor wretches. . . .

It was when domestic anxiety, financial difficulty, and failing health, were oppressing him, that the time came for him to commence that herculean task

he had, contrary to his own judgment, undertaken—the attempted reform of the procedure in the Ecclesiastical Courts. “I shrink, though I will not recede, from it,” he said; and, accordingly, he made preparations for the work which, happily for him, he could not at the moment foresee, was to occupy years of ceaseless anxiety, vexation, and toil, and to end more in disappointment than success.

March 17th.—Oh, that I could either get rid of my Ecclesiastical Courts Bill altogether, or be discharged of the Second Reading! Never again will I interfere in Church matters. All establishments are doomed, and perhaps wisely. They have done good in their day, but the people will not consent any longer to receive good after that fashion. Now, let us think of nothing but the pure Church of Christ. Could I do any service by further persistence in anti-ritualistic legislation, I would endure any amount of toil and obloquy; but why, for no issue except abuse, vexation, and fruitless labour, renew a career of public abomination and private contempt?

April 3rd.—This Ecclesiastical Courts Bill has excited more attention than the subject ever did before—and yet I wish I had never undertaken it. The Bill is very long, somewhat intricate, and upon a subject with which I am not at all conversant. I shall be opposed by all the bishops, who are masters of the question, and who, secretly, abhor the measure as touching their dignity and their patronage. The labour is very great, the anxiety also; and, probably, the fruit will be “nil,” as the Bill will go to a Select Committee, where I, being alone, without a single friend, shall find myself in the hands of bishops, lawyers, and peers, who hate me and love the abuses. But, God helping me, I shall at any rate exhibit the evils. Nevertheless, I wish it were over and settled, for never again will I touch so hopeless, so thankless, so fruitless a work, as the reform of Church abominations. . . .

As the day approached for Lord Shaftesbury to bring forward his Bill in the House of Lords, his anxiety—which had produced perpetual headache—increased. It absorbed every moment of his leisure. “For months,” he said, “I have not been beyond the Duke of Wellington’s statue.” Up to the very hour that he left his home to go the House of Lords he was full of misgiving, and the last entry in his book is, “Why have I been so foolish as to undertake this Bill? If I fail, I become ridiculous; if I succeed, I shall have done no good.”

On the 15th of May he moved the Second Reading of the Bill before a House, “cold, hostile, and resolved to maintain anything provided it were Episcopal.” He had to deal with a subject “inexpressibly dry and wearisome”—so repulsive that it had “occupied and thwarted many eminent men during the course of more than three centuries.”

The interest in this, and many kindred measures, has now to a very great extent passed away, and it would only weary the reader to enter, at length, into the whole question of the proposed reform of the Ecclesiastical Courts.

May 15th, 11 o’clock.—The motion is over. . . . I have now, thank God, closed my Ecclesiastical career; nothing shall again stir me to move Bills in

defence of the Establishment. The Bill was sent to a Select Committee, where I shall not have a friend. It is, of course, according to the modern system, "a private execution." . . .

It would have saved Lord Shaftesbury years of anxious and fruitless toil if this decision had been adhered to. Unfortunately, he was over-persuaded by friends to return to the charge, and, as we shall see, within a twelvemonth he was again in the thick of the fight.

We shall now follow for a while the more quiet current of his routine and private life.

April 27th.—Such continued occupation, no time for entries. Minny and Conty returned on Thursday, 22nd, quite safe.

Heard this morning of the death of Mary Joy, my old dear friend,* in the Almswalk at St. Giles's. This aged saint must have attained her ninety-second year; and was, by God's blessing, neither blind nor deaf, nor wandering. In spirit she was like Anna, and "departed not from the Temple, but ever waited for the consolation of Israel." She had it while living; she has it in perfection, now that she is dead, for she had realised the hopes of St. Paul, and knew "nothing but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." Shall I recognise St. Giles's without her? I trow not.

July 11th.—No end of chairs, speeches, committees. I cannot number them; they are like the sands of the sea; and shall I say equally incohesive and unprofitable? Be it so; God give me the consolation to feel His words, "because it was in thine heart, to build a temple unto the Lord; thou didst well, that it was in thine heart." . . .

May 15th.—Bradford, Yorkshire. Here to uncover Oastler's monument. It is a week of speeches, addresses, &c.

May 21st.—St. Giles's. Hardly a second of time at command to make entries while in Yorkshire; can I now collect a Diary? On Friday, a large dinner of Bradford notables at Mr. Semon's, very agreeable. On Saturday, an address to me in Peel Park, and a procession of some 30,000 people. Reached the statue at half-past three. The uncovering, and a short speech. The throng was immense; the estimate was of nearly 100,000; and I do not think that it was exaggerated. Their enthusiasm knew no bounds.

Then a dinner at the Victoria Hotel, given by the Mayor, a most agreeable, gentlemanlike man, Mr. West. Afterwards, at eight o'clock, a public meeting in St. George's Hall, and speech, of course. On Sunday to parish church. Then at three o'clock to Sunday School at Manningham to see large numbers of teachers and factory children, and speak to them. On Monday, to inspect hospital and charities, and at 12.40 to London, where I arrived by God's blessing safe and sound.

During the debates in the House of Lords on the Irish Church Bill, Lord Shaftesbury on several occasions was anxious to take a part. He was suffering, however, from unusual depression, and other circumstances were against him.

* She was a labourer's widow living in the Almshouses founded by Sir Anthony Ashley.

June 24th.—Have given notice of an amendment to devote surplus (secularisation having been decided) to a fund for small loans at moderate interest to labouring population of Ireland. It will be opposed by Popish hierarchy and priesthood, because they want the whole surplus for themselves; by the Conservatives (and probably by the Government for the same reason, though not avowedly), because they want it for “levelling up,” and by the landlords, because they wish cheap labour—yet it will be a blessing to the people.

I should like one of my last speeches (if it be not the last) to be in aid of that wronged and insulted people—wronged, I mean, by our ancestors. . . .

July 3rd.—Bill has been in Committee, on Tuesday, Thursday, Friday. Prepared some thoughts on Duke of Cleveland’s proposition to give houses and glebes to Roman Catholic priests. Had, however, no good opportunity to come forward, and doubt much whether I should have had courage enough to rise—unpleasant beyond description in the House of Lords, when rival speakers get up, and struggle to be heard. No one, as in the House of Commons, has power to decide. The matter is settled by roars of preference for one peer or the other. It was so last night. I could not expose myself to it. Voted against the clause. . . .

July 5th.—I am so nervous, distressed, and downcast, that I almost wish him (Lord Cairns) success, that I may be spared the necessity of introducing my clause. Never have I, in all my life, had a period of doubt, darkness, and discouragement so long upon me.

July 7th.—Lord Cairns, by a successful motion to postpone 68th Clause of the Irish Bill, submerged my amendment. So much for all the trouble and anxiety I have had on that matter. . . .

July 24th.—Granville, throughout the whole Irish debates, has shown remarkable judgment, ability, good temper, and good taste. Cairns, in this last affair, has come out with singular claims to solid wisdom, penetration, and deliberate courage. . . .

At the end of August Lord and Lady Shaftesbury and their three daughters arrived at Homburg. They had not been there a fortnight, however, before a letter was received giving an unsatisfactory account of the health of Lady Palmerston. Next day there followed an alarming telegram, and preparations were made for Lady Shaftesbury to return immediately, and Lord Shaftesbury to follow more slowly with his invalid daughter and the rest of the party. On the eve of his departure he received a further telegram: “Sinking; no hope,” and he wrote in his Diary:—

Poor, dear, kind Mum. How can I ever forget—nay, how can I ever *fully* remember—all her unbroken, invariable, tender, considerate goodness towards me? Turn her very inmost heart unto Thyself, O God, for Christ’s blessed sake! . . .

There were delays in the journey. A fierce gale prevented them from making the passage of the Channel. Meanwhile Lady Palmerston had passed away, and the travellers only reached England in time to be present at the funeral.

Sept. 22nd.—The funeral was simple, but solemn, and very sad. The dear woman was carried to Westminster Abbey, there to lie alongside her husband

whom she so truly and ardently loved, and whom she had so greatly aided in his long career. Until I had lost her I hardly knew how much I loved her. To my dying hour I shall remember her perpetual sunshine of expression and affectionate grace, the outward sign of inward sincerity, of kindness, generosity, and love. Her pleasure was to see others pleased, and without art, or effort, or even intention, she fascinated every one who came within her influence. Forty years have I been her son-in-law, and during all that long time she had been to me a well-spring of tender friendship and affectionate service.

Sept. 24th.—Few great men, and no women, except those who have sat on thrones, have received, after death, such abundant and such sincere testimonies of admiration, respect, and affection. The press has teemed with articles descriptive of her life and character, all radiant with feeling, and expressive of real sorrow; none surpassed the *Times* in delineation and eulogy. It was written by Hayward, and it is a record worthy of her.

While Lord Shaftesbury was at Homburg enjoying “the wonderful air, which seems to breathe strength and refreshment at every moment,” he indulged, in leisure moments, in his favourite recreation of fixing in writing his impressions of the “times then present,” and forecasts of political history. We append one short quotation only, a very remarkable one when viewed in the light of subsequent events:—

. . . The people, as Bright remarked to me one evening, “*have no reverence.*” He is right: they had it once, but they have it no longer. They have no reverence for men, or things, past or present. They estimate everything by its power of instrumentality for their purposes. . . .

A vague, undefined sentiment exists that some kind of convulsion is at hand. If asked to explain what is meant, a difficulty arises. Nevertheless, the instinct of it remains, and people continue confused without being comforted. That England has culminated, few can doubt who examine her internal condition and the condition of the nations around her, as well as of the United States. Within, she is shaken to her very foundations of moral, religious, and commercial power. The political is no safer. Without, we must see countries extending in arts and arms, in enterprise and wealth, in skill, industry, and freedom, which are rapidly abating her pre-eminence and reducing her in the scale of nations. England must either be very great or very small—either so great as to defy the world, or so small as not to excite its envy and hostility.

There are some, perhaps (and probably Gladstone and Bright are among them), who would deny that any evil could arise from the severance of England and Ireland. It is difficult to believe that any one could entertain such an opinion, however he might assert it. We shall soon have the attempt, and possibly not very remotely, the event; and the experience will give us results that cannot be gainsaid.

There was joy in St. Giles’s House and in St. Giles’s village in the autumn of this year, in which no one shared more heartily than Lord Shaftesbury. He refers to it, in a letter to Mr. Haldane, thus:—

My little village is all agog with the birth of a “son and heir” in the very midst of them, the first, it is believed, since about 1600, when the first Lord

Shaftesbury was born. The christening yesterday was an ovation. Every cottage had flags and flowers; we had three triumphal arches, and all the people were exulting. "He is one of us"—"He is a fellow-villager"—"We have now got a lord of our own." The tenants, too, and clergy, have, in grand consultation, resolved to present a piece of plate as an heirloom.

This is really gratifying; I did not think that there remained so much of the old respect and affection between peasant and proprietor, landlord and tenant, But it is the last trace of that grand feeling.

The presentation was made shortly afterwards:—

Nov. 29th.— . . . The tenantry of this estate gave to Antony a piece of plate, and a dinner (at which I attended, Nov. 25), in honour of his son and heir. It was hearty, affectionate, and liberal; I doubt whether, in many counties there would now be found such a feeling between the owner and the occupiers of the land. Much is due to Antony, who has lived among them, and made himself deservedly popular.

The appointment of Professor Seeley, the author of "Ecce Homo," to the Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge, and the elevation of Dr. Temple, one of the writers of the "Essays and Reviews," to the See of Exeter, were events that called forth a storm of indignation in certain quarters. On the first issue of "Essays and Reviews," 12,000 of the clergy uttered a protest. Not 1,200 were willing to come forward in 1869 to protest against the appointment of Dr. Temple; and if a work similar to "Essays and Reviews" were to be published to-day, it is probable that not 120 would be found to protest against it—so rapid and so radical has been the change of religious opinion. Nevertheless, there was a great stir over Dr. Temple's appointment; and as Lord Shaftesbury was looked to as the prime mover on all such occasions, he was besieged by angry disputants, and as often happens to acknowledged leaders of men, he held his position in the front simply because there was no other position possible to him. Dr. Pusey urged him to stand forth as the representative of religious opinion generally; others of the High Church party urged him to take joint action with them on a Committee; and the result was his acceptance of the Presidency of the Committee, with Dr. Pusey as Vice-President. The Evangelical party stood somewhat aloof. Their attitude is thus described by Lord Shaftesbury:—

Oct. 23.— . . . This Temple affair has revealed many things. It has revealed the utter indifference of the country at large; the coldness and insincerity of the bulk of the Evangelicals, their disunion, their separation in place and action. It has shown that they have much political, and personal, and very little spiritual Protestantism. They dislike the appointment because Gladstone made it, and they would not oppose it lest they should be found in concurrence with Pusey. . . . It has revealed, too, their utter intolerance. The words, the just, true words I wrote in praise of Pusey for that marvellous essay on Daniel, which he could not have composed but by the special Grace of God, have condemned me for ever in their esteem; and I doubt whether, were the vote taken by ballot, they would not pronounce that I was by far the more detestable of the two. . . .

The following letter, written when the controversy was at its height, will show Lord Shaftesbury's own personal views with regard to the attack upon Dr. Temple's appointment, and also why he had come to regard the Evangelical party, as he says, as "simply a theological expression." At the request of the Church Association, although contrary to his own judgment, he had presented to the Prime Minister a memorial remonstrating on the appointment. The first paragraph in the letter is in allusion to this:—

Lord Shaftesbury to Mr. Haldane.

November 2nd, 1869.

DEAR HALDANE,—I have not, as yet, had any, even official, acknowledgment from Gladstone of the receipt of the memorial. I must wait a day or two longer.

The position of religious parties is original and distressing. The rash, unsustained attack on Dr. Temple, going so far beyond what could be proved (though not beyond what might be believed), has given Gladstone a fund of power to make what appointments he pleases; and it has equally taken from the Evangelicals a power of resistance. They stand simply naked, weak, and beneath consideration.

Here, for instance, are three Deans, all eminent in the party! The Dean of Gloucester joins Pusey and protests against Temple.

The Dean of Ripon protests against Temple and Pusey; and the Dean of Exeter joins Temple, and protests against every one who differs from him.

Who is to lead a regiment like that? Even Falstaff would not march through Coventry with them. . . .

They would soon throw me over, and "pity the sorrows of a poor old man."

The movement against Temple, so rash, violent, undignified, and abortive, has done irreparable mischief to men and things. S.

One disappointment of the year that distressed Lord Shaftesbury is referred to in the entry given below. Ever since he succeeded to the title he had not spared time, trouble, or expense to improve the condition of the labourers on his estate, by erecting suitable cottages, and by giving them continuous work and better wages. This had been done at great personal sacrifice; but it was a principle with him to strive to roll away, at least as far as he was concerned, the reproach that had, not altogether unjustly, been brought against the Dorsetshire landlords:—

November 29th.—I am grieved by a disingenuous report on the state of this property. I had hoped, nay, believed, that whenever a Government Commissioner came down he would say at least that we were making progress, that our wages were better than in former years, and our cottage accommodation vastly improved. Not a syllable. He gives a picture of the county as though it were the same as thirty years ago.

CHAPTER XXXI

1870—1871.

LORD SHAFTESBURY was a stout opponent of the Revision of the Authorised Version of the Bible, and although after that Revision had been published he greatly modified his views, he was for many years distressed that such a project—"one of the most subtle dangers that beset true religion" as he then regarded it—should have been set on foot.

It was on the ground of the uncertainty which would be created in men's minds as to which was, and which was not, a true and reliable version, that he apprehended the greatest danger. The great majority of the world were, and would be to the end of time, dependent altogether on versions and translations, and could never have even a moderate, and certainly not a critical, knowledge of the original languages; and their resource, in the perplexity and confusion that a variety of versions would create, would be to go to some learned pundit in whose judgment they reposed confidence, and ask him which of the versions he would recommend; and when he gave an opinion they would feel obliged to abide by it, as they could not form an opinion of their own. The result of this would be to destroy, not the right but the exercise of, private judgment—"that grand, sacred, solemn principle, which is the right of every man, and the great security of churches and of nations, and of the life and soul of individuals."

On the 10th of February, 1870, the Bishop of Winchester, in the Upper House of Convocation, carried a resolution for the appointment of a Committee to report upon the desirableness of a Revision of the Authorised Version of the Old and New Testaments. At once Lord Shaftesbury wrote a letter to the *Times* stating the views we have given above. This originated a correspondence with Professor Selwyn, which appeared in the *Times*, the *Record*, and, subsequently, in the form of a pamphlet. One passage only from that correspondence will we insert here. After anticipating the loss of "the racy old language which is music to everybody's ears," he says:—

One of the newspapers, in condemning my opinion, charged me with sheer idolatry, as a bigoted worshipper of the mere words and syllables of our present version. The editor, of course, is at liberty to use his own phraseology, and the public to judge of it. I admit that I love, intensely too, its rich, melodious, and heart-moving language. It is like the music of Handel, and carries Divine truth and comfort to the inmost soul. This language has sunk deep into the moral constitution of our people. No one who associates with them, can doubt it. It is the staple of their domestic intercourse, the exponent of their joys and sorrows.

And I will maintain that a rude and sudden descent from the majestic and touching tones of our wonderful version, to the thin Frenchified and squeaking sentences in modern use, would be an irreparable shock to every English-speaking man who has drunk in the old and generous language almost with his mother's milk.

Some time after the Revised Version had been published, Lord Shaftesbury acknowledged that his fears had not been realised, and it did not appear probable that they would be. "I wrote and spoke against it at the time," he said to the writer, "and the result shows clearly that it was not wanted, and is not cared for. It is of no use to the unlearned masses; to the learned few it is insufficient. It goes too far in many places in meddling with the grand and simple beauty of the language in the Authorised Version; it does not go far enough in criticism to make it worth while giving up the other for. In the old version I read that 'the Jews came to *comfort* Mary;' in the new, that they came to '*console*' her; that the disciples said, according to the old version, 'Lord, is it I?' and in the new, 'Is it I, Lord?' But what good can be effected by such alterations as these? As a whole, the version is less objectionable than I ever thought it would be, but it is so stiff and stilted, and full of stones that break your shins at every turn, that I do not for a moment think it will ever displace the Authorised Version—that precious, inestimable, and holy gift to England; that wondrous translation of His everlasting and Divine Word."

A severe loss was sustained by Lord Shaftesbury in the removal, by death, of his old friend and associate, Joseph Payne, Deputy Assistant-Judge of the Middlesex Sessions. For years Lord Shaftesbury and he worked together indefatigably, speaking and taking the chair at meetings innumerable, on every scheme that had for its object the bettering of the condition of the poorer classes—Refuges, Bands of Hope, Sunday Rest Societies, Shoe-black Brigades, and especially Ragged Schools. He made the first of many hundred speeches in support of the movement at the *first* annual meeting of the Ragged School Union, held in June, 1845, and the famous poetical "tail-pieces" with which he concluded his speeches—not rarely composed on the platform—and exceeding 2,400, show how untiringly he had been at work during the twenty-five years of his platform life. Lord Shaftesbury and he worked together as friends and brothers; the very opposite to one another in character, disposition, and expression, and yet agreeing on all points. Judge Payne was essentially a merry man, who loved a joke above all things, and kept his audience in a constant ripple of smiles, until they surged into tempests of laughter, at his sallies of wit. But he possessed the neat and dexterous faculty of bringing the most humorous of his anecdotes to an instructive and moral issue.

"As he and I were constantly on the same platform," Lord Shaftesbury said, "we had a mutual understanding; I was to accept the reiteration of his stories, he the reiteration of my speeches. I made, I think, the better bargain; for, to the last, his stories interested myself and others, but I cannot

think that he could have said, certainly he could not have thought, the same of my speeches. He had no self-restraint in the devotion of his time, his thoughts, his mind, his money, and everything that he possessed. Except his conscience, there was no single thing which he considered to be his own."

The Diary records the following affectionate tribute to his memory :—

March 30th.—Last night, on return from Sunday-school meeting at Stepney, read, in a letter to me from Miss Bodkin, that my dear, old, precious friend and fellow-worker, Joseph Payne, was suddenly called to his rest! Most assuredly to his rest in Heaven, for no man ever more loved the Lord Jesus and more truly and heartily fulfilled His words, "Feed my lambs." What shall I feel without him? Every meeting, every speech, every mention of Ragged School Affairs, every movement or thought on behalf of sorrowing and destitute children will recall his pious and pleasant memory. During five-and-twenty years we have been associates in the happy toil of the poor innocents of London. . . .

The death of Judge Payne occurred at a time when Lord Shaftesbury was in peculiar anxiety with regard to the future of Ragged Schools, owing to the proposed establishment of Board Schools under the system of National Education, introduced by Mr. W. E. Forster, on behalf of Mr. Gladstone's Government. On one aspect of that question he was busily engaged at the time of his friend's death—the exclusion or discouragement of religious teaching in the case of schools aided by grants from the State.

Throughout the Session the debates upon the "Religious Question" were continuous and heated, and Lord Shaftesbury, at public meetings and in Parliament, was in the forefront of the battle. On the 8th of April a "demonstration" of the National Education Union took place in St. James's Hall, over which he presided, and in a vigorous speech, received with storms of applause, vindicated the claims of the Bible and the right of the people to religious teaching in their schools. He saw that, under this movement, there lay "the great struggle between truth and falsehood, between belief and infidelity," and he had determined to resist it to the death.

There were occasions when Lord Shaftesbury's speeches were brilliant "orations," when the whole man flashed fire, and his words flowed in a rapid torrent of eloquence; when he felt that, as such mighty issues were at stake, unless he threw all his heart and soul and strength into his subject with passionate earnestness, the whole cause would be lost. "I am under a great infirmity," he once wrote to Mr. Haldane, "an insuperable infirmity to public life, that I cannot even speak unless on conviction. Now, I know that it is as just as it is necessary that, in the long range of policy, weak points must be defended, and, oftentimes, very questionable doings may be made to appear good. But such oratory is beyond me. I can say nothing but what I feel, and my feelings frequently get the better of me. So I should have proved an awkward and not seldom a dangerous Minister."

On the occasion to which we now refer Lord Shaftesbury spoke "with an eloquence," as the Marquis of Salisbury, who was on the platform, said, "he had never heard rivalled." He said :—

What we ask is simply this, that the Bible, and the teaching of the Bible to the children of this vast Empire, shall be an essential and not an extra. That religious teaching shall be carried on within school hours, not without school hours. Take conscience clauses and time tables enough to satisfy the greatest cormorant for things of that kind, but they will, in my opinion, be all useless, for I am satisfied that the people of England will never require them. What! Exclude by Act of Parliament religious teaching from schools founded, supported, by public rates! Declare that the revealed Word of God and religious teaching shall be exiled to the odds and ends of time, and that only at such periods shall any efforts be devoted to the most important part of the education of the youth of this Empire! It is an outrage upon the national feelings, and, more than this, it is, without exception, the grossest violation of the rights of religious liberty that was ever perpetrated, or even imagined, in the worst times by the bigotry of any Government whatever, foreign or domestic.

He made a strong point of the fact that in the *Index Expurgatorius* of the promoters of this part of the educational scheme, the Bible was the only proscribed book, and he continued:—

We have now come to a period in the history of our country when there has just been granted to the people almost universal suffrage. Is this a time to take from the mass of the population, in whom all power will henceforward reside, that principle of internal self-control, without which there can be no freedom, social or political—that principle of self-restraint which makes a man respect himself and respect his neighbour—that principle which alone can constitute the honour and stability and promote the dignity of democracy? Is this a time to take from the mass of the people the checks and restraints of religion? Is this a time to harden their hearts by the mere secularity of knowledge, or to withhold from them the cultivation of all those noble and divine influences which touch the soul?

In conclusion, he appealed to the men and women of England to rise with one heart and soul and say:—

By all our hopes and by all our fears, by the honour of the nation, by the safety of the people, by all that is holy and all that is true, by everything in time and everything in eternity, the children of Great Britain *shall* be brought up in the faith and fear and nurture of the Lord.

In Parliament Lord Shaftesbury reiterated the sentiments he expressed upon the platform, and was instrumental in contributing largely to the defeat of the Secularists. There are frequent references to the subject in the Diary.

May 26th.—Deputation to Gladstone about Education. The unanimity of the Churchmen and Dissenters, that is, the vast majority of them, is striking and consolatory. Gladstone could now settle the question by a single word. But he will not. He would rather, it is manifest, exclude the Bible altogether, than have it admitted and taught without the intervention and agency of catechisms and formularies.

Among the working classes there were none in whom Lord Shaftesbury was more deeply interested than the costermongers of London.

"The pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," he wrote in the preface to a work entitled "*Byeways of Two Cities*,"* "has always been bepraised, and justly so: but why should not the pursuit of an honest livelihood amid great temptations be alike admired? Both are great moral efforts, but I am inclined to think that the poor painstaking costermonger, proof against enticements to fraud and falsehood, is, on the whole, the better citizen of the two. Literature may adorn a nation, but the uprightness of its citizens is its bulwark."

In 1861, Mr. W. J. Orsman, a Civil servant, determined to devote his leisure time, after office hours, to the hard task of Evangelising the benighted costermongers, itinerant street-traders and others, who herd together by thousands, in the area circumscribed by Goswell Street, Old Street, Bunhill Row, and Chiswell Street.

Golden Lane, in the heart of this district, was selected by Mr. Orsman as the place to establish a mission, and, in a short time, it was placed upon a permanent and efficient basis.

The natural history of the costermonger has been well given by Mr. Holden Pike, who is one of the best authorities on life and work among the poor.

"These costers," he says, "are a hard-working, patient, enduring class, accustomed to making many shifts when times are 'quiet,' or when the commodities they deal in command prices in the open market which suit neither the coster's capital nor the pockets of his humble customers. Dr. Johnson defined 'costermonger' as 'a person who sells apples.' A more trustworthy authority—a citizen of Mr. Orsman's territory—summarily sets aside the lexicographer's interpretation as a popular error of the Georgian era. In fact, he declares that 'a person who sells apples' is 'all gammon,' and then considerably explains that a coster is 'a cove wot works werry 'ard for a werry poor livin', and is always a-bein' hinterfered with, and blowed up, and moved hon, and fined, and sent to quod by the beaks and bobbies.'"

The costers are careless and improvident, merry and thoughtless, with little religion and less politeness.

At night the donkey, the children, the mothers and fathers—for not uncommonly there are several families in one hovel—all huddle together in the same rooms. The stock-in-trade—fish, fruit, or vegetables—is stored, amidst miscellaneous filth, under the press bedsteads, to be hawked afresh the next day. They go to market very early in summer, and as soon as it is light in winter, purchasing the cheapest stock when there is a glut, or a better commodity when the price is reduced by its remaining on hand. They sell their bargains in the poorer streets, at a small profit, and some make their chief advantage by using false weights and measures.

These people are useful in their way, for it is chiefly through their agency

* "*Byeways of Two Cities*." By G. Holden Pike.

that cheap fruit, fish, and vegetables, are brought to the doors of the working classes, who in their absence would seldom be able to benefit by the bounty of Nature in abundant seasons.

The parents of Ragged School scholars are mostly described in the lists giving their occupations as "costermongers." As a body, the costermongers are remarkably hard-working, if a somewhat loud-voiced and hard-mouthed class. Street life almost necessarily generates coarseness of manners and vehemence in dialect, whether in *gamin* or adult. Their calling is very precarious; for, depending as it does so much on the state of the weather, they sometimes readily realise £2 profit in one week, whilst during the next they do not earn five shillings. Like all classes whose income is uncertain, they are mostly improvident and reckless, and, in moments of success, indulge in stimulants or gluttony to a fearful extent. Some, of course, are thrifty and lay up against rainy days, as well as against those stern winter months, when both money and vegetables are scarce.

The capital of most costermongers is very limited; yet, small as it is, it is not rarely borrowed at an exorbitant rate of interest. The great object of their ambition, especially as it is an external sign of their success in life, is the possession of a donkey and a shambling truck in which to hawk their fruit, fish, and vegetables, in the bye-ways of London. The bulk, however, being too poor or too improvident to manage this, they hire donkey and truck of men who live by letting them out by the day or week.

It was a great day in the history of the Golden Lane Mission to Costermongers when Mr. Orsman, whose labours had been unremitting, and whose success was already assured, received the following letter from Lord Shaftesbury:—

Lord Shaftesbury to Mr. W. J. Orsman.

BOURNEMOUTH, Nov. 18th, 1868.

DEAR SIR,—You seem to be engaged in a grand work for the benefit of the poorest classes of the metropolis. Mr. Gent, my friend, the secretary of the Ragged School Union, called it a "noble work."

I shall be very happy to aid, so far as I can, such admirable efforts; and, if it can be of any use, to accept the office of President.

Your obedient servant,

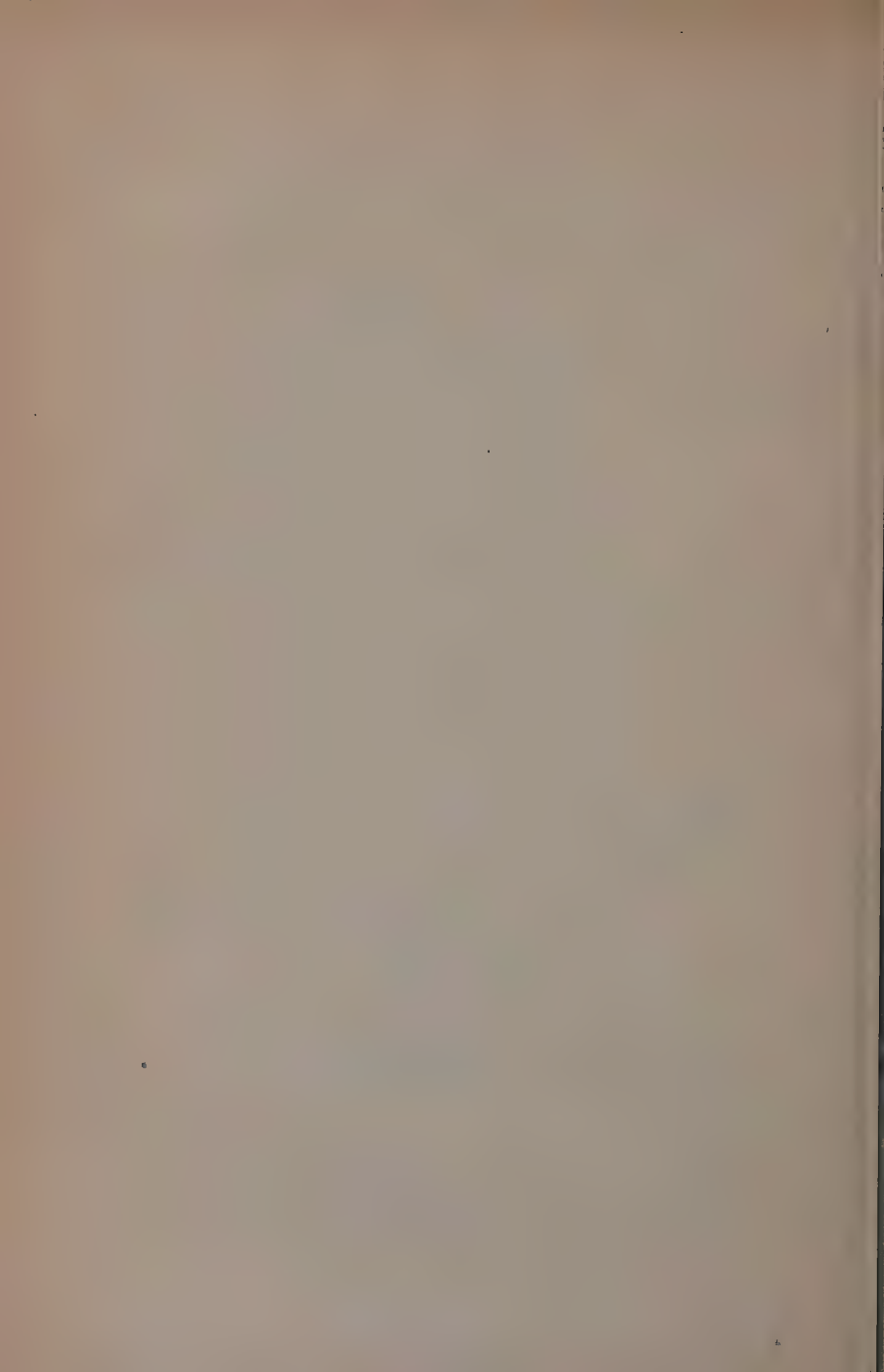
SHAFTESBURY.

From the day of Lord Shaftesbury's first acquaintance with the costers, to the end of his career, there was hardly any society in which he took a deeper interest than in Mr. Orsman's Golden Lane Mission. He always delighted to call himself a "coster," and nothing would induce him to lose an opportunity of spending a social evening with his "brethren." One feature of the work was a Barrow and Donkey Club; and the Earl immediately enrolled himself as a member, and subscribed for a barrow and a donkey. The barrow was a handsome one and bore upon it the Shaftesbury arms and motto. It was in constant use by men who were steadily saving to buy barrows of their own, and was always a great attraction in the streets.



S.T. Dada.

LORD SHAFTESBURY INSPECTING THE COSTERS' DONKEYS.



In a very remarkable manner Lord Shaftesbury threw himself into the work among these strange people, and very speedily gained their entire confidence, and his speeches to them were marvellously adapted to their appreciation and capacity.

He was able to render them important services. In 1872, for example, the vestry of St. Luke's issued an order forbidding costermongers any longer to trade in Whitecross Street. The vestry would, undoubtedly, have carried out its intention, had not Lord Shaftesbury interposed on behalf of the costers: the joy of the people, when it became known that the parish magistrates had relented, was unbounded.

One result of the excitement of that time was the establishment of "The London Union of General Dealers." The meetings are held in the Golden Lane Mission Room, and everything touching the general welfare of the costermonger fraternity is there discussed.

At one of the meetings, when the threatened evil was under discussion Lord Shaftesbury told the men that at any time, when they had grievances which he could assist them to get redressed, they should write to him, and he would not fail to respond.

"But where shall we write to?" asked one of them.

"Address your letter to me at Grosvenor Square, and it will, probably, reach me," he replied; "but if after my name you put 'K.G. and Coster,' there will be no doubt that I shall get it."

One of the strangest ceremonials that ever took place at a public meeting occurred in 1875 in connection with this society. Lord Shaftesbury, who was president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, had taken a deep interest in the costermongers' donkeys. It was proverbial, at one time, that both the donkeys and ponies were shamefully ill-used; but by education, and exhortation, by the institution of donkey shows and prizes, and a variety of other means, the men of Golden Lane had come to take a pride in their animals, and had found that kind and just treatment was the wisest policy. With twenty-four hours' rest on Sunday, they would do thirty miles a day without exhaustion; whereas, without it, they did not do an average of more than fifteen.

In recognition of his kind services the costers invited Lord Shaftesbury to meet them in their Hall to receive a presentation. Over a thousand costers, with their friends, were there, and the platform was graced by many ladies and gentlemen, when a handsome donkey, profusely decorated with ribbons, was led on to the platform and presented as a token of esteem to the chairman. Lord Shaftesbury good-humouredly vacated the chair and made way for the new arrival, and then, putting his arm round the animal's neck, returned thanks in a short speech, in which, however, there was a ring of pathos, as he said, "When I have passed away from this life I desire to have no more said of me than that I have done my duty, as the poor donkey has done his, with patience and uncomplaining resignation." The donkey was then led down the steps of the platform, and Lord Shaftesbury remarked, "I

hope the reporters of the press will state that, the donkey having vacated the chair, the place was taken by Lord Shaftesbury."

The donkey was sent to St. Giles's, where he was made much of, and lived for some years. His end is thus recorded :—

Lord Shaftesbury to Mr. Orsman.

CASTLE WEMYSS, WEMYSS BAY, N.B.,

Sept. 26th, 1878.

DEAR ORSMAN,—I am grieved to tell you that Coster is no more. He broke away one day from the stable and made a dash for the paddock. In so doing he fell and smashed his thigh. The veterinary surgeon was sent for, who pronounced him incurable, and advised that he should be put out of his pain.

The friendly and useful creature was buried, with all honours, in a place I have within a thick plantation, where the pet dogs, horses, etc., that have served the family, and deserved our gratitude, are gathered together.

Remember me very warmly to my brother costermongers, their wives, and their children.

Yours,
S.

The costers, however, soon sent another to supply his place.

Oct. 13th, 1882.

DEAR ORSMAN,—It will not be in my power, I regret to say, to attend the anniversary. I cannot be in London at that time. Give my love to the costers, and say how happy I should have been to meet them again.

The brown donkey has won the affection of every one. My grandchildren were in Dorset this summer; they had it always with them; and they declare it is the most attractive, amiable creature they ever knew. It followed them like a spaniel. . . .

What day will suit my brother costers for the show?

Yours,
S.

Throughout the Diaries there are frequent references to life and work among the costers.

May 18th.—A wonderful meeting in Golden Lane last night. A spectacle to gladden angels—comfort, decency, education, and spiritual life, in the midst of filth, destitution, vice, and misery. This, the work of the Gospel, administered by a clerk in the Post Office, who gives all his spare time and the most of his money, to advance the knowledge of Christ, and the earthly and heavenly interests of man. It was enough to humble me. God be blessed, there are two or three men like him; and few things are more marvellous than to see what can be done by one man, whatever his social position, if he have but the love of Christ in his heart, and the Grace of our Lord to lead him on.

After twenty years' controversy, and numerous and decisive divisions in favour of the Bill to Legalise Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, in the Lower House, it this year passed the three readings without a division.

Two days afterwards, Mr. Thomas Chambers, whose Bill it was, wrote to

Lord Shaftesbury to endeavour "to secure neutrality, if he could not win his approval," in face of "such indubitable and emphatic expression of the popular will in a matter not political but social." Lord Shaftesbury replied that he should oppose the second reading in this instance, but on no future occasion, and concluded, "The people can have what they wish, and they, probably, will have it. I, for one, shall henceforward think it my duty to accept the measure and submit to the deliberate decision of the country."

Lord Shaftesbury's persistently strong *personal* feeling against the Bill never became, in the least degree, modified. Although his public action had changed, he wrote to a friend, as late as June 28th, 1883, that his sentiment had "remained the same ever since 1842, when he spoke against it in the House of Commons."

The following extracts relate to a variety of subjects engaging the thought of Lord Shaftesbury during this year:—

April 25th.—Three English gentlemen, among whom was Fred. Vyner, the son of my old friend, Lady Mary, have been captured and slain by brigands near Athens. Cecil had intended to join the party to Marathon. A special providence, God's interposing mercy, saved him from it. Had not the steamer to Italy been ordered to sail the next day, he would have gone with the rest, and have shared their fate.

April 27th.—This very dreadful event has seized hold of my imagination, and haunts me day and night. "O God, to whom vengeance belongeth, show Thyself." The cruelty, the cowardice, the bloodthirstiness of the deed! Poor boy, poor dear boy, Fred. Vyner, so young, so gentle, and so handsome! . . .

June 11th.—Had tea with dear, good, old Mrs. Smithies, the mother of the admirable, unrivalled servant of our Lord.* Chunder Sen there—had some interesting conversation with him.

June 27th.—Clarendon died this morning. He was a kind and true friend to me on all occasions. . . .

July 16th.—France has declared war against Prussia; the Papal champion against the Protestant in Continental Europe.

July 23rd.—On 21st, forced Ecclesiastical Courts Bill to a second reading; aided strongly Married Women's Property Bill; and to-day went to Ealing to open Girls' Industrial Refuge. The "speaking" part of all these duties detestable, and, I fear, inefficient. . . . Anxious about these Refuges for training deserted and destitute girls for domestic life, servants, wives, and mothers. Humanly speaking, we have no hope for the country but in the improvement of our women. My old and admirable coadjutor, Williams, a very choice servant indeed of our blessed Lord, as usual, the principal mover. . . .

We do not propose to quote from the voluminous notes of Lord Shaftesbury on the Franco-Prussian war further than to show how it brought to him an increase of labour and anxiety. On the 5th of August a meeting was held in Willis's Rooms for the purpose of aiding the sick and wounded in the war. Lord Shaftesbury moved the first resolution, and in words "wary

* Mr. T. B. Smithies, who originated the *British Workman*.

and few " set forth the duty of Christian people to endeavour to alleviate the horrors of the fearful conflict by relieving the pressure of suffering, by distributing their contributions equally between Germans and French. The result of the meeting was the establishment of the "National Society for Aiding the Sick and Wounded in time of War," of which Lord Shaftesbury became President, and took a very active part and much interest in its operations.

A Church Congress was to be held in Southampton in October, and Lord Shaftesbury was urgently entreated to attend. He persistently refused, however, and his reasons were given to Mr. Haldane thus :—

Could I go to a meeting called by a Congress on Church principles, and omit to say a single syllable on Church matters? And could I, in sense and principle, omit to point out the great dangers of the Church : and first and foremost among them, the apathy or connivance of our Bishops?

I have, besides, a strong conviction that among the working men themselves must be found the grand agency, in their vigorous, but ecclesiastically abnormal, action. To tell them this, and enlist their sympathies, and summon the clergy to command them, would raise a storm of discord and hatred.

To leave out this point would be to leave the Hamlet out of my speech.

Lord Shaftesbury never overcame his objections to Church Congresses, and never attended one, although frequently urged to do so.

Oct. 16th.—The Church Congress at Southampton is over. So far as can be judged by the reports of it in the papers, it came to no conclusions, made no suggestions, promised no action, and exhibited no unanimity. The clergy, as usual, expressed the warmest desire for the co-operation of the laity, and a wish that they should share in the government of the Church. But one and all of them seemed to maintain that to "Convocation" their admission was impossible. I heartily rejoice that I did not attend it. . . .

Nov. 9th.—Professor Huxley, in a correspondence with the Rev. W. Freemantle on School Boards, has this definition of morality and religion : "Teach a child what is wise, that is *morality*. Teach him what is wise and beautiful, that is religion!" Let no one henceforward despair of making things clear, and of giving explanations! . . .

Nov. 21st.—I have one ambition left, a strong ambition—the ambition to make a powerful speech against the Ballot. Hopeless, I know, to turn the hateful system aside; but I wish to denounce it, as everything that is dangerous in politics, mean in morals, and cowardly in the discharge of duty.

The state of his daughter Constance's health made wintering abroad a necessity. The resting-places were Heidelberg, Innspruck, Milan, Genoa, and then came a long and enforced detention at Pegli, a little shipbuilding town, held, however, in great esteem by the Italians for its sea-bathing, and a further detention at Finale, a small, uninteresting sea-port.

Dec. 21st.—Pegli. Came here yesterday; glad to leave Genoa, for the air, so close to the port, is not refreshing, nor, indeed, healthy. This is a pretty place,

a lively, dirty, and dilapidated fishing village. There seems to be no privacy, no cleanliness, no decency; and yet all is cheerful, well fed, and well clad. . . .

"To me," says Mackonochie (in his letter to the *Record* of Dec. 12th, 1870), "the Church of England is, in God's providence, the only channel ordained of Him, through which His grace can reach my soul." That is his plea for not leaving it. The decisions of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council are his plea for not obeying it. It is lamentable to see a high, self-denying, and self-sacrificing spirit in such a quandary of conflicting duties. But he could leave the Establishment without leaving the Church of England. Unless civil laws and temporalities are essential to his notion of a Church, the channel of grace would be as open to him after, as before, his severance from the external fabric. . . .

Almost the only diversion for Lord Shaftesbury during this wearisome time was the reception of a deputation to offer him the post of "Honorary Member of the Operative Mutual Aid Society of Finale," an offer he accepted "at a cost of fifty francs and a quantity of bad Italian." On the 14th of January the health of Lady Constance was restored sufficiently to allow her removal by easy stages to San Remo. There were pressing duties awaiting Lord Shaftesbury in England, and therefore, as soon as his daughter was convalescent, he left her with Lady Shaftesbury at St. Remo, and set his face homewards.

March 18th.—London. Chair of Workmen's meeting, Lambeth Baths. I feel no energy now in these gatherings. The very thought of any public effort distresses me. Afterwards to Speaker's Levée. The peers have given up the wholesome and politic practice of attending these Levées, and I cannot persuade a single one of them to go. They dislike the trouble; and prefer to throw away an opportunity of doing service. It was, as it would be again, pleasing to the Democracy of the House of Commons; it brought the two Houses into contact, and induced a reciprocity of courteous feeling and courteous action.

On night of 16th opened a Lodging House for Newsboys in Gray's Inn Road. What a rough, unwashed, uncombed lot! But there is good material in them; and, by God's blessing, we can work it into shape.

May 1st.—Last night to Westminster Abbey (Sunday) to sermon by Bishop Ryan in aid of Bible Society. It was a grand sermon, and singularly adapted to its purpose. How glorious and impressive, the ancient edifice, with light in its centre, and darkness all around; typical of God's Truth amidst iniquity and unbelief! . . .

May 6th.—Last year Mr. Gladstone, speaking on Female Suffrage, said: "This Bill will disturb, nay, uproot, the very foundations of social life!" This year he says: "We had better defer it until we shall have got the Ballot, then it will be quite safe." A man has a right to either opinion, but not to both within so short a time. . . .

Upon the question of Female Suffrage Lord Shaftesbury held a decided opinion. That opinion was often asked, and it was generally given guardedly, as in the following letter—

Lord Shaftesbury to Mrs. ———.

Dec. 28th, 1871.

MADAM,—The question of Women's Suffrage, on which you do me the honour to ask my opinion, is one, I take it, already decided either by consideration or indifference, in the public mind. It is manifestly a question which requires only perseverance on the part of its promoters, and that not a long perseverance, to attain success.

In the days in which we live there is little use in any sustained opposition to the popular will. The masses of the people hold the power, and they are, moreover, considered to be the best judges of social and political proprieties; and, except in cases where the principle of a change might be so strong as deeply to affect the conscience, their fiat must be obeyed.

The grant of Women's Suffrage cannot be confined to spinsters. In the alterations at hand in respect to women's property, it must be extended to wives; and this, conjoined with certain changes in the laws of marriage, now apparently inevitable, will remodel, as it were, the entire system of domestic life.

It is possible that good may come out of the whole process; but it is equally possible that evil may be the result. The matter, however, rests with the holders of the suffrage, from whose repeated determination there is no appeal.

You have, no doubt, on your side a concession, to a great extent, of the principle, in the grant already made to women, of the municipal and other suffrages. You have it also in the right that women enjoy to sit and speechify on School Boards. Here we may see an easy transition to the House of Commons.

I shall feel myself bound to conform to the national will. But I am not prepared to stimulate it. It is fast enough and strong enough already; and I must, therefore, with all respect, decline to be enrolled on the list of honourable persons you have been so good as to send me.

I am, Madam,

Your obedient Servant,

SHAFTESBURY.

Lord Shaftesbury entered upon his May Meeting work this year with a sorrowful spirit. The anniversary of his seventieth birthday had passed; he had begun to feel the weight of years, and the question had arisen in his mind whether he should persevere or forbear in his "platform career." It was immediately after he had been discussing this question with himself in the Diary that he made the following entry:—

May 10th.—To-day, Willis's Rooms, to move a resolution in aid of St. George's Hospital. The first thing that struck my ears in the Committee room was "a regular damper." "What," said Lord Penrhyn, "are we not to have any new speakers, none but the old ones?" He blurted out, not at all in an intentionally offensive spirit, a great fact, a sad truth. The guilt and punishment of thirty years of platform work rushed upon my conscience. But was obliged to proceed. . . .

Towards the end of May the members of his family who had been sojourning in the Riviera returned safely; and once more united under the family roof at "The Saint," hope revived, and he wrote:—

June 8th.—God grant that I may have strength and leisure to do a few things this Session. There are the wretched Sweeps of Nottingham, the Brickfields, the Truck System, and “Juvenile Literature.” Much occupied by this hopeless Bill to amend the Ecclesiastical Courts. A vain effort! What would it then be to “amend” the Church? . . .

June 10th.—To-day my wedding day, now thirty-nine years ago. Blessed be God for His precious gift in my dear, true, and affectionate wife. What a term of life to have enjoyed, by His mercy, such unalloyed happiness, so far, at least, as our union is concerned. May the rest of our lives be devoted to thankfulness and service! Would not her children say the same and abound in gratitude for so tender and so good a mother? . . .

The atrocious murder of the Archbishop of Paris by the Communists, during their horrible reign of terror, gave occasion to Lord Shaftesbury to write to Archbishop Manning. For some time there had been very friendly relations between them. In the previous year, for example, the Archbishop having quoted Lord Shaftesbury freely in a sermon on the poor of London, sent him a copy, and at the same time requested an interview to “converse freely on this matter, which is of life and death.” In acknowledging the letter and sermon, Lord Shaftesbury believed they had “a common desire to keep the name of our Blessed Lord afloat upon the waters;” and expressed the wish to discuss with the Archbishop “very many social questions of high interest.” A strong mutual regard sprung up between them, and in many important works we shall find them working side by side with zeal and fervour.

Lord Shaftesbury to Archbishop Manning.

May 31st, 1871.

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,—One line to express my deep sympathy with you, and my intense horror in respect of the murder of that good, excellent, and pious prelate, the Archbishop of Paris. I know well, from the best sources, the purity of his love and his zeal and Christian love for all the people of his diocese.

But it is of no use to dwell just now on this satanical event. Hell is let loose. Can there be no combination among those who differ on many, and, indeed, important points, to withstand the torrent of blasphemy and crime? You and I have oftentimes discussed these things. Can we not go thus far together, to press, by every legitimate means, on the minds of all our people in London that there is a Creator, a Redeemer, and a judgment to come?

Truly yours,

SHAFTESBURY.

Archbishop Manning to Lord Shaftesbury.

8, YORK PLACE, W.,

June 2nd, 1871.

MY DEAR LORD,—I thank you very sincerely for your letter of generous sympathy. You have truly appreciated the character of the Archbishop of Paris, who has died nobly, as a pastor ought, in the midst of his flock.

With all my heart I respond to the appeal of your letter. There is a broad, deep, and solid foundation on which we all rest, and we are all alike bound to stand together in its defence. The belief in God, and in our Lord Jesus Christ, in Christianity as a Divine Revelation, and in Holy Scripture as the Written Word of God, are four first principles and Divine truths which we all are ready to die for. Let us live for them, and endeavour to sustain them where they yet exist, and to revive them where they are declining. In this endeavour I shall, with all joy, work with you in every way possible to us respectively. I feel that we are all bound for our Master's sake, for the Truth's sake, and for the sake of our people, to make this common effort.

What I would propose is that we should consider of the possibility of holding a conference of a few men on whom responsibility rests, to ascertain what can be done. I shall be glad to come to you, or to see you here on the subject, whensoever it may be convenient.

Believe me, always,

Faithfully yours,

HENRY E. MANNING.

The month of July brought with it little of summer gladness. The physicians had pronounced that a sojourn in the Riviera for the winter was absolutely necessary to the health of Lady Constance; it was, in fact, her only human chance of life. This dashed to the ground all the plans that Lord Shaftesbury had made "to organise a general Christian movement," and to make up for the inactivity of the previous winter. But this was not all. His youngest son, Cecil, was seized with an alarming illness, and for many days and nights lay hovering between life and death; and, from constant watching and intense anxiety, Lady Shaftesbury also fell ill. On the day when two physicians had given the first decided words of encouragement, the following characteristic entry occurs in his Diary:—

July 28th.—Ran to Whitechapel to-day to see the little piece of stranded seaweed—a small, poor, parentless girl of eight years old, whom God, in His goodness, has manifestly entrusted to my care. Sent her in emigration to Canada with a religious family. May the Lord preserve her, and bless her in body and in soul!

As the result of the inquiries instituted by the Children's Employment Commission, remedial measures were passed to benefit children and young persons in various departments of trade; but, by a technical difficulty, children employed in brickfields were excluded from the protection of these measures, while those employed in pottery and porcelain works were included.

Of course Lord Shaftesbury could not rest until this manifest injustice was set right, and on the 11th of July he moved an Address on the subject in the House of Lords. He stated that there were about 3,000 brickyards in this country, and that the number of children and young persons employed in them amounted to nearly 30,000, their ages varying from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 17. A large proportion of these were females, and the hours during which they were kept to their monstrous toil were from fourteen to sixteen per day.

His efforts were successful, and children in brickfields at length came under the beneficent protection of the law.

There was probably no subject that had engaged the attention of Parliamentary leaders more frequently than the Ballot. Radicals had persistently put it forward as an imperatively-needed reform; Conservatives had as strenuously opposed it as unconstitutional and un-English. In a letter dated February 2, 1708, Addison states that the House of Commons were then engaged over a proposal to decide elections by the Ballot. It was not, however, till 1832, the era of the first Reform Bill, that vote by Ballot came much into favour with the general public. In the first Session of the Reformed Parliament, Mr. Grote, the historian of Greece, who was one of the members for the City of London, brought in a Bill to provide for secret voting at Parliamentary elections; but the measure was rejected by 211 votes to 106, and thirty-nine years elapsed before the question was settled. Mr. Grote espoused it as his peculiar charge, and brought it, again and again, before the House. He was succeeded, as the annual mover of the Ballot resolution, by Mr. Henry Berkeley, who, in 1851, by a majority of 37, carried his motion, in spite of the opposition of Lord John Russell and the Government. Influenced by the continued recurrence of electoral corruption, Lord J. Russell was gradually induced to avow himself as almost a convert to the expediency of adopting secret voting. Another great opponent, who saw reason to alter his views, was Mr. Gladstone. In 1868, a Committee of the House of Commons, presided over by Lord Hartington, elicited such startling evidence of widespread corruption, that Mr. Gladstone, like many others, conceived that the time had arrived when practical legislation on this subject was absolutely necessary.

In July, 1869, the Select Committee on Electoral Practices reported in favour of the Ballot as a measure likely to put an end to many gross evils, and to mitigate others. The Queen's Speech of 1871 called the attention of Parliament to the subject of secret voting, and accordingly a measure was introduced by Mr. Forster, and passed by the Commons. It was, however, late in the Session, thrown out by the Lords. The Bill made its appearance in the Upper House on August the 8th, and was read a first time, whereupon Lord Shaftesbury gave notice that, on the motion for the second reading of the Bill, he should move that it be read a second time that day six months. For many years his mind had been made up on the subject. In 1839, Daniel Webster, on the evening of the day before he quitted England, called on him in his London house, and had a long talk with him in the library. He expressed his deep sympathy with the honour and happiness of this country, and the satisfaction his visit to it had given him. And then—with a warmth and earnestness which so startled his hearer, that forty-five years afterwards, when recounting to the writer the circumstances, he depicted the manner and gestures, and recalled the actual words spoken on that occasion—"Above all things," said Daniel Webster, "resist to the very last the introduction of the Ballot; for as a republican I tell you that the Ballot

can never co-exist with monarchical institutions. You have a monarchy," he continued, "and we a republic, both good in their way, if adapted to the genius and feelings of the people. America has the deepest interest in the welfare of England; and I tell you that it would be the greatest blow to real freedom were anything done to degrade your ancient monarchy from its present position."

These words were never forgotten; and it had long been the ambition of Lord Shaftesbury to speak on the subject in the House of Lords.

On the 18th of August the second reading of the Bill was moved by the Marquis of Ripon, and Lord Shaftesbury rose to make the motion of which he had given notice. He protested against a subject of such magnitude being brought before them at that advanced period of the Session. It had been said that no discussion was necessary in the House of Lords—that it was purely a House of Commons' question. To this Lord Shaftesbury replied:—

I know of no question in the whole history of legislation which is so completely an imperial one. Almost any question hitherto submitted to your House would sink in comparison with it. If carried, it may be for good or for evil, but it will, at all events, produce serious and permanent effects on the constitutional habits, on the minds, thoughts, and feelings of the people of this country.*

After pointing out a series of defects in the measure, and denouncing it as unworkable with its "incoherent, confused, and contradictory details," he appealed to the House to set it aside until the next Session, simply and solely on the ground that it might then have full, free, fair, and deliberate discussion.

A debate followed, and in the end 97 supported Lord Shaftesbury's amendment, and 48 voted for the second reading, and so the Ballot was staved off for another year.

On the reintroduction of the Bill in June, 1872, Lord Shaftesbury spoke in the debate on the second reading, and clearly set forth the position he had taken up, which was, briefly, as follows:—The Bill was thrown out in the previous year on account of its novelty and its great danger, and in order that the country might have time to fully consider it. Now that the House had expressed its views, and those views expressed the feeling of the country, he did not feel at liberty to offer further opposition to the Bill.

There was no reason, however, why the attention of the country should not be called to the principles involved in the Bill, and Lord Shaftesbury proceeded to adduce a formidable array of arguments against the present expediency of those principles. We will only give one quotation, to show the tenor of the speech:—

My lords, I object to the Ballot, because it gives absolute and irresponsible power into the hands of those who, as yet at least, are most unfitted to use it. If given at all, it should be confided only to the highest order of political virtue. Again, I object to it because you are taking away from the great mass of the

* Hansard's Debates, ccviii. 1264.

voters, and all the working people, the noble sentiment of public responsibility. I have gone among the working people for some forty years; and the sentiment which I always found most elevating, and to which they responded most heartily was when I told them that they were responsible beings—responsible to God and man, and that they ought to be proud to discharge that responsibility in the eye of day and in the face of the whole community. That generous sense of responsibility you are now going to take away—you are going to do that which will enable a man, and indeed, by your compulsory system, force a man, to slink away like a creeping animal; and just at a time when men are rising to a sense of their dignity, you are going to insist that they shall not dare to declare their sentiments, nor discharge their duty in the face of their fellow-citizens. I object to the Bill, again, because—many people are not aware—that there is no middle place in England between Monarchy and a Republic. There are many men who by a Republic mean a Government consisting of the best men known, and of all that is great and good. But under the Ballot you will have nothing of the kind. When you go away from Monarchy—and from Monarchy you must go away under the Ballot—it is not to a Republic of that kind you will come, but to a Democracy, and that too when you will have upset the moral sense of half your people by your system of secrecy. Then the social objections to the Ballot are very great. Many men will pass their lives under suspicion, for the honestest can never prove that he has acted up to his declaration—and you will thus keep back from the poll the best of the electors, who will rather lose their vote than be subject to doubt and misrepresentation.

Eventually, when the Bill was in Committee, and it was useless for Lord Shaftesbury to protest further against its principle, he devoted himself arduously to the work of improving it. He met with considerable opposition, and the debate became so personal that the Order of the House as to “Asperity of Speech” had to be read. One proposal of his—that the hours of polling should be extended to 8 p.m. instead of 4 p.m.—was carried; another, that all public-houses should be closed during polling hours, was rejected.*

The Bill ultimately became law, and thus “a great constitutional change was completed, after a controversy of forty years.”†

Returning now to the Diary for 1871, we find the following entries shortly after the record of the debate on the Ballot:—

Aug. 15th.—A great many abusive anonymous letters. The *Daily News* of Saturday last calls me “an obtrusive professor of street-corner piety,” and adds that “the Pharisaism of Lord S. is unimpeached and unimpeachable!” “Such honours Ilion to her hero paid!”

. . . The few papers that attack me strike all of them on the same key, “his Pharisaism!” Be it so. I appeal unto Cæsar, the Great Cæsar of all.

At the end of August, health having been partially re-established in his household, Lord Shaftesbury started for Scotland. His headquarters were, as usual, with his friends at Castle Wemyss, but some time was spent in

* Hansard, cccxi. 1822, 1831, 1843; ccxii. 16, 18.

† Annual Register, 1872.

Glasgow, where a series of events occurred, which are summarised in three or four lines in the Diary. They form, however, the subject of a little book of 111 pages, published in Glasgow, and include the presentation of the Freedom of the city to Lord Shaftesbury; the laying by him of the foundation-stones of the Convalescent Home and Stonefield Church; a "demonstration" in favour of Sabbath observance, meetings, conferences, conversaziones, and distribution of prizes (by the Princess Louise) on H.M.S. *Cumberland*.

On returning from Scotland, a few days were spent at St. Giles's and in London, in making preparations prior to departure from the Continent; and, soon after, the entries in the Diary were made at Cannes:—

Nov. 6th.—To-day Minny's birthday. May God bless her in body and in soul, and yet give her many anniversaries! She has been, and is, a most precious wife to me.

Dec. 20th.—Forster has sent me his "Life of Dickens." The man was a phenomenon, an exception, a special production. Nothing like him ever preceded. Nature isn't such a tautologist as to make another to follow him. He was set, I doubt not, to rouse attention to many evils and many woes; and though not putting it on Christian principle (which would have rendered it unacceptable), he may have been, in God's singular and unfathomable goodness as much a servant of the Most High as the pagan Naaman, "by whom the Lord had given deliverance to Syria"! God gave him, as I wrote to Forster, a general retainer against all suffering and oppression. . . .

The old habit of self-analysis—a habit injurious to some but helpful to others—was never abandoned by Lord Shaftesbury, and at seventy, as at twenty-seven, we find him closing the year with a remarkable review of his past life, and an examination into his present state.

Dec. 22nd.—I am seventy years of age and six months. My eyesight is very good, requiring glasses only for reading; I am somewhat deaf. I sleep well, walk easily, though not very far without fatigue. Am tolerably erect, and have very few grey hairs. Whatever mind I ever had, I think that I retain. Memory may be—I am not quite sure—a little weakened. Doubtless it is so in respect of getting things by heart. Am generally calm and collected, though oftentimes in high spirits, and oftentimes exceedingly low. Yet in neither extreme do I alter the opinions I have formed. I do not, of course, as I used to do, look forward constantly to some fresh thing to be achieved. I estimate obstacles more accurately, and confess the very short time at command. I have nevertheless projects, and it is pleasant to indulge them, though I may never be able to execute them. My feelings are as vivid and as keen as in my youth—on all subjects, I may say, except in cases of neglect or affront. Here, of course, I am not pleased; but I accept the matter, as the French say, a "*fait accompli*," and there the question ends. . . .

Dec. 31st.—Have been thinking lately of past career and present position; and am astonished how I went through one, and now stand in the other. In knowledge of all kinds behind my chief cotemporaries, without pretence to literary attainments (though with an immense fondness for them), intellectually, not

strong ; over-anxious for success, over-fearful of failure, easily exalted, as easily depressed ; with a good deal of ambition, and no real self-confidence. Weak in debate, and incapable of any effort, without some preparation ; a poor and ineffectual orator, though foolishly desirous of being a great one. Yet I have had successes—great successes—successes for a time, the memory of which has passed away. How were they attained ? I know not. The only qualities I can claim for myself are feeling, perseverance, and conviction. These, I suppose, have, under God, brought me to the position I now hold—a position of notoriety and even of reputation. I am greatly indebted, generally speaking, to the Press. Throughout my career much assailed, reviled, calumniated by every one without exception at times ; but the great preponderance is on the side of support, specially the *Times*, to whose aid I attribute many a prosperous issue. . . . But feeling, perseverance, and conviction, which would be very useful to a young man at the outset of his career, would be of small avail to an old one at the close of it. What, then, is my stock-in-trade for the duties of the next Session, which is nearly as much as I dare hope for—I must not say “calculate” on ? Well, so far as I can estimate, they are remnants of intellectual power, remnants of influence, remnants of doings considered as past services, remnants of zeal, all backed by a certain amount of public forbearance. . . .

CHAPTER XXXII.

1872.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

It is a commonplace saying that the veil which covers the face of Futurity is woven by the hand of Mercy. But the saying is true universally, and it was specially true in the case of Lord Shaftesbury as he entered vigorously upon a new year in a foreign land—little dreaming that it was to be the saddest year of his long, eventful life. In his exile his heart was in his old haunts, and we find him laying his plans for abundant work whenever he should be able to return and take it up again. Thus he writes:—

Jan. 6th.—Mentone. The Ragged Schools are sinking rapidly. To attempt their prolonged existence will be a waste of time, health, and strength. Must labour, with a few chosen friends, to catch the waifs and strays, and bring them to Christ. Must do all that I can—and how little that is!—for the several missions in the most desperate of London localities. Must take, for the last time, chairs of certain societies, and concentrate my powers for a few things. . . .

Jan. 28th.—How sad, how painfully sad, this annual exile from home! What duties are neglected—what opportunities lost! The return to Parliament is equally sad, for I leave many behind me; but I lie under obligations to give some portion of my time to God and man. No part of the Session may be lost. It is the time for activity. The Session ended, all is broken up, and with the return of autumn, when useful service would recommence, I renew my exile. O God, have mercy upon me! I am wrenched to the very core.

Jan. 30th.—Yesterday Lorne and Princess Louise came here to luncheon. . . .

Feb. 1st.—Must, and will, do much under God's blessing, to resist disestablishment, and secure the parochial system. Would admit any wide reforms, certainly to the extent of excluding the Bishops from the House of Lords.

Feb. 7th.—Parliament met yesterday. It will be a Session of results, far more than either the Government or the Opposition desire. . . .

The next entry in the Diary was written in London, where he arrived on the 17th of February. Two days later he once more introduced into the House of Lords his Ecclesiastical Courts Bill, and an Ecclesiastical Courts Bill No. 2, or Procedure Bill. The second reading of the former was carried without a division, and passed successfully through all its stages in the House of Lords, but was thrown out in the Commons. The fate of the latter is told in the following entry:—

Feb 20th.—Beaten in House of Lords last night, by 24 to 14, on Bill 2, Ecclesiastical Courts, for admitting laity to prosecute without intervention of

the Bishop. Every one, except the Archbishop of Canterbury, deserted me. The Bill was the enactment of one clause, moved in Committee by Lord Cairns, and supported by Lord Westbury; neither of these was there to vote. Romilly, Master of the Rolls, a great "professor of aid," went away; and every Bishop saving the Primate, was in the majority.

Feb. 24th.—Romilly has written me a kind explanation. Bishop of Peterborough, who moved the rejection of the Bill, had a great victory. . . . Matter was pre-arranged as a party move between the Conservatives and Bishop of Winchester.

The 27th of February was memorable. It was the day of National Thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from the illness which had seriously threatened his life.

On the morning of the day Lord Shaftesbury wrote to the Countess as follows:—

Lord Shaftesbury to Lady Shaftesbury.

February 27th, 1872.

Half-past seven.

DEAREST MIN,—The day has opened well, blessed be God. No rain, no special fog, and even a faint burst of blue in the sky. If we have a dry day let us be thankful.

I shall start from here at half-past nine, as the steamboat will leave the Stairs at half-past ten. The Peers and House of Commons may go in "plain clothes" like detectives. We shall have to walk from St. Paul's Wharf to the Cathedral, and back again; but it will be short, easy, and safe.

Sydney gave me a ticket for Veà.* She was indisposed to go. But she might have accompanied me by water and back again.

Tell Sissey† that her brougham has been of mighty use to me. I have not yet been able to hire horses; and when I sent to Jay's yesterday, for a carriage to take me this morning, I learned, to my horror, that every vehicle had been pre-engaged for some weeks. Providentially old Edy‡ dined here; and with all the grace of condescension, and the due sense of the obligation that property confers, offered his conveyance. He himself, like St. Paul, "is minded to go afoot." And he is right, for woe to the "riders in carriages" who do not start at least four or five hours before the procession. Why, even yesterday I was kept a long while in St. James's Street, though pressed to get to the House of Lords. "What's all this?" I said to the cab-driver. "Oh! it's to see them preparations."

I rejoice in this manifestation of feeling. It is something gathered out of the wreck of all hereditary attachments; and, may-be (God may be merciful to us!) the seed-plot of better things in this ancient kingdom.

There is something, too, in the spectacle of a whole nation not ashamed, in these days, to join in a great national act of religion. In the vast majority there may be no sentiment of the kind, but, at any rate, there is a willing acceptance of it, and not, as there would be in Paris, a satanical rejection of it.

But I must be off. God, in His goodness, protect you all!

S.

* His eldest daughter, Lady Templemore.

† His daughter-in-law, wife of the Hon. Evelyn Ashley.

‡ His son, the Hon. Evelyn Ashley.

The "religious clauses" of the Education Bill brought Lord Shaftesbury an enormous amount of work in the spring of this year. On the 1st of March he presided over an enthusiastic meeting in St. James's Hall, to protest against the proposed exclusion of the Bible from schools. At the May meetings the Education Act formed the principal topic of his addresses, some of which, from their vehemence, and the divided opinions on the subject, brought him into conflict with friends almost as much as with foes. The effect of the Act on the operations of the Ragged Schools was *the* special "sore point."

It was his natural temperament to take a dark view of things, and, as we shall see by-and-by, the fears he entertained were, to a certain extent, groundless. The old system, to which he was attached, was materially altered, but new developments of the same work took place, and the operations of the Ragged School Union were as successful in the future, although in different ways, as they had been heretofore.

Despite his gloomy apprehensions, he had, even then, many cheering hopes, and we find him writing:—

March 14th.—Ragged School prizes last night. . . . Talk of the "Real Presence"! Our Lord was as much there last night as at any time or any place. . . .

On the day the entry quoted above was written, he sent the following letter to Lady Shaftesbury:—

Lord Shaftesbury to Lady Shaftesbury.

March 14th, 1872.

DEAREST MIN,—I have just had time to dine on my return from the House of Lords, where I enjoyed four hours on the Ecclesiastical Courts Bill, and I try to write you a short note for to-morrow's post.

Veal has gone to dine with Anne. I, myself, went to the Levée at Buckingham Palace. The Queen received us in person, and was gracious. She asked after you, and then I passed on. It was very full, very uninteresting, and the rooms contrasted unfavourably with the Palace at St. James's.

Gigas* was delightful. He came rushing into my room: "Gran'pa, I want to see you dressed." "Very well, so you shall, when my fine things are on." "Why do you dress so early?" "Because the Queen tells us to come early." Then a thousand questions.

The Dwarf* was very gracious when I went up-stairs to see her, and allowed me to kiss both cheeks. You perceive that I have got into the fogrammic period and am passing rapidly into the regions of twaddle.

It is sadly correct: "Many a true word is spoken in jest." However, people cannot abuse me much more in my old age than they did in my youth. I am making enemies on all sides; and God, as ever, is my only Friend. Nevertheless, I have the prayers of all the children of poverty and sorrow, and I value them, I cannot find language to say how much, beyond the opinion of all the literary, scientific, political, and social magnates that the world possesses. Love to all. God be with you.

S.

* Nicknames he gave to two of his grandchildren, aged five and three respectively.

Nearly every day Lord Shaftesbury wrote to the Countess, and, as the Diary suffered in consequence, we insert a few of the letters here :—

Lord Shaftesbury to Lady Shaftesbury.

March 19th, 1872.

DEAREST MIN,—Your letter filled me with terror. God be praised for the better intelligence you have sent to-day.

Sir H. Holland has just been to see me, and ask a question. He is an astounding man for eighty-four years of age. Northbrook called on me to take leave. He had mentioned many Indian subjects a few days ago. He resumed them to-day, and seemed deeply impressed with the weight and greatness of the duties he was about to discharge.

People began their calls, this morning, at ten o'clock. At half-past one I had not had time to shave. I write this hurried note and must go off to Chancery Lane. May God be with you. S.

Lord Shaftesbury to Lady Shaftesbury.

March 21st, 1872.

DEAREST MIN.— . . . God be praised that Conty is better, as you tell me in your letter of 19th. I entirely approve your precautions, though I trust that they were not quite necessary. Never mind causing me any distress. Tell me the whole truth, and leave me to supplicate Almighty God.

It is now beginning to snow very hard. I am writing, at one o'clock, by the light of a candle, grateful that I have a roof over my head and a fire to sit by.

I had a very favourable meeting last night at the Artisans' Dwellings Company. There was neither unbelief nor disloyalty manifested; but the reverse. We began with "Bless the Prince of Wales," and ended with "God save the Queen."

But we had such a piece of music—a sonata, a capriccio, a wild dream—on the pianoforte, by a young lady! I thought that it would never end; so great was its variety of roaring and mewling, enormous thumps on the keys, and then almost silence, that we applauded in joy, several times before it was over.

Gigas would insist on seeing my hair cut to-day; but he would not allow his own to be touched. He is wonderfully systematic, and hates change. At breakfast, I gave Sybil her sugar on my right hand, and offered some to Gigas on my left. "No," he said, "on the other side." He was accustomed to the right; he would not alter, and so round he went.

I am going to have here, to-morrow, a regular tea-fight. I have invited sixty heads of missions, in the lower parts of London, to come and give me information respecting the progress of Christianity under those forms. Lots of sandwiches, tea, coffee, cakes, bread-and-butter, and plenty of speeches. The "Invites" have made quite a stir: and Spurgeon has written for cards to be sent to two of his friends.

"All seek their own, not the things that are Jesus Christ's." We are getting worse and worse. It is hazardous to mention the Bible on a platform, lest we should be suspected of aiming at the School-question. I, at least, do not mince matters; and I stand up for God's Word, as the basis of education, wherever I go. I shall soon be "burked." Meanwhile, God bless you all. S.

There were more than ordinary applications to Lord Shaftesbury for "chairs and donations" this year, and people seemed to think he was "the least occupied and the richest man in London." The Factory Acts, the Workshop Acts, the Brickfield Acts, were all being violated. Evidence could only be obtained by agency, and agency required time and money. Ecclesiastical questions were growing in number and importance, and in each fresh controversy he was called upon to take a leading part. To some of these things reference is made in the following extracts from the Diary :—

May 4th.—To-day, meeting at my house, of clergy and one or two laity, to consider Church Reform. Some thirty present, and the whole was in a wise, pious, Christian spirit. Struck amazingly by the testimony of the vicars of great parishes to the aversion of the laity to the public recital of the Creed of St. Athanasius. . . . All, indeed, gave evidence alike. Convocation, however, representing, in fact, neither clergy nor laity, has decided the other way.

May 17th.—St. Giles. . . . Deep in Church Reform; deep in an endeavour to make the Athanasian Creed no longer an offence. The world is rising against it. And, doubtless, many desire a change in our service because they hate the Creed itself. But a document, however sublime and true, yet human, must not be forced on unwilling ears. Our Lord Himself gives us a rule, "I have many things to tell you of, but you cannot bear them now." So it is with His servants. I have undertaken a daring scheme. Delane has promised me full support. I shall be fiercely assailed.

May 25th.—To-day will appear in *Times* my letter on the Athanasian Creed. I shall need a skin like a rhinoceros to withstand the fury of my enemies, and the "candour" of my friends. . . .

Among the miscellaneous efforts of the Session were the seconding of an address of sympathy and condolence to Lady Mayo, in which he paid a graceful tribute to the memory of the Governor-General of India, who was cruelly assassinated on the 6th of February; an able speech in support of Lord Buckhurst's Bill for the Protection of Acrobats and Small Children from the cruelties practised upon them by their employers; as well as incessant work on the Ecclesiastical Courts Bill and the Ballot Bill, to which we have already referred.

Some of the pleasant incidents of the year are thus referred to :—

Aug. 26th.—The autumn manœuvres in Dorset very successful. Went on Friday to Portman's, who took me to headquarters and the camp. Saw fifteen thousand men in line on Blandford Downs; and heard from Quirk, the rector, that their conduct in a moral point of view had been most excellent. On Saturday, a division nearly ten thousand strong took possession of Bottle-Bush, close by the Saint: everything was order, discipline, and good-humour.

27th.—Troops move from St. Giles's to-day. Another corps takes their place. I managed to meet them. Had my poor dear wife been well, we might have shown the officers hospitality. As for the men, I have done my best, giving them the free use of the woods for shelter, the gardens for amusement, and the whole river for bathing. I must run down directly to give them greeting.

31st.—Saw the second army, under Gen. Brownrigg, encamped on my downs;

every one in raptures with the country for all purposes. Took the General and his Staff a long ride over Pentridge Hill. He gave me afterwards a parade, sham fight, and march past. Truly magnificent. The second army as noble in every respect as the first.

Sept. 2nd.—Went over to sham fight at Blandford, and other manœuvres—the Duke of Cambridge and Prince of Wales being present. The scene was very grand. . . . Letter that I had written to the *Times*, and which appeared on Saturday, seems to have given great satisfaction.

Although in some respects Lord Shaftesbury was a proud man, in other respects he had not a particle of pride in him. On the grand occasion of the army encamping on his estate, he set forth in his little open carriage to meet the General and his Staff. On the road he met an old woman hobbling along; he at once stopped, gave her his place in the carriage, and himself mounted the box! In this way he drove up to the spot where he was to be received with all military honours, as Lord-Lieutenant of the county, in absolute unconsciousness that there was anything singular in the manner of his arrival!

There is evidence in the Diary that a great weight was upon the spirit of Lord Shaftesbury. He was depressed and dejected; an undefined foreshadowing of evil rose “vaporous, like the night mist over meadow lands.” He gives no expression to any presentiment; he utters no word of foreboding; and yet, for many months, there are traces of a shrinking from some unknown cup of sorrow awaiting him.

As the sun,
Ere it is arisen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so, often, do the spirits
Of great events, stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.

It was so in Lord Shaftesbury's case, and in nothing was it more plainly expressed than in the exquisite tenderness with which he clung to the warm glowing love of the one who had made his home bright and beautiful for so many years, who had entered with affectionate zeal into all his plans and purposes, and especially those which lay nearest his own heart for the welfare of neglected and desolate little ones; who had stimulated his faith by her own piety; who had smoothed the ruggedness of his path by her own self-sacrifice and self-devotion; and who had been, as he often said, “God's best gift to him.” Thus, when he visits Panshanger, her early home, he writes:—

May 28th.—Panshanger. The place is beautiful, but it makes me very melancholy. What changes! how many have passed from the face of the earth! Not only those who were dear to me, but so many notorious in politics, literature, society. Forty years have passed since I first knew it. The seven first, I lived here, when in the country, almost exclusively. They were happy years, and God knows that my dear and precious wife has done her best to make the end as joyous as the beginning.

On the anniversary of his wedding-day his whole heart is poured out in tender affection, in the following passage :—

June 10th.—To-day my wedding-day ! Forty-one years ago was I united to that dear, beautiful, true, and affectionate darling, my blessed Minny. What a faithful, devoted, simple-hearted, and captivating wife she has been, and is, to me ! And what a mother ! Ah, Lord, give me grace to thank Thee evermore, and rejoice in Thy goodness. Send forth Thy Holy Spirit on us, and lead us yet in the way of service, obedience, and of love ! But she is still absent ! God, in Thy mercy, bring her home speedily and safely, and with her, my poor, precious, suffering Conty ! . . .

That prayer was answered. The mother and daughter returned speedily and safely, but in the face of the invalid the sentence of death was written. It was necessary for her to go almost immediately to Malvern. While there, overstrung by excessive watchfulness and nursing, the health of Lady Shaftesbury gave way. As soon as she was able to bear the journey, she returned to London, where, with her constitutional strength and the change of air, it was thought she would soon be restored to health.

The progress, however, was very slow, and it was advisable that the best medical skill should be sought :—

Sept. 30th.—London. Arrived on Saturday night. To-day Gull has spoken ominously, and talks of hers as a “grave case.” I am terrified ; and yet I think he has spoken beyond his knowledge. Our only hope now, as ever, is in God. He can bless the art of the physician.

On the 1st of October Dr. Andrew Clarke was called in, and on the following day Sir Spencer Wells.

Sometimes a man's character is best revealed by what he says and does in the midst of great crises which touch the very centre of his life. Lord Shaftesbury believed in the power of prayer, and in the affectionate sympathy of the poor ; and in the hour of his crushing anxiety he wrote to Mr. Orsman, of the Golden Lane Costers' Mission, thus :—

Lord Shaftesbury to Mr. W. J. Orsman.

September 30th, 1872.

DEAR ORSMAN,—I am writing to you with the very pen my costermonger friends gave me ; it has been, and it will be, I doubt not, of great use to me on many occasions. But now I must ask my excellent brothers and sisters in Golden Lane to aid me by their prayers. My wife and daughter have been very ill ; and there is still danger.

I believe much in the prayers of Christian people ; and I know that there are many among you—so do not forget me. Our Lord teaches us that there is mighty power in the fervent supplications of the poor. The children, too, must remember me, as I have often remembered them.

May God be with you.

SHAFTESBURY.

For some days after this Lady Shaftesbury appeared to be rapidly regaining health, and on the 14th of October she was able to take the air in a short carriage drive. But in the evening there was a serious relapse, and on the following day—while his heart was breaking—Lord Shaftesbury turned to his Diary, with that strange instinct which had, all his life, made it to him as a safety-valve for pouring out the pent-up fires of his soul, and wrote :—

Oct. 15th.—Minnie, my own Minnie, is gone. God took her soul to Himself at about twelve o'clock this morning. She has entered into her rest, and has left us to feel the loss of the purest, gentlest, kindest, sweetest, and most confiding spirit that ever lived. Oh, my God, what a blow ! But we bow before Thee in resignation and sorrow. Almost her last words were, "None but Christ, none but Christ." . . . What a placable spirit ! what a power to forgive ! and what a sublime power to forget ! Somehow or other her heart could not retain the impression of an affront or a harshness. What do I not owe to her, and to Thee, O God, for the gift of her ? But now to-night will be a terrible event. For the first time I must omit in my prayers the name of my precious Minnie.

On the 19th of October the remains of Lady Shaftesbury were committed to the grave in the little village church of Wimborne St. Giles. A simple tablet near the family pew bears a tribute "To the Memory of a wife, as good, as true, and as deeply beloved, as God, in His undeserved mercy, ever gave to man."

From Her Majesty the Queen, who wrote a most kind and touching autograph letter, to the humble Ragged School teacher and the illiterate coster, expressions of sympathy poured in upon Lord Shaftesbury.

When the devoted mother, who had watched her suffering child with unwearying solicitude, was called away, it seemed impossible that Lady Constance Ashloy could survive the shock. But she rallied, and then her only hope of recovery, the physicians said, was on the shores of the Mediterranean, beneath the shelter of those rocks that shut out the northern blasts, and where, on former occasions, she had found the bright sunshine of summer in the time of winter.

It would be irreverent to add a single word to the simple and touching beauty of the following narrative :—

Oct. 26th.—Mentone, Mentone, say the doctors ; but how get her there ? How find her strength for the long and fatiguing journey ? How get her across the water in wind and rain ? We are painfully harassed. God be gracious to us, and shine upon us, and open a way for our escape. O Christ, hear me ! . . .

Nov. 1st.—To St. Giles on 1st for business, sad, solitary, and silent. . . . When dark, crept into the church, and prayed to God in peace, though not in happiness, near her dear resting place. . . .

Nov. 13th.—Mentone. Journey very tedious and very sorrowful. Arrived here still more sorrowful. I could admire nothing, enjoy nothing, for she was not here to share it with me. Conty well, and not tired. If the Lord will, I must live for her sake. How sad, how forlorn, how isolated, in her sick

state! No attention, no kindness, no sympathy of any relative can approach that of a mother—and such a mother. But let us give God true and everlasting praise that He has so touched her heart by His holy spirit as to make her resigned, meek, patient in tribulation, rejoicing in hope, and full of faith. She looks to heaven and sees her blessed mother there, and not in the cold and silent grave.

Dec. 1st.—Sunday. More than a week to-day of deep anxiety. Conty, my blessed Conty, attacked by inflammation of the liver. The fever now gone, by God's mercy, but the weakness is terrible. The precious child is ripe for heaven—resigned, meek, patient, loving, and full of faith in her adorable Saviour. And yet my flesh cries, Stay, stay, stay. Not so she; she is ready, nay almost desirous to be gone.

Dec. 6th.—At no time so deep the sensation of being left alone as at sunset. But the promise of our Lord, and the enjoined prayer, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly," reunite us. How do I bless His holy name that He had put it into her dear heart thus to pray!

Dec. 12th.—How wonderful, and how solitary, as I look at the setting sun, and remember that my Min, my precious Min, has gone from me—never to return! But may I not say, and hope, with David, "I shall go to her, though she will not return to me"? Blessed, dearest, truest, tenderest of women! God's precious and most merciful gift to me.

Dec. 16th.—At half-past one this day God took the soul of my blessed Conty to Himself. Never was a death so joyous, so peaceful. Heaven itself seemed opened before her eyes. "Christ is very near me," she said, and when I reminded her of her mother's favourite line, "Simply to Thy Cross I cling," she expanded her hands, her whole face beamed with the liveliest, happiest smile I ever saw, and she inclined her head towards me in assent quite exulting. What an end! How certain her eternal bliss. How certain the wish of her heart to join her precious mother! It is almost impossible to weep even for ourselves, when we think of it; so truly blessed is her state, so wonderful her departure from this world. But, O God, to us, what a loss! and specially to Hilda and Cecil; what a loss! my God, have mercy upon them! They are young, and I am old.

Dec. 18th.—Preparing for departure as soon as possible. God grant to-morrow. It is a beautiful place, and I wish the people every blessing. But I return with joy. And yet it is endeared to me because Minny and Conty loved it. . . .

Half an hour or more before her death, she became suddenly quite herself, as in days of strength and of joy. She sat up in bed, her face was radiant with inward pleasure, she spoke to every one around. "Dearest papa," said the blessed child, "do not give way." "I want to bless you now for all that you have taught me." Darling girl, she taught me, in one half-hour, more than I had imparted in her whole life. Cecil, not knowing it to be a text of special charm to her, said, "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." "Oh yes, oh yes," she replied, all beaming with delight, "thank you, thank you." Then it was that I quoted her mother's song, "Simply to Thy Cross I cling," and then it was that she seemed to be already an angel. Soon after she exclaimed, "I know that I am going to die, for I feel so happy." With these words she fell into a soft sleep. In a short time she was gone; and no one could mark the moment of departure. "I have seen many death-beds of holy Christian people," said the nurse; "but I have never

seen anything approaching to this. I can only call it angelic." And so it was. And were there not angels present? Might they not have waited to carry her, as they carried Lazarus? Was her blessed mother there? Was our own most dear Lord far off? She said "Christ is very near;" she must, I think, have perceived something that we did not.

I will ever maintain that this was a striking and special mercy vouchsafed by Almighty God, not only to mitigate our sorrow, but positively to raise us into joy. Neither speech nor writing can adequately describe what it was. The sudden change was like a resurrection; she seemed, as it were, inspired, and it is no exaggeration to say that, with the calmness of Heaven around her, her face actually shone. O merciful and Heavenly Father, may our souls, washed and purified by the all-atoning blood of Thy dear Son our Saviour, myself and my children who yet survive, be found at last in Thy adorable presence with my beloved wife and beloved daughter, Thine own inestimable gifts, to dwell with Thee in safety and in peace for ever and for ever. And, O God, may I pray that our other blessed and pious children, gone before us, Francis, Maurice, and Mary, may be with us, for truly did they love Thee and Thy blessed Son.

Dec. 28th.—London. Yesterday consigned to the grave, in the vault at St. Giles, the remains of my precious beloved angelic daughter. The day dark and gloomy; but as we started on the procession the sun came out, like a smile from Heaven, and retired again when all was over. Whether special or not, I bless God for the cheerful sign.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

1873—1875.

“NOTHING can happen to a man—no loss, no tribulation—which may not leave him stronger, better, more full of spiritual resources than it found him, if only he has made sure of God, and of the perfect ends towards which, alone and for ever, God conducts His own.”* Such was the effect of the discipline of suffering on Lord Shaftesbury. He was cast down, but not destroyed; and within three months of the time when the grave closed over his beloved ones he was again in the midst of his old work, toiling with a vigour that had never been surpassed. “Tribulation worketh experience,” and to the poor, the suffering, and the sad, he went forth from his own grief with a heart overflowing with sympathy, and powers awakened into fresh activity, consecrated afresh by sorrow. For the next few years his energy was little short of marvellous; there seemed to be no limit to his endurance; every hour of every day, and almost every minute of every hour, had its pre-arranged duty. The sense that the night was coming, when no man can work, made vivid to him constantly by the memory of his bereavements, spurred him on to new endeavours. The mere bodily fatigue involved in constant journeyings, in monotonous “chairs” for three, five, or six hours a day; the perambulations among the dwellings of the poor; the consequent irregularity in his hours for meals and rest; the early mornings and late nights; all these things would have taxed the vigour of a young man in the early prime of life, but in a man who had passed the allotted threescore years and ten, whose health was shattered, and whose nervous system was overstrained, such labours were truly marvellous.

If we only glance at some of them in passing, it is because they were continuations and extensions of earlier efforts, or new schemes closely allied to old ones. It will only be to those which broke up fresh ground that we shall particularly refer.

One of his first efforts, after his bereavement, was to establish in connection with the “Watercress and Flower Girls Mission” a fund, named, in memory of his wife, the “Emily Loan Fund,” to enable this strange race of beings, of whose existence every one is aware, but of whose hard battle with life very few know anything, to earn their living when watercress and flowers are out of season. No description can convey an idea of the dire distress experienced by these poor creatures when the cold weather sets in and the sources of their incomes fail. The question how to help them in their

* “The Discipline of Suffering.” Rev. Jas. Durran, M.A.

necessity was decided by this Fund. Lord Shaftesbury placed in the hands of the Committee of the Mission a sum of money from which deserving applicants might draw, to enable them to purchase stock-in-trade for the winter. Thus, one poor woman would make application for the loan of a baked-potato oven, a coffee-stall, a barrow and board for the sale of wheelks, or any other article by which she might see a reasonable prospect of earning a living. The condition upon which the loans were granted was, that borrowers must find security for the full value of the article borrowed, thereby protecting the Fund from loss, and giving the best guarantee of the honesty and industry of the borrower. When the actual value of the article was repaid it became the property of the hirer. During the period this fund has been in operation the rule as to security has been strictly enforced, and "it has not debarred half-a-dozen deserving cases from the advantage of the Fund." It has been of constant occurrence that ladies and gentlemen of good position, who have observed the industry and perseverance of the deserving poor for many years in the same locality, and who would not have hesitated to have lent the money themselves, have preferred to let it come through the Society, and have stood security for the sums required.

Lord Shaftesbury took a deep interest in the working of this scheme, and many a touching story he could tell of the lives of the poor creatures it had benefited. This is how he spoke of the Mission and the "Emily Loan Fund" to the writer:—

"I believe that among these watercress girls there are many as honest and as pure as are to be found in all London. Those who are successful go into business; often buy a coffee-stall, the outfit for which costs as much as £10.

"I was one day at the office with Groom.* A nice-looking girl came in. 'I want a loan, please, of a very large sum.' 'What for, my dear?' 'For flowers and basket.' 'Have you anything in the world?' 'Not a sixpence.' 'Can you give security?' 'Oh yes! the shoemaker's wife will go bail for me.' 'How much do you want?' 'Well, I don't think I can do with a penny less than £1.' It was given, and every farthing repaid. Of all the movements I have ever been connected with, I look upon this Watercress Girl Movement as the most successful. The girls appear in different forms at different seasons. Fruit girls in summer, flower girls in spring, coffee-stall keepers in winter. The whole is established on a system of loans, and is the most successful system I have ever known. It was begun in 1872, and we have had out 800 to 1,000 loans, and have not lost £50 during the whole period. Not in one solitary instance have we had to recover by legal means. Amounts are lent, up to £2, generally about £1, and they repay weekly, from 6d. to 1s. a week, and most precise and punctual are they in their repayments. What has been lost, and it has been very little in the circumstances, has been by reason of death or sickness, and not by fraud."

The first public labours referred to in the Diary for this year are the following:—

* Mr. J. A. Groom, the Honorary Superintendent of the Mission.

March 4th.—Went on Feb. 14th to Stepney, for great meeting of working men, and opening of a temperance public-house. And also, at earnest request of the Lord Mayor, to move Resolution at Mansion House fixing day of Hospital Sunday. On 28th, went with Orsman, through Golden Lane, to visit my costermongers. Well do these poor people put us all to shame. Piety, resignation, faith, in the depths of penury, and seemingly without hope.

In the extract given above Lord Shaftesbury refers to his first direct effort on behalf of the Teetotal movement, if taking the chair at one of Mr. J. B. Gough's orations in 1860 be excepted. Although he never lost an opportunity of enforcing temperance, and spoke strongly upon the effects of drunkenness, he was not himself, at any period of his life, a total abstainer. "I am worse than a drunkard," he would say, playfully, "I am a moderate drinker." On one occasion, speaking at a banquet, he said :—

I have seen much of these public festivals, and I know the unanimity and good feeling which they create; I know the harmony they produce; I know how many prejudices have been removed, and how many quarrels and animosities have been made up by meeting at the convivial dinner-table. And I know a very old custom, which seems to have been going out of late, but which I am glad to see is being revived—the custom of drinking a glass of wine with your fellow-man. It is one of the wisest institutions which appears to have been framed for conviviality, and for promoting good feeling one towards another; it is framed in the highest system of policy. I have known many a quarrel made up between men who had not exchanged words for years, but who, meeting at the dinner-table, and one asking the other to take a glass of wine with him, they had become friends to the hour of their death. Therefore, I say, never give up this convivial system, only take it, like you should every other means of enjoyment, in moderation.*

On the other hand, he often spoke emphatically on the evils of intemperance. Thus he says :—

I remember being examined before a Committee of the House of Commons, as chairman of the Lunacy Commissioners, as to the progress or non-progress of insanity in these realms. I told them that I believed that seven-tenths of the insanity that prevails in this country, that seven-tenths of the insanity that prevails in the United States of America, and no doubt also in other countries, are attributable, either in the persons themselves or in their parents, to habits of intoxication. If the Temperance Associations had not arisen some years since, I believe the amount of insanity in this country would be five-fold greater than it is.

On the 20th of March there is an entry in the Diary, "Moved first resolution at Anniversary of the Charity Organisation Society." This was another "first work" on behalf of a Society which Lord Shaftesbury assisted in many ways in subsequent years, and with which, although not agreeing with some of its operations, he was never in any way brought into conflict or antagonism at any time. He admired the vigilance with which they

* Dorset County Friendly Society, June 11th, 1868.

prosecuted inquiries and "ferreted out" fraud and imposture; their success in abolishing abuses, and in setting up useful institutions; but he feared that the Society would never be popular, inasmuch as it acted, in his opinion, with too great severity, and arrogated to itself the function of being able to do everything. He had taken a deep interest in the old Mendicity Society, and was wont to say that the success of the Charity Organisation Society would be greater than it has been, if, with its vaster machinery, it would work more upon the basis of its predecessor.

Public feeling was much agitated in the early part of this year by the revelations made by Mr. Plimsoll, M.P. for Derby, as to the perils of British seamen, consequent upon the overloading of ships and the use of unseaworthy vessels. It was a cause which at once enlisted the sympathies of Lord Shaftesbury, who was desirous to extend to seamen the protection enjoyed by miners, colliers, factory children, and emigrants. He became Chairman of the Committee for supporting Mr. Plimsoll to obtain, at once, a Protection Act, pending the Inquiry of the Royal Commission, and presided at a great public meeting held at Exeter Hall, on March 22nd, to protest against the iniquitous system Mr. Plimsoll had exposed. Referring to it he says:—

March 24th.—On Saturday evening, meeting in Exeter Hall, of London workmen to support Plimsoll in his glorious defence of the wretched, oppressed seamen of the Mercantile Marine. Very full, singularly enthusiastic, and yet prudent and judicious. Myself in chair. . . .

Like other men smarting under a burning sense of cruelty and injustice unredressed, Mr. Plimsoll was hurried into saying injudicious things, and doing injudicious acts. As chairman of his Committee, Lord Shaftesbury found himself involved in many difficulties, but in the midst of good and evil report, he stood by him to the end. Thus he writes:—

April 22nd.—I find him bold, earnest, and rash. He will ruin himself and the cause by his violence. He says what he believes, and believes what he says, and he will take no man's advice. He is proud of his own impetuosity, and seems to think that no one can be weary of it. His great and true facts will all be neutralised by his small and inaccurate statements. . . .

April 25th.—Plimsoll, worthy man, is growing wiser—but it is too late. The explanation that would have satisfied Norwood, the prosecutor, before the matter went into Court, must now be a public retractation, and, probably, with payment of costs. This is very sad. . . .

Eventually the Merchant Shipping Bill was brought forward, but, on July 22nd, 1875, Mr. Disraeli intimated that it was not the intention of the Government to proceed further with the measure that year. This was more than Mr. Plimsoll, whose whole heart and soul were in the movement he had so enthusiastically espoused, could bear. Addressing the Prime Minister, he implored him not to send thousands of men to certain death by withdrawing the measure. Then, carried away by excitement, he walked up the floor to the table of the House, and, pointing to the Opposition benches, cried, "I will

unmask the villains who have sent brave men to death." A week was given to Mr. Plimsoll to express his regret for "having transgressed the orders of the House."

On the following day Lord Shaftesbury wrote to him as follows :—

Lord Shaftesbury to Mr. S. Plimsoll, M.P.

July 23rd, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. PLIMSOLL,—As Chairman of your Committee from the commencement, I may express my deep and heartfelt sympathy with you. I can enter into all your indignation and your fears. Language would fail me to describe the wickedness and folly of giving preference to the Agricultural Holdings Bill over yours—for yours it is—that affects the lives of so many men and the happiness of so many families. But, as you have often listened to me before, pray listen to me now.

I earnestly counsel you to appeal in the presence of the House and maintain your statements to the full, but express regret that, under the great excitement into which you fell, you offended against the rules and orders laid down for the government of debate. Such a course will prove a real benefit to yourself and to the cause you have in hand. You know how truly I share all your hopes and fears in this matter, and how earnestly I pray God to bless and sustain one who has urged it with so much nobleness and sincerity.

Yours truly,

SHAFTESBURY.

Mr. Plimsoll accepted the advice, and, at the expiration of a week, appeared in the House, and in "no grudging spirit, but frankly and sincerely," apologised to the Speaker and the House.

In 1876, the Merchant Shipping Bill, designed "to mitigate avoidable dangers without unnecessarily hampering commercial enterprise," passed into law.

Death was busy among Lord Shaftesbury's friends in the spring of this year, and we find him on a day in April acting as pall-bearer, at the pre-funeral service, in Westminster Abbey, of his invaluable and sympathetic friend of over thirty years' standing, Dr. McIlvaine, Bishop of Ohio, one of the pillars of the American Episcopal Church; and, on a day in May, at a funeral service at St. Jude's, Islington, of the Rev. W. Pennefather, "one of the best men God ever sent on earth."

As the May Meetings approached, there was none to which Lord Shaftesbury looked forward with greater anxiety this year than that of the Church Pastoral Aid Society. In a letter to Mr. Haldane, he says :—

Previously to passing into the regions of twaddle not far distant, I long to deliver my soul on Church Reform.

But my views are very broad, very unpalatable, and without support from any one.

They will give great offence. Yet I cannot remain at the head of Church Societies, and conceal them. I propose to speak out openly at the P.A.S., and then retire from the Presidentship, saying that, with such opinions, I ought not

to occupy a post which ought to be filled by a person in harmony with those he represents.

The important speech of Lord Shaftesbury at the meeting of the Pastoral Aid Society was exactly what he had intended it to be, a plain statement of the Church Reforms he considered indispensable. It provoked much controversy, as he anticipated. The following is an extract from his speech:—

It would, I believe, be very difficult to bring any three persons to agree as to the expediency of Church Reform; and still more difficult to get them to agree as to what that Reform should be. And yet nothing can be more necessary. If the Church is to be saved, she must be adapted to the temper and wants of the people. And this must be done in a very effectual way—it must be done in accordance with what Lord Strafford said to Archbishop Laud, when he wrote, “My Lord, it must be thorough.” . . .

We must contend for a careful, but efficient, reform of the Liturgy of the Prayer Book. There are many things in the Liturgy which seem almost inspired. The Liturgy breathes, in the main, something Divine; it goes to the very hearts of the people; a very few eliminations would remove what is objectionable, and, if these were made, there would not be a religious man in the country who, whatever might be his denomination, could not take the Prayer Book to his inmost heart.

The patronage of livings.—A reform, or an attempt at reform, of that, must likewise follow. That system is faulty, no doubt, nevertheless I am quite sure that any attempt to substitute some other system for that which exists, would only tend to make matters worse. Yet it must not be passed over. For my own part I am prepared to go into the whole question, and, having a certain number of livings at my disposal, I am prepared to submit them to any arrangement that might be likely to do good; but there are two changes to which I should strongly object—first, that appointments to livings should be made a matter for popular election; and secondly—tell it not in Gath!—that they should be given to the bishops.

The next thing which I would say is—I hope the clergy present will not take alarm, as I have on my side the authority of Archbishop Usher and Archbishop Leighton*—that I am satisfied that if you desire to accommodate your action to the feelings and wants of the country, you must alter the basis of Ordination, the system of administering Ordination, and admitting men to Holy Orders: in other words, you must take this power away from the bishops exclusively, and call in the co-operation of the presbytery. Such a course was recommended by Archbishops Usher and Leighton, and, I am sure, nothing would tend more to induce great numbers of people to join our Church than the putting an end to a state of things under which Ordination is left in the hands of a single individual. . . .

Then there is another question—the increase of the Episcopate. Now I, once for all, protest against the increase of the Episcopate without some other and very material changes. I am not such a lover of Episcopacy as to think it necessary to salvation. If, however, people desire an increase of the Episcopate,

* See also the Rubric on “The Form and Manner of Ordering Priests,” where “*the priests present*” are associated with the Bishop in the imposition of hands.

it is to be had by the sub-division of dioceses and the revenues into two, so that there would be forty-eight bishops instead of twenty-four. The carrying such a proposal into effect might involve—I will not deny it—a great and mighty change; it might involve as much as the removal of the bishops from the House of Lords, a respect being had, of course, to life interests. I know perfectly well the danger that would attend such a movement as that; I know perfectly well the danger to which the House of Lords itself would be exposed. You cannot attempt to repair an old edifice without endangering the whole fabric, and therefore this is, of course, a matter which requires to be contemplated very seriously. But our duty at the present moment is to consider the safety of the Church of England, and not how to perpetuate the House of Lords. The House may not stand; but if it does stand, it will stand on its own merits, and not necessarily through its connection with the Episcopal Bench.

There are many other reforms. I have indicated only a few, but I have said enough to show my great object, that the Church should be made acceptable to the great body of the people. I have no doubt that many of you will look upon me as a most revolutionary man; but such changes as I have suggested are things which prevent revolutions, and learned writers maintain that half the revolutions which have occurred in the world, have occurred because those who foresaw them could not make up their minds to meet them by necessary changes.

Referring in his Diary to this speech, Lord Shaftesbury says:—

May 9th.—Such expressions from the President of a Society tend to compromise that Society and make it incur the peril of a great loss of moral and financial succour. Wrote, therefore, instantly, and gave in my resignation of the office, thus sparing the Committee a thousand disagreeables of various kinds.

It is hardly necessary to say that the Committee of the Society did not accept the resignation.

One of the most pleasing of the many side-efforts of the Ragged School movement was the cultivation of plants and flowers, under given regulations, by the scholars; and, at a fixed time, the whole being gathered into a Show, tested, and prizes awarded.

The advantages of these Flower Shows in a social aspect were many. They provided a source of simple recreation, and gave a new interest in home, by adding unwonted cheerfulness to the comfortless rooms of the poor. They became the means of drawing attention to some of the social wants of the working classes, such as the need of fresh air and ventilation and more space. They taught them simple habits of forethought and prudence, for if they would win the prizes, they must purchase their plants long beforehand, and expend money and time on what might only be a probability of success. Their chief good was, that in watching the growth and progress of the flowers under their care, the children and their parents were brought into close contact with something pure and innocent and beautiful,—something that should speak to the better part of their natures, and tell them of Him who has made the earth beautiful and fair.

It seemed almost incredible that many of the plants and flowers exhibited

at these Shows were reared and watched and tended in some close garret, or cellar, by the little ragged urchins who, a short time before, were whining in the streets for alms.

From the first Lord Shaftesbury took the warmest interest in this branch of work. "I believe there is nothing among the secondary means of instruction," he said, "to surpass window gardening and flower culture. It has called out all the various qualities of attention and care, and it has improved their knowledge of sacred and holy things."

For many years Lord Shaftesbury had given away the prizes at the annual Flower Show in Dean's Yard, Westminster, under the auspices of the Society for Promoting Window Gardening, of which Dean Stanley was President. The flowers, humble and simple enough, breathed whispers of strange histories. Some were reared, in furtive hours, in crowded slums; some were tended by the poor sufferers in Westminster Hospital; some came from the workhouse, and many from the parochial, national, infant, Sunday, and ragged schools; some from the kitchens of domestic servants and the quiet homes of working people.

Those Flower Show days in Dean's Yard were always happy days to Lord Shaftesbury, who entered into the spirit of the festival just as heartily as did his good friend Dean Stanley.

Another of the great benefits of these Shows was, that they brought together those who, from social distinction, rarely met, and so knew little of each other, and the sympathy thus shown by the rich to the poor evoked a very kindly spirit. Lord Shaftesbury frequently related, with infinite pleasure, a little incident that occurred on one occasion at the distribution of prizes in Dean's Yard, illustrating the love and confidence thus generated. "As I was mixing among the people, I felt a little hand playing with mine, and a little girl looked up in my face and said, 'Please, sir, may I give you a kiss?' I said, 'I am sure you may, my dear, and I'll give you one too.' Do you think then I did not say, 'What would London be without her children?'"

This sorrowful year, Lord Shaftesbury wrote to Canon Conway, with whom the arrangements rested, saying that he had better find some new and younger Chairman for the Annual Flower Show in Dean's Yard, and adding that he was in the condition of a tree which, as Lucan says, "casts a shadow, no longer with its leaves, but only by its stem." He sent the note to Dean Stanley, who returned it with the following verses:—

"TRUNCO, NON FRONDIBUS, EFFICIT UMBRAM."

Well said old Lucan—Often have I seen
A stripling tree, all foliage and all green;
But not a hope of grateful, soothing shade,
Its empty strength in fluttering leaves displayed.
Give me the solid trunk, the aged stem,
That rears its scant, but glorious, diadem;
That thro' long years of battle or of storm,

Has striven whole forests round it to reform :
 That plants its roots too deep for man to shake ;
 That lifts its head too high for grief to break ;
 That still, thro' lightning-flash and thunder-stroke,
 Retains its vital sap and heart of oak ;
 Such gallant tree for me shall ever stand,
 A great rock's shadow in a weary land.

May, 1873.

A. P. S.

Against the original Lord Shaftesbury wrote, "I knew that the Dean was very kindly disposed towards me. But I did not know how kindly. S."

Lord Shaftesbury withdrew his appeal, and attended the Show. In concluding his speech, he made use of the beautiful expression that "The great and final Garden of Paradise was only to be approached through the Garden of Gethsemane."

When he had uttered these words, a voice cried out from the crowd, "That is the best thing you have said." Whose voice it was, or what influence the words spoken had upon the man, we do not know, but there was probably a story attaching to the utterance, for Lord Shaftesbury pasted the report of the affair in a book, and against the words, in his own handwriting, is this note: "I thank God that He permitted me to say it."

"The Facilities of Worship Bill," promoted by Mr. Thomas Salt, proposed in the House of Lords by Lord Carnarvon, and supported by the Episcopal vote, was defeated by Lord Shaftesbury. It proposed that a bishop, on the request of twenty-five parishioners, was to have authority to license buildings for public worship without the consent of the rector. Lord Shaftesbury's objection was, that this was placing too much power in the hands of the bishops.

27th.—Last night a great success in House of Lords ; God gave it to feeble efforts—praised be His holy name—in answer to prayer. Defeated Lord Carnarvon on second reading of Facilities of Worship Bill. Twelve bishops voted with him. . . .

This was Lord Shaftesbury's principal movement in Ecclesiastical matters in Parliament this year. Out of doors, however, there were many allied subjects pressing upon his attention, and especially that of the Confessional.

A petition, signed by 400 clergymen, had been presented to the Upper House of Convocation, praying—

"That in view of the wide-spreading and increasing use of sacramental confession, your Venerable House may consider the advisability of providing for the education, selection, and licensing of duly qualified confessors, in accordance with the provisions of canon law."

The matter was discussed, and referred to a Committee.

But the fact of the presentation of such a petition roused the indignation of all good Protestants, and, of course, an appeal was made to Lord Shaftesbury to take the lead in the agitation. He wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury saying that the laity were in great alarm ; that they turned in

the first instance to their natural protectors, the Bishops of the Established Church; and requested His Grace to be good enough to tell him what was the intention of the Episcopal Bench before taking any forward step. The Archbishop replied courteously that the matter had been considered by the bishops, who had since gone to their dioceses, and would not meet again until early in the month of July. To this Lord Shaftesbury rejoined that it was not for him to canvass the conduct of the bishops, who had doubtless excellent reasons for deferring the question till July, but that the laity and the clergy could not accept that as a comfortable assurance, and he must not consider them precipitate if they proceeded at once to action, and took the matter into their own hands.

Accordingly a "public meeting of Churchmen, loyal to the principles of the Reformation," was called for the 30th of June, at which Lord Shaftesbury presided. It was a crowded and enthusiastic meeting, and he spoke with a warmth and energy which aroused a perfect *furor*, and was interrupted from time to time by loud and ringing cheers.

He condemned, in no measured terms, the Upper House of Convocation, a professedly Protestant body of bishops, for ever receiving such a petition—it should have been sent back as an insult to God's Holy Word and the truth of the Divine sacraments; instead of which, it was read and discussed in "soft, delicate, and apathetic language." He then proceeded to show the nature of the Confessional, and to give some startling descriptions of the system, as narrated by M. Michelet in a work entitled "Priests, Women, and Families."

It was one of the strongest speeches Lord Shaftesbury ever uttered, and it was received with extraordinary enthusiasm, the whole audience rising and cheering vociferously for a prolonged period as he concluded his peroration with the words, "Perish all things, so that Christ be magnified."

The sad and sudden death of Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, with whom for many years Lord Shaftesbury had been brought, in a variety of ways, into opposition, is thus referred to in the Diary:—

July 20th.—Sunday. Just received intelligence of the death of the Bishop of Winchester; absolutely thunder-struck with amazement and terror. "So teach us, Lord, to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Thrown from his horse yesterday, he broke his neck. God be with us. "We know not what an hour may bring forth."

"Betwixt the stirrup and the ground,
He mercy asked, he mercy found."

In a letter to Mr. Haldane, written on the same day, he says:—

"This event came on me like an earthquake. I was all but horror-struck. Every kind feeling I ever had towards the Bishop is again alive. He was neither covetous nor hard, and he oftentimes stood forward in the defence of the oppressed."

Throughout the year—and for many years afterwards—there are, in the

midst of the record of ceaseless activities, some very touching passages, which show how keen was the struggle against abandoning himself to his sorrows, and how vividly, at all times and in every place, he was alive to the tremendous loss he had sustained.

April 1st.—They are never out of my mind, hardly out of sight; as the days lengthen the solitude seems to increase. Even in my youth, a fine summer's evening had ever the effect of melancholy over my heart. It has continued through manhood, but not a sorrowful melancholy, rather the occasion to a prayer for the Second Advent. But now the setting sun and the long twilight will make me feel their absence still more. Quicken it, O Lord, into a warmer supplication for Thy blessed Coming! . . .

April 10th.—St. Giles's. The place is solitary and sad; the charm of one to share it with me is gone. But God is wise and good. . . . Blessed, precious wife, some of thy last words, spoken in health and happiness, while the shadow of death was not even before thine eyes, spoken in sorrow of some infidel and cruel expressions, "And this, too, when He died for us!" They rejoiced me then—they now ring like music in my ears. "The name of Jesus," said old Leighton, "is fragrant."

April 14th.—Her loss is more and more keen every day. God alone knows what I feel and suffer. May He watch over and subdue me.

Oct. 12th.—Sunday. . . . Shall I never see her again, O Lord, that sweetest, dearest, most precious of women? Surely there will be recognition; surely a reunion of love. God knows, and He is both wise and good, and tenderly considerate. Perhaps she and my darling Conty are much nearer than I suppose. Perhaps they see me, watch over me, and pray for me. We cannot pray to saints in heaven. Both Scripture and reason forbid it. But neither one nor the other forbids me to believe that the blessed in heaven may pray for the struggling on earth—nay, they rather bid us to do so. The highest duty and the richest enjoyment is in the imitation of our Lord. He is ever interceding for those that He loves; and why not, in a far lower degree, the departed spirits for those they have left on earth? . . .

May 25th.—Sunday. Last night, as I went to bed, the recollection of my precious Minny's words rose in my mind: "O Lamb of God, I come"—and then, like lightning, the words of our Blessed Lord: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." The joy and comfort unspeakable. I thank Thee, O Lord. . . .

In August a tour in Scotland was most beneficial to the health and spirits of Lord Shaftesbury. He visited Iona and Staffa; landed in the Isle of Rum, and from thence proceeded to Stornoway, along the whole eastern side of Lewis and Harris, "wild and inhospitable, and without a trace of life;" then driven by wind and rain to Portree, and when fine weather came, along the coasts of Skye, Inverness, and Argyleshire, back to his favourite headquarters, Wemyss Castle, the home of his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Burns* with whom so many happy days of his life were associated. "May every blessing of time and of eternity descend on this family, on them, on theirs, on old Abraham and Sarah,* and on all they love in Christ Jesus."

* Familiar names given to the father and mother of Mr. John Burns, both of them patriarchal in age.

From Wemyss Castle he proceeded to Belfast, making his first sojourn in Ireland, and, after a few brief visits, went on to Dunbrody, the home of his daughter and Lord Templemore. "It is a comfort to be here, and talk over 'the blessed ones' now gone to their rest." On the 19th of September he left Dublin—"Of all the uninteresting places in the world, Dublin is to me the most so; there is nothing in it"—and arrived in London with health and vigour renewed for the work that stood before him in the ensuing winter.

Instinctively he turned, in these dark days, to the loving sympathy of his children. With his eldest daughter, Lady Templemore, he corresponded more intimately than with any one, and very touching are some of the references in his letters to their mutual loss.

The great subject that now, more than ever, was pressing upon the thought of Lord Shaftesbury was the state of the Church. A long and persistent warfare against Ritualistic and Romanising practices had been carried on by him. For nearly seven years he had continued the contest, almost without intermission, but in none of his Parliamentary efforts had he met with great success. In 1867 his Clerical Vestments Bill was set aside by the appointment of the Ritual Commission; his further Bill, founded on the recommendations of that Commission, was arrested on the ground that it exceeded the recommendations; for four Sessions he had persistently laboured on his Ecclesiastical Courts Reform Bills, which he had been unable to carry. Success, however, is not always to be reckoned by results that can be tabulated, and his success lay rather in this—that he had dragged abuses into the light, had sown broadcast the seeds of principles which were to take root and check the overwhelming spread of error; had provoked discussion, and had broken up the soil in which others were to sow and reap.

He was one of the first to discern, with a prophetic eye, the evils that were coming upon the Church; he was one of the first to draw public attention to the fact that reform in the constitution and procedure of the Ecclesiastical Courts was a pressing necessity. He saw that the times were pregnant with mighty issues, and in the early part of the year 1874 it seemed that the crisis of the times had come. Referring to that period, a writer in the *Quarterly Review** in an article on "The State of the Church" observed, when speaking of the Ecclesiastical Courts Bills:—

"We are not using stilted language, or falling into the error of magnifying contemporary events, when we say that the action now going forward claims our best attention, because it is of the last importance. It is a turning-point in the fortunes of the Church in England; it is a turning-point in the history of the Church of England—that Church which has maintained relations with the realm of England through every change of dynasty and fortune, and been faithful to the realm through all. It is the turning-point in the history of a Church whose sees are older than the Monarchy; whose charters were confirmed by Knut, the Dane; thousands of whose parishes are still as they

* *Quarterly Review*, July, 1874, No. 273, p. 247.

were settled under the Norman kings; and whose fabrics are the handiwork of more than twenty generations of Englishmen. It is a turning-point, too, in the history of a Church whose bishops have been an integral part of the national legislature, and whose courts and convocations have formed part of the national constitution through all the changes and revolutions of which our history has to tell. To a man who can look before and after, who can see in a given crisis the many forces of which it is the single resultant, and who can also forecast the diverse issues which must follow—according as it is wisely dealt with, or the reverse—the situation is full of the deepest interest.”

Lord Shaftesbury was “a man who could look before and after,” and he watched the progress of the Public Worship Bill, introduced into the House of Lords by the Archbishop of Canterbury on the 28th of April, with the most profound interest. The design of Archbishop Tait’s Bill was in fact to do, though not so effectually, what had been proposed by Lord Shaftesbury’s Ecclesiastical Courts Bills, upon which he had expended the labour of four years. In those labours he had received very little encouragement from the Right Reverend Prelates; but now, the Church Establishment was threatened by so many perils that the Archbishops of York and Canterbury took the lead in proposing remedial measures, and thus the bishops were roused to attempt the removal of the wrongs and the abuses which were admitted on all hands to exist.

It would be tedious, as well as foreign to our purpose, to give the whole history of the measure or to analyse its provisions. Initiated at Addington, it was submitted by the Primate at large meetings of the bishops at Lambeth, where it was twice changed and modified. It still had many faults, which Lord Shaftesbury exposed when the Bill was introduced, and yet more forcibly on the Second Reading on the 11th of May. One of his principal objections was that, according to the new measure, the proposed Court was to consist of ecclesiastics, with one exception nominated by the bishop, and all subject to his authority. The Bishop’s *discretion* was to be paramount, and, as if to exclude the control of public opinion, they were to be empowered to sit *in camera*. In pointing out the perils of this proposal, Lord Shaftesbury quoted the words of Lord Chancellor Camden as to “judicial discretion.” “The discretion of a judge,” said the famous Chancellor, “is the law of tyrants. It is different in different men; it is always unknown; it is casual, and depends upon constitution, temper, and passion. In the best, it is oftentimes caprice; in the worst, it is every vice and passion to which human nature is liable.”

The following extracts are from the Diary:—

May 26th, 1874.—St. Giles’s. . . . Shall not have much repose here—had resolved to abandon Bishop’s Bill altogether. But Cairns besought me—promising me, privately, the whole support of the Government—to bring forward, as an amendment, a large portion of my former Eccles. Courts Bill. Agreed, as he wished it; but, I fear, to my vast trouble and even confusion, for Lord Selborne,

the ex-Chancellor, has taken the lead in a volume of amendments; and I cannot comprehend that he and I should ever be of one mind. . . .

June 13th.—Long and anxious nights on the Public Worship Bill! Carried my amendments, by God's blessing. Majority 113 to 12, and after much abuse from the papers, a vast amount of praise! . . . But the circumstances of the whole affair have been very peculiar. I was forced, in conscience, to expose, though I did not oppose, the Bishop's Bill. I was reviled by them and by others. Nevertheless they amended their Bill, and left out much to which I had objected. I had made up my mind to do no more after my speech. But Cairns (Lord Chancellor) called me to him on the woolsack, and urged me to reproduce the clauses of my Eccles. Bill of 1869-71-72, relating to the institution of a provincial judge. "We shall make a good bill," said he, "and the amendments, as coming from you, will have great weight." . . .

The Bill left the House of Lords on the 26th of June. During the month of July, "through a road encumbered with lagging Bills, amongst which the ablest charioteer might find the measure he was guiding clogged and overthrown, an independent member of the House undertook the task of directing to a successful issue a Bill that must excite, at every step as it passed along, passions and animosities of every kind, a Bill that would find its wheels spoked with 'amendments' intended to be fatal."

The subsequent history of the Bill is told concisely in the Diary:—

July 18th.—Have had no time to record some marvels of God's Providence and care, for so they are, in the matter of the Public Worship Bill. The Recorder of London, Russell Gurney, took the Bill in charge: D'Israeli had the foresight and wisdom to give him a day—Thursday, 9th. The debate was adjourned, apparently a delay, really an advance. The following Wednesday was assigned, the debate to begin at twelve. The standing orders to be suspended so that it might go on, if necessary, for twelve consecutive hours.

In this way, by degrees, the favour of the Government came out, overruling manifestly two of their colleagues, Cardinal Hardy and Monsignor Salisbury.

Gladstone, in a florid and fallacious speech, had prepared the way for D'Izzy's strategy. He concluded his ultramontane address by six resolutions, so Romish, revolutionary, and yet feeble, that D'Izzy, who was seeking a ground on which to grant a day for the Committee, saw his opportunity, and seized it. "The right hon. gentleman," said he, "has propounded resolutions so subversive of the religious system under which we have lived for 300 years, and so revolutionary in every aspect, that I cannot allow the Houses to separate without obtaining from them a declaration of opinion." The day was won. The second reading—nearly six hundred members being present—was carried without a division. Gladstone himself having slunk out of the House, not daring to have, according to his own favourite phrase, "the courage of his opinions," and he told Lord Ernest Bruce, from whom I heard it, as he went down the stairs, that he did not intend to vote.

Last night Bill got through in several clauses, especially the *crux*, the appointment of the judge. Sorry that it did not get through the whole: fixed for Tuesday. The finger of God has been manifest all through. It struck even

common minds. Of all the clever men I know, or ever have known, D'Izzy is the chief. What a head he has for policy and practice! Yet the battle is not yet won. As at the first, so now, O God, watch over us!

Aug. 5th.—Was to have left early for Chillingham this morning. Put off journey to negotiate with M.P.'s, so Cairns wished, and see whether Bill could be saved. It would have been comparatively easy had not Salisbury, by his violent language, exasperated the Commons. Yet there are hopes of safety, debate is going on. Shall go again to House of Lords at five o'clock to receive answer. *Seven o'clock.* The Bill is safe. I bless Thee, O Lord. The Commons gave way, and all is peace and harmony.

The Bill received the Royal Assent on the 7th of August. It has been justly said that Lord Shaftesbury "is but very partially responsible for the faults of its construction, and not at all responsible for the errors of its administration. The latter have had at least as much to do with its failure as the former."*

We now turn to the Diary, to gather extracts indicating the drift of Lord Shaftesbury's thought and speech and action during this year.

Mr. Gladstone had appealed to the country, and was unsuccessful. The Conservatives triumphed, and Mr. Disraeli resumed office.

Feb. 11th. . . . It is observable that each Minister has fallen under his own Frankenstein. D'Izzy brought in Household Suffrage, dissolved the Parliament, and was demolished by his own constituencies. Gladstone carried the Ballot a year ago; dissolved, and is sent to the right about. However clear the proofs of what the Ballot can and will do, however formidable its working to the morality of the country, neither party dares to say a word on the subject. The Liberals cannot revile their favourite measure. The Conservatives cannot praise, however hollow that praise might be, what they so furiously denounced. But the pendulum will soon swing the other way; and the Conservatives will curse it, while the Liberals will not bless it, when they see the uncertainty, the constant change, the instability of everything, moral, social, and political, that it will introduce into our system. D'Izzy—and it is justifiable, though fearfully fallacious—boasts of his measure of Household Suffrage, and says, "Did not I assert that the people of England are attached to all our institutions?" He did, and he is in error. The present vote is no more a proof that the people are attached to things as they are, than that the present fashion of chignons will be the head-dress of the women of England for several generations. It is a caprice, a fancy, a taste, a burst of individualism as against the old habits and bonds perhaps of party, employment, private obligations, and what not. A weariness, a fickleness, a love of change without any reason for it. The dissolution takes place at a time of vast prosperity, of high wages, of conflicts won by the holders of suffrage, and of consequent good-humour. Reverse all this. Let Parliament be dissolved on a "special cry" by some reckless and designing Minister, or in some period of deep distress, or of furious conflict between labour and capital—assume it to occur during heated and active notions of the acquisition and tenure of property of every kind—assume it to occur in a time when the people are

* Supplement to the *Record*, Oct. 2, 1885.

thinking of a "free breakfast," of the freedom of toil from any taxation whatever, and the imposition of it on "realised" property alone. Contemplate it under the suffrage of the peasantry, concealed by the Ballot. Let the cry be Disestablishment of the Church, or division of the land, provisions being dear, labour scanty, and wages very low. All these conditions are not only probable, but certain. Add, what is equally probable and equally certain, that the revolutionary leaders not taken by surprise, as now, but practised in the manipulations and facilities of the Ballot, and furnished alike with measures and with candidates, compete for the representation! Can any one doubt the issue? Imagine, moreover, a time, certainly not far distant, when the men now advanced in years, bordering on the "threescore and ten," the men bred up in the ancient traditions of the Realm, having a smack, however weak, of the "old flavour," are either dead or incapacitated! Who is to succeed Gladstone among the Liberals? Who, D'Izzy amongst the Conservatives? There may be men whom we do not now see.

Feb. 16th.—London. . . . In the *Times* of three days ago I saw announced the death of Strauss! "We shall soon know the grand secret," said the murderer Thistlewood, of Cato Street—so the chaplain of Newgate, who was near him, told me—just before he was executed. Strauss knows it now. The thought is awful beyond expression. . . .

Feb. 28th.—Last night Haydn's "Creation" at Exeter Hall—had never heard it before, but in piecemeal. Delighted—delighted. Such music leads to religion, as, in truth, coming from it. Haydn and Handel both gave thanks to God as the source of their inspirations.

March 3rd.—Yesterday to Clapton to attend the funeral of Dr. Binney, the well-known Congregationalist minister. It was a "grievous mourning," as was said of old Jacob, for there were some three or four hundred in procession, besides the multitudes who thronged to see the ceremony. Doubtless, he was a "master in Israel," and was "gathered to his fathers" in a good old age, three-score years and sixteen!

In the time of his great trouble a bond of union was established between Lord Shaftesbury and the costermongers, which was never to be broken. His first visit after his bereavement had been to them.

We have said elsewhere that Lord Shaftesbury was no ordinary visitor to the poor. A few extracts from some of the letters he was constantly sending to Mr. Orsman, will give illustrations of the truth of the assertion.

Feb. 26th, 1873.—Do you ever perambulate your district "by day?" If so, I should like to accompany you.

March 3rd.—Do not forget the woman who made the braces. We promised her something. I have sent two copies of the "Faithful Promiser" for the two wives of the cabinet-maker and the old paralysed man.

March 7th.—Your missionaries must talk to the poor cabinet-maker, and *pray* with him. He is not hardened. Let him have what he wants in his necessity.

March 8th.—I have sent you a book for the two sons of the woman (spectacles) and the paralytic husband. Also picture cards, as I promised,

to the little girl, daughter of the shoemaker's wife who was "the Security."*

He frequently refers to his "brother costers" in his Diary. They were rarely out of his thoughts for long.

March 7th, 1874.—On 5th to Orsman's tea-party of aged costers in Golden Lane—poor old dears—had to give them a "Hortation," as Hobbes translates Thucydides.

The next quotations are characteristic:—

March 11th, 1874.—On Monday a prayer meeting in the Chapel.† Many of the congregation called on "to lead." Extempore prayer, except for special occasions, seems more adapted to the closet than to public worship. Very few, indeed, have the gift; I could find fifty men to make a good speech, for one who could deliver an extempore prayer. . . .

March 20th.—Attended House of Lords, that "vast aquarium," full of cold-blooded life, before going to Whitechapel. . . .

The most important of the religious meetings attended by Lord Shaftesbury in the May of this year was held in connection with the opening of the new London City Mission house. He spoke on "Mission Work in London." His speech, subsequently issued in pamphlet form, gave an interesting account of the state of spiritual destitution and neglect in the early days of his career, and traced the progress made in the cause of evangelisation.

May 2nd.—Yesterday, Chair of opening of new house for London City Mission. It was an interesting affair—this silent, useful Christian Association, rising out of its obscurity and narrow bounds, to take its place among the best, in fruitfulness though not in splendour, of the institutions of the metropolis! God grant it humility in proportion to its success; and the mighty grace of trembling while it rejoices. Did my best on its behalf, but what was that? Why, just so much as God gave me to speak, and no more. . . .

May 27th.—St. Giles's. . . . Evelyn is come here safe and sound. The bells are ringing joyfully;‡ but she, my beloved one, who lies beneath them, hears them not. How glad would her dear heart have been in the success of her sympathising son! But she is listening to other sounds, the sounds of everlasting praise and love to her precious Lord and Saviour.

Sept. 18th. . . . Northampton is vacant; Bradlaugh is a candidate; will he be returned? Such an issue would be nearly impossible under open voting. It is, I suspect, nearly certain under the ballot.

Sometimes, in the pauses of his busy life, Lord Shaftesbury asked himself whether it was worth while to persevere in his labours. He was begin-

* It was impossible for Lord Shaftesbury to remember the names of the many people he visited. He was in the habit, therefore, of describing them in some way by which they would be easily recognised. Thus the shoemaker's wife was one who had stood "security" for a water-cress girl when borrowing money from the "Emily Loan Fund."

† Portman Chapel (Rev. Canon Reeve), where Lord Shaftesbury, for many years, attended public worship.

‡ To celebrate the return of the Hon. Evelyn Ashley as M.P. for Poole.

ning to be sensible of the weight of years; and, more than this, he was made to feel that the generation to which he belonged was passing away, that he was no longer required, and that he should make room, therefore, for other and younger men. These were but the casual thoughts and feelings of tired hours, but they pressed upon him occasionally with great force. There is a ring of melancholy in the following entry:—

Jan. 11th, 1875.—Sanitary questions, of which I saw the dawn, and had all the early labours, are passed into "Imperial" subjects. Boards are everywhere, laws have been enacted, public attention roused, and Ministers have declared themselves willing to bring to bear on them the whole force of Government. Not only am I not wanted, but my interference would be superfluous and an incumbrance.

Social questions are in the same position. They have advanced into the regions of "Imperialism." All questions of labour are decided by combinations or by statute. The working classes have become patrons instead of clients; and they both can and do fight their own battles. It was not so forty years ago, when I began the struggle. The matter of their dwellings is still one of interest, but here, again, the movement has passed from individuals to companies, speculators, Acts of Parliament, and now at last, so Mr. Cross has promised, to the hands of the Secretary of State. How completely my aid is of little esteem at present may be seen in the fact that neither on the Factory Bill nor on the forthcoming measure for Industrial Dwellings have I been consulted to the extent of a single inquiry. Have often called myself "*The Great Pis-Aller*," and so events have proved it. People took me because they could get no other. There is nothing to complain of. I saw it all along, and I conformed, because I saw a duty in submission.

Time had not laid his hand upon Lord Shaftesbury's heart—

—as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.

He still had his aspirations and his hopes; there still uprose in him that strong, proud, resolute will that, in days long past, had made him persevere in schemes which to the eyes of others seemed predestined to end in failure; it was only occasionally that he "stood beside the stream of Time to gaze upon its waters rushing past him;" only in hours of depression that he felt he must "unbuckle the armour and retire from the fight." And it is curious that whenever, in the Diaries, we meet with such an entry as we have quoted above, we find that it is followed by passage after passage, showing that, although by the relentless law of change old things were passing away, yet by another law, as inevitable, all things were becoming new, and the aged man's sigh of regret over the past gives place to the strong man's fervour as he launches himself out into the resistless stream of practical effort.

Thus, in the extract last given, he sighs that the matter of the dwellings of the working classes had passed from individuals to companies, and that even his opinion, much more his aid, is disregarded. A page or two

further on in the Diary we find him working with all his old vigour in the cause, fostering old schemes and planning fresh ones. One day he writes:—

I am weary of controversy, of perpetual dispute, of assault and defence on the question of Romanism; of assault and defence on the score of Neology. My head swims with the unceasing variety of charges, of refutations, of sermons, books, articles, pamphlets; I cannot embrace them, follow them, comprehend them. Life, in body and mind, is a whirlpool, and I, for one, feel perpetually giddy. I feel incompetent to give a reason "of the hopes that are in me," and yet, by the blessing of Almighty God, I have them. I cannot answer any one, "one of a thousand," and yet, through the grace of Christ, I have the satisfactory answer within my own heart. I see all the dangers that beset us, but I cannot find any who regard my opinions. . . .

Almost the next entry finds him hotly battling in a paper war in defence of the truth in the early part of the day, and in the evening "At Birkbeck Institution. Had opportunity of maintaining—and well received—that, the farther science advanced, the greater was its harmony with revealed religion."

It was his frequent prayer that it would please God to give him a sign when he must desist from work and no longer endeavour to make himself heard on platform or in Parliament: "Yes, a sign or a sound that shall make known, as in Num. xiv. 42, 'Go not up, for the Lord is not with you.'" Patiently he waited for the sign, but it did not come, and meanwhile he laboured on.

Feb. 16th.—On 9th to Cripples' Home at Kensington. Called on Forster and found him better, thank God. Froude, the historian, was there. 11th.—Dipsomaniacs' chair, Willis's Rooms. 12th.—Mansion House, for London City Mission. 13th.—In evening, Bethnal Green, for my brother William, whose mission is, under God, doing a great work in these solitary parts. 15th.—Commission in Lunacy. Omitted—on Friday, 12th, to Ragged School Union, to arrange plans for a fresh aggression, nay, a new form of one, on the very lowest of London; be we driven by the School Board from our present ground, we must seek another standpoint. God be with us. "Christo in pauperibus."

On the 9th of March, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, the American Evangelists, commenced a series of "Revival Gatherings" in the Agricultural Hall at Islington. From the first their success seemed guaranteed, but Lord Shaftesbury, although he contributed to the funds, did not co-operate in the work. He regarded the arrival of Mr. Moody as that of "the right man at the right hour," "at a time when the masses are lying in indifference, and are nevertheless impressible." On the first opportunity he paid a visit to the Agricultural Hall, and his description, written while the impressions were all fresh in his mind, is as follows:—

March 31st.—On Good Friday to hear Moody and Sankey; deeply impressed, and the more impressed because of the imperfection of the whole thing. "Imperfect," I speak as a man. "The things that are highly esteemed among men are

abomination in the sight of God !” The music was the voice of one singer ; the air, the simplest possible ; the words adapted to the poorest and least taught mind. And yet it went to the inmost soul, and seemed to empty it of everything but the thought of the good, tender, and lowly Shepherd. The instrument was no more than an accordion, and the singer and the performer were the same. The preacher was clad in ordinary dress ; his language was colloquial, free, easy, and like common talk. The voice is bad and ill-managed ; he abounds in illustrations, and most effective ones ; in stories, anecdotes, very appropriate, oftentimes bordering on the “humorous,” almost to the extent of provoking a laugh ! There is volubility, but no eloquence. There is nothing, in short, to win, externally at least ; perhaps something to repel, even those who might not be unfavourably disposed. And yet the result is striking, effective, touching, and leading to much thought. St. Paul said of himself as a preacher, “his bodily presence is weak and his speech contemptible.” It was the statement, at least, of his enemies. Nevertheless, the 17th and the 20th of Acts show what issues the Holy Spirit can work out of feeble materials. Is it not so here ? We are just at this time founding associations to teach the “art of preaching.” Bishops and others are lecturing right and left upon Homiletics. Here come two simple, unlettered men from the other side of the Atlantic. They have had no theological training, and never read the Fathers ; they refuse to belong to any denomination ; they are totally without skill in delivery, and have no pretensions to the highest order of rhetoric. They are calm, without an approach to the fanatical or even the enthusiastic. They seek neither to terrify nor to puff up ; eschew controversy, and flatter no passions. So it is, nevertheless, thousands of all degrees in station and mental culture bow before them. Are we not right in believing—time will show—that God has chosen the “foolish things of the world to confound the wise” ? Moody will do more in an hour than Canon Liddon in a century.

Of secondary causes, cannot but attribute a vast deal to his manifest conviction : it impresses the auditory. In his intense earnestness they go along with him : the simplicity of his message—Christ crucified—the evident fact that he has no special Church purposes, nor, on the surface at least, any interested considerations. All seems natural, easy, almost necessary to him. It appears the dictate of the moment, without previous thought, or any form of preparation ! Yet how account for the effect on every station and degree ? Workpeople, shopkeepers, merchants, lawyers, clergy and laity, alike, confess the power and cannot explain it.

I agree with Gamaliel ; “If this thing be of men, it will soon come to nought ; but if it be of God, ye cannot fight against it.” To my own mind there is something in it superhuman. In what mode, to what extent, for how long, and with what issue, our Lord alone knows. If it be His work, may He prosper it ! . . .

The important questions of the Housing of the Poor, and the Improvement of Artisans’ Dwellings, on which Lord Shaftesbury had been engaged ever since 1843, were growing in urgency every year. Metropolitan improvements were being made in all directions ; the poor were being displaced in greater numbers than ever ; population was increasing with gigantic strides ; and little or no provision was being made for the reasonable accommodation of the labouring classes.

In 1872 he had laid the first memorial stone of a workman's city, called by his own name, the "Shaftesbury Park," and situated at Lavender Hill, in the Wandsworth Road. It introduced a new era in the progress of working men. It was a town, on all the modern principles of sanitary arrangements, with recreation grounds, clubs, schools, libraries, baths, and no public-houses. Shops, too, were to be ignored, and the whole to proceed on the co-operative system. His comment, in the Diary, on the day he laid the stone, was this:—

Aug. 5th, 1872.—It is a great experiment, and a doubtful one. Yet, after thirty years of thought and trial, see no other mode of improving, on a large scale, the domiciliary condition of the people. Charity cannot do it. The capitalists will not do it. The people themselves must do it—and here, they have attempted it. . . .

The scheme was undertaken by the Artisans', Labourers', and General Dwellings Company (Limited)—an organisation which took its rise in 1867 in consequence of the extensive demolition of houses caused by various metropolitan improvements. Although Lord Shaftesbury was only nominally associated with the scheme, he took a deep interest in its working, and lent what aid was in his power to advance its prosperity.

On the 11th of May, 1875, when the Government brought in the Artisans' Dwellings Bill, Lord Shaftesbury supported it in an able speech, in which he pointed out the overwhelming difficulties to be overcome in finding suitable accommodation for populations displaced by improvements. In his opening sentence he said: "The Government have done their best to master the difficulty; but they have not mastered it, nor will they do so, until after wide and protracted experience." The prophecy was true, and it was not until ten years later, when the Royal Commission, with the Prince of Wales as its most active member, was appointed, that the problem drew near its solution.

Returning again to the Diary we select the following miscellaneous passages:—

Jan. 6th, 1875.—Mr. Auberon Herbert has blessed the world with his notions of prayer; he has set this forth in a letter to the *Times* of the 4th. The conclusion, so far as I can understand it, is that, "There is a certain sort of God, to whom may be offered a certain kind of prayer." The definitions are not yet vouchsafed. . . .

Jan. 8th.— . . . One thing remains—a Bill for the Relief of the Clergy in the matter of Fees—an Augean stable of singular filth. Have moved for the returns, but will not undertake a Bill. God helping me, I may state the case; but the remedy of such an extensive abuse is the duty of Government. . . .

April 22nd.—On Saturday, 17th, dined with D'Israeli. I admire the abilities of the man, but not his use of them. There is nothing really to admire in him, beyond the possession of talents. . . .

At an evening party, given by Sir Henry Rawlinson to the members of the Arctic Expedition under Captain Nares, at which Lord Shaftesbury was present, Sir Bartle Frere took the opportunity to urge upon him, on many

grounds, that he should pay a visit to the United States. Referring to this he says:—

April 30th.—It is what I had long and often wished, but, as St. Paul says “Was let hitherto.” Now I am too near the sensible decay of physical and mental power for such an effort as that would be. The demands on my strength, in every form, would far surpass what I could have endured, even in my younger days. Besides, for an enterprise like that, I must have very clear indications indeed that it is not only permitted, but commanded, by God; otherwise I could not go, even in possible comfort—I should doubt and tremble.

Lord Shaftesbury was the patron of many institutions for the welfare of domestic servants, and he never lost an opportunity of saying a good word for that, oftentimes, long-suffering and ill-rewarded class. As he never preached what he did not practise, he revived in his own household

Those times

When lords were styled fathers of families,
And not imperious masters! when they numbered
Their servants almost equal with their sons,
Or one degree beneath them! When their labours
Were cherished and rewarded, and a period
Set to their sufferings! When they did not press
Their duties or their wills beyond the power
And strength of their performance; all things ordered
With such decorum, as wise law-makers.

Thus in 1883, when speaking on behalf of an admirable institution in which he took a great interest—the Aged Pilgrim’s Friend Society—he was able to refer to the fact that his housekeeper had been fifty-two years in his service; that, as nurse, she had brought up all his children; that not one of them would ever think of retiring to rest in his house without bidding good-night to that “female patriarch!” and that she was held in reverence by all the household. He did not, of course, say what was, nevertheless, the fact, that every morning after prayers it was his habit to shake hands with the aged housekeeper, and inquire after her health and of things that were of interest in her little world. He had exemplified the saying of old Philip Quarles, “If thou wouldst have a good servant, let the servant find a good master.” To another old friend and servant the following entry relates:—

July 9th.— . . . Yesterday poor King died, the attached and faithful maid of my most blessed wife. She joined my precious Minny when that beloved woman was only ten years old, and, fifty-three years afterwards, was still in the family, and died among us. True, kind, honest, affectionate, and having no hope but in Christ, she is gone to her rest, and so breaks another worldly link between me and the parted ones. . . .

The well-being of Factory Operatives, wherever they might be, was always near to the heart of Lord Shaftesbury. It was a grief to him to find

that there existed in India many of the evils that had once attended the Factory system at home; and on the publication of the Report of the Inspector of Factories as to the regulation of labour in the cotton mills in the Presidency of Bengal, he drew the attention of the Secretary of State for India to the proved evils of many parts of the system, and pleaded that there might be given to the natives the boon of healthy work, reasonable hours, wholesome homes, and good education.

July 30th.—Statement in House of Lords respecting progress of the Factory system in India, with all its accompanying cruelties, when unrestricted. Salisbury, in reply, was civil, kind, and encouraging. I myself felt, more than ever, the atmosphere of that House; although on my *old* and my *own* question, I was oblivious, unsteady, downcast. But God be praised for the little I was enabled to do do.

The year that had opened with the regret that he was stranded while the stream of life rushed past, found him towards its close in the full rush and roar of the torrent. "Intense correspondence of all sorts, on every subject under the sun:" on Church matters; on the revival of Rubrics; on Ragged Schools; by a public correspondence in the *Times* with the chairman of the Metropolitan School Board; on trade; the adulteration of British goods for the Colonial markets; and on dwellings for the poor. In addition to which he was "much harassed by letters and business on Artisans' Dwellings Company."

There were yet many more years before the labourer's task should end.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

1876—1878.

FOR many years the Diary had been occasionally noted:—"Dined with Forster." "Some excellent talk to-day with Forster." "Forster has been of great assistance to me."

John Forster, the historian, essayist, and journalist, the biographer of Charles Dickens, Sir John Eliot, Goldsmith, and Landor, had hardly a friend for whom he entertained a more reverential regard than for Lord Shaftesbury. What Lord Shaftesbury's feelings were towards him, are shown in the following extract from the Diary:—

Feb. 1st, seven o'clock.—Have, this instant, received a telegram from Cleator to say that Forster died this morning at eleven o'clock. Much shocked and surprised; for, though he had long been ill, no one apprehended danger. God's will be done! I have lost now almost the last friend I had, on whose heart and affection I could rely. He was, I believe, sincerely and truly attached to me. Little did I think that he would be the next to fall out of the list of those for whom I pray day and night. Many social hours of friendship, amusement, and literary instruction, have I passed in his company. Only three days ago he wrote in warm kindness to hail my return to London. . . .

The loss was keenly felt, and long afterwards, when perplexed and anxious about some pending question, he would write, "Forster often gave me a kind, encouraging word, but he is gone, and I miss my 'tonic.'"

The next entry records a circumstance which had a material influence upon Lord Shaftesbury's happiness:—

Feb. 18th.—By hook and by crook, by dodges and devices, by small sales of outlying property, and disposal of tithes to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, paid off, at last, the ruinous mortgage on the St. Giles's estate. Heartily do I thank God for this deliverance.

On the 17th of February Mr. Disraeli obtained leave to bring in a Bill enabling Her Majesty to make an addition to her style and title, but without stating the exact form of the addition proposed. Mr. Lowe, assuming that the contemplated title would be that of "Empress," objected emphatically to the proposal. On the 9th of March, Mr. Disraeli, in moving the second reading of the Royal Titles Bill, announced that the title Her Majesty would assume, if the Bill were passed, would be that of "Empress," and that the style of the new title would run thus: "Victoria, by the grace of God, of

the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, and Empress of India."

Two days later (March 11th) Lord Shaftesbury received a telegram, commanding him to attend at Windsor Castle on the following Monday, and to remain until the next day.

It was twenty years since he had been the guest of Her Majesty, and it was with no little surprise that he received the command. He was satisfied that it must be for some special object, and he had little doubt that it related to the question then uppermost in men's minds, the Royal Titles Bill.

Although the weather was inclement, Lord Shaftesbury went to Windsor. "I dread it," he wrote on the previous day, "the cold, the evening dress, the solitude, for I am old, and dislike being far away from assistance should I be ill at night. . . . She sent for me in 1848 to consult me on a very important matter. Can it be so now?"

March 14th.—Returned from Windsor. I am sure it was so, though not distinctly avowed. Her Majesty personally said nothing. . . .

The views that Lord Shaftesbury had expressed at Windsor he was requested by the Lord-in-Waiting to communicate to Mr. Disraeli, and this was accordingly done.

Those views were in every way opposed to the proposed title. To the style "Queen of England and India" he had no objection, but from every point of view, and especially from the Indian, he regarded the title of "Empress" as objectionable. He felt satisfied that the chiefs of India, when the matter was explained to them, would prefer to be governed by the same name as are the people of England, and that the distinction would be offensive, rather than pleasing. These views were soon to take more definite shape and expression.

March 29th.—Took a bold step the other day, and gave notice of address to the Crown, praying Her Majesty not to take the title of "Empress." It seemed almost a duty, as no one in the House of Lords, but myself, stood quite alone and apart from every political connection. Two or three in the House thanked me for it; many more in the House of Commons. I shall be left with, perhaps, twenty votes, or perhaps alone.

On the 3rd of April, in the presence of an audience unusually brilliant and crowded, Lord Shaftesbury moved his amendment on the Royal Titles Bill, to the effect that an Address should be presented to the Queen, praying that Her Majesty might be pleased to assume "a title more in accordance than the title of 'Empress' with the history of the nation, and with the loyalty and feelings of Her Majesty's most faithful subjects."

In his opening words he said that it was "with the greatest grief, and yet with the deepest conviction, he brought forward his resolution," but that as, in "another place," it had been asserted that the resistance to the measure proceeded from factions, from political and not from constitutional motives,

he felt that "the first note of resistance in this House should be sounded by some one wholly disconnected from either of the two great divisions that agitate and adorn it." Throughout his speech he made use of the word "Emperor," and he did so intentionally, "because," he said, "we shall in the course of time have many more sovereign Emperors than sovereign Empresses. It would be held first by an illustrious Lady, who has reigned for nearly forty years, known and beloved: it bears, too, an impression of feminine softness; but as soon as it shall have assumed the masculine gender, and have become an Emperor, the whole aspect will be changed. It will have an air military, despotic, offensive, and intolerable, alike in the East and West of the dominions of England."

In the course of his speech Lord Shaftesbury made one of his strongest points when giving his opinion with regard to the feeling of the people, especially of the working classes, on the subject. He had taken pains to obtain information, and was prepared to assert that from the small tradesman upwards, the universal feeling was one of repugnance. He was not fearful of the result in happy and prosperous times, but he foresaw evil consequences in days of distress, low wages, high prices, and general discontent. When the traditions, and almost the compacts, of a thousand years were broken, it would not be surprising if these people should turn round and say, "You are trying to turn your King into an Emperor; we also shall make an effort to turn him into a President."

Referring to the assertion of the Prime Minister that the repugnance, wherever it existed among the people, was "a mere sentiment," Lord Shaftesbury said:—

Sentiment, my Lords, to be sure it is, and a sentiment of the kind that ought to be cherished, and not to be despised. Now that the principle of Divine right to the Throne has departed from the people—now that they are in possession of almost universal suffrage—your Lordships' House and the Throne itself are upheld by sentiment alone, and not by force or superstition. Loyalty is a sentiment, and the same sentiment that attaches the people to the word "Queen," averts them from that of "Empress."

He concluded his speech thus:—

A time may come when, after a long course of happy rule, we may surrender India to natives, grown into a capability of self-government. Our posterity may then see an enlargement of the glorious spectacle we now witness, when India shall be added to the roll of free and independent Powers that wait on the Mother Country, and daily rise up and call her blessed. But, to attain this end, we must train them to British sentiments, infuse into them British principles, imbue them with British feeling, and rising from the vulgar notion of an Emperor, teach them that the deepest thought and the noblest expression of a genuine Briton is to fear God and honour the King.

Lord Shaftesbury's prognostication that on a division he should be "left with perhaps twenty votes, or perhaps alone," was not realised. After

considerable discussion the proposal was, of course, rejected, but, as the *Saturday Review* observed, "the division on Lord Shaftesbury's motion was more significant than the debate. Eight dukes and many habitual courtiers voted in the minority of 91, which protested against the vulgar and impolitic innovation supported by 137."

Although the fears and forebodings of Lord Shaftesbury, and those who thought with him, may appear now to have been groundless, or at least exaggerated, it must be borne in mind that most probably the protest entered by those who loved the simple title of "Queen," contributed largely to the result of "Empress" remaining a mere official and exotic addition to the ancient title. There was, at the moment, great danger, which would have been far greater had no protest been made, of "Empress Victoria" taking the place of "Queen Victoria" in daily conversation and use.

The first references in the Diary to a subject in which he was to take an absorbing interest are these:—

Jan. 18th, 1876.—*Times* has an article, ingenious, hollow, and cruel, in favour of Vivisection. It is the worship of science, and science must have its victims, like Moloch or Chemosh. The system, it is manifest, will be legitimised by statute, actually, and restricted by the same, apparently. It is a fearful issue before us. The animals have no hope. Against them stand science and logic; in their favour impulse, under the influence of morbid tenderness and morbid morality, so the *Times* says. . . .

Feb. 16th.—Thinking of Vivisection, on which I can abundantly feel, but how shall I be able to speak? Here, too, I seek, where alone it can be found, "counsel, wisdom, and understanding."

Although these are the first entries in the Diary on the subject of Vivisection, Lord Shaftesbury had for some time past revolved it in his mind. Thoughts and actions were inseparable with him, and he had already assisted in the formation of the "Victoria Street Society for the Protection of Animals from Vivisection," of which Society the accomplished Miss Frances Power Cobbe was the honorary secretary. "Lord Shaftesbury never joined the Victoria Street Society," she says; * "it was the Society which joined Lord Shaftesbury. There was a day in November, 1875, when, having telegraphed his readiness to support the project of Dr. Hoggan and Miss Cobbe, he, in fact, founded the Society. It was around him, and attracted in great part by his name, that the whole body eventually gathered."

He presided at a meeting of the Executive Committee on the 18th of February, 1876, and thenceforth he practically directed all the public action of the Society. His first important speech in behalf of the cause was made in the House of Lords on the 22nd of May, in support of Lord Carnarvon's Bill for Restricting Cruelty to Animals. The speech was published by the Victoria Street Society, and it occupied twenty-two pages of a large-sized pamphlet.

It was hoped that Lord Carnarvon's Bill would be passed by the House of

* *The Zoophilist*, Nov. 5th, 1882, p. 114.

Commons, practically unaltered from the shape in which it left the House of Lords. But, in July, an important medical deputation waited upon the Home Secretary (Mr. Cross), and put such pressure upon him "as to cause him to eviscerate the Bill (then in his hands for presentation to the House of Commons), and leave it the mangled and illogical measure which became, on the 15th of August, by royal signature, the Vivisection Act, 39 & 40 Vict. c. 77."*

The following extracts refer to Lord Shaftesbury's labours in the matter:—

May 23rd.—Last night Vivisection debate. I spoke. I "went up like a rocket, and came down like a stick." The House received me with favour, and then grew weary of my details. . . .

June 3rd. . . . Huxley, the Professor, has written me a very civil, nay kind, letter. I replied in the same spirit. Nevertheless, two of the three black Graces, Law, Physic, and Divinity, are furious with me, because I have fought for these unhappy animals. . . .

June 10th. . . . It will either be "burked" under pretence of want of time, or, which is more probable, made a Bill for general deception, and, under the cloak of "restriction," be a measure to legalise and protect vivisectors, without a particle of law or protection for the vivisected. Foresee much trouble, and, what is worse, the necessity of many speeches. . . .

June 16th. . . . Endeavouring to keep up feeling on vivisection by circulating speech, printed with corrections. . . .

June 21st. . . . Last night got the Vivisection Bill in Committee. No division, and no changes, but those which I had previously concurred in with Carnarvon and Cardwell. Seven bishops appeared; one of them, Peterborough, made a single observation; but *all* the seven went away at dinner-time, leaving undefended, so far as they were concerned, the most important clauses of the Bill, which were in jeopardy through the hostility of several peers. The Archbishop of York, the most noisy of all the Bench in favour of the Bill, had gone abroad. Gloucester and Bristol, more pretentious even than York, could not stay. Canterbury the same. Winchester the same. Of what use are the Bishops in the House of Lords? . . .

Aug. 12th.—Cross called me to Council on Vivisection Bill. He is earnest, true, anxious; but he is beset by endless difficulties, and, principally, by lack of time. Reverted to my old position that something was better than nothing, specially if that something gives a foundation on which amendments may hereafter be built. The thought of this diabolical system disturbs me night and day. God, remember Thy poor, humble, useful creatures. . . .

The Eastern Question assumed a new phase in 1876, when some of the provinces of Turkey rose in revolt against the tyranny under which they had long groaned. The ruthless manner in which the Ottoman authorities strove to suppress the rebellion—more especially in Bulgaria—alienated from Turkey a large number of those who had hitherto stood by her, and looked forward to her ultimate regeneration.

* *The Zoophilist.*

The horrible story of the "Bulgarian Atrocities" roused an intense excitement in this country. On the 27th of July an influential meeting, including a large number of Members of Parliament, was held at Willis's Rooms, under the presidency of Lord Shaftesbury, to take steps towards giving due expression to the national sentiment; to declare that no moral or material support ought to be given to the Turkish Government as against the insurgent provinces; to express its deep abhorrence of the cruelties committed by the Turkish irregular troops upon the women and children and unarmed inhabitants of Bulgaria, and to "record its opinion that the notorious abuses of the Turkish rule in Europe, and the repeated failures of the Sublime Porte to fulfil its solemn obligations, render it hopeless to expect that any settlement of the Eastern Question will prove permanent which does not confer upon the inhabitants of the insurgent provinces the full rights of self-government."

When, in September, the official Report of the Atrocities committed on the Christians in Bulgaria was published, it roused to intensity the widespread feeling of abhorrence. "The month of September, 1876," says a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, "will long be remembered in our history for an outburst of righteous indignation, for a parallel to which we must look back over the range of a long life to September, 1792."* It is thus referred to in the Diary:—

Sept. 6th.—The anger—I rejoice in it—against the Turks is a universal fever at blood-heat! Meetings everywhere. "Gladstone's vehemence," such is Delane's private language to me, "is even greater than yours." . . .

Sept. 18th. . . . Urged, pressed, almost commanded, by Mansion House Committee, to attend meeting in London. In vain I urged 400 miles of distance, the hour of two, to be followed by a journey the same night (making 800 miles) to keep an engagement at Glasgow the next evening. . . .

Sept. 20th.—Last night meeting at Glasgow to protest against the Turkish Atrocities—immense gathering—closely, uncomfortably packed; yet their furious enthusiasm kept them patient and attentive. Duke of Argyll opened, in a speech of an hour and three-quarters, a strong and vigorous indictment against Lord Derby. . . .

In a letter to Mr. Haldane, Lord Shaftesbury says, "I little thought when I tapped the Turkish question in Willis's Rooms the cask would run so freely." It brought him an enormous amount of work, and a corresponding amount of anxiety, for popular feeling, which at one time was at fever heat, soon cooled down, and eventually opinion turned round altogether.

It was from no party spirit or interested motive of any kind that Lord Shaftesbury took so prominent a part in rousing the indignation of England, but simply from his love of humanity and hatred of oppression. Two years later, when atrocities in Bulgaria were committed upon the Turks by the Christian conquerors, he protested with equal indignation against "the inhuman conduct of the conquerors and those who were benefiting by the conquest."

* *Quarterly Review*, October, 1876.

One of the losses of the year is thus referred to:—

Nov. 22nd.—If wealth and liberality constitute a great man, a great one has fallen in our Israel. Two runaway horses dashed George Moore to the ground in the streets of Carlisle, and death has ensued. Our loss is very severe. He loved and maintained Christian men and Christian doings. Learn from this that “one event happeneth to them all.” The good and the bad suffer alike. It is in the kingdom of our Lord alone that the difference will be manifested and felt. . . . Cannot but think much of George Moore, he was ever so kind to me in manner and language.

That George Moore thought much of Lord Shaftesbury is clear from his own words: “Experience has convinced me,” he says, “that Lord Shaftesbury is the most zealous and persevering philanthropist of the day. He is always ready for every good work, and I never knew any man who could get through so much. He never tires of doing good. He has extraordinary tact and ability as a chairman; and he has, perhaps, had more experience in that position than any living man. His kind and courteous manner, his large-heartedness, and his zeal in every good movement, will give him an imperishable renown, and an everlasting inheritance with his Heavenly Master.”*

An amusing incident, *à propos* of Mr. Moore’s tribute to the good chairmanship of Lord Shaftesbury, may be related here. At a hospital dinner, when time was very precious, a prosy speaker, when replying to a toast, would continue talking, in spite of the growing impatience of the audience, of which he was quite unconscious. In the midst of a long and uninteresting speech he chanced, when alluding to the hospital staff, to fall into the interrogative form, and after asking, “But what shall we say of Dr. M——?” paused for a moment. In an instant Lord Shaftesbury, seizing the opportunity, rose and called for “Three times three for Dr. M——.” The audience saw the drift, rose, and cheered to the echo. Overwhelmed with the unexpected interruption, the orator resumed his seat, unable, in fact, to continue. “It was very kind of you,” he said afterwards to Lord Shaftesbury, “very kind, but it was really a pity, for *I was just coming to the best part of my speech!*”

From the year 1828 Lord Shaftesbury had continued to fulfil his duties as a Commissioner in Lunacy, and the reports, issued from year to year, had testified to the persistent and thorough services of the Board, in all of which he zealously and actively co-operated.

There had recently arisen in the public mind a fear that patients were placed in asylums too readily, and that the task of obtaining their discharge was too difficult. On the 12th of February Mr. Dillwyn moved, “That a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into the operation of the Lunacy Laws so far as regards the security afforded by it against violation of personal liberty.”

The Select Committee was duly appointed, and proceeded to institute a

* “George Moore, Merchant and Philanthropist.” By Samuel Smiles, LL.D.

general inquiry into the alleged abuses. It was to some extent an attack on the Commissioners, whose office Mr. Dillwyn sought to abolish.

Feb. 13th.—Mr. Dillwyn has obtained a Committee of Inquiry into the operation of the Lunacy Laws. As in 1859, so now, I shall be summoned, as chairman, to give evidence.

March 11th.—My hour of trial is near; cannot, I should think, be delayed beyond the coming week. Half a century, all but one year, has been devoted to this cause of the lunatics; and through the wonderful mercy and power of God, the state now, as compared with the state *then*, would baffle, if description were attempted, any voice and any pen that were ever employed in spoken or written eloquence. *Non nobis Domine.*

Lord Shaftesbury was, at this time, in a very nervous, sensitive, and depressed state, and it is no exaggeration to say that his health was materially injured by anxiety as to whether, in his examination upon Mr. Dillwyn's Committee, he could fully justify the acts of the Lunacy Commission extending over many years, and support their procedure throughout. The worn look of Sir John Millais' portrait of him, painted about this time, sufficiently attests the state of his nerves.* The following year his countenance wore quite another expression, by the testimony of Sir John Millais himself.

July 22nd.—Sunday. Appeared again on Tuesday, 17th, before the Committee. . . . Beyond the circle of my own Commissioners and the lunatics that I visit, not a soul, in great or small life, not even my associates in my work^s of philanthropy, as the expression is, had any notion of the years of toil and care that, under God, I have bestowed on this melancholy and awful question. . . .

Mr. Dillwyn's Select Committee arrived at the conclusion that, "although the present system was not free from risks, which might be lessened, though not wholly removed, by amendments in the existing law and practice, yet, assuming that the strongest cases against the present system were brought before them, allegations of *mala fides* or of serious abuses were not substantiated." In his evidence before the Committee, Lord Shaftesbury said, with respect to illegal detention, "I am ready enough to believe that when temptation gets hold of a man's heart, he is capable of doing anything. But I am happy to say Providence throws so many difficulties in the way of these conspiracies, that I believe conspiracies, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, to be altogether impossible."

So remarkable and so excellent was the evidence given by Lord Shaftesbury, that it was commented upon as something unique, regarded merely as an effort of memory. We quote from one source only, *The Journal of Mental Science*: "We must heartily congratulate his lordship on the way in which the Act of 1845, his own handiwork, has passed through this examination. His lordship spoke with such a thorough mastery of every lunacy question about which he was asked, that his replies are the admiration of all

* The *Times* in its art critique said, "These lines in the face of the great philanthropist would be painful were they not pathetic."

his younger fellow-countrymen who are in any way interested in the welfare of the insane."

When Lord Shaftesbury was in the greatest anxiety with regard to the inquiry of the Select Committee, he received intelligence of the death of his only surviving brother, the Hon. Antony William Ashley, Master of St. Catherine's Hospital, to whom he had always been tenderly attached. He died at Mentone, but was buried at Kensal Green, where, among the chief mourners, were many of the poor of Bethnal Green, who belonged to a mission which he had successfully carried on for many years, and in connection with which he had himself conducted a class for working men.

July 22nd, *Sunday*.—On night of 18th he entered into his rest, full of peace, so the letters say, in our Blessed Lord: there is the consolation, there can be none without it. Every one who knew him has a kind word for him, and many a strong feeling of affection. One more is now gone who loved me tenderly and truly. It is a sad loss: but God's will be done. I do not suppose that a day will henceforward pass in which I shall not think of him.

July 26th.—This day he was consigned to the grave in the cemetery at Kensal Green. It was no mere form to say, "In the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection." Maria* was there. She told me again and again of his last words, that he died in the "*unbounded assurance* of his Blessed Lord." Such words as these are enough; they are messages from Heaven, like my precious wife's not many seconds before her final gasp: "None but Christ." "My poor, dear old brother," said he, "will miss me, for he knows how truly and tenderly I loved him." I do know it, dear William; and I returned it. "We took sweet counsel together, and we walked in the House of God as friends."

Among the "miscellaneous" labours of Lord Shaftesbury in this year was an appeal on behalf of the suffering Bosnian and Herzegovinian refugees in Austria. On the 17th of July he presided at a meeting in Willis's Rooms to discuss the case, "not for controversy, but for compassion and generosity." Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Shaw Lefevre eloquently supported Lord Shaftesbury's appeal, and the immediate result of the meeting was an addition of £900 to the funds.

The following extracts relate to divers matters:—

Feb. 6th, 1877.—Vaccinated, for at least the fifth time, a few days ago. The doctor, after due inspection, pronounced that, without this last vaccination, should not have been safe.

May 5th. . . . This evening the great treat of the year to me, the dinner at the Royal Academy, but I do not go.

July 27th. . . . Dined on 25th at Fishmongers' Hall. There was one little episode which greatly pleased me. It came from Lord Hartington, the hero of the evening, as we had met to honour his admission to the freedom of the Company. I did not expect it, I did not know that he cared anything for me personally, or had watched my career.

The part of the speech of Lord Hartington that had so "greatly pleased"

* The widow of the Hon. Antony William Ashley.

Lord Shaftesbury was as follows: "I find upon the roll the names of Lord Grey, Lord Holland, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Brougham, Lord John Russell, Lord Althorp, and Mr. Hume; and, coming down a little further, I find the names of Lord Palmerston, Lord Clarendon, and of Mr. Cobden; and descending to our own time, I find the name of Mr. Gladstone; and last, but not least, upon the roll, I find the name of one who has been admitted, not for political services, but for services purer, nobler, and more illustrious than any which we politicians can hope to render; I mean that of my noble friend who sits beside me—Lord Shaftesbury."

Oct. 30th.—Urged, some time ago, by editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, to write an article on the Progress of Remedial Science and Remedial Action during last Forty Years; after mature reflection, declined, because I found that I must be perpetually talking of myself. Engaged to-day in writing a preface for Miss Cotton's "Our Coffee-Room."

. . . . I pass my time in writing "Prefaces" by request—Thomas Wright's "Life of Luther;" "Uncle Tom's Biography"—and to what purpose? Is it of any service? I know not. God prosper what I have done.

Dec. 8th. . . . Wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury to denounce the book just published by the S. P. C. K., "Arguments from Prophecy," and to withdraw my name from the Society. Wrote also to Canon Garbett, who, as a member of the Special Committee, is responsible for the issue of the work. All zeal for Christ seems to have passed away.

Into the merits of this, and similar controversies, we do not propose to enter. At no period in the history of the world have there been such marked, rapid, and almost universal changes in religious beliefs as in the past quarter of a century. In the midst of them all Lord Shaftesbury "stood in the old paths." The progress of Biblical criticism, the revelations of science, the march of intellect, the growth of new and original theories never for a moment altered his view of any doctrine of Scripture by one hair's-breadth. Despite all the changes of religious beliefs in others, he, in 1878, not only stood fast to every opinion he held in 1838, but he held every shade or phase of those opinions. It is obvious, therefore, that there would be very few who would endorse his advocacy of any vexed question in theology or modern Christian philosophy, seeing that he regarded such questions from a standpoint which, it is his constant lament, even the Evangelical party had abandoned.

Two books were published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, to both of which Lord Shaftesbury took exception. One was a "Manual of Geology," by the Rev. T. G. Bonney; the other, referred to in the extract quoted above, was "The Argument from Prophecy," by the Rev. Brownlow Maitland. A long paper warfare ensued, which was published at length in the *Record* and other religious journals.

Lord Shaftesbury was keenly alive to the estimate that would be formed of him from the attitude he had taken in this controversy. He knew that the authors of the books would, in most of the journals, "appear as men of true

science, who had been assailed by Ignorance and Bigotry;" he knew that, except in one or two quarters, he would be denounced as "narrow and prejudiced," and that neither in public nor in private could he expect effectual support. It was, however, with him a matter of conscience, and, whether right or wrong as regards the position he had taken up, as it was a position in which he was placed by his conscience, he could not do otherwise than defend it.

"The slightest concession in respect of the Revealed Word," he said, "opens a door which can never be shut, and through which everything may pass."

Referring, in his Diary, to the isolation in which this controversy placed him, he wrote:—

Feb. 16th, 1878.—Who is with me? Who? Positively, I know not. Here and there an individual, perhaps; but nothing of note—nothing of moral courage among those who secretly believe (if there are any), has appeared on my side.

According to all human estimate, all human judgment, all human calculation, I must be wrong. I must be wilful, self-sufficient, ignorant, and stubborn.

I should, I suspect, say it of another in a similar position—and why, then, not of myself?

Simply because I cannot. God, in the good pleasure of His will (so I dare to think), has impressed the conviction, and the belief, irrevocably on my soul. It would be easier for me to give up Revelation altogether, and reject the whole Scriptures, than accept it on the terms, with the conditions, and the immediate and future limitations of it, imposed and exercised by "high criticism."

It was when this sense of isolation pressed heavily upon him, that the loss of his wife—whose life had been so bound up with his, and whose wealth of affection had made "rough places plain"—was realised in all its crushing weight. Very touching and tender are the "strong cryings" of his soul, as he dwells on the memory of the past.

March 2nd.—The day before her death, even in her old age, she seemed to me as beautiful as the day on which I married her; and to that beauty was added the intense love of her affectionate heart and her pious spirit. Such as I had entreated of God, such had He given her to me.

Why was she taken away? God, in His wisdom, alone can know. The loss (I speak as a man) is beyond all power of language to express. O God! Thou only knowest the severity of the stroke; and how she was to me a security and a refuge. Oftentimes had we formed plans of life and happiness for our declining years. We imagined that our children might be, all of them, settled in marriage or the engagements of duty; and that we might retire to a small house, and pass the remainder of our time in serving our most blessed Lord, and comforting each other.

But His wisdom and His mercy decreed otherwise.

The year 1878 was memorable for seeing the completion of Lord Shaftesbury's life-long battle on behalf of factory operatives. In 1874, when the

Factories Bill (Health of Women) was brought in, he was able to state that "the Protective Acts in the statute-book now cover a population of nearly 2,500,000 persons." Little remained, then, to be done, except in the way of consolidation, and this was effected by the legislation of 1878.

April 10th.—Last night Factory Consolidation Bill in House of Lords. Beauchamp spoke for nearly an hour; I, perhaps, for twenty-five minutes; the report of the whole in the *Times* would be read in five. Nothing could exceed Beauchamp's kind and laudatory language of the measure, and of myself in the long course of forty-five years. He said everything that could please both principle and vanity.

The final sanction of Parliament to these measures for consolidation was given in the Factories and Workshops Act of Sir Richard Cross, the Home Secretary, who had to deal with forty-five Acts extending over a period of fifty years, and by his Bill succeeded in bringing the scattered legislation into one lucid and harmonious whole. On the Second Reading of this Bill in the House of Lords, Lord Shaftesbury said:—

I presume to thank Her Majesty's Government (Lord Beaconsfield's) for the bold and manly way in which they have come forward and settled a dispute which might have become serious. It has been reserved for the present Government to give a reduction of the number of hours, and we find ourselves at last, after forty-one years of exertion, in possession of what we prayed for at the first—a Ten Hours Bill.

Many were the glowing tributes paid in both Houses of Parliament to Lord Shaftesbury as the chief and most indefatigable promoter of Factory Legislation from its struggling origin to its successful triumph. He was congratulated on his having survived, after nearly half a century of conflict, to see at last the topstone placed on the great work to which, "from his youth up he had devoted so much personal sacrifice, so much patient toil, and so much well-directed energy."

In the spring of this year Lord Shaftesbury's course was very meteoric. On the 13th of April we find him in the midst of a brilliant gathering in the Free Church Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, receiving the freedom of that ancient city. In the early part of May he was in Paris, opening the Salle Evangélique at the Exhibition, and Miss Leigh's House of Refuge and Instruction for young English women, and then back again to London and its never-ceasing work.

May 19th, Sunday.—London. May I, by His grace, die in harness; and may I, before I die, know when to desist from active share in public talking!

"From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow;
And Swift expires a driveller and a show!"

May 24th.—To-day to open a Congregational Chapel at Willesden, supposing, until yesterday morning (when too late to recede), that I was going to open a Workman's Hall. But it ended well. A stupendous sermon, for power and appeal on the Bible, by Dr. Parker of the City Temple.

The death of Earl Russell could not but affect Lord Shaftesbury, whose public life had been, in many ways, so closely associated with his. He refers to it thus:—

May 30th.—The night before last Lord Russell departed this life at the age of eighty-six. Though removed from the public gaze for the last few years, he has been, it may be said, a conspicuous person for more than half a century. The *Times* has six columns of history and eulogy of his character and career. It seems to me just and discriminating. Those who knew him well will hardly think that it places him too low, though he himself (for doubtless he was ambitious) might think that he was not placed sufficiently high. But to have begun with disapprobation, to have fought through many difficulties, to have announced, and acted on, principles new to the day in which he lived; to have filled many important offices, to have made many speeches, and written many books; and in his whole course to have done much with credit, and nothing with dishonour, and so to have sustained and advanced his reputation to the very end, is a mighty commendation.

During the Session there were many diverse subjects taken up by Lord Shaftesbury, among them the welfare of the Christians of Armenia formed the subject of a question, a speech in the House of Lords, and a letter to the *Times*; while the charge of a Poor Law Amendment Bill involved him in another long speech in the House, and “heavy anxious work in various places and ways.”

There were frequent relaxations, however, and in July we find him again on the Continent. From Cologne he wrote to Lord Granville, to “unburden his spirit on Foreign affairs,” and to the *Times* to “express his horror of Russian and Bulgarian atrocities on Mussulmans and Christians.”

In his Diary he notes:—

Aug. 8th.—Homburg. Two days ago luncheon at the Schloss with the Crown Prince and Princess. They are truly amiable, simple, and full of good sense, and very right feeling. Sat next to her, and had much conversation on all subjects—civil and religious. She pleased me mightily.

At the end of August Lord Shaftesbury was again in Scotland, “received, as ever, with hearty, true, and unaffected kindness” at Castle Wemyss. After a visit of a fortnight, he proceeded to Roseneath, the Duke of Argyll’s place, at that time a house of mourning. In May Lord Shaftesbury had written in his Diary:—

May 25th.—And now my dear friend, Elizabeth Argyll, one of the dearest, truest, steadiest of all those who loved me, is gone to her rest. She has for three or four years been a sufferer. I loved her, treated her, regarded her, as my daughter; and she was indeed an affectionate one to me.

Lord God, comfort the Duke. He tenderly loved her. I know well how to mourn with him. Turn his heart more and more to Christ, and that blessed atonement in the precious blood shed for us upon the Cross.

Every public discussion in which Lord Shaftesbury engaged cost him a

world of suffering. His sensitiveness was extreme, and now there was added to it the fears that come with old age. He thought that when he came forward to vindicate great principles there were fewer to support him, and, when attacked, fewer to defend.

Dec. 18th.—St. Giles's. The moment a man is said to be "a fine man for his age" he is simply enjoying an euphonious term for a demi-twaddler. If he does anything well, people admire with a species of patronising compassion; if he does it ill, they ascribe it to actual, or approaching, imbecility.

After a sorrowful reference to his general isolation, the Diary thus proceeds:—

In religious matters I know but Reeve and Spurgeon, and they are seldom or never within reach. In politics not a soul. In social matters, for the temporal and eternal welfare of the weak and needy, I have, by the love, mercy, and tenderness of our most dear Lord, a host of noble, ardent, trustworthy, precious, inestimable friends—George Holland, Gent, Smithies, Williams, Weyland, Miss Rye, Mrs. Ranyard, and many more. Here I can disburden my heart; but nowhere else. Well, I can to dear Lionel,* that staff of my old age. I bless thee, O Lord.

For those whose names are "entered on this list of friends," Lord Shaftesbury had a deep and tender regard. Over and over again he refers to them in his Diaries and correspondence. "Nature and Religion are the bands of friendship," says old Jeremy Taylor; "excellency and usefulness are its great endearments." Lord Shaftesbury had proved the saying, and might have echoed it in the words of Ben Jonson:—

True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in their worth and choice. Nor would I have
Virtue a popular regard pursue;
Let them be good that love me, though but few.

Let us see Lord Shaftesbury, for a while, in the midst of these "noble, ardent, trustworthy, precious, inestimable friends."

The Rev. J. W. Reeve was the Incumbent of Portman Chapel, Baker Street. In 1876 he accepted a Canonry at Bristol offered him by his friend, Lord Cairns, who was a member of his congregation. For many years Lord Shaftesbury, when in town, attended his church, and enjoyed his ministry with a keen relish which increased, rather than diminished, as the years went on.

In September, 1882, Canon Reeve was "gathered to his fathers," and Lord Shaftesbury paid a glowing tribute to his memory in these words:—

Sept. 29th.—A dear, good man is gone to his rest, having, by his life and preaching during some forty years, taught thousands the way to heaven. The

* He lived in the house with him.

splendid sunset under which I am writing these few words is a sign and emblem of his departure. To listen to, week by week, he was the most instructive and comforting (healthy comforting) of all preachers. I rejoice that I told him the truth when he retired from Portman Chapel, and said, "You have ever preached Christ in His glorious simplicity."

Perhaps no one watched and prayed over the early career of Mr. Spurgeon, the well-known Baptist minister of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, more constantly than Lord Shaftesbury. He saw, from the first, that there was a mighty mission in life before the young preacher, and despite certain eccentricities which characterised his early days and alarmed not a few, Lord Shaftesbury, looking below the surface, was satisfied that his great gifts would become the inheritance of the whole Church of Christ. As the years passed by, these two hearts were drawn very closely together. It was significant that in 1872, when the Angel of Death was overshadowing his household, Lord Shaftesbury stole an hour or two one Sunday, when his heart was torn with sorrow, to hear that "blessed servant of God," and be comforted. In the Riviera, whither Mr. Spurgeon went from year to year, Lord Shaftesbury found his society wonderfully "stimulating and refreshing." Speaking of him one day at a meeting of the Church Pastoral Aid Society, he said, "He is a truly good man, and all must acknowledge that he is a wonderful preacher; and I will further say, that he has trained a body of men who manifest in their preaching that they possess, to a great extent, his great secret of going right to the hearts of his audience. And what is his great secret? It is simply and solely that he preaches from the heart 'Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.'"

On another occasion, when Lord Shaftesbury was prevented by illness from being present at a Ragged School meeting, at which Mr. Spurgeon was to give a special address, he wrote to the Secretary of the Ragged School Union:—

DEAR KIRK,—I am much grieved that I am unable to be present. I am grieved because there is no man in the country whose opinion and support in such matters I prize more highly than those of my friend, Mr. Spurgeon. It would give me singular pleasure, after nearly forty years of work in the Ragged School cause, to hear the testimony and counsel of so valuable a man. Few men have preached so much and so well, and few men have combined so practically their words and their actions. I deeply admire and love him, because I do not believe that there lives anywhere a more sincere and simple servant of our blessed Lord. Great talents have been rightly used, and, under God's grace, have led to great issues.

Yours,

SHAFTESBURY.

The Diaries abound with references to Mr. Spurgeon, similar to the following:—

June 12th, 1875.—At eleven o'clock yesterday to Spurgeon's Tabernacle, to go with him over all his various institutions, School, College, Almshouse, Orphanage.

All sound, good, true, Christianlike. He is a wonderful man, full of zeal, affection, faith, abounding in reputation and authority, and yet perfectly humble, with the openness and simplicity of a child.

July 10th, 1881.—Drove to Norwood to see my friend Spurgeon. He is well, thank God, and admirably lodged. His place is lovely. His wife's health, too, is improved by change of residence. Pleasant and encouraging to visit such men and find them still full of perseverance, faith, and joy, in the service of our blessed Lord.

Friends are not always seen to the best advantage when they are in the most perfect accord. It is when a difference of opinion arises and they are obliged to take opposite courses, and yet do not waver by a hair's-breadth in their love and confidence, that their friendship shines with the strongest lustre. It was so here. At one time there was a book published which Mr. Spurgeon approved, but Lord Shaftesbury condemned. Each maintained his own position, and, in doing so, each increased his love and esteem for the other.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon to Lord Shaftesbury.

WESTWOOD, BEULAH HILL, UPPER NORWOOD.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I agree with you in heart and soul and faith, and so also does ———. His expressions may not be clear, but his meaning is identical with our own. There is, however, little hope of my leading you to think so, now that Mr. ——— has cast his lurid light upon the words; and therefore I will not enter into a discussion. Your action is wise, namely, to refrain from endorsing that which you do not approve of. But, I pray you, believe that, as I know ——— and am as sure of his orthodoxy as I am of my own, I cannot desert him, or retract the commendations which I am sure that he deserves; but I am none the less one with you. If you would only see ———, you would form a different estimate of him; but anyhow, I shall not love or admire you one atom the less whatever you do. I am, perhaps, more lenient than you are, because I never was able to be quite so guarded a speaker as you are. I think no man speaks so much as you do with so few blunders; but impetuous people get into muddles. I quite agree with Mr. Forster's estimate of you as certain to have been Premier had you been ambitious in that direction, for you very seldom allow your speech to get cloudy or to run over to the other side when emphasising *this*; but pray do not expect such accuracy of us all. Here is a man who, with tears, denies the slightest complicity with heterodoxy, and says that he lives and feeds on the old-fashioned truth so dear to us—well—I believe what he says, and wish that half the orthodox were as orthodox as he. The Lord ever bless and sustain you, my dear friend, and spare you to us for many years to come.

I wish, when these meetings are over, you would come and see

Your Lordship's most hearty friend,

C. H. SPURGEON.

Lord Shaftesbury to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—If ——— stands high in your esteem, it is, I am confident, because you decidedly and conscientiously believe that he holds, in all truth and earnestness, the grand vital doctrines of the Christian faith, those doctrines

indispensably necessary to salvation, and which have been the life and rule of your ministerial services.

In these have been your joy and your strength. Signal as are the talents that God has bestowed upon you, they would, without preaching Christ in all His majestic simplicity, have availed you nothing to comfort and instruct the hearts of thousands. Such being the case, who would expect you to recede, by one hair's-breadth, unless you carried your convictions with you?

Certainly not I.

Do not suppose that Mr. — has formed my opinions for me. The book had fallen into my hands long before I had read Mr. —'s treatise.

I am deeply gratified by your kind letter, and all its candid and friendly expressions. You must not admit any abatement of your regard and love for me. Mine towards you can never be lessened while you stand up so vigorously, so devotedly, so exclusively, for our blessed Lord.

Yours very truly,

SHAFTESBURY.

I will pay you a visit as soon as possible.

"George Yard, Whitechapel," does not sound attractive, but it was a place to which Lord Shaftesbury was drawn by many enduring ties; for there lived and laboured his friend, George Holland, one of the great fathers of mission work amongst the poorest and most degraded. For many years Lord Shaftesbury was a frequent visitor to the Mission, and what he did and said there will be told hereafter. Here we must briefly record the grounds of the friendship referred to, and we cannot do so better than in one or two extracts from the Diary:—

May 31st, 1878.—Went in evening to Whitechapel. Anniversary of George Holland's work in the locality. What a miracle of labour and God's goodness in that terrible district, which, nevertheless, terrible as it is, produces many instances of truth and virtue.

In August, 1878, when recording in his Diary the return of Lord Beaconsfield from the Conference at Berlin, and the ovation given to him at the Mansion House, Lord Shaftesbury says:—

The steps of this mighty man, to glory and greatness, are strides as rapid as they are broad. And yet I had rather, by far, be George Holland, of Whitechapel, than Benjamin D'Israeli, Earl of Beaconsfield.

Nov. 5th, 1880.—St. Giles's. Went on Wednesday evening to Whitechapel for Service for Ragged Children. Deeply touched. Blessed God for the sight, and that He has raised up and sustained such a genuine, ardent, lovable, and Christ-hearted man as that dear and beloved George Holland.

March 14th, 1881.—This afternoon to George Yard Ragged School. It is touching to see the smile of those small outcasts when one pats their cheeks, with words of praise and affection. It does one good, heart and mind. And so it does to see that inestimable man, George Holland, and converse with him. I had rather be George than ninety-nine-hundredths of the great living and dead. What a servant of our beloved and precious Lord!

March 17th, 1882.—Hear that George Holland is not well. What shall I do if the dear, blessed man be taken away, or incapacitated? God, in Thy goodness, forbid it!

One day, when speaking to the writer of Mr. George Holland, Lord Shaftesbury said:—"I know of nothing like his zeal; he has laboured for the last twenty years night and day; he has given all his time, all his talents, all his life, to his work; and he is just as fresh, as earnest, and as enthusiastic as he was twenty years ago. I never saw his like. He seems to live in the full light of God. And did you ever see such a face as his? It is always radiant. It does me as much good to see George Holland's face as to hear a sermon."

To Mr. Gent and his life-long services in the cause of Ragged Schools we have already referred. Lord Shaftesbury said on one occasion, when presenting him with a testimonial from the ragged scholars and teachers:—

No man living, my friends, has a greater right to speak of Joseph Gent than I have. I have been associated with him for nearly forty years. We have not been on ordinary terms. I have known him intimately; I have acted with him frequently by day and by night; I have visited with him the dens of human misery and wickedness; and I have ever found him active, zealous, intelligent, honourable, and sympathetic. He feared no responsibility. Having one object before him, which was so great and so good, he felt that to be quite sufficient. He was always ready to devote his time, his talents, and everything he possessed to the accomplishment of the immediate object before him, though it may, perhaps, have been no more than the rescue of the most wretched creature to be found in this vast metropolis.

On a wall in Lord Shaftesbury's library in Grosvenor Square there hung two portraits—one, that of a motherly lady surrounded by her dogs; the other, that of an earnest-looking man wearing a skull-cap. He always spoke of them as "Eunice" and "Timothy." They were portraits of Mrs. Smithies and her son, Mr. T. B. Smithies, the Editor of the *British Workman*, and the originator of innumerable good things for the welfare of men and the "inferior animals." For him Lord Shaftesbury had a profound regard, and went heart and soul with him in his labours—not only to prevent cruelty to animals, but to encourage kindness and affection for them.

Those were sad days to Lord Shaftesbury in which he made the following entries in his Diary:—

July 20th, 1883.—Six o'clock. Just heard by telegram from Miss Smithies that her brother is at the point of death. God in His mercy has seldom given a better man to refresh and comfort this earth; and he is now taking him to Heaven. I loved the man; I highly esteemed him. He has been invaluable in his generation. I know that I enjoyed his respect and love; and now another of my dear and precious friends will be gathered to his rest in the arms of that blessed and only Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, whom he so faithfully served, and so humbly and tenderly adored. His sister, dear woman, is worthy of him.

July 27th.—Went yesterday to Abney Park Cemetery, to attend the funeral of

that dear and true saint of our blessed Lord, T. B. Smithies. To whom, better than to him, can the text be applied, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord"?

Time would fail to tell of Mr. William Williams, of the Refuges and Training Ships; of Mr. Weylland, of the London City Mission; of Miss Rye and her Canadian Emigration schemes; of Mrs. Ranyard, her Bible Women and Bible Houses, and "her directing and controlling administrative powers, such as few statesmen have possessed;" and the "many more" who made up Lord Shaftesbury's list of friends. To these all he gave no mean gift when, as to the others we have mentioned more particularly, he gave ungrudgingly his confidence and affection; from these he received not a little when they supported him, as they did, loyally and nobly in his great work, upbearing him in their prayers, and stimulating him by their zeal.

When, in the far-off times, "an host compassed the city both with horses and chariots," in a fit of despondency the servant of Elisha cried, "Alas, master, how shall we do? Then his eyes were opened; and he saw; and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

It was only when Lord Shaftesbury was compassed about with labours enough to tax the strength of half a dozen men that he grew depressed, and nervous, and morbidly sensitive, and exclaimed, "I have not a friend to whom I can open my heart and hope for sympathy." But "when his eyes were opened," and he sought to name the host of "noble, ardent, trustworthy, precious, inestimable friends," he was not equal to the task. He names but half a dozen, and adds "and many more." The "mountain was full" of noble men and honourable women of every rank, of every sphere of labour, of almost every land and clime, who loved him and whom he loved.

CHAPTER XXXV.

1879—1882.

THE first important work to which Lord Shaftesbury turned his attention this year related to a field on which he had expended his earliest public labours—the welfare of India.

A year had scarcely elapsed since the passing of the Act to amend and consolidate the law relating to Factories and Workshops, when a cry from India compelled him to “resume the weapons he had long ceased to handle,” and stand forth as the champion of the women and children of India, who were suffering under a grinding oppression, even worse than that from which the women and children of England had been delivered. Under successive Governments Lord Shaftesbury called attention to the cruel system in operation in the Bombay factories, but without effect—a system as barbarous as that which once existed in this country, but aggravated, in a fourfold degree, by the heat of an Indian climate, and the disregard of a weekly day of rest.

The time had come when he must make one final effort on their behalf.

March 29th.—Heavily pressed and heavily oppressed. Have lost all my former buoyancy, and contemplate effort with something akin to terror. Lie down very much for short intervals; and so get strength and a whiff of courage. Heartily pray to God, hour by hour, that I may have power to discharge the “few things that remain;” but feel, in some measure, like Saul. Surely, as of old, the doubt and sorrow will pass away on the day of trial. Indian children must be pleaded for before a hostile Ministry and an unsympathising House.

On the 4th of April he moved that an address be presented to Her Majesty, “praying that Her Majesty will be graciously pleased to instruct the Viceroy of India to take into immediate consideration the necessity of passing a law for regulating the labour of women and children in the mills and factories throughout her dominions in India.”

In a speech of commanding eloquence, which occupied an hour in delivery, he set forth a mass of evidence and a series of convincing arguments founded upon it; and then the old Lancashire days of half a century ago flashed across his memory, and he exclaimed:—

Why, my lords, what more do you require? The whole evidence of 1833 rises up as a witness against them. Creed and colour, latitude and longitude, make no difference in the essential nature of man. No climate can enable infants to do the work of adults, or turn suffering women into mere steam-engines.

In meeting the argument, if argument it might be called, urged in palliation of the labour, that it was light, he said no doubt much of it was light if measured by the endurance of three or four minutes:—

But what say you, my lords, to a continuity of toil, in a standing posture, in a poisonous atmosphere, during thirteen hours, with fifteen minutes of rest? Why, the stoutest man in England, were he made, in such a condition of things, to do nothing during the whole of that time but be erect on his feet and stick pins in a pincushion, would sink under the burden. What say you, then, of children—children of the tenderest years? Why, they become stunted, crippled, deformed, useless. I speak what I know; I state what I have seen.

Again there arose the vision of the past. He was living once more amid the old horrors of earlier years; and there passed before his eyes a scene at Bradford in 1838, when Mr. John Hardy, “the worthy father of the noble Secretary of State for India, was Member for that borough, and one of his most hearty supporters.” He thus recalled it:—

I asked for a collection of cripples and deformities. In a short time more than eighty were gathered in a large courtyard. They were mere samples of the entire mass. I assert without exaggeration that no power of language could describe the varieties, and I may say the cruelties, in all these degradations of the human form. They stood or squatted before me in the shapes of the letters of the alphabet. This was the effect of prolonged toil on the tender frames of children at early ages. When I visited Bradford under the limitation of hours, some years afterwards, I called for a similar exhibition of cripples; but, God be praised, there was not one to be found in that vast city. Yet the work of these poor sufferers had been light, if measured by minutes, but terrific when measured by hours.

It was a remarkable speech. The old theme brought back the youthful energy, and it was impossible to realise that the speaker was fast approaching his fourscore years.

The movement was a success as far as Lord Shaftesbury was concerned. A Bill on the subject was passed in India for the regulation of labour in the factories. In many respects, however, it has failed to accomplish the purpose it was designed to effect, as there is no public opinion in India to demand that its provisions shall be strictly enforced.

More successful, in some respects, was another measure, which, in the same Session, Lord Shaftesbury carried through the House of Lords—The Habitual Drunkards Bill. It had come up from the House of Commons, where Mr. Dalrymple, “a gentleman, of whose labours, intelligence, and zeal, it was impossible to speak too highly,” had watched over it with infinite pains. It passed into law, and Lord Shaftesbury became the President of the Society for the Establishment of the Dalrymple Homes or Retreats for Inebriates.

On the 16th of July he delivered his second important speech, in the House of Lords, against Vivisection, when supporting Lord Truro's Bill for its total abolition. His argument was to the effect that whether Vivisection

were conducive to the advance of science, or the reverse, there was one great preliminary consideration: on what authority of Scripture, or any other form of Revelation, did his opponents rest their right to subject God's creatures to unspeakable sufferings? The animals were His creatures, as we were His creatures, and "His tender mercies," we are told in the Bible, "are over all His works."

Excellent as was the pleading, it was unavailing, and the Bill was lost.

The shadows of evening were lengthening, and, in the pauses of his still busy life, we find Lord Shaftesbury looking back on the long journey he had travelled, and dwelling in memory amidst the scenes in which his youth had been passed. But the ruling passion of turning thought into action was as strong within him as ever, and we find him not only reviewing the past, but visiting the places with which its memories were connected. Thus he seeks out the old school-house at Chiswick, where his early childhood was embittered, but where he first learnt to sympathise with the sorrowful and the oppressed; and he visits Wales, where the "floating impressions of a life of service" became fixed and rooted.

July 31st.—Went yesterday to Chiswick to see the place where I was at school now sixty-seven years ago. It was a horrible time I spent there—the Manor House, and now a Lunatic Asylum. The two fronts almost unchanged; everything else completely transformed.

Oct. 16th.—Carnarvon. Ran down here to take chair of Anniversary of Bible Society. Had never before visited the Principality as President—and yet well do they deserve such a mark of respect, for their zeal in love of the Bible is unbounded; and their liberality vast, according to their means. It was a duty; and it became a pleasure. These Welsh people are lively, ardent, earnest, exuberant, and yet honest, in feeling. A magnificent meeting—at least five thousand persons, and all of one mind. God Almighty, for Christ's sake, look down on this "small and feeble folk" struggling to serve Thee, and advance Thy precious Name in this world of iniquity. As for myself, it was an "ovation," not a reception. The children of the Sunday Schools first came to meet me; God and His Christ bless their souls throughout the ages of eternity.

Referring to this ovation, which gave him unqualified pleasure, he says in a note, written to Mr. Haldane on the following day:—

I have seldom seen such sustained and real enthusiasm. It is wonderful that God so supported me that my voice never faltered, and I was heard (so I was informed by persons at the very end of the hall) to the extent of every syllable. Strange to say (I thank God for it), I never was less fatigued in my life; and I rejoice, beyond measure, that I undertook the duty and discharged it.

In the early part of this year Mr. Petter (of the firm of Cassell, Petter, and Galpin) began to urge Lord Shaftesbury to allow his biography to be written during his lifetime and with his co-operation. Although Mr. Petter used every argument that he thought would have weight, he was unable at that time to induce Lord Shaftesbury to entertain the proposition. Owing

to his state of health, the matter was allowed to drop for a while, but towards the close of the year Mr. Petter returned to the charge, fortifying himself with fresh arguments, having enlisted on his side the assistance of Mr. Haldane and Mr. Stevenson A. Blackwood. To the former he wrote: "It (the biography) would, in my judgment, be a starting-point for the re-awakening of sound religious effort."

In a lengthy letter to Mr. Petter, Lord Shaftesbury set forth his views on the subject. "I feel very deeply the honour of the proposition," he wrote, "and I am much gratified that it should have come from the representative of the distinguished firm which still bears, among others, the name of my valued friend, the late Mr. Cassell." After examining the difficulties attending the "writing of a biography fully and impartially during the lifetime of the subject of it," he proceeded to consider the various classes of the world of readers who, with his characteristic self-depreciation, he thought unlikely to take any interest in a memoir of himself. In the event, however, of a demand, for a memoir, he said: "I am quite content to rest on things as they are, and leave to posterity to judge me according to the information they may have, or forget me altogether; but if a life is to be written, and in great measure under my correction, I should strongly urge the introduction of much to show the principles on which I acted, the difficulties I had to contend with, the motives which prompted me, the multifarious labours I undertook, and the success or failure which attended them. The whole of that, so far as my notoriety is concerned, may go to 'the tomb of all the Capulets,' but if I am to be shown up alive or dead, I should desire to be shown up as I am, or as I was, and not in a picture drawn by well-disposed or ill-disposed ignorance."

At that time Lord Shaftesbury had in his mind the fixed intention of destroying his journals and other documents; and as it seemed to him impossible that the conditions indicated in the foregoing passage could be fulfilled, he concludes: "Is it not better to leave the world to judge me as I stand before them? What they see they believe; what they do not see they would not believe, though I assured them of it. If their judgment be favourable, it will be pleasant to my family; if it be the reverse, it would do no harm to myself whether I be dead or among the living."

Mr. Petter felt impelled to urge Lord Shaftesbury to reconsider the question, and a voluminous correspondence ensued. At length, as shown in the preface, Lord Shaftesbury felt that a biography was "inevitable," and he made arrangements for the preparation of the present work.

The close of 1879 and the beginning of 1880 found him in the midst of a congeries of troubles—a long and painful illness, which at length reached an alarming crisis; serious financial difficulties, arising from failure of trade and harvest; and a second dangerous illness of his son Cecil. Notwithstanding these things, with the first return of comparatively good health he was again at work on things new and old. Among them was an effort in aid of the Armenian Church, within whose borders a remarkable movement

towards Protestant Reformation was taking place. It was their desire to establish in Armenia a form of Church government similar to that of the Church of England. Archbishop Migherditch came to this country to obtain assistance in the movement, and a meeting was held at Lambeth Palace on behalf of the cause, at which Lord Shaftesbury was the principal speaker.

It was not possible for him to take any more active part than this, for, as he noted in his Diary :—

Personally now I must shape my action according to my power of mind and body. Though strong physically, all things considered, for one at my time of life, I must moderate exertion and keep within due limits. Suffer frequently a great deal of discomfort, but not much from sheer weakness, though certainly could not stand any very prolonged effort of voice or body. Seek, far more than formerly, the relief of a sofa or an arm-chair. Mentally, reluctant to exertion ; shrink from any thought when making a speech ; and when driven to it, find that the imagination is not lively ; and whatever is produced less easily clothed in words than in former days. Shall give up all thought of anything in House of Lords or on eminent platforms. . . . Can take, then, no part in the coming struggles, brief and useless, between the Radicalism of the Commons and the Conservatism of the Lords, but still shall have strength, by God's mercy, to look after Ragged Schools, and rescue a few poor creatures from misery and sin.

For his invalid daughter-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Ashley, Lord Shaftesbury had the most tender affection, and during her enforced residence abroad, in search of health, he was wont to send her frequent long and cheery letters, full of the details which he knew would please and interest her.

Lord Shaftesbury to the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Ashley.

THE SAINT, Jan. 1880.

DEAREST SISSEY,—Not one happy New Year, but many, to you all, Edy, Lilian, Dovey, Wilfrid, not forgetting Sandy,* and say the same to my old and dear friend, Lady Mary, to Charlotte, Blanche, to Minnie when she arrives, and any one I may have left out.

I had a letter from you dated the 27th of December, and I can assure you that my anxieties for Sandy were equal to your own ; and as Solomon, the fruiterer, could not sleep because of thinking how in the world he should supply Palmerston with oranges, so I had restless nights in turning over schemes for the cure and treatment of that precious animal. . . .

I have just received Edy's letter. I am so glad that he has given up his pilgrimage to Crete and Algeria. He will be wanted in Ireland ; and the time now is very short before we recommence our tedious and necessary nonsense in Parliamentary things. . . .

Now, how are you, my dear ? Better, I trust, and full of hope. You must not answer my letters ; a message through Hilda, to whom you disburden your mind, will be enough. . . .

I have had the agitators here ; they came to stir the people to a sense of their wrongs and an assertion of their rights. They earnestly requested the use

* A favourite dog.

of the schoolroom, which I gave them, and, "to do the thing handsome," paid for the lights. The Chairman, Mr. Chadwick, of Manchester, G.P.L.U., and a hundred other letters, desired that I should be informed that he had frequently sat near me in the factory districts when I was fighting the battle of the women and children! I dare say in his "hortation" to the labourers he "served me out" famously. Nevertheless, it is right to treat these chaps with courtesy, and "snooks," as the phrase is, what they say or do.

Now, Sissey, mind that you take proper care of yourself. Dr. Edy in his letter to me has well described the climate. It is fine, but treacherous, and will play you ten times more tricks than Old England in twenty years. Do not be over-hasty to take drives; and if you take one, let it be before two o'clock, that is for the present and the next month. . . .

God bless you, my dear. We think of you at the rising and setting of the sun, by day and by night. "Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." So will it be, by God's grace, with you.

Yours affectionately,
S.

The General Election in the spring of 1880 had excited his apprehensions, and the result filled him with anxiety.

May 19th.—The issue of the present state of things as clear as though it were the past. Should this Government continue to hold power, the changes towards Democracy, or what is equivalent thereto, American institutions, will be sharp, rapid, and many.

Indeed, so qualified and diluted are the sentiments and feelings of the country, that a strong Conservative Government could now only retard the fulfilment of the hopes and efforts of the Schools of Birmingham and Manchester.

In 1880 the Centenary of Sunday Schools was celebrated; nowhere with greater enthusiasm than in the ancient city of Gloucester, where Robert Raikes was born, where he founded the noble institution which has been a blessing throughout Christendom, and where he died and was buried. To commemorate the Centenary, it was decided to raise a monument in the cathedral church to its famous citizen, and on a certain day to unveil the model of the statue in the Shire Hall. By universal consent, Lord Shaftesbury was the only man who should perform that duty.

With crowds lining the streets, flags and banners flying, church bells pealing, and lusty voices shouting, it was little thought, as the venerable peer passed through the town, accompanied by his old friend, Mr. Haldane, that his heart was sinking within him in a very paroxysm of nervous anxiety—the state of mind aptly described, as he says, by the familiar saying, "not knowing what may happen next."

June 27th.—Sunday. Day opens brightly. To-morrow must start for Gloucester to celebration of Centenary of Raikes and Sunday Schools; and returning on Wednesday, with a pause of only two hours, go to Isle of Wight for some purpose.

June 28th.—About to start for Gloucester; heavily oppressed by a cold, and in low spirits. Anything but fit for this work. God be with me.

The prayer was answered. He received the Mayor and Corporation, the Centenary Committee, the inevitable "address," and he successfully accomplished the speeches in reply, the "great" speech at the unveiling, and another in the Shire Hall in the evening.

Two hours after his return from Gloucester he was on his way to the Isle of Wight, whither he went at the request of his son Evelyn, who was member for the island. The Centenary took place in the open air within the picturesque enclosure of the ruins of Carisbrooke Castle.

July 1st, 1880.—Landguard Manor, the residence of the very kind and hospitable Col. and Lady Isabel Atherley. Returned from Carisbrooke; meeting very good; many clergy; the principal Wesleyan Minister and an army of teachers; did my best; not wearied.

On his return he took part in a monster celebration in London, at the unveiling of the statue of Raikes on the Thames Embankment.

Very little was done by Lord Shaftesbury in the House of Lords this year. He spoke, however, on the Employers' Liability Bill, the Hares and Rabbits Bill, and the Irish Registration Bill. But although he took a less active part than usual, his interest in politics was even more keenly alive, and he recommenced his "Diary of Political Observations," after an interval of nearly twenty years. The events referred to are of too recent occurrence to be dwelt upon here. To him they were full of significance: the return of Mr. Bradlaugh for Northampton; the democratic spirit in the Cabinet; the agitated state of Ireland; the vehemence of the demand for Home Rule;—these and many other "signs of the times" convinced him that a conflict was approaching "speedy, clear, and sharp." The spirit of change was everywhere at work, and it seemed to him as though the decree had gone forth, "Overturn, overturn, overturn!" The thought of this "democratic, socialistic, revolutionary" principle, working and spreading, filled him with the gloomiest apprehensions. Thus, when at St. Giles's among his tenantry, he writes:—

Oct. 20th.—We may benefit a little the rising generation, but we can do nothing for posterity, as the whole system of things is about to be broken up. The relations between the peasantry and the proprietor, the tenant and the landlord, have already a new complexion. The commercial principle has taken the place, to a vast extent, of the mitigated feudal principle; and the forthcoming Land Laws will speedily demolish the great estates, and scatter the old families to the winds, with all the traditions, feelings, habits, and affections of many generations.

There will be no inheritance among his people to a man's prayers and labours on their behalf. There will be no more a farmer to say, "I have lived for 200 years on the same farm under the same family," as the Shepards here can say; no more a cottager, as at Purton, "I, and mine, have lived in this cottage, under you and yours, for 250 years."

Such are the changes in social life, decided, remorseless, inevitable. May the issue be for the general benefit of the human race.

The state of Ireland was so constantly in the thoughts of Lord Shaftesbury that, for some time, it formed the principal subject of the entries in the Diaries as well as of his correspondence. Thus he notes: "Have written to Gladstone and Duke of Argyll to mark that a social revolution is begun, for, whatever they do in respect of Land Laws in Ireland they must do in Great Britain." It was the burden of his daily prayer, "Raise us some true men, and come among us. 'Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings with Thy most gracious favour.' May our rulers be taught what is Thy will in the matter of Ireland."

Lord Shaftesbury to the Hon. Evelyn Ashley.

ST. GILES'S, Dec. 28th, 1880.

DEAR EVELYN,—Your letter arrived yesterday. The state of things in Ireland is altogether anti-social. It is no longer a question of politics, religion, or remediable grievance. It strikes at the very foundation of property, morals, and all the habits and laws that govern and maintain the existence of civilised life. No land scheme to be proposed by the Government can have even a temporary effect; and Separation, with a Local Parliament, the real object they have in view, will be the utter ruin of Ireland, and an immense danger to Great Britain.

No doubt we have entered on an era in the history of mankind when changes in the order of things are inevitable. But the policy of such men as Beaconsfield and Gladstone turn these movements, which should, and which might, be gradual, into sudden and violent Revolutions. The Act of 1867 tore up our political system, and Gladstone's rule, at the present day, is uprooting, and irrevocably, our social system.

Albert Grey writes word, "There will be a very angry meeting of the House of Commons." Possibly; but to what use?

The Ministers have lost, it is true, the confidence of the several classes above that which holds the bulk of the suffrage. Among these they are as powerful as ever; not because the voters admire them as men; but because they look to them as their allies and leaders in a new and better arrangement and distribution of property.

Love to dear Sissey, with endless prayers for her health and her return here. Our Christmas was very meagre compared with the gatherings I have enjoyed. But God's will be done.

Affectionately yours,

S.

In his "Diary of Political Events," which he still occasionally used, he epitomises the progress of the discussion on Mr. Gladstone's Irish Bills, and prophesies the issue thus:—

January 18th, 1881.—The report of debates in this morning's papers, specially *Times*, discloses, at once and unmistakably, the intentions of the Home Rulers, as explained by Messrs. Parnell and Dillon. It is separation and dismemberment of the Empire, as soon as the Irish are strong enough to "fight for it." Well did Sir Stafford Northcote observe that it was a "defiant" speech, in which he placed himself as alone equal to the whole House of Commons, both willing and able to treat it as a co-ordinate power.

One of the saddest things in connection with old age is the constant snapping of the ties that bind a man to his generation. The wide social circle that once surrounded Lord Shaftesbury was narrowing daily; one after another of his contemporaries was passing away, and he was almost able to count upon his fingers the remaining friends of his early life who were left.

For some years past the entries of deaths in the Diary had become very numerous, and strangely felicitous were the epitaphs he wrote. Thus in 1879 he mourns the death of Lord Lawrence: "Gentle as a woman in sentiment and action, he was harder than iron under a sense of duty; he was never so happy as when exercising power in love." Of Lady Charlotte Sturt, he says: "My dear, ancient, and aged friend, another of my true, long-tried, and beloved friends, is gone. She rejoiced in works of mercy, piety, and love." In 1880 Dean Hugh McNeile died: "He was more than a star when in his prime. He was a burning and a shining light, bold, true, unflinching—a magnificent specimen of eloquence, feeling, and argumentation; a grand, true, and blessed servant of our Lord." Of Lady Jocelyn: "Another link is severed. She was the only sister of my beloved wife." Of Miss Waldegrave: "Dear old Harriet Waldegrave is gone, aged eighty-seven. A better woman, more sensible, more true, more pious, has seldom lived."

The deaths of public men, whether personal friends or not, are also frequently recorded. Thus:—

April 19th, 1881.—Beaconsfield departed this life at five o'clock this morning. Few careers have been so remarkable, exhibiting such power of perseverance, such a singleness of purpose from the very commencement, such daring ambition at the outset, and such complete success at the end. Vast abilities, great penetration and self-command, made every one subservient to him. He was aided, no doubt, by the total want of men to compete with him on the Conservative side. But, making every allowance, weighing every peculiar advantage, he was a wonderful man in his generation! But was he a useful one?

Lord Beaconsfield had a high appreciation of Lord Shaftesbury, and, under his banner, contributed to the success of the later Factory Legislation. He paid a noble tribute to Lord Shaftesbury in 1877: "All the honour and the glory belong to him. . . . The name of Lord Shaftesbury will descend to posterity as one who has, in his generation, worked more than any other individual to elevate the condition and to raise the character of his countrymen."

On the 28th of April, 1881, Lord Shaftesbury attained his eightieth year. It was celebrated as a national event. Under the auspices of the Lord Mayor (The Right Hon. William McArthur, M.P.), the committee of the Ragged School Union took the initiative to do honour to their President, and a great meeting in the Guildhall was arranged to celebrate the day, to do honour to his lifelong work, and to present him with a portrait of himself, painted by Mr. B. S. Marks.

Rarely, if ever, was there such a meeting held in that historic Hall.

Every part of the great building was crowded long before the commencement of the proceedings, while on the platform was assembled a distinguished company, including members of both Houses of Parliament, ministers of the Gospel, notable merchants, ladies and gentlemen of all shades of opinion and of all stations, representing every estimable phase of political, religious, and social life, all with one common object in view, to do honour to the man who had proved himself the greatest benefactor of his generation. It was a singularly impressive scene, that vast and brilliant assembly. But not one whit less impressive, nay, it may be said that far more impressive, was the scene outside the building, where flower-girls with their well-filled baskets of spring flowers, costermongers with their gaily-dressed donkeys and barrows, and Ragged School children, thronged around the hero of the day, scattering flowers in his path, and pouring upon him "the blessing of the poor and of him that was ready to perish."

The Earl of Aberdeen, Mr. W. E. Forster, Mr. H. R. Williams, and the Lord Mayor, were the principal speakers, and singularly appropriate and admirable were the addresses delivered. When Lord Shaftesbury rose to reply to the address and to acknowledge the presentation, he was greeted with an overwhelming ovation—a perfect tempest of applause. Lord Shaftesbury was calm, self-possessed, and thoughtful, and in his speech, amid all the excitement and fatigue, he did not omit one essential point, one tribute of gratitude to the many who had supported him in his lifelong labours, one point of interest in the review of that part of his career on which he touched.

There were many incidents in this magnificent celebration which deeply affected him; but nothing did so more than the manly and generous speech of Mr. W. E. Forster. He valued it, not because Mr. Forster was a member of the Government, nor because of his high official position and personal character, but because he was himself a millowner in Yorkshire, who knew the evils which had existed in the factory districts, and who had been one of the first to speak a kind word to him on his earliest visit to the town of Bradford. Mr. Forster's personal reminiscences went back for half a century—to the time when, as a boy, he saw Lord Ashley on horseback "coming to contest a Dorsetshire constituency in the Tory interest, followed by a Tory mob." We cannot quote the speech, but there was one expression in it relating to Lord Shaftesbury's conduct of the Factory Movement, which particularly gratified him, inasmuch that over and over again his injunctions were: "If anything is told of my life after I am gone, let those words of Forster's be recorded—I don't think, in the whole course of my life any words ever gratified me more." The words were these: "The good conduct on the part of the population was in a great measure due to the moderating influences which were brought to bear on them by Lord Ashley. How I do wish that all agitators, when they are advocating the removal of great and real grievances, would take an example from the way in which Lord Ashley conducted that agitation, and remember with what care they should consider

both the immediate and the ultimate effect of what they say upon those who are suffering."

A record of the proceedings at the Guildhall, and of the speeches that were delivered, was issued in book form, and presented, by the committee of the Ragged School Union and the children and teachers of the Ragged Schools, to Lord Shaftesbury. In the fly-leaf of his special copy he wrote: "Deep and lively is my gratitude to the men who conceived, organised, and executed this celebration, and much do I feel the sympathy of those who honoured it by their presence."

Gratifying as the public recognition of the day was, the private celebration of it was not less so. Letters of congratulation poured in from high and low, rich and poor; addresses from corporate bodies were sent, telegrams were flashed from different places, and presents were lavished, none of them more highly prized than some paper flowers made and presented by the little children of the One Tun Ragged School.

The letters received that day lie on the table before the writer. Never was there stronger testimony to a man's worth; never better proof of the affectionate regard in which he was held by old and young, and by men and women of all shades of opinion. It is impossible to enumerate them. But there were letters from the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Manning, Dean Stanley, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Lord Carnarvon, Lord Lytton, Lord Portman, Lord Radstock, Lady Elcho, Lady Portsmouth, Lady Stratford de Redcliffe, Miss F. P. Cobbe, Mr. W. E. Forster, Mr. Braithwaite, Mr. Alexander Redgrave, Mr. H. R. Williams, a "Converted Infidel," Sunday and Ragged School Teachers and Scholars, a Ragged School Prize-Winner, Tenants on the St. Giles's estates, and Working Men. Among them all, perhaps, none is more touchingly beautiful than the following simple lines from his aged sister, Lady Charlotte Lyster:—

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *April 28th.*

I have thought much of you to-day, you dear, blessed darling. May God continue to watch over your most precious life.

Your devoted sister,

CHAR.

The following lines were written by Miss F. P. Cobbe:—

A BIRTHDAY ADDRESS TO ANTONY ASHLEY COOPER, 7TH EARL OF
SHAFTESBURY, K.G., APRIL 28TH, 1881.

For eighty years! Many will count them over,
But none save He who knoweth all may guess
What those long years have held of high endeavour,
Of world-wide blessing and of blessedness.

For eighty years the champion of the right;
Of hapless child neglected and forlorn;
Of maniac dungeoned in his double night;
Of woman overtasked and labour-worn;

Of homeless boy in streets with peril rife ;
 Of workmen sickening in his airless den ;
 Of Indian parching for the streams of life ;
 Of Negro slave in bonds of cruel men.

O Friend of all the friendless 'neath the sun,
 Whose hand hath wiped away a thousand tears,
 Whose fervent lips and clear strong brain have done
 God's holy service, lo ! these eighty years—

How meet it seems thy grand and vigorous age
 Should find, beyond man's race, fresh pangs to spare,
 And for the wronged and tortured brutes engage
 In yet fresh labours and ungrudging care !

Oh, tarry long amongst us ! Live, we pray ;
 Hasten not yet to hear thy Lord's " Well done ! "
 Let this world still seem better, while it may
 Contain one soul like thine amid its throng.

Whilst thou art here our inmost hearts confess,
 Truth spake the kingly Seer of old who said—
 " Found in the way of God and righteousness,
 A crown of glory is the hoary head."

During this year the " chairs " were " exceptionally heavy," and, although in almost constant suffering, Lord Shaftesbury succeeded in fulfilling nearly every engagement, and continuing the same amount of arduous labour which had taxed his strength even when a much younger man.

May 26th.—Several chairs and several speeches. In very bad heart. Feel no elasticity ; see no light. Must make speeches, but, strange to say, hate it more and more every day, for every day it becomes more difficult.

July 1st.—At Harrow,* heard one of the boys recite the peroration of a speech I delivered in the House of Commons on 15th March, 1844, in propounding a Factory Bill. I wonder what people thought of it. In my own reflections I said, " Age has effaced a great deal of what I once was. I could not make such a speech *now*."

July 2nd.—Went to Mile End, beyond Whitechapel, to see the crowds of those swarming districts on Fairlop Fair Day. Met the whole band of open-air preachers, who go out to " speak the word in season." The harvest is scanty, but some are rescued ! and who can tell the value of those few in the sight of God ?

Lord Shaftesbury was a warm advocate of open-air preaching, and, on the occasion referred to above, was himself an Open-Air Preacher, for when he was asked to say a few words to the assembly on the Mile End Waste he immediately responded. Two years later, at the annual meeting of the Open-Air Mission, held in the Mansion House, he said :—

* At the annual speech-day, the head-master, Dr. Butler, had arranged that Hood's " Song of the Shirt " should on the programme immediately precede Lord Ashley's Factory Speech. The " surprise " was very effective.

I look upon these open-air services as perfectly normal ; they are certainly primitive ; the very earliest preaching of the Gospel was in the open air, on the shores of the Lake of Galilee, by our blessed Lord Himself. And they are unquestionably ecclesiastical. In the earliest times of the Reformation there was open-air preaching at Paul's Cross. All the worthiest of the bishops preached there ; there, too, the bishop of glorious memory, Bishop Latimer, preached the Gospel of the Kingdom of God, and hundreds heard those words of truth which went right home to their hearts, and brought forth good fruit in after-days.

The Diary continues :—

July 19th.—Dean Stanley died last night. I deeply regret him. He was kind, friendly, genial, affectionate. He was full of love and interest for the poor, and rejoiced in every thought and act of generosity. His abilities and acquirements were brilliant. I trembled at the contemplation of his theology ; but I loved the man. Another who showed me attachment, and who always did me more than justice, is now gone !

July 27th.—To *Shaftesbury* training-ship, under the Metropolitan School Board. Distributed the prizes. The ship is a success—a great success. The hymns and songs had much of religion in them ; and what I ventured to say in my “few words” was well received.

In the late summer, while staying at Castle Wemyss, Lord Shaftesbury heard of the death of General Garfield. “Excepting Palmerston,” he says, “I have never so felt the death of any public man.” His first impulse was to write and express his heartfelt sympathy with the widow. Later he wrote, “Were it not presumptuous I would telegraph to her and say what I feel.” Finally, he sent the following letter to the American Minister :—

Lord Shaftesbury to the Hon. Russell Lowell.

CASTLE WEMYSS, WEMYSS BAY, N.B., *Sept. 26th, 1881.*

SIR,—I cannot refrain from taking the liberty to address you on the subject of General Garfield.

I deeply longed to send a telegram of respect, I might almost say of affection, to his admirable widow, but I feared, and indeed felt, that it would be presumptuous.

I desire simply to express (you will, I doubt not, pardon it) my profound sorrow for the loss of that noble-minded and able-hearted man.

It is a loss to all the human race, not only to America and to the British Empire.

It is a sad thing that, in our fallen state, such men are meteoric ; they are bright, glorious, astounding ; but they appear and disappear rapidly.

All my life long I have wished and prayed for peace and friendship with the United States.

All seemed to be concentrated in this man of singular gifts. God grant that some one may be raised up in his stead. “*Liberavi animam meam.*”

Any other mode than the one I have adopted—that of privately speaking to

you my heartfelt sentiments—would have been impertinent and egotistical; perhaps you will say that, even thus, I have gone too far.

Your obedient servant,

SHAFTESBURY.

The Hon. Russell Lowell to Lord Shaftesbury.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES, LONDON, 3rd Oct., 1881.

MY LORD,—I beg you to accept my most sincere thanks for your in every way excellent letter. Coming from anybody such an expression of sympathy would be welcome, but from you, who by a long life of good works have added lustre to a name already famous, it will be doubly precious.

I shall have great pleasure in forwarding your letter to Mrs. Garfield, who, I am sure, will set great store by it.

I remain, your obedient servant,

J. R. LOWELL.

In 1874 a Committee was formed, which developed into the Anglo-Oriental Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade, and in 1880 Lord Shaftesbury became its president. Both in and out of Parliament he used every endeavour to influence public opinion on the question, and to this end he spoke at a great meeting at the Mansion House on the 21st of October, 1881, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, and it was lamentable that, in 1881, he had to use the same arguments he had brought forward in 1843. He did not live to see the evil abated; but to the end of his life he did not cease to declare that it was "the duty of all religious societies, and the duty of every missionary society, the duty of every man who cares for the faith of Christianity, and the duty of every one who cares for the honour of his country, to combine in protesting, in memorialising, in giving no rest to the authorities of this country, until such time as they shall have wiped out this foul reproach from the forehead of the British Empire."

In October Mr. Orsman wrote to Lord Shaftesbury to ask him to preside at the opening of the Costers' Hall, in connection with the Golden Lane Mission. To this he replied:—

October 17th, 1881.

DEAR ORSMAN,—Three cheers, and one cheer more, for the costers! My best love to them at your next meeting. I cannot fix a day just now. I must learn on what days there will be Board meetings of my Commission. Pray write to me again.

Yours truly,

S.

In the closing entries in the Diary for the year the following passages occur:—

Nov. 28th.—St. Giles's. Wonderfully well this morning, God be praised—a providence—as I am going on a journey to London for three days and nights of work for costers and Ragged Schools. Grant, O Lord, that I may accomplish my work and return in peace!

Nov. 30th.—K. Edward's Ragged School on Monday was a blessed sight. Our Lord is manifestly with them. And so was, last night, the Costers' Hall. They met me with flags and a fine band of music about a mile from the Hall; the inhabitants, many of them, joined the procession; and we went, perhaps 20,000 people, "in state" to the meeting. Speeches of course, but no doubt the speeches of an old man; yet they were such as God enabled me to deliver for His service. I am not exempt from the natural and necessary decline in power which attends old age.

On the following day Lord Shaftesbury's health rendered it necessary that he should consult Sir William Gull, who peremptorily forbade him to attend a meeting for distribution of prizes at Stoke Newington. A telegram to his friend Mr. H. R. Williams was sent accordingly, and an exaggerated report as to the state of his health created great alarm among his friends.

Dec. 3rd.—Very kind inquiries by Edwin Arnold, Editor of *Daily Telegraph*, and a most kind article in his paper.

Dec. 5th.—That grand old Hebrew patriarch, Moses Montefiore, aged ninety-eight, sent his card, with earnest inquiries after my health. He is worthy of the best days of the Jewish polity; a noble and fit representative, also, of that illustrious patriarch, Judas Maccabeus.

Dec. 26th.—Catherine Marsh is ill. Let every one who cares for Christ's kingdom over the hearts of the human race pray that she may be restored, and speedily, to her career and power of love and service! She has comforted the souls of many in the name of our Saviour and Redeemer.

Wide as were Lord Shaftesbury's sympathies with the many efforts made for the spread of the Gospel, and active as were his labours to promote the circulation of the Truth among the poor and neglected, he never would, or could, countenance any movement dealing with the awful verities of religion, unless such movement were founded on a sense of the reverence due to sacred things. Religion in an irreligious spirit was hateful to him; there must be, as the Alpha and Omega of every endeavour, a spirit of reverence. Wherever the eternal truths of revelation were to be proclaimed; wherever the minds of men were to be turned to thoughts of God, the first essential, in his mind, was that "reverence and godly fear" should have their proper place. It did not matter where the place of assembly might be—whether the barn or the cottage, the theatre or the open air—the injunction, "Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground," was a binding obligation. An awe unspeakable must rest upon the souls of men who would be "co-workers with God," or that work is unintelligible.

In the autumn of 1881, Lord Shaftesbury received a long letter from Admiral Fishbourne, inviting him to join the so-called "Salvation Army," and to give to that movement his countenance and support. Without a moment's hesitation he stoutly refused, and, as unhesitatingly, gave his reasons for doing so. This involved him in a long paper controversy with Admiral Fishbourne and Mr. (or "General") and Mrs. Booth, some portions

of which we will presently quote. The correspondence was not published, although Lord Shaftesbury was anxious that it should have been, and the matter was allowed to drop. In the summer of 1882, however, the following passage occurs in the Diary:—

June 25th.—Sunday. For the first time publicly broke out against the "Army" of Mr. Booth.* Could not resist it, hearing the eulogy of it pronounced by a clergyman, and a good clergyman too, of the Church of England, the Rev. Burman Cassin. In the *Times* of yesterday the Archbishop of Canterbury appears as a patron of Mr. and Mrs. Booth, and as a donor of five pounds to their funds.

These, then, are our pastors, who are to feed us "in green pastures, and lead us beside still waters."

In the speech referred to above, Lord Shaftesbury, in expressing his surprise that so many were found to encourage Mr. Booth and his "myrmidons," protested against the haughty title, "The Salvation Army," and that the only plea urged in their behoof was that they were in earnest.

"In earnest!" he exclaimed, "was not Mr. Bradlaugh in earnest? Were not the Nihilists and the Fenians in earnest? Was not the Devil himself in earnest? And, if they supported all that was in earnest, to what extremes would they not be driven? The excesses of the "Army" were producing great irreverence of thought, of expression, of action, turning religion into a play, and making it grotesque and familiar.

Now, if religion was made easy and jocular, hundreds would join it, and swell the number of conversions, but that was not the way to carry on the work of the Gospel. There was no need of gymnastics to enforce Christianity. It must be preached with simplicity and fervour to reach the hearts of the people, and if they departed from that, they would see a decline of all religion in the country, and the excesses of one body, like the "Army" under the orders of "General" and Mrs. Booth, would terminate in the distrust and annihilation of all the humble and holy missions now so rife, and so fruitful in the instruction and comfort of the masses of the people.

Lord Shaftesbury felt it to be a duty to speak out thus, and he never shrank from duty; it was a grief to him, however, to do so, for it brought him into opposition with friends whose opinions, on most points, he honoured, and whose religious zeal, in many respects, he admired. Nevertheless, he had his reward, for he had expressed what large numbers were waiting to hear expressed, and many letters of gratitude for what he had said were sent to him.

The following extracts from Lord Shaftesbury's letters to Admiral Fishbourne fully set forth his views on the "Salvation Army."

Lord Shaftesbury to Admiral Fishbourne.

ST. GILES'S HOUSE, Nov. 7th, 1881.

DEAR ADMIRAL FISHBOURNE,— . . . I was requested, nearly a year ago, to give what support I could to the Salvation Army. I have not, at hand,

* At a meeting on behalf of Special Religious Services in Theatres, held at Blackheath.

the letter I wrote in reply, so I cannot send you a copy, but I retain all the feelings I then expressed—feelings of deep and sincere objection.

It is not that I have any repugnance to novel and abnormal modes of proceeding. My whole life has been spent in breaking down barriers and prejudices; and, in efforts to reach, religiously, the vast masses of the people, I have for years disregarded every mere form of external Church government, and have laboured to bring into action all the hearts and minds of the high and low, rich and poor, among the laity, for ardent and vigorous ministerial services.

But I endeavoured, and I hope that I have succeeded, to keep within the limits of the New Testament and primitive Christianity. When, however, I look at the constitution, framework, and organisation of the Salvation Army, its military arrangements, its Hallelujah Lassies, its banners, their mottoes, and a thousand other original accompaniments, I ask what authority we have in Scripture for such a system and such a discipline! Can any man conscientiously believe, after due reflection, that things like these would have been formerly, or that they can be now, in accordance with the mind of our Lord and His apostles? Have we any trace that afterwards, when abuses crept in, the primitive Christians resorted to such sensational practices, even in secret? There is none whatever.

The earliest authority for the Salvation Army is Mr. Booth himself, and it dates from only a year or so ago.

But matters do not improve when we pass from the organisation to the language and conduct of the members of the body. I have before me, at this moment, a long list of doings which (so far from being "decent and in order") are in action as extravagant, and in expression as offensive, as any that ever disgraced the wildest fanaticism. I will not give any details, because you and Mr. Booth must, frequently, have heard the various charges.

Now you may, perhaps, reply that, while Mr. Booth regrets these things, he cannot control them. To that I must rejoin that, in such a case, he is bound to surrender his post, and separate himself from adherents whose excesses and violence he is unable to restrain.

I cannot but regret the sad and perilous step Mr. Booth has taken, because it has greatly abated the benefit that might have been derived from a religious movement, headed and expanded by Mrs. Booth. That lady, with profound earnestness and great intellectual gifts, has also vast powers of persuasion, which might have operated, not only on the classes already addressed, but on many who are now, both from feeling and principle, very antagonistic to the name and achievements of the Army.

You will tell me, no doubt, that the work has prospered, and that happy results have ensued.

Assuming, though by no means admitting, that you are right, I cannot accept the argument. I must consider, and weigh solemnly, the mode, manner, and character of the proceedings whereby you seek to reach your object. If they are founded on Scripture, I will go along with you; if they are not so, I must do just the reverse. I cannot consent "to do evil that good may come." It is a rule, I know, much bepraised, often quoted, and perpetually violated; but, in matters of this kind, it is too serious to be trifled with.

You have sent me a paper containing articles of approval from various newspapers. Strange to say, they have given me more distrust of the movement

than I had before. They rejoice, and fairly enough, in the Army's exercise of religious liberty; but there is perceptible, also, a certain satisfaction in the proof, as they think, to their minds, that religion to be effective must be more or less fanatical.

I cannot refrain from calling your attention to a passage in a pastoral charge by that wise and blessed man, the late Bishop McIlvaine. You will find it in page 82 of his life by Canon Carus.

What says the Bishop? "Remember that the time of revival, however genuine the work, is especially the time for watchfulness . . . beware of all efforts to kindle excitement. Be animated, be diligent, be filled with the spirit of prayer, but be sober-minded. Let all noise, and all endeavours to promote mere animal feeling, be shunned. You can no more advance the growth of religion in the soul by excitement than you can promote health in the body by throwing it into fever."

These are the sentiments of a profound and pious man, who, as an American clergyman, had seen the rise and fall of many revivals.

Now, without reference to the particular objections to the methods adopted by Mr. Booth, the system itself cannot be justified by the plea of necessity for the introduction of anything new, special, and distinctive, in the mode of addressing the people. We have, at least, one hundred lay missions in London; and there are many elsewhere—I wish that they were tenfold in number—which conduct their operations with abundant zeal, and yet with modesty and sobriety. Not a few consist of working-people, who become missionaries to their own class—just as it should be—and no one, who is at all acquainted with the moral state of our large cities, can hesitate to affirm that these energetic but unpretending efforts have been singularly blessed in the diffusion of revealed truth. . . .

It is the multiplication of such agencies as these, and their wider extension, that we now stand in need of; and, while I acknowledge the good intentions of Mr. Booth, and agree with him that special efforts must be made, I cannot applaud his judgment, nor can I, in any way, share with him the responsibility of maintaining and extending the movement called the Salvation Army.

Yours very truly,

SHAFTESBURY.

Lord Shaftesbury to Admiral Fishbourne.

ST. GILES'S HOUSE, Nov. 22nd, 1881.

DEAR ADMIRAL FISHBOURNE,—Allow me to thank you for your reply to my letter.

It does not, however, meet the grounds of my objections. You merely repeat that great good has been done by the Salvation Army; but you do not adduce an argument to remove my repugnance to the mode and character of your proceedings, which I venture to regard as being wholly unwarranted by Scripture.

I cannot enter into a controversy with you about the doctrine you inculcate, on its peculiar acceptability with the masses, and its wide distinction from general evangelical preaching. Seriously as I question some of the views you have stated in your letter, I will not attempt to controvert them. They were not the point at issue in my first reply, nor shall they be so now. I will only remark

that your comparison of the members of the Salvation Army, "with the disciples at the day of Pentecost," is alike original and untrue. The Salvation Army you say "is doubtless noisy and irregular" (an important admission), "and this," you add, "was the condition of Pentecost, as they were charged with being drunk with new wine."

Whenever you and Mr. Booth can give to the charge against his followers as stout and clear a reply as St. Peter gave on that eventful day, I will lay aside all my objections, and join your ranks with the utmost cordiality.

But Mrs. Booth takes a very bold line, and broadly maintains, as I read in her letter to you, and which you have enclosed to me, "that, in bringing the Gospel to bear on men, there is no law laid down in the Scriptures, except the law of adaptation." Nay, but there is a law, I reply, and that law is, "Let all things be done decently and in order."

The texts she adduces are nothing to the point—they touch in no way the discipline, the apparatus, the military titles, the regimental action of young women, towards which such repugnance is felt. And, as for the remainder of the illustrations drawn from the Old Testament, I must first say that to put the inventions of man on the same footing with the directions of the Almighty Himself, shows an audacity which makes me tremble; and the more so when the whole is summed up with a passage unprecedented, I think, in the writings of any believer: "We have never," so states Mrs. Booth, "done anything half as outrageous and extravagant as God set His prophets to do at that time."

Was there ever such language applied before to the commands of God? Does not the tendency of the movement break out in all this unhallowed freedom of speech and action? But let Mrs. Booth remember that when she handles, after this fashion, the mysterious injunctions of the Almighty, she endorses the language of every infidel who has presumed to measure, by his own weak and corrupt judgment, the inscrutable decrees of Heavenly Wisdom.

As for her further observations, that St. Paul was "always in a row," and that an "aggressive Christianity must, of necessity, be a rowdy Christianity," I deeply regret that a lady of her intelligence and piety should have allowed herself to indulge in such childish and irreverent expressions, which show, I must be excused for saying it, as much unacquaintance with human nature as with the Bible itself.

Mrs. Booth asserts, and conscientiously believes, that the whole is marked by "the finger of God." I will not presume to give to that good and sincere lady a flat contradiction.

If Mrs. Booth, when citing the examples of Ezekiel and Jeremiah, claims to be like those prophets, and to act under the dictates of Inspiration, I cannot of course continue to argue with her, and I must stop, and so must every one, to ask convincing proofs of that asserted Inspiration.

But if she does not assert the enjoyment of such an influence, she must call to mind that Jeremiah and Ezekiel did so; and so did every servant of God throughout the Old Testament, when ordered to perform some striking and abnormal work. For men to proceed on any other basis, and to assume that everything in the Old Testament is a precedent to be followed, at will, by each one according to his own judgment or impulse, would throw all religious and social life into utter confusion. The Anabaptists of Munster and Leyden, and

all the enormities of the wildest fanaticism, would be revived and, as it were, justified by such a principle.

Mrs. Booth's plain and unhesitating assertion, that such stimulating-appliances are necessary to render the Gospel acceptable to the masses, is simply to declare that the Gospel, in itself, is weak and spiritless, unless presented to them with the grotesque and heathenish accompaniments of man's invention—an assertion in direct contravention of Scripture itself, and refuted, moreover, by the results of the numerous Lay Missions that so providentially and happily are moving, day and night, with silent, though sure, effect, in London and all our great cities.

Strong and deep as my impressions are, I am prepared to wait for further and unmistakable proof, obeying, meanwhile, with all my heart, the exhortation of Gamaliel, "If this counsel or this work be of man it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest, haply, ye be found to fight even against God."

Yours very truly,

SHAFTESBURY.

The views expressed in the foregoing letters Lord Shaftesbury never saw occasion to abandon or modify. In conversation with the writer in 1885 he said, "I have no sympathy with that movement in the remotest degree; not so much as I have with that other extreme, Ritualism. Extremes meet, and I am disposed to think that, eventually, there will be an open alliance between the Ritualists and the Salvation Army. Both delight in show, both are dependent upon their leaders, both are busy with externals. Take away Mr. Booth and the movement collapses; take away the priests and Ritualism falls. The only strong point of the Salvation Army is the Temperance movement allied to it; not in its travesty of religion."

The number and variety of subjects that Lord Shaftesbury undertook in 1882, the firmness of his grasp, and the energy with which he dealt with them, was "as a marvel unto many." Thus his old friend Dean Law, writing to his still older friend Mr. Haldane, said: "January 28th, 1882. Yesterday I was honoured and gladdened by a visit from our beloved Earl. To my extreme delight he appeared as if no interval of time had done weakening work since last we met. The figure was erect, the gait vigorous, and the mind as powerful as in former times. He conversed on all the matters which now engross attention with a power of conception and expression quite unimpaired by his many years. Perhaps his view of matters might betray a little too much of his characteristic gloom in foreboding. But his fears were all brightened by the richness of heavenly hope. As a statesman, as a patriot, as a philanthropist, as a Christian, he still appeared as ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν, wearing an unrivalled crown."

A case may be cited here to illustrate Lord Shaftesbury's power of dealing with a question at this advanced period of his life. Early in 1882 intelligence was received in this country of cruel persecutions of the Jews in Russia. Strong articles appeared in the newspapers on the subject, but no action was taken, until a body of Hebrews in London addressed a letter to Lord

Shaftesbury, urging him to intercede on behalf of their suffering brethren, and wondering that "no Christian had come forward to assert the principle and practice of true Christianity." The appeal was irresistible; instantly he wrote a vigorous letter to the *Times*, and "sent it" (from St. Giles's) "by special hand to avoid delay." His letter was at once responded to, and a meeting called forthwith at the Mansion House to take action in the matter. It followed naturally that Lord Shaftesbury, having taken the initiative, should move the first resolution.

Jan. 30th.—Hence falls on me the weight, the duty, the responsibility of stating the case and giving the tone to the audience. It is full of difficulty and danger; for if I say very little, I should "show cause;" if I state a great deal, I may go too far. My memory, my judgment, my courage, may, all of them, fail, and not only I, but the question itself, may suffer.

Jan. 31st.—Well or ill, sad or rejoicing, must start for London to attend, God willing, the meeting to-morrow. Never did I go anywhere with a heavier heart. Mr. Serjeant Simon can get no speakers, certainly none of weight, to support the Jewish cause on the cause of justice and humanity. Possibly there will be scarcely an audience.

It turned out to be "a grand meeting, full, hearty, and enthusiastic," and although "suffering much from moral and physical depression," Lord Shaftesbury got through his task.

Feb. 2nd.—Ah, Lord, prosper it all to the honour of Thine ancient people; but specially to the honour of Thy dear Son Jesus Christ, whose professing followers have come forward to pray and fight for those who crucified Him! And did He not teach us to do this in his own words upon the Cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"?

Lord Shaftesbury was not content to allow the matter to rest here. On the 9th of February the question was discussed in the House of Lords, in which, it is needless to say, he took a principal part. "We had," he says in a note to Mr. Haldane, "a very short, but very satisfactory, flare up on the Jews in the House of Lords. The Hebrews were in ecstasies." At many other meetings he brought the matter forward in the month of May, nor did he "cease from his intercession till the plague was stayed."

The "scenes" in the House of Commons, consequent upon the refusal to allow Mr. Bradlaugh, one of the members for Northampton, to take his seat, were important features of the session. In 1882 the controversy on the question of the Oath was still in progress, when Lord Redesdale, in the House of Lords, made a proposal to add "stringency to the Oath of Allegiance by adding to it a categorical statement of belief in the Deity." Lord Shaftesbury "moved the previous question," was successful in checking the Bill, and "rescued the peers from a position of no little embarrassment."

A characteristic passage in the Diary refers to the attendance of the bishops on the discussion of this important question:—

April 8th.—Last year, when movement was made in Lords for Opening of

Museums only eight bishops were present. This year, when Redesdale's Bill was propounded—to which they all objected—only two. Of what use are they there on truly serious matters?

The study of the sacred Scriptures was always a delight to Lord Shaftesbury, and never more so than in these last years of his life. A Bible was always at hand in his library, and nothing more remarkably exemplified the retention of his faculties than the manner in which, whenever a reference to the Scriptures was necessary, he could, in a moment, turn to chapter and verse. On one occasion, when speaking to the writer about the Revised Version of the New Testament, and the rumours as to alterations in the text of the Revised Version of the Old Testament, in the course of a few minutes he turned to from fifteen to twenty passages as if by magic; it seemed as if he had every syllable of the inspired volume at his fingers' ends.

There are many references in the Diary to his Biblical studies at this period, a few of which we quote:—

April 1st.—Good Friday. Let our first thought be that of St. Paul: "I determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." It is very remarkable; he says not "*no one*," but "*no thing*." He excludes thus every possible adjunct of man's hope or invention; every shadow of good deeds and self-righteousness; every notion, however small, of something besides Christ.

Aug. 27th.—Sunday. Reading "Romans." There are certain passages in that wonderful and glorious epistle which will divide, in translation and interpretation, critics and commentators to the end of time. Be it so; however desirable to know the exact meaning of every word and every expression, such a minute acquaintance with his writings is not necessary to salvation, or even to a clear, bright, and full understanding of his Divinely-inspired letter. If there are half a dozen passages obscure, there are thousands as brilliant as day; and let us rest satisfied, as St. Peter was satisfied, though there are some things "hard to be understood."

Aug. 31st.—Day opens beautifully; rose at half-past five, with every promise of comfort for the day. Psalms and Proverbs. How deeply evangelical is that Book of Proverbs! How plainly one may see and feel Christ speaking under the Old as under the New Testament!

In the following extracts from the Diary, Lord Shaftesbury describes some of the events in which he was most interested during the year:—

May 7th, 1882.—News arrived—heard it as going to early sacrament—of assassination of Fred. Cavendish in Dublin within a few hours of his reaching it. The crime is shocking and cruel beyond all power of expression. He had never said a word, or done a deed, in reference to Ireland; he had gone, moreover, "ostensibly," on a mission of concession. Is not Hell let loose in that country? What ought we not to feel for his father, his brother, but specially his widow! Gracious God, have compassion on them! Any one who knew the wife must admire and love her. He was gentle, true, pious, and singularly attractive. Their mutual attachment to each other was, I am told, very touching

and very deep. Here is a trial of faith. Why one so good, so affectionate, so zealous for her Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, should be thus afflicted !

June 14th.—Last night to Anniversary of One Tun Ragged School. The spectacle is deeply touching ; the mass of little things go there from the recesses of vice, misery, and filth, physically and morally cleansed, in order, discipline, true knowledge (the knowledge of Christ), and joy—joy so long as their childhood lasts. It makes me reflect and feel and bless God for a pause, if no more, in the activity of human suffering and degradation. What will befall it if the income fails—it has often been that issue—or when Mrs. Barker Harrison, that inestimable woman, be taken to Heaven ? Let us pray that He will raise up a due succession of such agents for His own glory and the comfort of these poor children.

June 29th.—Accomplished almost a prodigy in the business of the day. Early to Greenhithe for *Chichester* and *Arethusa* ; returned in haste for meeting of Cairns, Beauchamp, Coleridge, and others, in Grosvenor Square, to decide how best to oppose, in next Session, Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. Then to public dinner in honour of Sir Ashley Eden, my godson ; and afterwards, in a hurry, in obedience to Her Majesty's commands, to a concert at Buckingham Palace. Swift says of a poor curate—

“ All this was done by Thomas Hewett ;
What other mortal could go through it ? ”

July 6th.—Much rain yesterday ; some fine intervals ; but my poor little children of the One Tun Ragged School must have been sadly disappointed ; they could not roll on the wet grass. Poor little things ; no doubt they bore it well—better than we higher folks should have done.

July 30th.—Yesterday to Margate, to preside at Dedication (for such it is) of George Williams' House of Health and Repose for Young Men, a Bethesda, a House of Mercy. . . . He is a dear, noble, and generous man ; and in the whole range of all whom I know, whether relatives or friends, the only one from whom I could with comfort, or even with hope, request a great kindness.

Dec. 26th.—Returned to Saint on 22nd. Christmas Day, very damp and gloomy. Nevertheless, a day of rejoicing ; first, because Christmas Day ; secondly, because for first time during many years, and probably for the last time, nearly all the family were assembled together. I had around me at the Lord's Table, and at home, Evelyn, Lionel, Cecil, Vea, Hilda ; Antony absent, but represented by Margaret ; dear Sissey away at Davos. In the house, Wilfrid, little Hilda, and Maria, William's widow ; Pinkie, as almost one of the family, and Augusta Chichester.

Death was busy among the friends of Lord Shaftesbury in this year and those that followed. Dean Law, the Dean of Gloucester, of whom he always spoke as “ The Good Dean,” was “ gathered like a shock of splendid corn in full season into the Heavenly Garner, there to remain among God's precious stores for ever and ever.” His “ dear old friend, Harrowby, a good man both towards God and towards His house,” was another to “ drop from his morning and evening prayers.” Of Dr. Pusey, who closed his long life in this year (1882), he writes :—

Sept. 23rd.—My friend, Pusey, dead and buried. Intensely and fearfully as I differed from him in many points of unspeakable importance, I could not but love the man. Had known him for sixty years! Was at college with him. We read Aristotle to each other; but while I formed a correct opinion of his diligence, I had not formed, at that time, a correct one of his powers. He has had a prodigious effect on his generation. I greatly admired his talents, fully acknowledged and wondered at his immense learning, and revered his profound piety. His work on Daniel exhibits all the three; and surely he was called and supported by our Lord in that illustrious effort of wisdom, labour, and courage.

But the "great loss" of all was the removal by death of his old and valued friend, Mr. Haldane—the man on whom he had depended more than on any one else, with whom his intercourse had been almost unbroken for more than thirty years, and to whom he had opened his heart at all times and under all circumstances. The friendship between them had been fostered by the strongest mutual attraction and sympathy on almost every point.

July 9th.—Called on Haldane yesterday. Saw him in bed, but only for two minutes; he is ill. I am in anxiety about him. His daughter, Mrs. Corsbie, pronounces him much improved; but attacks at eighty-one years of age are very alarming. God, in His mercy, raise him up from the couch of sickness and give him yet a few years of service! I, myself, should deeply feel his loss; he is the only one left to whom I can speak of many things.

July 18th.—Haldane is fearfully ill. God, in His mercy and goodness, spare him yet a little while?

Half-past twelve. Have been to see him; he was fast asleep, but surely the sentence of Death was on his face. He may yet recover, but it would be almost a miracle. It would be a real comfort to myself, but would it be so to him? God only knows. And when we pray, as in this case, we must remember that there are two parties to the question. We pray for ourselves, but we do not sufficiently consider that we may not be praying for the true welfare of the patient. Our blessed Lord is wise and good.

July 20th.—My old, long-proved, and trusty friend, Haldane, having been unconscious for two days, died yesterday evening at half-past six, evidently without suffering. Sat by his bedside for an hour, and, along with his son and daughters, joined in prayer. We cannot but have full assurance of his salvation. He believed intensely in the Lord Jesus, His power, His office, His work. He intensely loved Him, and ever talked with a holy relish and a full desire for the Second Advent. A long life, one less of personal activity than of religious intellectualism, was devoted to the advancement of Christ's Kingdom and to the temporal and eternal welfare of the human race. His sole hope was in the all-atoning blood of our blessed Saviour; any approach to a doctrine of works was his abhorrence, and once he quoted to me, with approval and favour, the saying of Dr. Doddridge, "The very best thing that man ever did is worthy of condemnation."

To me, it is for the remainder of my days, whatever that be, a complete blank. We have lived in friendship for five-and-thirty years; and in intimacy for at least twenty! When in London scarcely a day passed that I did not see him; and when absent, I heard from him oftentimes in the week.

On the 24th of July Lord Shaftesbury followed the remains of his beloved friend to their last resting-place in Willesden Cemetery. It was a wet and stormy day, and thunder was pealing heavily, but Lord Shaftesbury would remain uncovered, and almost impatiently resisted the efforts of Mr. Haldane's son to protect him from the weather, saying, in the bitterness of his grief, "it did not matter what happened to him now."

Sir William Herschel, who was one of the friends assembled at the grave, gives the following graphic picture of the scene in a letter to Mrs. Corsbie, the eldest daughter of Mr. Haldane: "I had never seen Lord Shaftesbury, but knowing his unremitting intercourse with your father, I was prepared to see strong traces of grief on a face which I knew showed habitual melancholy. But when I raised my eyes across the open grave, and for the first time saw the thin figure opposite me, I was startled by the picture of misery that met my sight. I could look at nothing but the living face of sorrow for the dead, the deep down-cut lines, the hair blowing about the bare broad head, and the eyes hard closed at times. The meaning of it, more than the features which conveyed the meaning, was what startled me so; to see such sharp pain for a personal loss in spite of such mature faith. I never saw anything like it in any human face. What a contrast to the genial smile of which he was thinking!"

Had not Lord Shaftesbury left such copious Diaries, his letters to Mr. Haldane would have been invaluable, as, from them, a biography of thirty years of his life could, in some measure, have been constructed. As it is, those letters have only been occasionally quoted when they supplied information to be found in the Diaries.

Although dealing principally with current topics of the day, they contain, scattered throughout the series, many gems of thought and expression, a few of which, without reference to the occasions that called them forth, may be given here. They are selected to show, in Lord Shaftesbury's correspondence, his versatility of style, his flashes of humour, his sympathies and antipathies, and his Christian philosophy.

I want to pin every discussion down to the one thing needful--the one perfect and sufficient sacrifice.

The verifying faculty is simply a clumsy makeshift to get rid of the Holy Spirit.

Scientific despotism exceeds sacerdotal tyranny.

When Gladstone runs down a steep place, his immense majority, like the pigs in Scripture, but hoping for a better issue, will go with him, roaring in grunts of exultation.

The story of the effort as a sturdy beggar was this. Rambling in the lowest parts of Westminster, I found a Ragged School, held in a deserted stable, cold,

ruinous, and stinking. I went back to the House of Commons, stood at the entrance into the House, and asked of every one whom I thought well disposed to the cause to give me a sovereign. Having got £28, I went back and ordered the place to be put into repair. I was very proud of the act then, and I am proud of it now.

D'Israeli is a Hebrew, and that to my mind always imparts a certain sense of reverence. I can never forget that of this race our blessed Lord came according to the flesh. . . . D'Izzy's ambition to be the first Hebrew Peer is quite consistent with his pride—just pride—in the pedigree in Nehemiah. His desire has been to show that the Jews are becoming the dominant race, and that they can, by force of character, command, however inferior they may think them, everything in the possession of the Gentiles.

Ritualism is the Colorado beetle of ecclesiasticism—you cannot keep it out.

Fine writing is the pest of all true theology. People will be brilliant startling, original; and, in that spirit, they sacrifice everything to a "pregnant expression."

God will work out His own purpose according to His own wisdom. God will not prevent my being called a fool, but He will prevent my being one.

I would rather deny Revelation than . . . eliminate Christ.

Retrospect must be fearful to every reflecting soul. All time past is filled with negligences, lost or spoiled opportunities, shortcomings, and abundant sins. Retrospects ought to bring nothing but confession and repentance; and then the prospect—the only thing to be cared for—will be peace and joy.

Doctrine is everywhere set aside. It is like silver in the days of Solomon, it is "nothing accounted of."

Inspiration is no more to be understood than the secret of life. It exists, and let believers be satisfied; and, certainly, one thing is true that, if Inspiration does not exist and prevail, the Bible is not worth a straw. . . . Newman's words speak the truth of our version: It is "interwoven with the moral composition of our people."

Education may be, instead of a great blessing, a great curse. We are training boys and girls too rapidly. We have a thousand candidates for one place. The 999 live, then, by their wits, and the wits are turned to fraud and sensationalism. This is not an argument against education, but a warning. "Make it healthy and safe."

Practically, and in the sight of God, there is no real difference between *denying and ignoring Him*.

I was reading this morning Mark xii. 1—8. Surely our Lord must have been foretelling an Irish estate! We are far nearer to the end of the British Empire than we thought six months ago. Three years (or six?) hence will see, after Household Suffrage in the Counties, and Redistribution of Seats, the coarsest, vulgarest House of Commons that England can produce. I consider the extinction of the House of Lords in fact, if not in terms, a foregone conclusion now. The thing was settled in the short conflict on the Registration Bill. We then learned publicly, what privately every thinking man has long known, that we are living on "sufferance." And what kind of sufferance? Why, that of the boa constrictor in the Zoological Gardens, who has his rabbit in the cage, but is not quite ready for it.

I see that the revision of the Scriptures is to impoverish our language. We ought, instead of driving out words by the substitution of modern ones, to force the older ones into more common use. We shall lose the pure Saxon for terms drawn from the French or lower Latin. Pray remember Hudibras, describing the innovations of his day—

" 'Twas English, cut on Greek or Latin
Like fustian, heretofore on satin."

All is in keeping. These fellows are enfeebling our doctrine; and it is quite in harmony to enfeeble the language in which it is expressed.

The — had a notice which was amusing beyond most farces! Fearful of allowing me the possession of *understanding*, the Editor spoke of nothing, in three several passages, but my "instincts," as though I were a St. Bernard's dog or a tabby cat.

If, for political and public purposes, there can be in the Bible one book more valuable than another, to throw light on the days in which we live, it is Jeremiah. He was not always "looking to the sun," but he was looking to the earth, entreating, preaching, warning, threatening, promising; and he was, in consequence, regarded as a bore, a blockhead, and a blunderer. Yet if he had been attended to, Jerusalem might have survived for many centuries; and certainly she would have been spared the indescribable sufferings of soul and body that followed her destruction by Nebuchadnezzar.

To the question, "What have the Evangelicals to fear?" I reply, "Themselves."

I know what constituted an Evangelical in former times; I have no clear notion what constitutes one now.

Jan. 2nd, 1882.—"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Let me return you, and "with usury," all your kind expressions and prayers for my temporal and eternal welfare.

That text is a marvellous text (Deut. xxxi. 6), and has long been a banner to me in the house of my pilgrimage.

Observe the frequent repetition of it. We read it first in Deuteronomy (xxxi. 6), just before Moses departed this life. Then it appears in Joshua (i. 5), just as he begins his independent career. David, dying (1 Chronicles xxviii. 20), passes it on to his son Solomon; and St. Paul winds it up, as a *κτῆμα εἰς τον αἰῶνα*, a possession for ever, to every generation of mankind.

No text is so frequently repeated in Scripture; and it has, moreover, a singular significance. Moses, the type of our Lord, utters it as he quits this earth. Our Lord says, almost as He was ascending to Heaven, "Lo, I am with you alway—even to the end of the world."

The words are marvellously akin.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WORD AND WORK. 1874—1884.

BETWEEN the years 1874 and 1884 Lord Shaftesbury's attendance at public meetings knew no cessation. There was scarcely a social, political, or religious movement set on foot in which his co-operation was not solicited, and, if practicable, obtained. The effect was not in the least degree to diminish his affection for the old societies; on the contrary, his love for them, instead of waxing colder, increased as the years went on.

The mere physical strain in attending these ever-increasing meetings was very great. "This is the ninth hour I have been in the chair to-day," he said, at one of the meetings of the Ragged School Union.* "Moreover, having taken the chair for two-and-thirty years consecutively, and having made two-and-thirty speeches, I hardly know in what form to address you."

It is to be regretted that so many of Lord Shaftesbury's speeches were merely delivered and done with, and that they take no permanent place in the literature of the country. They are interesting, if regarded merely as the utterances of a man intensely in earnest, but they are interesting, also, on account of their literary value, and of the thorough and practical mastery of every subject discussed upon.

We propose to group together in this place a few selected passages from some of his speeches on behalf of the Societies with which he was most closely identified.

In the Church Pastoral Aid Society he took a profound interest. Year by year, since its formation in 1836, he made the anniversary meeting the occasion of a speech, in which he sought to give a survey of the state of the Church, the bearings of religious controversy, and the dangers that were threatening, in consequence of the growth of new doctrines and new ecclesiastical practices. Many of these speeches, it must be confessed, were gloomy in the extreme. "I know I am apt to croak," he said, on one occasion, "and I know I am regarded as one who takes a dark view of the future. But is there not a cause?" It will not be with those gloomy views that we shall concern ourselves in the following quotations: our object is rather to reproduce Lord Shaftesbury's style as a speaker, and his sentiments on various subjects.

On one occasion, speaking of Church reform, he said:—

I have talked a great deal, always with a view to the safety of the Establishment, about Ecclesiastical Reforms. Ecclesiastical Reforms seem just as remote

* May 12th, 1876.

as they were before anything was said on the subject. I am not going to speak about such things any more, and I will tell you why. Two hundred years ago, an ancestor of mine, the Lord Shaftesbury of that day, was one day making a speech in the House of Lords. Behind him sat the Bishops, and one of them, whose name I find recorded in history, and who disliked the Lord Shaftesbury of that day, perhaps nearly as much as the Bishops now dislike the Lord Shaftesbury of the present day, exclaimed, "When will that Lord have done preaching?" My ancestor turned round to him, and said, "Whenever your Lordships begin." Well, I will not go on preaching any more about Ecclesiastical Reform, because it would be utterly useless, because I know their Lordships the Bishops will *never* begin.

Although he had to listen to endless reports of Societies, he never grew weary of them. They were not dry figures to him, but startling facts; he saw, beyond the mere tabulated statements, harvest-fields of Christian labour, and listened eagerly when the majority of hearers were listless. He said, playfully:—

I think it would be of the greatest value if the reports of the various Religious and Charitable Societies were at once, by Act of Parliament, elevated into the dignity of Blue Books. If every Member of Parliament, under the most severe penalty—and more particularly the Ministers of the day—were compelled to study them accurately, and then undergo a competitive examination, I am satisfied that great good would accrue to themselves and benefit to their country; their enlarged notions, and probably improved hearts, would be felt in the legislation of the country.

A good deal of controversy had arisen as to the state of the pulpit in the Church of England, and strong assertions had been made that the style and manner of preaching were not adapted to the exigencies of the people. Referring to this controversy, Lord Shaftesbury said:

We want a plainer style of speaking, but not plain in the sense of vapid, unmeaning words. It is a great mistake to talk of coming down to the level of the people. I recollect a great demagogue once saying in the House of Commons, "I have had much experience in haranguing the people, and always made it a rule, whatever audience I addressed, to speak my very best, and then I found I was always best understood." Use plain language, not vapid, thin, unmeaning language, but use language directed to their apprehensions, being drawn from thoughts and circumstances with which they are conversant; the deeper your thoughts, and the more metaphorical your language, the more easily you will convey your meaning to the people.

Deploring the falling away of some from the steadfastness of the faith, he says:—

When I turn to the right and to the left to seek for sympathy and help in these circumstances, I am met by language of this kind, "Did you ever know a time when there was so much building of new churches? or, did you ever know a time when there was so much done for the restoration of old

churches?" I answer, "I never knew such a time." I admit that the contributions for the building of new churches appear almost unbounded, and that the prevalent disposition to restore old churches seems almost equally remarkable. I wish I could see the same desire for the restoration of the old doctrine.

Speaking with reference to the question of religious services at the burial of Nonconformists, he says:—

I determined to make an effort to effect a compromise. I did devise a compromise. Of course I entered upon the inheritance that usually falls to the lot of those who mediate. I became obnoxious to both sides. I know it is said in Scripture, "Blessed are the peacemakers." Spiritually, that is no doubt true, but terrestrially, it is the very reverse. I have generally found that those who interpose in such cases, though they do so with the best intentions, come off very badly in the effort which they make.

Lord Shaftesbury had the happy art of enlivening his speeches with anecdotes of his contemporaries. Thus, when a speaker had expressed something like contempt for those who desired to see Convocation abolished, and remarked that they did not know what Convocation really was, because they were never there, Lord Shaftesbury replied:—

It may be perfectly true that we have not been in Convocation, but there is an old saying, "By their fruits ye shall know them." During my early life, I happened one day to be sitting in a Committee of the House of Commons by the side of the late Alderman Waithman. He was a man who had a rough kind of eloquence, in which he was very fond of indulging, and which certainly did not charm the Members of that House as much as it charmed people elsewhere. The preceding evening he had made a speech in the House. He said to me, "Did you hear me make my speech?" I replied that I did. "What did you think of it?" he said. "Well," I replied, "I thought it was a speech." "Ah!" he rejoined, "if you want to hear me well, you must go to the Common Council." I did not see the necessity in that case, nor do I in this. It has been remarked that Convocation is a somnolent body. It may be so, but it is a somnolent body that talks in its sleep. It talks, too, to the great disturbance of people who desire repose while lying on their beds.

On another occasion he said:—

I well recollect that after Sir Francis Burdett had changed his political opinions, and gone over to the Conservative side of the House of Commons, he made a speech, in which he said, "I hate the cant of patriotism;" and on the same occasion Lord John Russell, who was then the leader of the Whig party, with great readiness and wit, remarked, "The cant of patriotism is, no doubt, a bad thing, but what I hate more is the re-cant of patriotism." I may apply this to dignitaries who go across the water commissioned to represent evangelical religion, and, as soon as they have come back, publish a paper with a view to upset a great part of the Book of Genesis, and a great part of the Book of Exodus, and I know not what. I tell such men that, while our enemies hate the

cant, as they call it, of evangelical religion, I hate, quite as much, the recanting of evangelical truth.

It was a habit of Lord Shaftesbury's mind to look at almost every question from the standpoint of the poor. Thus, when the question of Evening Communion was under the consideration of the Evangelical clergy, he said:—

We must consider what has long been the condition of these people, and have some regard to their wants, habits, customs, and feelings, and we must remember that vast numbers of them, especially the women, have not a moment's leisure from domestic duties till the evening, and the rectors and vicars of large parishes tell me that, for one poor man or woman who has attended morning Communion, fourteen or fifteen have attended evening Communion; and it is the testimony of those who have witnessed such scenes, that it is quite refreshing to observe the earnest, humble, and devout manner in which these poor creatures assemble round the table of their blessed Lord.

Again, on the same subject:—

The people are calling out for the Lord's Supper in the Mission Rooms. Now, if it were given out by a large body of the ministers of the Church that they would administer the Communion in the evening, many of the poor with whom we have to deal would be likely to attend; but if it is to be given out that the ministers of the Church of England will never consider their convenience and necessities, they will certainly stay away from the churches altogether.

And how, I ask you, in such a refusal, can the Church of England call herself the "Church of the people"?

In protesting against the use which certain Bishops and leading High Churchmen were making of the word "Schism," he said:—

A schismatic, with them, is any person who differs ecclesiastically from the externals of the Established Church; a schismatic, according to the Bible and Gospel, is a heretic, one who denies all, or any, of the doctrines which Christ taught. But to use the word to any one because he differs from the framework of the Establishment, because he cannot conform to all the decrees of the bishops and every form of priestly assumption, is, I hold it, a great profanation of the word, and a want of principle in the man who dares so to use it. That word has been applied so often to me that if I had really been guilty of schism I should have been in limbo long ago. They call me a Dissenter and the greatest schismatic who was ever produced. I am no schismatic. So long as a man holds to the Church of Christ he is not guilty, in a Scriptural sense, of any schism whatever.

During a period of great conflict in Ecclesiastical matters, some of the combatants were wont to apply to the Church of England the term "Apostate." This term Lord Shaftesbury indignantly repudiated.

This dear old Mother Church is vexed on all sides by her recreant sons. Here she is torn by heresies and schisms; she is vexed by new projects which are suggested every day, wild and crude; without are fightings, within are fears; she is denounced by her enemies and harassed by her children; and yet she is crying

with the loudest and tenderest voice to all her children, "I am no apostate Church; as yet I have done nothing to betray my trust; hundreds and thousands of my children are apostate, but I myself am not an apostate Church." So long as the Church of England stands firmly by her Formularies, her Articles, and her Homilies, and so long as she crowns all by declaring that the Bible is the sole ground of her faith, rejecting tradition and every argument of human invention, so long may she confidently assert that she is a true Church in the sight of God. It is on account of some of these excrescences, some of these follies, some of these abominations, that we are called upon to leave the embrace of our dear old mother. Leave her! Who has a right to probe my conscience and tell me what I ought to do here? Leave her! Why, I should just as soon have expected that Paul would call upon Timothy to renounce his grandmother Lois and his mother Eunice!

Lord Shaftesbury's speeches at the Annual Meetings of the British and Foreign Bible Society were, as a rule, very brief, and related, in a great measure, to the business of the meeting. For many years his speeches consisted in an acknowledgment of his cordial reception (it was always enthusiastic), and an intimation that as the platform was full of notable speakers, he would not stand between them and the audience. Occasionally, however, and especially when any remarkable attacks had been made upon the Bible, he would utter one of his most rousing appeals—of which the following may be taken as a characteristic specimen. To his view there was one, and only one, way out of every difficulty—the spread of that Book in which he believed a solution was to be found to every problem in life:—

The Bible, God's holy Word, will do its own work, and therefore it is that I urge the Bible Society to put forth its best energies; to relax no effort in carrying on the work they have undertaken. Our strength lies in that old, effete Book—that Book so full of "old wives' fables"—that Book which they say is so unsuited to the present generation—that Book which is not equal to the present intelligence of man. Ay, that old Book, THAT shall be the source of our safety and of our greatness. Amid all the conflicts of the nations that are coming upon the earth, that Book shall be our life, our light, our security, our joy, our pillar of cloud by day, our pillar of fire by night, our guide through all our perils; and it will be found in that great day that none but those who are engaged in this work, none but those who have the Bible in their hands and in their hearts, will be able to meet the great conflict, and stand in their lot at the end of the days.

For the Young Men's Christian Association Lord Shaftesbury entertained an almost parental affection, and was wont to speak of its members as his "sons." "I have always looked upon this association," he said, "and all kindred associations in all parts of the United Kingdom and in America, as grand cities of refuge from the commercial life, individually and collectively, of the several nations—places where young men, coming from a distance, and removed from all parental influence, and all the influence of domestic life, may find shelter, and where they may learn the way of Salvation, and obtain courage and confidence to walk in it."

In giving a few illustrations of his stimulating and inspiring speeches, it is hardly necessary to point out the facility with which he adapted himself to the tastes and feelings of young men; garnishing his remarks with an occasional dash of politics, or humorous anecdote, or touch of personal history. Thus, speaking of the prospects open to young men, he said :—

We see before us many, I have no doubt, who may shine in the House of Commons; I do not think we shall see many of you shine in the House of Lords, for I fear that venerable assembly will hardly be allowed to subsist much longer. But, if it does, I think I shall move an address to the Queen—as there is now a question of having life peers—that two of the most prominent gentlemen in the discussion of this point shall be created Earl of Trafalgar Square and Baron of Hyde Park!

In addressing a meeting of the delegates from Foreign Associations in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association at the Mansion House, he said he regarded this large assembly of representatives from the various nationalities of the earth as a great Œcumenical Council convened to consider the highest welfare of the human race. He hoped and believed that the present Œcumenical Council would not resemble those of which Fuller in his "Ecclesiastical History" had written, "When I come to think of these Councils, I am constrained to say, 'There is none that doeth good—no, not one.'"

His happy method of drawing lessons from the current topics of the day is illustrated in the following quotation from a speech made during the Franco-Prussian war. He had been pointing out that temptations and dangers surrounded young men in this metropolis on every hand; that they could not turn to the right or the left without being exposed to seductions and perils that did not beset their forefathers.

Now, the delusions are tenfold more attractive, and the amusements infinitely more deceptive; and hundreds and thousands of young men and women enter into a career of vice in utter ignorance of the nature and end of such a career. Not till they have drunk in the poison that has been instilled by small doses, not till they feel it rankling in their veins, do they see and feel that career to be one which it is difficult to retire from. One of the greatest difficulties to be considered in the present day is the recreation and amusements that are fit for young men and adapted to them. I must admit that some recreation is necessary; that some diversion of spirit is requisite, and that there must be some relief to anxiety and change from the dulness and regularity of business. How, and what is this to be? Observe the peculiar character of a nation that has lately come before us in so prominent a manner. Take the German people. Look at the moral character of the men—taking a serious view of everything, and finding in their hours of recreation the opportunity of advancing their intellectual knowledge and moral character. Mark the invincible power of their arms, being thoroughly united. Contrast them with the leaders of the French armies; they seemed to care for nothing but amusements, and never heartily associated with their troops, consequently never were sustained by their troops

in the hour of danger. Now I have never been amongst those who object to recreation. I thoroughly admit of its necessity, but then, I say, take care of the character of the recreation. Even in your amusements there may be something tending to your moral improvement, and you should enter upon nothing which does not tend to this. By your moral, determined character and self-control, it is in your power to add dignity and force to your characters. Look again at that nation of France resolved into its original element, without any principle of cohesion. If our people approximate, in any degree whatever, to the condition of things at present existing in unhappy France, all honour, peace, and security will be gone from this now happy and richly-blessed island. . . The French, who have devoted themselves to amusements, have been found in the hour of trial to have no mutual sympathy, no steady pursuits, no definite aims, and have now fallen into the most complete disorganisation, having previously as the Military Envoy to the Court at Berlin declared "long lost the faculty of respecting anything in heaven or earth." If you would add dignity and force and security to the times in which you live, you will remember this, politically, socially, morally, and religiously : that those three words which seem to exercise so mighty a charm on the other side of the water, but which, as applied by them, have no meaning whatever, will have very much meaning with you when understood in this sense, that there is no Liberty but in the Gospel, no Equality but in the Truth, and no Fraternity but in Jesus Christ.

On the transfer of the headquarters of the Association to Exeter Hall, an impetus was given to all its operations, and Lord Shaftesbury became more intimately associated than ever with this admirable institution.

It is somewhat a curious coincidence, that Exeter Hall stands almost close to the site of Exeter House, where dwelt, in troublous times, Anthony Ashley, the first Earl of Shaftesbury; and that the City branch of the Young Men's Christian Association in Aldersgate Street stands opposite "Shaftesbury Hall," once Thanet House, the residence of the first Earl at the time of his arrest and committal to the Tower.

In Lord Shaftesbury's addresses to the members of the Young Men's Christian Association he frequently gave them little snatches of autobiography. Thus, when referring to the gymnasium, he said :—

When I see the vast number of young men before me who are engaged the whole day long in heated rooms, some never sitting down, some never standing up, occupied in businesses which are not conducive to physical health, I feel that it is absolutely necessary that the body should be regarded; that you should be able to develop your muscular and physical faculties, and get them into order and shape; and that the body should be cherished in an honourable, noble, and becoming way, and made more adapted and suitable to the great intellectual purposes of which it is only the depository. I hope you will use the gymnasium well. I speak as an old practitioner, for though, when I was a young man, we had no gymnastics of this sort, we learned the noble art of self-defence, which is called boxing. And I can tell you I was a very good boxer. I never fought with anybody, but I found it developed the strength, gave play to the respiratory organs, and that I was a better man for all the other purposes before me.

In the following year, when distributing the prizes after a gymnastic display, he stated that, during the past fifty years of his life he had scarcely let a morning pass without indulging in a little of the fine exercises which they had witnessed that evening, and to this fact he attributed, in no small degree, his present enjoyment of health,

One of the subjects on which Lord Shaftesbury was wont to speak with great force and earnestness, when advocating the claims of pure literature, was the pernicious, impure, and sensational works for the young constantly issuing from the press. He regarded it as an abominable and fearful plague that was ravaging the whole of our juvenile population. He said :—

Some time ago I was led to look into works like those to which I allude, very seriously, and I was struck by the beauty of the composition, and by the artful way in which the most wicked and foul ideas were conveyed. I observed, particularly, the manner in which they were especially addressed to the minds of young men and young women; how the most pure-minded young man, or the most modest young woman, might read one of these works twice or thrice without discerning the object of the composition, and perhaps would never discern it until the poison had entered the soul.

In fact, these things had been written with so much astuteness and with so much care, that I would defy any writer that ever was, or any writer that ever will be, to draw an Act of Parliament containing clauses that would suffice to put down such literature as that.

Exhaustless as are the speeches of Lord Shaftesbury, his reminiscences of scenes and incidents in connection with his philanthropic labours are not less so. It was very pleasant to listen to him, as in the last few years of his life he loved to dwell on the memories of the past, and fight his battles o'er again. Excellent as he was on the platform, he was inimitable by the fireside, where, as he recounted his experiences, he would suit the action to the word much more than in his public addresses.

Few things delighted him more than to tell the story of Ragged School work and Ragged School workers. Some of his reminiscences, narrated to the writer, who jotted them down as they were spoken, will be read with interest.

I could tell you some wonderful tales about these rescued lives. The story of the Ragged School is the story of the greatest triumph of modern times. I have seen the most startling development of heroic virtue, the most cheering evidences of the grace of God, in these poor creatures struggling into the light. They make the best of all converts, and it seems to me the Lord interposes with more grace in behalf of the utterly destitute and hopeless than He does with any others.

I remember one night at the George Yard Ragged School. A magic lantern had been purchased to interest the poor things, and I went down to have a talk with them, as a series of slides, representing the Crucifixion of our Lord and the attendant circumstances, was to be exhibited. There were about four hundred people in the room, and the police told me that between four and five hundred were turned away. The interest in the pictures was intense, and I shall never forget their earnest, excited faces, as the scenes in the sacred drama passed before

them. The last picture represented our Lord standing beside a closed door, and the text at the foot of the picture was, "Behold I stand at the door and knock." The effect was startling—it seemed to bring the story home to every heart, and when I said, "What you see there, is going on at the door of every house in Whitechapel," they were moved to tears (and the eyes of the old Earl filled and his voice faltered as the scene came back to him again). It was a revelation to them, and when I told them that, if they would throw open the door, He would "come and sup with them," there was something so cosy and comfortable to them in the idea of it that they came pouring round me and thanking me. Poor dear souls! they do not care much for churches and chapels and the outward forms; they like their religion to be cosy; it fills them with hope of what may some day be their lot, for now they have no comforts in their lives. I wonder how it is they do not die of despair!

On another occasion he was sitting in the library at Grosvenor Square, with two portraits before him. One was that of a poor, puny, destitute child in rags and tatters; the other of a handsome woman in fashionable attire. He said:—

Just look at these portraits—they have rejoiced my heart more than I can ever tell. I am more delighted than if I had become possessed of half the kingdom. There is a strange story connected with these portraits. Years ago, late at night, there was a knock at the door. There was nothing very unusual about that, but, somehow, it attracted my attention more than usual, and I remember wondering who it could be, and what the business could be about. Presently, I heard the loud and angry voice of a man in altercation with my servant. I felt then—and I recall the feeling vividly at this moment—a strange inward prompting that it was my duty to go and see what was the matter. There was a man with a little child in his arms which he was endeavouring to thrust into the arms of my servant, who of course would not take it. "What is this all about?" I asked. The man turned to me and said, "Lord Shaftesbury, I have brought this child to you—I don't know what else to do with it. I cannot trust myself to be its father, and I cannot abandon it altogether."

The man's importunity would brook no denial; his appeal was very touching, and I felt I could not dismiss the case. I let the man come in, and took down from him all particulars, and the end of it was that the child was left with me. I did not know very well what to do with the poor little thing, so I had her sent to an inn close by for the night, and the next day, when the landlady of the inn brought her back, Miss Rye happened to be here. She undertook to find a home for the child, and, sure enough, before very long, a lady, who visited the Home in which she was, took such a fancy to her that she adopted her. And that portrait of the fine lady is the portrait of what that little ragged destitute child has developed into. I shall never forget that night when she was left at this house. I feel as convinced that I was moved to do what I did by our blessed Lord as if I had seen Him in person and heard His voice.

Few things irritated Lord Shaftesbury more than to hear the poor spoken of as "outcasts," or work for the poor as "hopeless" work.

Hopeless, indeed! Why, look at my friend "Punch"—as we called him. Punch had been a source of annoyance to almost the whole of the workhouses of

the metropolis. He went from casual ward to casual ward, "prigging" the clothes—that is the right word—and showing himself altogether one of the most abandoned scamps in London. At last he came to the Refuge in Great Queen Street. Seeing him there, I said to him, "Punch, how can you go on in such a way as this? You have got some good about you; you have good abilities and you have strength; shall we make a man of you, Punch?" Punch replied: "Well, I don't mind if you do." Well, we set about trying, and, by God's blessing, we did make a man of him. Having been made a first-rate shoemaker, he went out to Natal, to carry on business there, and he is, I hope, carrying on business successfully, and maintaining the honourable character which he had when he left the Refuge.

For Ragged School teachers Lord Shaftesbury never lost an opportunity of saying a kind and encouraging word. He admired their self-denying zeal and Christian courage—and many a time he thrilled his audiences at public meetings by narrating incidents in connection with their work. Speaking, in the country, of the Field Lane School, which afforded the most extraordinary exhibitions of human nature that the world ever saw, he paid the following tribute to a woman's influence:—

I have there seen men of forty years of age and children of three in the same room—men the wildest and most uncouth, whom it was considered dangerous to meet, and perhaps it would be dangerous to meet them in the dark alone, but in that room they were perfectly safe. I saw there thirty or forty men, none of them with shoes or stockings on, and some without shirts—the wildest and most awful looking men you can imagine. They all sat in a ring, and the only other human being in the room was a young woman of twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, and, allow me to add, one of the prettiest women I ever saw. She was teaching all these wild, rough, uncouth creatures, who never bowed the head to any constable or any form of civil authority, yet they looked on her with a degree of reverence and affection that amounted almost to adoration. I was greatly alarmed, and, going down-stairs and meeting the superintendent, I said, "My good fellow, I don't like this; there she is among all those roughs. I am very much alarmed." "So am I," he said. "Then why do you leave her there?" I asked. He replied: "I am not alarmed from the same reason that you are. You are alarmed lest they should offer some insult to her, but what I am afraid of is this, that some day a man might drop in who, not knowing the habits of the place, might lift a finger against her, and if he did so, he would never leave the room alive; he would be torn limb from limb." So great was the reverence that these lawless and apparently ungovernable creatures paid to the grace and modesty of that young woman.

Stories of Lord Shaftesbury's affection for little children—and the more ragged and helpless and hopeless they were, the greater seemed to be his love for them—could be multiplied without end.

A little child, rejoicing in the name of "Tiny," hearing that in the Refuge where her lot was cast there was to be a new dormitory, to be furnished by subscriptions, took upon herself to write to him and ask him for a subscription

THE GIRLS' REFUGE, ANDREW'S ROAD,
CAMBRIDGE HEATH, *Feb. 7th*, 1876.

DEAR LORD SHAFTESBURY,—You will see by the address that I have changed my home from Albert Street, where, I remember, you spoke to me, and told me about your dog. I am still called "Tiny," although there is a little girl less than I am.

If you please, Lord Shaftesbury, I want to ask you if you will give a bed to our new home. Fifty of the girls of the highest division have been sent from Albert Street here, and we have contributed the cost of one (£2 14s. 4d.) ourselves out of our little store. You will come, I hope, and see our new home. Mr. Gent will tell you where it is. I am sure you will like it, for I do, and my sister is with me. Please come and see us and the pictures a gentleman gave us.

I remain, yours respectfully,
"TINY."

His considerate and characteristic reply gives a glimpse of that wealth of tenderness which won the hearts of all, but especially of the young, and made them think of him more as a father than a friend, and speak of him as "our Earl."

Feb. 11th, 1876.

MY DEAR SMALL TINY,—I must thank you for your nice letter, and say that, God willing, I will certainly call and see your new home, and you too, little woman. You ask me to give "a bed" to the new home. To be sure I will. I will give two, if you wish it, and they shall be called "Tiny's petitions."

I am glad to see how well you write; and I shall be more glad to hear from Gent, and your other friends, that you are a good girl, that you read your Bible, say your prayers, and love the blessed Lord Jesus Christ. May He ever be with you!

Your affectionate friend,
SHAFTESBURY.

To Tiny, at King Edward's School.

The London shoeblacks, to a boy, knew Lord Shaftesbury, and felt that he was a personal friend. One day a friend of his Lordship's was having his boots cleaned, and he said to the lad, "I've seen Lord Shaftesbury." "Have you, indeed? I shall see him myself on Friday." (That was the day for the annual meeting at Exeter Hall.)

A student, anxious to test what was the real feeling of these Ragged School shoeblacks for their patron, spoke disparagingly of Lord Shaftesbury to one of them, and denounced him for assisting juvenile thieves and roughs, all of whom, he said, ought to be in prison, rather than at school. The poor boy fired up at this, and said, "Don't you speak against Lord Shaftesbury, sir; if you do, God Almighty will never bless you."

"What the poor want is not patronage, but sympathy," was his own axiom, and when the poor saw him driving into their "slums" with his carriage full of toys for the neglected little ones; when, on the great day of the year—"the day in the country"—they saw him moving about among them,

with a kind word here, and a little pleasantry there, and a smile for all; when, in their times of sickness, he sat by their bedsides, and read to them from the Scriptures; when he promised to see them again, or send them books, or interest himself in other ways for them, and, notwithstanding the many promises of this kind he made, *was never known to leave one unfulfilled*; when they found that he could trust them, finding tools for one to get employment; advancing money to another till his first wages fell due; when they were confident that if a poor flower-girl, or little children in distress, called at Grosvenor Square to tell their troubles to "the good Earl," they would never be turned away; when they knew that, by day and by night, he went to the common lodging-houses, and sought out men and women, tenderly reared, who were hiding away from family and friends, and would not give up a case until he had seen them reconciled, and, perchance, brought home again; when the bare walls of those miserable lodging-houses, on the day after his visit, were made gay with bright pictures to produce the semblance of a home-like look; when, as some of them told him of cruel wrong or heart-breaking sorrow, they saw the tears pour down his face, and heard his faltering exclamation, "God help you, poor dear!"—it is no wonder that they almost worshipped the ground upon which he trod, and that his name was held in veneration in every hovel of Whitechapel and Westminster.

How widely that name was known among the poorest of the poor few ever imagined.

At a large gathering of costermongers, labourers, tramps, and others, held in Westminster, a gentleman was anxious to test what knowledge people of this class had of great public men. He referred to one who, though well advanced in life, and pressed with a thousand engagements, could yet find time to write hymns in Latin and translate them into Italian; but there was no recognition of the person from the description; nor again when half a dozen of the leading men of the day were referred to in a similar manner; but when the speaker only hinted at "the labours of one whose name is revered in the factory districts as the friend of the poor and the oppressed," there was immediately a loud clapping of hands; and when the speaker, to make sure that they understood, asked them, "I suppose, by that applause, you know to whom I refer?" there was a ready response—"Lord Shaftesbury."

Another gentleman, in another place, having indirectly referred to the work of Lord Shaftesbury without mentioning his name, was surprised to find himself interrupted by a storm of applause. It was clear the applause was not for what he had said, but for the man of whom he had spoken. Pausing in his address, he said, "And what do you know of Lord Shaftesbury?"

"Know of him!" answered a man standing up in the audience; "why, sir, I'm a sweep, and what did he do for me? Didn't he pass the Bill? Why, when I was a little 'un, I had to go up the chimbleys, and many a time I've come down with bleeding feet and knees, and a'most choking. And he passed the Bill as saved us from all that. That's what I know of him."

But what could the poor, generally, know of him? it may be asked. Let one illustration, from a hundred that might be quoted, suffice to answer. "When visiting the Day School, which he frequently did," says Mr. George Holland, of the George Yard Ragged School, Whitechapel, in a letter to the writer, "he would go the round of each section, would notice the lessons the children were learning, and kindly encourage them to persevere. He frequently noticed the pallid faces of many of the scholars. Speaking to a poor boy one winter's day, he asked, 'My man, what is the matter with you?' The boy replied, 'I have had no food for some time.' 'How long have you been without?' 'About twenty-six hours.' 'Twenty-six hours!' said the Earl, 'why, you must be fainting; no wonder you look ill.' 'Oh, that's nothing,' said the boy; 'I have gone without two days afore now.' That day the Earl spoke to all the children, and many were without necessary food. Going to a little girl, he asked, 'And are you not well, my dear?' 'Ise hungry—Ise cold,' she replied. 'And when you have food, what does mother give you?' 'We has the same as mother; we has bread and water, and sometimes a little tea; but mother can't always afford that.' 'Poor child,' said the Earl, 'why, you have hardly any clothing to cover you.' He left the schoolroom and entered into one of the small rooms. Presently I followed. I observed tears trickling down his face. 'My Lord,' I said, 'what is the matter?' 'George, those poor children. Poor dear children, how will you get on with them?' I replied, 'My God shall supply all their need.' 'Yes,' he said, 'He will; they must have some food directly.' He left the building, and, entering his brougham, ordered the coachman to drive home. A few hours after two large churns of soup were sent down, enough to feed four hundred. This continued, and that winter 10,000 basins of soup and bread were distributed to hungry children and their parents—soup made in his own mansion in Grosvenor Square."

If the poor had many memorials of Lord Shaftesbury, he certainly had many of them. Over his bed, in Grosvenor Square, hung a handsome "sampler" worked by factory girls, the first-fruits of their leisure hours; the clock in his dining-room was presented to him by flower and watercress girls; his bed coverlet under which at St. Giles's he always slept was made out of little bits of material, with a figure in the middle, and a large letter "S," the work of a number of ragged children. Speaking, one day, at the Annual Meeting of the Reformatory and Refuge Union, he tried to tell how much he was indebted to these children, and said:—

I believe I have been pretty well clothed by day and by night by them. I have had all sorts of things made and given to me; I have had slippers and stockings; I have had shoes and waistcoats, and bed linen too; coverlets, counterpanes—well, everything but a coat; I have had desks, I have had arm-chairs, and they gave me such a quantity of writing paper, all well stamped, that I assure you it was enough for all my own correspondence for six months. I love it, however, because it has been all called forth from their dear little hearts, and I prize it all far more than the noblest present that could be given me.

They were words of truth and soberness he spoke when he said :—

I thank God for the day when I was called, by His grace, to participate in this holy work. Of all the things to which I have been called by His good and all-wise Providence, there is not one like it, not one that has brought me so much comfort, not one that I can look back upon with so much consolation, that rests with so much joy upon my heart, and there is not one I look forward to with so much hope.

Not less true and not less sober were these words, spoken in 1880 :—

If my life should be prolonged for another year, and if, during that year, the Ragged School system were to fall, I should not die in the course of nature, I should die of a broken heart.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

1883—1885. LAST YEARS.

THE evening of life takes its character from the day which has preceded it, and Lord Shaftesbury, in the closing years of his long career, exemplified all those excellences of character which had marked his prime, and enjoyed those comforts of religious hope which result from communion with God and service to man. As the outward man began to perish, the inward man was renewed day by day, and though the suppleness and strength and activity of the body began to fail, the well-exercised soul grew stronger, its vision was wider, its rest more perfect. Beautiful it is, on a calm summer's evening, when the work of the day is nearly done, to watch the sun lingering in the heavens and transforming everything by its golden rays, and not less beautiful is it to gaze upon a saintly life when "at evening-tide it is light."

It had long been his prayer that he "might die in harness," and at his advanced age it could not be but that every act should be clothed with an air of sacredness—it might be his last. And still he laboured on, his faculties keenly alive, his heart tender as ever, his sympathies just as fresh, and his plans as numerous as at any period of his life.

There is nothing more curious, in the whole of the Diaries of Lord Shaftesbury, than the record of his old age. He contemplates it in a hundred unexpected ways, and from very original standpoints; he speculates upon it, as if he were a disinterested person; he naïvely describes and discusses feelings and sensations common to old age, but as if he had not the least conception that they proceeded from that cause. Thus, in 1883, when visiting his friends at Castle Wemyss, where his health hitherto had always been benefited, he begins to think "the air is relaxing. Soon get tired. I should like to try a very bracing climate." It does not seem to occur to him that the difference in feeling is due to age. But he has frequent reminders, for, although he would not let go one of the occupations or amusements of former days, he finds that they are not to him what they were. Yachting and voyaging were once his delight. He still seeks enjoyment from them, but adds:—

Sept. 18th, 1883.—Living on board, and sleeping on board, to me very unpleasant. The day-time is tolerable, the night-time horrible. The cribs—the places intended as places of repose, but, as such, utter failures—may suit young ones, but they are cramps, fetters, leg-racks, body-racks, existence-racks, to old ones. Perhaps strong, elastic, bounding health might give other views and sensations; but in my present state I wish, so far as I am concerned, my yacht at the bottom of the Red Sea.

Although, to the very last his memory was remarkably clear, it was but natural that there should, at his great age, be occasional failures, especially in respect of passing things. If there was one thing that he prided himself upon, it was the exact and literal accuracy of his public statements, and it is remarkable how few errors in this respect he made in the course of his long life, and of the unprecedented number of speeches which he made. The following entries furnish curious material for a study of the peculiarities of old age, besides giving an illustration of Lord Shaftesbury's painstaking diligence even in minute things:—

March 9th, 1881.—On Tuesday, 7th, went in evening with Lionel to Bethnal Green "Ashley Mission." There recited a story by way of illustration of benefit of Bands of Mercy; told them that I had, that very morning, received a letter from a gentleman, who informed me that he was one of the boys whom I had, some years before, given a prize at a great school in Lancashire, for an essay on "Humanity to Animals." I quoted this as an instance of a boy "reformed" from cruelty to kindness.

The detail was clear, minute, personal, specific; had I been called on to make an oath, I should have sworn readily to the very words. When I returned I looked at the letter for confirmation of what I had said. I found nothing of the kind! How was this? Was it a delusion? If so, never was one so pointed, systematic, so like reality before. It fills me with terror. What might I not have said or done under such deep convictions in more serious matters? God, in His mercy, preserve me! If true, where is the document? Had I a second letter, and did I confound it with the first? If so, the second is lost. I could not swear that the thing was as I stated, for I find the evidence to be defective; but most conscientiously could I swear that I fully believed it. God alone in His goodness and compassion can relieve my mind. Heartily do I beseech Him.

July 26th, 1882.—In a terrible dilemma! Quoted, in a speech I made in the House of Lords in 1876, a passage from Letters of Sir C. Bell, in which he expresses his doubt "whether Vivisection is permitted by God's law." Referred to it again, in a speech in 1879. It has never been challenged. Two days ago, wishing to verify quotation with a view to a letter to Professor Owen, could not find anywhere the book from which I made it. Searched through and through, backwards and forwards, a copy of the Letters, dated 1870, the year of publication. Could find it nowhere. Showed the quotation to Miss Cobbe and Miss Coleridge, who, both of them, attested its veracity, though neither could furnish me with the volume. I could swear, was I called upon to do so, that the extract was word for word as I stated it in speech and in print. How came the book into my hands? Was it lent to me? Or was it hired from a circulating library? Have a recollection that I sent it back to some one, and purchased a copy for myself, but one of a later edition (though not so stated on the title-page), with the passage struck out. It is a terrible grief to me; for, if summoned to give the evidence on which I founded my assertion, I could not do it. Yet I am as certain of my truth in the matter as I am of my own existence.

A miracle was wrought by Elisha to recover the axe-head of a poor labourer. So do I pray that one, by God's mercy, may be wrought for me, and that I may discover, to my justification and comfort, the proof of my accuracy and sincerity

July 27th.—No discovery as yet ; tried the publisher Murray, and Sharpe the bookseller.

Sometimes he was painfully conscious of declining physical strength, and he describes his feelings with singular minuteness. Thus :—

August 24th, 1881.—Wonderfully well, thank God, for my time of life. Yet full of distressing sensations ; but how much worse, were it not for His mercy, would all things be. Oftentimes feel as though my heart would never have another pulsation. Nerves of the head seem to be made of leather, with occasional tendencies of giddiness. When I speak, my voice appears to me—but not, so they say, to others—as though I were speaking through all the cotton in Lancashire. Never quite free from pain. Sometimes very severe in the region of the stomach. I eat very little, quite enough, I think, for support, but in most instances without relish. These things come upon me, now singly—now all at once. God's will be done. This state, modified more or less, has been my state for the last two years.

At other times the advance of old age was borne in upon him by the memory of what he had survived. Thus, when visiting Holland House in the summer of 1883, he felt “like a mere cypher to the society around him. ‘There was not one in five hundred of the guests’ he could ‘put a name to.’”

What a grand, memorable, and beautiful place it is ! It recalls to my memory the society, political, intellectual, convivial, and genial, of sixty years ago. It recalls the memory of some estimable and some non-estimable persons—all dead and gone ; perhaps at the grand garden-party of yesterday not one besides myself had ever seen this Palace in its prime, under the famous proprietors, Lord and Lady Holland ; and soon, no doubt, the glorious mansion itself, and the noble, ancient park around it, will be consigned to the erection of some thousand edifices ; to the domain of brick and mortar. The price it would fetch for building purposes, perhaps half-a-million, will overcome reverence for antiquity, sense of beauty, and all ennobling contemplations. It brought a feeling of sadness over me. But such is progress ! And, perhaps, the Prose of the Future may be equal, if not superior, to the Poetry of the Past.

It is the spirit in which he resolutely set his face to arduous and grinding duty that shows the lustre of Lord Shaftesbury's latter days in their full brightness. The night was coming when he could no longer work. And under fits of unspeakable depression, in states of health in which other men would never have dreamed of facing any exhausting labour, he persevered in his old career. “While I have a little strength, and a little time,” he wrote, “I cannot, though I shrink from exertion, endure to be idle or silent.” And then, to fortify himself for the task from which he shrank, he breathes the prayer, “O Lord, let me die ‘in harness,’ as it were, with a true heart and adequate faculties about me.”

We can but summarise a few of the many public labours in which he was engaged during the year 1883. In January, he presided at a meeting at the Mansion House, to do honour to the memory of Archbishop Tait—“a good man,” as he says, “worthy of all honour.” In March he spoke in the House

of Lords in defence of Lord Stanhope's Bill for Prohibition of Payment of Wages in Public-Houses, and attended a conference of working men on the closing of public-houses on Sunday. In April he gave notice of opposition to Lord Dunraven's motion "to desecrate and vulgarise the Lord's Day," a motion that was defeated, in May, by a majority of twenty-four. In June he presided at public meetings—one a combined meeting of Church of England, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, and others, convened by the English Church Union (the High Ritualistic Society)—against the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. In July he went to Manchester, accompanied by his friend Mr. Hind Smith, to lay the corner-stone of a Refuge for Boys and Girls, and to receive an ovation from all classes of the community, but especially from his old clients, the operatives. It had been a cherished hope that he might "be able to do a little good, and have a real and touching farewell in that city, the scene of so many successful labours." And his expectations were more than realised, it was "a miracle of God's mercy, love, and goodness."

In July Lord Shaftesbury received a letter which distressed him greatly. It was from a man who had been for more than twenty years connected with gymnasts, acrobats, circus-riders, and the like, giving a harrowing description of the tortures to which children were subjected in the "education for their professional career." Although the Parliamentary Session was drawing to a close, Lord Shaftesbury would not let it pass without an effort on behalf of the "hundreds, nay, thousands, of children who are constantly being immolated on the altar of public amusement." It was not the first time that he had called the attention of the legislature to "exhibitions disgusting to every sense of humanity," but this did not prevent him from a further effort. On the 4th of August, therefore, he brought the matter forward again, in order to show that the Children's Dangerous Performance Act of 1879 was almost futile in its operation, and that barbarities were still committed which were a disgrace to a Christian nation. "If your lordships," he said, "had seen and knew, as I have seen and know, during an experience of twenty years, the floggings and cruelties practised in the so-called tuition of those little ones, and the hardships they have to endure, I am sure your lordships would not lose an instant in trying to stop those cruelties at once and for ever."

He pointed out how School Board Inspectors might intervene, as schooling and gymnast training could never go together, and how magistrates might institute inquiries. But laws, though good and necessary, were ineffective, unless backed up by public opinion, and one of his ends was gained by the publicity given to the question and a correspondence that arose thereon in the public press. A year later, in the preface to a little book on the subject,* he set forth his views on the whole matter, and spoke in no measured terms of those who "have almost fainted under a sensation novel, and will pass the same evening to witness the torture and danger of infantine gymnasts and acrobats." His only hope from legislation was, that some day an enactment, strictly enforced, should prohibit any one to appear in these exhibitions until

* "Pantomime Waifs; or, a Plea for our City Children." By Miss Barlee.

he, or she, had attained the age of seventeen years. The long delay before profits could be realised would then cut off the hope of repayment for the cost of training and maintenance.

In August there came a pause, and he once more paid his annual visit to Scotland, to the hospitable home of Mr. J. Burns, at Castle Wemyss. But in November the round of labour was recommenced, of which the following extract gives a specimen:—

Nov. 11th, Sunday.—London. To be sure, a day of rest is a blessing. God grant that while I have life and strength, I may labour more and more to secure it for others! Yesterday, a day of singular activity. Interviews in the morning, and letters; at 2.30, Inaugural Meeting, in Large Room, Exeter Hall, of Luther Commemoration; at 3.30, to Whitechapel, to lay foundation-stone of Charrington's new place of worship, for such it is—return home; and then again to Whitechapel, at seven o'clock, for great meeting in the evening. All got through without let or hindrance, without pain or fatigue, I bless Thee, O Lord! Speeches, of course, at each. He can, and He does, oftentimes, make an iron pillar out of a bulrush.

None of the thousands who heard Lord Shaftesbury's remarkable speech at the Luther Commemoration will ever forget it. It was a supreme effort for an octogenarian. In a letter to a friend, referring to the admirable report of his speech in the *Times*, he said, "I was convinced that the movement was religious or nothing. I spent two days in thinking, not what I should say, but what I should not say."

In this speech he set forth vividly the state of things from which Luther delivered the Church, the manner in which he did it, and the great issues and results enjoyed in consequence. It was a magnificent eulogium of "one of the most signal servants of Almighty God—the man, chosen by God Himself, to deliver us from the most terrible and degrading thralldom of mind and spirit that ever fell upon the human race."

The following passages from the Diary relate to a variety of subjects:—

April 7th.—Last night to King Edward's School to present testimonial to Charles Montague, formerly a Ragged School boy, now a well-conditioned and respectable tradesman, and superintendent also of the very school where he was trained—a noble example. God give us many such.

April 23rd.—On Friday, received, at the public meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association, a silver inkstand and pencil-case from the penny contributions of many of the girls. It was gracious and pleasing. I hardly deserve the acknowledgment, for though I have secretly and silently, and for very long, earnestly prayed for their temporal and eternal welfare (this they will not know), I have done but little outwardly, having had but limited time and no appreciable money to use on their behalf.

June 27th.—Went last night to meeting of Flower and Watercress Girls. It is deeply touching and interesting. They gave me, as a token of their gratitude for the institution of the "Emily Loan Fund" (founded in honour of my blessed wife in 1872), a clock. May God in His mercy be with them all!

July 3rd.—To Costermongers' Donkey and Pony Show in evening, and afterwards Anniversary Meeting. It is one of the happiest successes in all our London movements. Forgot (and I deeply regret it), when I spoke, two main points: one, to exhibit Orsman's merits, as giving, and as having given for twenty years, all his time to this grand work after the weariness of his office hours; the other, that the example of the Costers of "Golden Lane" (their original designation) in their treatment of the animals that belonged to them, had led to a universal improvement all over London.

Sept. 2nd.—Sunday. Evelyn and Sissey sailed last night to the Mediterranean Sea in search of health. May God preserve them in the hollow of His hand, give them what is sought on her behalf, and bring them back in safety! May this be their last exile! Gracious Lord, after this present trial, in Thy mercy restore to them their home, and all the domestic duties and joys, of which they have been so long deprived!

Sept. 10th.—Gladstone has been hammering at his trees, as, during the Session, he hammers at the Constitution, and with the same effect in both instances.

Towards the close of 1883 the subject of the Housing of the Poor became the question of the hour. Lord Shaftesbury was urged to take part in the discussion, his wide experience, ranging over upwards of forty years, placing him as one of the first authorities on the subject. He contributed an article to the *Pall Mall Gazette* and another to the *Nineteenth Century*.

Nov. 5th.—A few days after my promise to do so, a letter from my old friend, Edwin Arnold, editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, to same effect; sorry to be obliged to answer that "I was engaged." Forty-one years ago I started the question, and my small Society built my model houses; but all that is now forgotten. Others have come forward and have effaced the memory of the first movers.

But this is the natural and necessary issue of all such efforts; the last who come are the first served.

We do not quote from these articles, because we have already given, at some length, Lord Shaftesbury's views on the Housing of the Poor. In reviewing what had been done in the past, and the difficulties that beset the question in the present, he expressed his hope of a satisfactory issue, and his belief that it was a question capable of solution. He strongly deprecated any effort, Governmental or otherwise, that should destroy the moral energy of the people by pauperising them. He held that the State was bound to give every facility by law and by enabling statutes, but that the enterprise should be founded on voluntary effort, for which there was in the country abundant wealth, zeal, and intelligence. He suggested that the work should be accomplished by a Central Committee in London, with Branch Committees in different districts; that a public appeal should be made for funds; that fresh legislation should be obtained if necessary; that the powers already provided by existing statutes should be put into full force; and that all tenements should be under police inspection. Should a low class still remain unprovided for, the State might step in and supply houses at eleemosynary rates.

In the following year the Housing of the Poor was still the leading social subject, and a Royal Commission was appointed, on which the Prince of Wales was one of the most active members. The investigations of the Commissioners culminated in Lord Salisbury's Act of 1885—the Housing of the Working Classes Act.

When Lord Salisbury brought forward his motion, on the 22nd of February, 1885, for the appointment of a Commission, Lord Shaftesbury supported it in an able speech, which, as he records, was “received with singular attention, much cheering, and abundant congratulations.” When the Commission sat, he was the first witness examined, and although at his time of life, and in his state of health, he “dreaded being summoned before such a tribunal,” lest his memory should fail in points of detail, and he should be unable to do justice to the cause he had so much at heart, his evidence was a masterpiece of exhaustive argument, enriched by the experience of sixty years' earnest consideration of the subject. It was invaluable to the Commissioners to have, at the outset of their inquiry, the aid of “the first living authority on the Housing of the Poor.”

In due course the Report of the Commissioners was published; and therein (for we cannot refer further to the subject) the reader may find, in the evidence of Lord Shaftesbury, a concise description of the state of the dwellings of the poor more than half a century ago, and the various steps that had been taken, chiefly at his instigation, to roll away the reproach caused by the existence of such hotbeds of vice and disease in the heart of the most civilised city in the world. And that Report also furnishes a full insight into the estimation in which Lord Shaftesbury's labours were held.

It was a cause of no little rejoicing to him that at last the problem involved in this great question was approaching its solution; that Lord Salisbury's Act was founded in great measure upon his own “Labouring Classes Tenements Houses Act,” and that his labours, as the pioneer and chief mover in every effort up to that time, were cordially and gratefully recognised.

Many honours were publicly accorded to Lord Shaftesbury in these closing years of his life. On the 5th of March a banquet was given at the Mansion House, at which he was the guest of the evening. It was a splendid ovation, 300 persons, representing all the great social, religious, and political interests, responding to the invitation. On the 15th of May a banquet was given to him in Salters' Hall, on the occasion of his being admitted to the Company, and on the 26th of June, amid much pomp and circumstance, he received, somewhat tardily, the Freedom of the City of London. In acknowledging the honour, he said, that if he could not add any lustre to the citizenship, the time for him was so short that there would be little opportunity for him to tarnish it, and added that, if any one should ever undertake the task of writing his biography, he begged him to “have the goodness to record that he died a citizen of London.”

To many who read these pages there will be a special interest attaching

to the utterances of Lord Shaftesbury at the public gatherings of this and the following year. If reference is only made to a few of the more conspicuous ones, it is because they were almost innumerable.

April 1st.—Journey to Brighton to-morrow, and a speech at opening of the Young Men's Christian Association.

April 3rd.—Returned last night. Went in company with that dear man George Williams, and came back with him. He insisted on my accepting a saloon carriage. A day of pressure, but, I hope—nay, I believe—of success. Arrived at one. Necessary gossip till 2.30. Then a luncheon in state at the Pavilion. Two hundred guests and speeches. Then a pause, without repose, till five, at which hour ceremonial of declaring house open; hymn, prayer, Bible reading, and a few oratorical sentences from myself. At quarter to six to Mr. Barclay's for dinner at half-past six. Half-an-hour's repose. Then to grand meeting under the dome at eight o'clock, where, being under the necessity of catching train at 8.40, I began without the ordinary preliminaries. Even then was stopped in midst by announcement, "Time is up; you must go." So I left out much that was individual and important and dashed to the conclusion! . . . This valuable institution, set for the glory of God and the good of man, has been opened with many signs of grace and acceptance.

April 28th.—My birthday, and I have now struck the figure of *eighty-three*. It is wonderful, it is miraculous, with my infirmities, and even sufferings, of body, with sensible decline of mental application and vigour, I yet retain, by God's mercy, some power to think and to act. May He grant, for Christ's sake, that, to my last hour, I may be engaged in His service, and in the full knowledge of all that is around and before me! Cobden used to say of D'Israeli—I have heard him more than once—"What a retrospect that man will have!" Retrospects must be terrible to every one who measures and estimates his hopes by the discharge of his duties here on earth. Unless he be overwhelmed with self-righteousness, he must see that, when weighed in the balance he will be found wanting. But what are the prospects? They may be bright, joyous certain, in the faith and fear of the Lord Jesus.

May 3rd.—Yesterday headed a deputation to the magnates of the Great Northern Railway to beseech them so to arrange their trains and the third-class return tickets that the working people might go easily and cheaply to the suburban villages prepared for them!

May 8th.—Yesterday chair of Bible Society. Then uncovering of Tyndale's statue on Embankment, and dinner with Mr. Alcroft, to meet the speakers at the meeting and committee. Grand announcement at the meeting that a penny edition of the New Testament, in a legible type and a double form, was to be forthwith issued. What a work! What an enterprise! What a prospect! England shall be filled with the knowledge of the Word of God as the waters cover the sea!

May 10th.—Yesterday chair of Jews' Society. Then to Mansion House in aid of Mrs. Meredith's Home, and afterwards to House of Lords to support Bill for prohibition of the pigeon abomination—beaten by 78 to 48!

May 17th.—Another burden off my mind. Jubilee London City Mission meeting over. Made the opening speech, twenty minutes long!

May 22nd.—It is over. The Wycliffe Commemoration is over, God be praised.

The meeting in the large room of Exeter Hall was small, but cordial. The speeches were good, but confined—a great mistake—to clergy or dissenting ministers. On all such occasions the laity should predominate!

So the record continues; day by day full of arduous and exciting work, and, in the intervals, of nervous depression and great physical suffering. Nothing grieved him more than having to break an engagement, and many times, in direct opposition to the advice of his medical men, he preferred to take the chance of breaking down than of disappointing his friends. He was specially anxious to keep “body and mind from falling to pieces” as the 19th of June drew near, it having been a long-standing promise to his friend Mr. Spurgeon, whose fiftieth birthday was to be celebrated on that day, to be present if possible.

Many a man, and many a minister, will remember the words of counsel and wisdom spoken by the aged peer on that occasion. Strange to say, his speech almost gave satisfaction to himself.

June 20th.—Yesterday to Metropolitan Tabernacle, to preside over grand meeting in honour of Spurgeon’s fiftieth birthday. A wonderful sight; nearly, if not quite, seven thousand adult, enthusiastic souls, crammed even to suffocation by way of audience. Felt, at first, quite appalled. Had to make opening speech. Here, again, a “*non nobis*” must be “said or sung.” By the blessing of our Lord, I was, as every one said, equal to the occasion.

Canon Wilberforce observed, “You ought to bless God for having enabled you to make such a speech.” And so I did, and so I do, and so I will.

In August Lord Shaftesbury paid his final visit to Scotland, in full hope that he might recover “some, if not all, his strength.” But it was a season of great weariness and depression. He succeeded in reaching Edinburgh, proceeded to North Berwick, and afterwards paid another visit to his old Scotch “home at Castle Wemyss.” In some respects the change did him good, but it was manifest that the strength he hoped to regain could last but a little while. “I cannot fix my mind steadfastly on anything,” he writes, “but I feel improvement, and wait God’s goodness in faith and fear.” Towards the end of September he was once more a guest at Inverary. “Found the people, as ever, true, kind, amiable, loving, and beloved.” But it was a time of great trial—a time, as he says, of “pain, depression, faintness, and feeling as if I were falling to pieces. Scarcely strong enough to write a letter. Great exertion to make this entry.”

There is no further entry in the Diary until the end of October, when he was again in London.

The following characteristic letter, written after the commencement of what proved to be his last illness, refers, in the first instance, to a tract forwarded to him by Canon Wilberforce. The second portion of the letter refers to a public meeting on behalf of the Young Men’s Christian Association at Southampton, over which Lord Shaftesbury had promised to preside, his place upon the occasion being filled by Lord Mount-Temple. Canon

Wilberforce, in the course of his speech at this meeting, pointed out that Lord Shaftesbury had solved, by his life of devotion to the interests of others, a problem, somewhat freely discussed at the time, namely, "What was the value to the nation of an hereditary aristocracy?" Manifestly, it was of the greatest advantage that there should be a class of men in the nation, lifted, by virtue of their birth and position, above the fear, favour, or prejudice of their fellows, who should be ever ready to take their places by the side of the working classes in all times of oppression, tyranny, and wrong. Such a life, pre-eminently, had Lord Shaftesbury's been; throughout it he had realised that his position was a talent entrusted to him for the advantage of others, and wherever men, women, or children of the working classes were suffering wrong, they had found in him a courageous, determined champion:—

Lord Shaftesbury to Canon Basil Wilberforce.

ST. GILES'S HOUSE,

Nov. 10th, 1884.

DEAR CANON WILBERFORCE,—Your little tract is the very thing for my small, sorrowing, abject children in the Ragged Schools. I shall sow it broadcast. What is wanted; and, when obtained, relished by all that class, and especially these poor dear creatures, is the notion and feeling of a personal Saviour, of one who can understand them, enter into all their sorrows, be, as it were, near them, almost sensible, almost visible. Make religion *cosy* and comfortable to them, and thousands will accept and embrace it.

I am deeply obliged by your kind and most friendly mention of me at the Southampton meeting. I intensely regretted, and I continue to regret, the necessity of my absence. I could not have attended it. I had not then, nor have I now, physical and moral power for such a duty. I am somewhat better, no doubt, God be praised, as to pain; but as to lassitude and nervous affection of the head, I am reduced nearly to incapacity.

In your speech you seem to have fathomed my very thoughts and known my intentions. I undertook the movements of my public life on this ground, and such was my belief then, now confirmed, though fifty years ago, of the highest duty; but I had, I confess it, a secondary object; a desire to show that independence in position and fortune, possessing, as they do, social privileges, bring with them corresponding Christian obligations. And I remember saying, at a very early period, to my bitter opponents, "I am not much more than thirty years of age; I may, by God's blessing, live to seventy, but of this you may be sure, that, under His mercy, I will not desist from my efforts until they shall be closed either by death or by success." Of course I had much to go through in private and in public. Not at my own domestic hearth, for I had, as you have, a blessed wife, who exhorted me to the work; and as for successive Governments, there was not one, excepting Lord J. Russell's, which did not endeavour, by every form of argument, to entrap me into office.

Here is a short notice of myself, which I refer to only as exhibiting, to my great comfort, your true and sagacious judgment.

My life is now drawing to a close. My days may be, perhaps, somewhat prolonged, but my working days, I fear, are over. Take no notice of this letter.

You have other things to do. If we ever meet again we will discuss all such matters, but not on paper. May I say to you, as a spiritual friend, that I very sincerely and conscientiously declare that in my long career my highest consolation has been to know that I was the servant of our Lord, and my highest honour that I was believed to be such.

May He prosper you in all your efforts for His kingdom and glory.

Yours most truly,

SHAFTESBURY.

It was not unusual for Lord Shaftesbury, when forecasting events, to go so far as to fix a probable date for their accomplishment. The last entry in his Diary for 1884, relating to political events, is an illustration:—

Nov. 24th.—In a year or so we shall have “Home Rule” disposed of (at all hazards), to save us from daily and hourly bores.

In 1885 the political references are few, but they are as keen, sharp, and incisive as in the days of his youth.

Feb. 25th.—Can never understand “Conservative Policy.” Sir S. Northcote moved a vote of censure in House of Commons, which is *milk and water*. Simultaneously, Lord Salisbury moves one in House of Lords, which is all of it “*gin and bitters*.”

Feb. 28th.—Government, last night, defeated vote of censure by a majority of fourteen only! Will Gladstone resign? If so, who will come in? Salisbury has openly announced that he is ready to assume the duties and responsibilities of administration!—Well, how long would he hold them? Ay, and how would he use them? I have heard it said that the Conservatives are prepared to go beyond Gladstone in Radicalism, and ruin the country themselves, rather than let it be ruined by Gladstone. But the Conservatives have carried the position by storm, it was not forced upon them; they have assaulted and taken it! It is an evil state of things. The Conservatives will come into power, not because the country at large has the smallest respect for them, morally or politically, but because, for the moment, their adversaries stand a little lower in those aspects than they do.

The last reference in the Diary to politics is on the 9th of June, but a few weeks before he left London, never to return. It is a remarkable passage, inasmuch as there is in it the spirit that characterised all his public career—a spirit directly in antagonism to that which, to his grief, he saw was making fearful encroachments on public morality.

June 9th.—Have just seen defeat of Government on the Budget by Conservatives and Parnellites united; an act of folly amounting to wickedness. God is not in all their thoughts, nor the country either. All seek their own, and their own is party-spirit, momentary triumph, political hatred, and the indulgence of low, personal, and unpatriotic passion.

With the particular event to which the foregoing extract refers we have nothing to do here. But we cannot proceed without calling attention to this fact, namely, that from the year 1826 when, as Lord Ashley, he entered

Parliament, until these last days of his long career, he never ceased to protest against the evils of political party-spirit; of being one thing in Government and another in Opposition; of sacrificing personal truth and righteousness for political triumphs. He never ceased to inculcate this great moral lesson—never more needed than in the present day—that public life should be not less based on principle than private life. If he had taught the world no other lesson, his life would not have been lived in vain.

It has been said, in the course of this narrative, that one of the most striking characteristics of Lord Shaftesbury was the unchangeableness of his opinions, and that a page might be taken from any of his Diaries, at any time, to illustrate any principle he advocated. As an example, we quote in this place an extract from a manuscript book written in 1847, from which it will be seen that on this question of public and private morality there had, in the space of forty years, been no shadow of turning in his views:—

The world has drawn a distinction (though I know not by what right or on what ground) between the principles which regulate our public, and those which regulate our private, life. A man, it seems, by their admissions, may be treacherous politically, and yet faithful socially; selfish, ambitious, and dishonest towards the State, and yet disinterested, moderate, and upright towards his friends. Undoubtedly for this there is no sanction in the Divine law; and it is difficult to ascertain the precise fallacy by which it is permitted in the human.

Assuredly the Almighty gave us a different rule when he said (Gen. xviii. 17, &c.), "Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do? for I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment; that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which He hath spoken of him." Here the private excellence of the Patriarch is taken by the Almighty as the ground of a public trust, of the revelation of the future, the skilful conjecture of which is regarded among men as political wisdom. The good rule of a family is held to be an earnest of the good rule of a State; and God then invested him with power and wealth and command, and great responsibility.

We, however, while we affix a stain to moral turpitude, only censure or rebuke political dishonour (and it is a great thing if we do even that). The most fiery votaries of the "code of honour," however jealous and ready and sensitive on all occasions, are amply satisfied when, after some charge or reflection on their characters, they receive an assurance that the remark was not *personal*. "I spoke *politically*," says the explainant, and then all goes well! Now wherefore?—no, I see the wherefore, but by what authority do they make such distinctions? Do selfishness, truth, honour, ambition, pride, and disinterestedness, change their nature; or do we change our language on them? Are the vices and the virtues of the human mind less so when they concern the universal interests of a people than when applied to affairs of a family or a circle? Do the principles of morality in a public business flow from a different source and into another receptacle? Were the law of Mount Sinai and the sermons of our Saviour for the instruction of householders and private persons only, the rule of public life being left to arbitrary deduction and single interpretation? No, as surely as

there is but "one Lord, one faith, one baptism," so is there for the government of our actions but one truth, one law, and one responsibility.

In April, 1884, chiefly in consequence of certain notorious trials, in which it was alleged that there were still defects and abuses in the administration of the Lunacy Laws, a motion was made in the House of Lords by Lord Milltown for an inquiry into the whole question. This was a source of great anxiety to Lord Shaftesbury. Although "he had everything on his side but self-confidence in his own power to meet the charge," and was satisfied that "the defence would be perfect in any other hands," he dreaded, naturally enough, his ability to vindicate the Commissioners in Lunacy, fearing lest his memory and strength should fail him. Very pathetic are the outpourings of his heart as he contemplates the possibility of "the labour, the toils, the anxieties, the prayers of more than fifty years being in one moment brought to nought," and cries, "Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not, O Lord, when my strength faileth." He felt that God had "manifestly blessed the efforts of this Commission," and it was a grievous disappointment to him when Lord Milltown's motion was carried.

This led to the introduction, in 1885, of the Lord Chancellor's (Selborne) Lunacy Amendment Bill, and from the moment when, in the midst of great bodily and mental suffering, Lord Shaftesbury was summoned to London to consider it, until the last day of his life, it was the source of almost constant anxiety. It involved a long correspondence with the Lord Chancellor on certain provisions of the Bill, which Lord Shaftesbury so strongly disapproved that he felt compelled to tender his resignation of the office of Chairman of the Board of Commissioners in Lunacy. His reasons were these:—

May 5th.—My conclusions were—I could not go down to the Lords and sit through the passing of such a measure, and be thus a party to its enactment; I could not, while holding an office under the Chancellor, oppose him by speech and division. He offered me permission to do so, but he knew, as well as I did, the indecency of such a course.

The anxiety and suspense, the regret and disappointment, experienced by Lord Shaftesbury while the Lord Chancellor persevered with his Bill, in spite of the remonstrances based upon an experience of nearly sixty years, greatly embittered his last days. In June, however, the Bill was shelved; Lord Shaftesbury consented to resume his office, and so it came to pass that his connection with the Lunacy Commission, from its foundation, was practically unbroken.

It is seldom that an evil is unmitigated, and it was not so in this case. The anxieties with which he was surrounded called forth, in even larger measure, the support of his friends. Among those whose cordial sympathy on this and similar occasions, the Diaries recognise, was Miss Marsh, the biographer of her revered father the Rev. Dr. Marsh, of Captain Hedley Vicars, and others, but even better known, perhaps, in connection with early pioneer work among the navvies who built the Crystal Palace, as the author

of "English Hearts and English Hands." Frequently in the Diaries there are records of this friendship—such as these:—

Aug. 20th, 1880.—On the 18th ran down for the day to Feltwell Rectory in Norfolk to see Miss Marsh and the O'Rorkes. A pleasant time; had, what I ever desire but seldom get, some sympathetic talk—some talk of this world, some of the next.

Feb. 2nd, 1884.—St. Giles's. Miss Marsh and the O'Rorkes gone to-day. It is a comfort to have such true and profound sympathisers with me in so many good things.

For Mr. Weylland, of the London City Mission,* Lord Shaftesbury entertained no ordinary regard. The following note—the first in the Diary for the year—tells its own story:—

Jan. 2nd, 1885.—A letter yesterday from Weylland. It filled me at the moment with terror and gratitude; terror, that he had been so ill, and gratitude to God, who had given him good hopes of recovery. No language of mine could convey a notion of the loss to myself and (more than that) to the Christian community, that would result from his removal. O Lord, forbid it!

Happily Mr. Weylland's life was spared, and it was his privilege to give important assistance to Lord Shaftesbury in a labour that occupied much of his last working days. For many years he had been made the recipient of large sums of money, to be devoted in whatever manner he pleased for the welfare of the poor. One lady, Miss Portal, had given him year after year a cheque for a thousand pounds to be thus applied; frequently large sums were sent to him anonymously. On one occasion a gentleman who was just leaving the country, probably never to return, called at his house and placed in his hands a note for £500, begging him to use it for "Ragged Schools and other things," his only other request being that nothing save the initials "T. H." should appear in connection with the gift. In April, 1885, a lady, Mrs. Douglas, died; but it was not until the 9th of June that Lord Shaftesbury received the astounding intelligence that in her will she had left to him, for distribution among the charities of London, the sum of £60,000! The toil and anxiety entailed by this bequest can only be understood by those who knew how scrupulously conscientious and exact Lord Shaftesbury was in dealing with every farthing of money of which he was the trustee. In this distribution Mr. Weylland gave invaluable assistance, and made possible a task which Lord Shaftesbury could not have performed alone, while Mr. Bevan, the banker, guaranteed him against all law expenses that might arise. From a special note-book—written in a firm, bold, clear hand, although his eighty-fifth year had begun—the following passages will be read with interest:—

July 4th.—First I determined to keep the distribution of the fund or residue within London and the immediate vicinity. To go beyond that limit would have

* Author of "These Fifty Years," and many other works, to most, if not to all of which, Lord Shaftesbury wrote the preface.

involved me in grants to every town in England; if to Birmingham, for instance, why not to Manchester, &c., &c.?

Next, to receive all applications, but to answer none of them. The labour would be intolerable; resolved to take, privately, the best advice and act for myself.

Next, to make no grants purely religious. It would not be right to make it a Church affair alone; and to assign portions to the various denominations of Dissenters, whose name is legion, would be impossible.

To be more precise and careful in the distribution of *entrusted* money (for such is this) than I would be in my own. I have (though absolute power is given me) to bear and exercise a certain responsibility. The public will certainly, without any right, criticise severely all my decisions.

In the midst of London misery and want a demand is made for assistance to the Young Men's Christian Associations and similar institutions. Grants to them would take about half the residue, and leave many, though small, yet most valuable institutions, hampered and nearly without any aid whatever. Have power to assist such, no doubt, but their admission would involve the admission of many more, such as the Victoria Institute and the like, and the poor would be left out in the cold.

To avoid all controversial matter, send no grants to Anti-Vivisection Societies and Homœopathic Hospitals and Working Men's Lord's Day Association. I have no notion of the lady's opinion on these subjects, and I desire to avoid, as well as I can, doing anything that she might not have approved.

To keep as closely as possible to those associations connected with charity.

To omit all the Missionary Societies—they are able to take care of themselves: to include them would take up nearly one-half of the legacy, and very little would be left for the English poor.

One last effort for securing inviolate the sanctity of the Sabbath Day Lord Shaftesbury determined he would make, if it came within the range of possibility; and when Lord Thurlow gave notice, in March, of a motion in favour of opening the Natural History Museum at South Kensington on Sunday afternoons, Lord Shaftesbury at once made up his mind to move an amendment. But, as the time drew near his health was in such a state that he was "nervous, depressed, distrustful of the possession of power enough to encounter him," and, with great reluctance, he was obliged to abandon the hope of moving the amendment. Earl Cairns, however, came to the rescue, and, in an able and eloquent speech, performed the duty for him. It was the last speech that eminent politician, and still more eminent lawyer, ever made in the House of Lords. A few weeks later he was numbered with the dead, while Lord Shaftesbury, more than twenty years his senior, survived to do honour to the "great man" departed, holding up his Christian character for the imitation of all young men at the opening of a Memorial Institute at Bournemouth, at which Lord Shaftesbury presided.

Among the many engagements which he had to forego during this year was the occupancy of the chair at the Parkes Museum of Hygiene, on the occasion of an address by Sir Spencer Wells on Cremation. In a letter

expressing regret at being unable to attend, the following passage occurs :—

There is another argument, urged on religious grounds, that it (cremation) will annihilate all hope of a resurrection. I have never heard the question discussed theologically, but surely it may be met by the interrogation, What, then, will become of the thousands of blessed martyrs who have died at the stake in ancient and modern persecutions?

On the 28th of April Lord Shaftesbury celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday. Two pleasant episodes marked the season; they are thus referred to in the Diary :—

April 24th.—On Monday evening, 20th, received a letter from Joseph Hoare (not the banker), enclosing a draft for £4,500, the contributions of himself and eleven others for the honour of my approaching birthday, and praying me to accept it for the relief of my pressing necessities in any way I thought best. The letter was a model of kindness, good feeling, and good taste.

April 28th.—My birthday—this day I am eighty-four! God be merciful to me a sinner. A most terrible day to me for pain and irritation. But got, the Lord be praised, a birthday present. Some ladies, knowing how this Jewish affair* pressed upon my mind, collected £640 to clear off the incumbrances and difficulties that arose from our Cyprus colonisation, and presented it to me at Lady Eastlake's, whither I had strength to go to receive it. The Lord be praised, and may His blessing descend on the contributors.

The month of May was at hand, the month during which Lord Shaftesbury, more often than any man in England, or any dozen men put together, had stood in the forefront of every religious and philanthropic movement. But his strength was failing, and though he had a spirit as willing to take up the work as in days of old, and speak on behalf of every Society, the flesh was weak, and it became daily more imperative that he should husband the little strength that remained.

A painful interest attaches to the visits made by him in this year to his old haunts and his old friends. Mr. George Holland writes :—

“I shall never forget his last visit; he went the round of the rooms, interested in the poor children and people as much as ever, speaking tenderly and sympathisingly to sorrowing ones, and telling them of Jesus, an unchanging friend, an ever-present Saviour. . . . Then he said, ‘I don’t think I shall ever see you in the flesh again in this place. I am ill, and at my time of life I cannot expect to be long here.’ Pulling his coat-sleeve tightly over his arm, he said, ‘Look how I have fallen away. If I should be laid quite aside, if I send to you, you will come to me?’ I replied, ‘I will come at any hour, whenever you may send for me.’ Then he said, ‘What a comfort

* After the persecutions of the Jews in Russia, many fled to England. Lord Shaftesbury joined with others in helping them in their destitution by trying to found a colony in Palestine. When that failed, they obtained permission to land and settle them in Cyprus. But their maintenance cost a good deal of money and much anxiety to the promoters, of whom Lord Shaftesbury, as President, had the most responsibility.

it is to know Christ as a personal Saviour;' and after a pause he added, 'My Saviour.'

It was his very earnest desire that he might be able to preside at one or two of the great representative meetings, and especially that of the Bible Society. "I am living and praying in hopes of being able to take the chair of the Bible Society," he wrote on the day before the meeting. "Were I as well to-day as yesterday, could have done it comfortably, but to-day is very trying, very doubtful, and the like to-morrow would make the moments very hazardous." How hazardous may be gathered from the fact that, though late in the afternoon of that day, when the writer called upon him and asked how he felt, he answered briskly, drawing himself up and throwing open his chest, "Feel? I feel at the present moment as if I could fight the Devil and all his angels!" yet, half an hour afterwards, the old haggard look had returned, the form was bent, and it was with difficulty he could retire to his couch. It seemed utterly impossible that he could brave the fatigue and excitement of such an ovation as awaited him on the following day: nevertheless, he was there.

May 6th.—Well, positively, though things were menacing, dared to go to Exeter Hall, at eleven o'clock, and take chair of Bible Society. Quite safe; no mischief; stayed there till half-past one, and came away rejoicing. I bless thee, O Lord, I bless thee.

May 7th.—This morning suddenly struck down by return of malady of two months ago. Can see no cause, no reason whatever. It is heart-breaking, sad, but God's will be done!

May 13th.—Got to Miss Haldane's Drawing-room Meeting for Eastern Female Education,* spent an hour and a half; none the worse, perhaps the better. Thank God, I say, that I got there—delighted, nay, more than delighted, to be in the house of my departed and valued friend, and testify to the enormous importance to me of his counsel, wisdom, and understanding, and friendship of thirty years.

May 19th.—Ragged School Union *to do me honour* to-night! Shall I be able to go for an hour only? God in His mercy grant it!

May 20th.—"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name." Got through it, well, happily, easily, not tired, not agitated, not alarmed. And to-day, so far from being worse, am certainly the better for the exertion.

Four o'clock.—Another mercy: have been able to go to Grosvenor House, and speak on behalf of Ragged Schools.

On the 22nd of May he reached St. Giles's, and on the following Sunday attended the little church he loved so well, read the lessons, and received the Communion there for the last time. On the 4th of June he returned to London in an invalid carriage, and on the following evening, "took chair in Exeter Hall of Williams' Refuge, quite safe and happy." A few days later, "essayed to go to Grosvenor House, but turned back (feeling so ill) when

* The Society for Promoting Female Education in the East.

near the door." It was a great joy to him that, on the 24th of June, he was able to get to the tea and meeting of the Flower Girls' Mission without harm; "deep, deep disappointment had I not gone there, for my interest in their welfare is very warm." One cause of deep regret was: "obliged to send excuse to my costermongers—was very severely depressed."

July 10th.—On Wednesday to Joseph Hoare's at Hampstead, to meet London City Missionaries: thankful, very thankful, that I was able to go. On Thursday, to Dean's Yard, Westminster, to distribute flower prizes; and to-day to Mansion House, for first Anniversary of a Society for protection of children against cruelty. What a succession of mercies!

The last working days of Lord Shaftesbury were spent in labour and prayer for young children. In a London evening paper there had appeared a series of terrible articles, purporting to give an exact account of horrible cruelties and shameful wrongs perpetrated on young and innocent girls. For years past the subject, in one form and another, had been laid upon his heart, and had cost him many days and nights of anxious thought. Thus on July the 30th, 1880, he had supported "a strong Bill, almost a fearful Bill, and capable, no doubt, of enormous abuse," to prohibit little girls under fourteen from living in houses of ill-fame. In 1881 he was actively engaged in dealing with "an abomination, one beyond the power of description for atrocity, or of sentiment to feel it—the trade with Brussels in English and Irish girls." In 1883 he spoke in the House of Lords on the Bill for Protection of Young Girls, "from the organised habitual conspiracy, so to speak, against them by the men who nightly watch the factories and workshops, and lay their snares for the poor young things as they return home long after dark." Later in the same year he was "defeated upon an amendment to protect helpless women and defenceless girls from insults and dangers in the streets." Again, in 1884 he made a speech at the Mansion House "in aid of a new society for protection of children against cruelty."

When the latest phase of the subject was revealed, he was almost heart-broken that he had not strength to stand forth as the champion of these poor children. It was not long before that, in conversation with a friend, he had said: "When I feel age creeping on me and know I must soon die—I hope it is not wrong to say it—but *I cannot bear to leave the world with all the misery in it.*"

But the set time had come. A troublesome complaint, which had produced great weakness, made rest and change of air indispensable, and towards the end of July he left London for ever.

The following are the final entries in the Diary:—

July 25th.—No entries—great anxiety of state of health. In some instances dejection terrible, overwhelmed by anxiety and labour on the matter of this Lunacy business, which, coming on me in midst of this horrible depression, was almost too much for me. Got through it at last, by God's mercy and goodness.

Went to Home Office to see Cross on those fearful revelations in *Pall Mall Gazette*; out last night to House of Lords, for half an hour, to see Salisbury on the same subject. Last night very good, and this morning things look well. We propose, God willing, to go to Folkestone to-day. Oh, may the air of the place be blessed to my recovery!

July 28th.—Folkestone, 12, Clifton Gardens. Arrived here on Saturday, 25th. Most favourable journey, God be praised. Sunday: the heat excessive, strong wind from east; suffered terribly the whole day; depression extreme. To-day somewhat better. I am very thankful for it. Now I suffer from cold, so changeable is the weather—

At first it seemed as if a reasonable hope might be entertained that his life would be spared for some years to come. For a fortnight after his arrival he was able to get out in a Bath chair, but his increasing weakness, first of all evidenced by a heavy fall in his room while crossing it, compelled him to remain much indoors. With the least sign, however, of returning health came returning energy, and he had been so long accustomed to running risks from exposure that he did not pay sufficient heed to the changes of the weather which, in the autumn of this year, were sudden and treacherous. He took a chill, which brought on inflammation of the left lung. Then it became morally certain that the end was not far off.

Free from great distressing pain; with consciousness perfectly clear, surrounded by his sons and daughters, whom he loved with an untold and untellable love; undisturbed by any fear of death, unshaken in faith, and in full assurance of hope, he calmly waited the end.

In a cheerful room on the ground floor, looking out on a pleasant lawn shaded with trees, and with the great wide sea beyond it, the small bed he had brought with him was placed, and here his last days were spent. He could step from his room to the balcony and drink in the life-giving air which he so much enjoyed, and on bright days could look across the sea to the white cliffs of sunny France. Very solemn and very beautiful was the calm of the evening tide, and very sacred was that chamber, in which the prayer was constantly breathed, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

During the interval which elapsed, he used to ask his daughters and his valet—whichever happened to be present—to read to him portions of the Bible he named to them. Every morning he begged that the twenty-third Psalm—that short cry of hope, beginning, "The Lord is my Shepherd: I shall not want"—might be read to him.

He was to the last very anxious that the letters which still came to him should be answered, and he used to dictate to his daughter, Lady Templemore, the replies he wished to be sent.

The very last matter of actual business which he attended to, was the filling up of the living of Shaftesbury (of which he was patron), and much care and thought were bestowed by him on the appointment.

One natural source of regret, and the only earthly matter which seemed to trouble him, was that he should die away from home: "in a lodging-

house," as he termed it. Had it been possible, he would have cheerfully borne the discomfort of removal, in order that he might pass away in the midst of his own people in the ancestral home he loved so well, made sacred by so many associations. But this wish could not be gratified; the sickness had taken too strong a hold upon him. It was, however, a source of gratification for him to know that his last wishes would be faithfully respected, and that his remains would rest at St. Giles's beside those of his beloved wife and daughters, in the burial-place of his fathers.

When a letter from the Dean of Westminster was read to him, in which a resting-place in Westminster Abbey was proposed, he said, in a low but firm voice, "No—St. Giles's—St. Giles's!"

In the sacred chamber where he lay, fully conscious that the end was near, one of his sons, come from Switzerland, where he was tending a loved one in her sickness to whom he had to return, knelt before him at his bidding, and received his parting blessing, as the old patriarch laid his hand upon his head, bade him "good-bye," and breathed a prayer; there other of his sons and daughters saw, day by day, the beauty of holiness, the grandeur of the triumph of faith. There one who came to bid him farewell, heard words like these: "I am in the hands of God; the ever-blessed Jehovah; in His hands alone. Yes, in His keeping, with Him alone."

Then came a day, the first day of October, when the sun was shining in meridian splendour, flooding his chamber with the light he loved so well. His faithful valet, Goldsmith, handed him something, which he received with the words, "Thank you." These were his last words. And then a few minutes later, fully conscious to the last moment, he passed, without pain or sigh or struggle, into the ineffable light.

A week later a plain, closed hearse, devoid of all the shows of grief, moved away from the door of his house in Grosvenor Square, followed by five mourning coaches and a few private carriages and hack cabs—as simple a funeral procession as ever marked the public obsequies of a great man. It needed not the pomp of any earthly pageant to do him honour. Flowers—sent by poor and rich alike, completely filling the large room from which the body had been removed—formed the only and the most fitting display. There were thousands assembled in Grosvenor Square, whose hearts were heavy, and whose eyes were red with weeping for the best friend the poor ever had, and thousands more were lining the streets through which the procession was to pass. It was touching to see the blinds drawn close in the club-houses and mansions of St. James's Street and Pall Mall, but it was far more touching to see groups upon groups of artisans, sempstresses, labourers, factory hands, flower girls—the poor and the destitute from all quarters of London—gathered there to pay their last mark of respect and affection. It was no crowding together of sight-seers. Even the poorest of the poor had managed to procure some little fragment of black to wear upon the coat-sleeve or in the bonnet; the stillness was solemn and impressive; and as the simple procession passed, every head was uncovered, and bowed as with a

personal sorrow. He had "clothed a people with spontaneous mourning and was going down to the grave amid the benedictions of the poor."

As the funeral *cortège* passed into Parliament Street a sight was seen which will never be forgotten while this generation lasts. Grouped on the east, or river side of the street, were deputations from the Homes and Refuges and Training-ships, from the Costermongers' Society, from Missions and Charities, each with their craped banners emblazoned with such words as these: "Naked and ye clothed Me," "A stranger and ye took Me in." Bands of music, playing "The Dead March" in *Saul*, were ranged at intervals, and as the procession passed, these, heading the deputations, fell in and marched towards the Abbey.

Rarely, if ever, had there been such a company assembled in Westminster Abbey as on that day. Royalty was represented; the Church, both Houses of Parliament, diplomacy, municipal power, society, were represented; but the real significance of that enormous gathering, filling every inch of space, lay in the spontaneous homage of the thousands of men and women representing all that was powerful for good in the whole land. The Abbey was full of mourners. Never before, in the memory of living men, had there been brought together, at one time, in one place, and with one accord, so many workers for the common good, impelled by a deep and tender sympathy in a common loss. For no other man in England, or in the world, could such an assembly have been gathered together.

While the coffin stood under the lantern of the church, buried beneath masses of exquisite wreaths—the offering of the Crown Princess of Germany resting beside the "Loving tribute from the Flower Girls of London,"—strong men wept, as they gazed on the sea of upturned faces, and every face bearing traces of sorrow.

At no moment was the solemnity deeper than when, after the grand old music of Purcell and Croft had ceased, and the sweet words of Christian joy and the strong words of Christian confidence in the Burial Service had been uttered, that vast congregation joined in singing Charles Wesley's hymn—

"Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one."

Tears were in the trembling voices; and the faltering notes told how profound was the sorrow.

Then, when the Dean had pronounced the Benediction, the coffin was slowly borne away, to be taken to its final resting-place in St. Giles's Church.

As the hearse moved from the Abbey, the band of the Costermongers' Temperance Society playing the hymn, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," a poor labouring man with tattered garments, but with a piece of crape sewed on to his sleeve, turned to one who stood beside him, and with a choking voice

said, "Our Earl's gone! God A'mighty knows he loved us, and we loved him. We shan't see his likes again!"

It was but one tribute of ten thousand paid that day to the friend of the poor.

Next day in the little church of St. Giles's, in the presence of sons and daughters and personal friends, the Dorset and Wiltshire tenantry, and the servants of the household, the "good Earl" was laid to rest in the ancestral burying-place, beside the faithful and loving wife and the gentle daughters he loved so tenderly.

Very touching and impressive was the singing of the final hymn that closed the simple service:—

"Now the labourer's task is o'er,
Now the battle-day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping."

The plain tablet, as delineated at the end of this book, has since been placed in the village church where he sleeps. The shape, the inscription, and the texts, all comply with directions which he left behind him in a private note.

"My Lords," said the Duke of Argyll in a memorable speech in 1885 upon the political situation, "the social reforms of the last century have not been mainly due to the Liberal party. They have been due mainly to the influence, character, and perseverance of one man—Lord Shaftesbury."

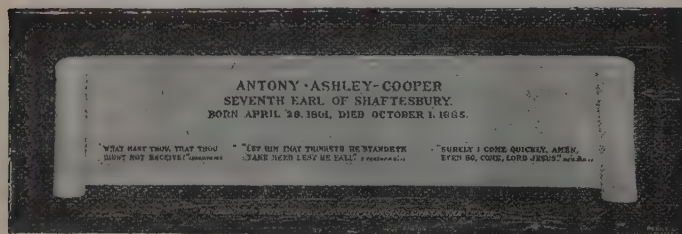
"That," said Lord Salisbury, in endorsing this eloquent tribute, "is, I believe, a very true representation of the facts." How true, this story of Lord Shaftesbury's life, as told in his Diaries, will to some extent prove.

It was a life for which the nation must ever remain grateful—a life which has left an indelible mark on the history of the country. He was the founder of a new order of men who, inspired by his example, and infected by his enthusiasm, followed and still follow in his footsteps. His life moved steadily along in one undeviating course, everything being brought into subjection to the self-imposed work he had undertaken, and nothing attempted but in an earnest and religious spirit. There was never any halting or hesitation in his opinions or purposes. Once satisfied that a cause needed help and that it filled a place unoccupied, he went "straight onward" with it, never turning to the right hand or the left. He was intensely practical, and, above all things, an honest worker and a setter of others to work; he did not say to them "Go," but "Come with me," laying it down as a principle that abundant mutual intercourse is the very life of practical unity. Thus he became the ordained counsellor of others, the inspirer of their activity, their

referee in every difficulty, the suggestor of new movements. He never stood aloof from any good work, by whomsoever proposed, nor from any fellow-worker, however humble; and he was as ready to lead an unpopular as a popular cause. A man of singular unselfishness, of rare determination, perseverance, and courage, with an unfailing perception of right and wrong, and a wise and far-reaching sagacity, he had one single aim and purpose—to do good. That undaunted courage, that burning zeal, that tender sympathy, all sprang from deep-rooted convictions of the duties and responsibilities of life as revealed in the Holy Scriptures. His name was the password of a cause among all the Christians of Europe; he inspired universal confidence by the purity of his personal character, the dignity of his bearing, the accuracy and accumulation of his knowledge; and he won affection everywhere by tones, by looks, by gestures; by little acts of kindness recurring daily and hourly. From first to last he was a reliable man; it was known where he was to be found on every moral, social, and religious question, and that he could never be entrapped into the advocacy of anything that was not good, to gratify the claims of friends or the interests of party. His whole life was a call to others to stand fast, to quit themselves like men, and to be strong. He laid his hand on the heart of his country and caused it to beat with reviving life. “When the ear heard him it blessed him, and when the eye saw him it gave witness to him, because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow’s heart to sing for joy. He was eyes to the blind and feet was he to the lame. He was a father to the poor.”

His work lives on in its fruits, and it will live for ever, and he, being dead, yet speaks in lives inspired by his example, and made bright and beautiful and useful and happy by his toil. A whole generation of children has risen up to call him blessed, and a generation is rising, among whom, influenced by his life, will be found many to adopt, as the motto of their lives, the motto of his family—

LOVE, SERVE.



APPENDIX.

THE following is a list of Religious and Philanthropic Institutions represented by Deputations at the Memorial Service, in Westminster Abbey, on Thursday, October 8th, 1885, with all of which Lord Shaftesbury was more or less directly connected.

PALL BEARERS.

JOHN MACGREGOR, British and Foreign Bible Society. Shoeblacks Brigades.	JOSEPH G. GENT, Ragged School Union.
H. R. WILLIAMS, Religious Tract Society. King Edward Industrial Schools.	WILLIAM WILLIAMS, National Refuges and Training Ships.
GEORGE WILLIAMS, Young Men's Christian Associations.	GEORGE HOLLAND, George Yard Ragged School.
W. J. ORSMAN, Costermongers' Mission.	J. M. WEYLLAND, London City Mission.

REPRESENTATIVE COMMITTEE.

MR. GEORGE WILLIAMS, <i>Chairman</i> .	GENERAL DAVIDSON.
BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.	REV. JOHN SHARP, M.A.
MR. JOSEPH G. GENT.	MR. W. J. ORSMAN.
MR. H. R. WILLIAMS.	MR. J. M. WEYLLAND.
MR. WM. WILLIAMS.	REV. PREBENDARY BILLING, B.A.
MR. E. J. KENNEDY.	MR. RICHARD TURNER.
MR. J. P. GENT.	MR. R. J. CURTIS.

MR. JOHN KIRK, *Hon. Secretary*.

British and Foreign Bible Society.	Hoxton Costers' Mission.
Ragged School Union.	Factory Workers of Bradford.
London City Mission.	Manchester City Mission and Ragged Schools.
Religious Tract Society.	Colonial and Continental Church Society.
National Refuges and Training Ships.	London Society for Promoting Chris- tianity amongst the Jews.
Young Men's Christian Association.	Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.
Church Missionary Society.	Society for Promoting Christian Know- ledge.
Church Pastoral Aid Society.	Band of Hope Union.
London Missionary Society.	Theatre and Special Services Committee.
Baptist Missionary Society.	Pure Literature Society.
Wesleyan Missionary Society.	Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.
Reformatory and Refuge Union.	
Field Lane Ragged Schools and Refuges.	
Dr. Barnardo's Homes.	
Sunday School Union.	
Church of England Sunday School In- stitute.	

Army Scripture Readers' Society.
 Ragged Church and Chapel Union.
 Open-Air Mission.
 Christian Vernacular Society for India.
 King Edward Ragged School.
 Indigent Blind Visiting Society.
 St. Giles's Prison Mission.
 One Tun Ragged School.
 Monthly Tract Society.
 Female Preventive Institution.
 Gravesend Ragged School.
 Cab Drivers' Benevolent Association.
 Tower Hamlets Mission.
 Church of England Young Men's Society.
 Mildmay Missions.
 Cabmen's Shelter Fund.
 Dove Row Ragged School.
 Waldensian Missions.
 George Yard Ragged School.
 Saffron Hill Italian Missions.
 Gifford Hall Mission.
 St. James's Home for Female Inebriates.
 Christian Community.
 Exeter Buildings Ragged School.
 Rescue Society.
 Society for Suppression of the Opium Trade.
 Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest.
 Surgical Aid Society.
 Thames Church Mission.
 Holloway Ragged School.
 London Anti-Vivisection Society.
 Shoeblack Societies and Brigades.
 Miss Rye's Homes.
 Miss Macpherson's Refuges.
 Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society.
 British Orphan Asylum.
 Young Men's Christian Association, Aldersgate Street.
 Homes for Working Boys.
 Mrs. Meredith's Institutions.
 Destitute Children's Dinner Society.
 Lambeth Ragged School.
 China Inland Mission.
 Richmond Street Mission and Ragged Schools.
 Fox Court Ragged School.
 Home for Little Boys.
 London Bible Women's Mission.
 Lamb and Flag Ragged School.
 Lord's Day Observance Society.
 Protestant Alliance.
 Church of England Scripture Readers' Association.
 Church of England Young Men's Society.

Young Men's Christian Association, Priory, Islington.
 Christian Evidence Society.
 Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Labouring Classes.
 Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association.
 Flower Girls' Mission.
 United Kingdom Alliance.
 Hospital Sunday Fund.
 Hospital Saturday Fund.
 Columbia Market and other Costers' Clubs.
 Hospital for Women.
 Samaritan Hospital for Women.
 Anti-Slavery Society.
 Evangelisation Society.
 Social Science Association.
 Horseferry Road Ragged School.
 Orphan Working School.
 Boys' Home, Wandsworth.
 London Aged Christians' Society.
 Webber Row Ragged School.
 East London Protestant Defence Association.
 Homes for Inebriates.
 Curates' Augmentation Fund.
 Latymer Road Mission.
 Stephen the Yeoman Ragged School.
 Rosemary Hall Mission.
 Polytechnic Institution.
 Richmond Street Refuge, Notting Hill.
 Nichol Street Ragged School.
 Indian Female Normal School Society.
 Turkish Missions' Aid Society.
 North London Home for Blind Christian Women.
 Church Association.
 Nelson Street Ragged School and Mission.
 Cripples' Home.
 Children's Special Service Mission.
 Copenhagen Street Industrial School.
 Infant Orphan Asylum.
 Royal Hospital for Incurables.
 Reedham Asylum.
 Young Men's Christian Association, Burlington Hall.
 Watford Orphan Asylum.
 London Female Penitentiary.
 Normal College for the Blind.
 Royal National Life-Boat Institution.
 Dreadnought Hospital for Seamen.
 Missions to Seamen.
 Soldiers' Daughters' Home.
 Book Society.
 Evangelistic Mission.

International Peace Association.
 St. George the Martyr Mission.
 King Edward Industrial Schools.
 Mr. Peache's Church Training College,
 Highbury.
 Paris City Mission.
 Tonic Sol-Fa College.
 Dean Close's Memorial School, Chel-
 tenham.
 South London Association for Assist-
 ing the Blind.
 London Presbytery Church of Eng-
 land.
 Earlswood Asylum.
 Friend of Clergy Corporation.
 Corporation of Sons of Clergy.
 Young Men's Christian Association,
 Stafford Rooms.
 Congregational School at Caterham.
 Stockwell Orphanage.
 British Asylum for Deaf and Dumb.
 Royal Association in Aid of Deaf and
 Dumb.
 Female Orphan Home.
 Society for Widows of Medical Men.
 Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society.
 Sailors' Welcome Home.
 Provident Surgical Appliance Society.
 National Cripple Boys' Home.
 Boys' Industrial Home, Forest Hill.
 Home for Consumptive Girls.
 Ashley Mission, Bethnal Green.
 Newport Market Industrial School.
 Gordon Memorial Fund for the Benefit
 of Poor Children.
 The Gordon Boys' Home.
 Missions to French in London.
 Metropolitan Drinking Fountain Asso-
 ciation.
 Royal Society for the Prevention of
 Cruelty to Animals.

Westminster Flower Show,
 Gray's Yard Ragged School.
 Ogle Mews Ragged School.
 National Temperance League.
 Irish Church Missions.
 Irish Scripture Readers' Society.
 Irish Society.
 Railway Mission.
 Blue Ribbon Gospel Temperance Move-
 ment.
 Freedmen's Missions Aid Society.
 Birmingham Town Mission.
 Victoria Street Society for the Sup-
 pression of Vivisection.
 Wesleyan Methodist Lord's Day Ob-
 servance Society.
 Female Mission to the Fallen.
 Artisans, Labourers, and General
 Dwellings Company.
 Society for Promoting Female Educa-
 tion in the East.
 Young Women's Christian Association.
 South American Missionary Society.
 Early Closing Association.
 Saturday Half-Holiday Movement.
 The Needle-Women's Society.
 Society for Promoting the Employment
 of Women.
 Romsey Corporation Charity.
 Society for the Relief of Persecuted
 Jews.
 Home Teaching Society for the Blind.
 Railway Officers' and Servants' Asso-
 ciation.
 "Bruey" Association of "Irish So-
 ciety."
 Juvenile Sunday Union.
 Young Men's Christian Association,
 Gracechurch Street.
 &c. &c. &c.

DEPUTATIONS OF CHILDREN AND YOUNG PERSONS REPRESENTING THE FOLLOWING INSTITUTIONS:

Chichester and Arethusa Training
 Ships.
 Girls' Home; Ealing and Sudbury
 National Homes.
 Shoeblacks: Central Reds.
 King Edward Industrial Schools.
 Field Lane Industrial Schools.

Flower Girls' Mission.
 Cripples' Home.
 Home for Little Boys.
 George Yard Ragged Schools.
 King Edward Ragged Schools.
 One Tun Ragged School.
 Costermongers' Societies and Clubs.

INDEX.

- Aberdeen, Lord, 201; on Nestorians, 283; appealed to by Queen of Tahiti, 289; Premier, 465; offers Blue Ribbon, 491, 492; death of, 578
- Abolition of Protection, 337
- Achnacarry and its fascinations, 385
- Acre, Capture of, 166
- Acrobats and Small Children, Bill for the Protection of, 757
- Additional Curates Society, 113
- Advice to teachers, 467
- Affairs in the East, 493
- Afghanistan and its affairs, 236
- Agar-Ellis, Mr., 44
- Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, 691
- Agricultural gangs, 3, 624
- Agricultural knowledge in India, 46
- Agricultural labourers, Defence of, 280; in Dorsetshire, 293; rewards to, 484
- Agriculture and women and children, 236
- Aix-la-Chapelle, 267
- Alexander, Dr., first Bishop of Jerusalem, 199; consecration of, 202; first benediction of, 202; sails for Jaffa, 203; entry into Jerusalem, 219; sends a ring to Lord Ashley, 270; death of, 329, 358
- Alison, Sir Archibald, 144
- Almshouses at Wimborne St. Giles, 18
- Alnwick Castle, 147
- Alpine and Italian scenery, 96
- Alsace, 361
- Althorp, Lord, 89
- Ameers of Scinde, The, 285, 286
- America and Slavery, 460; future of the States, 454
- American Civil War, The, 573, 577
- American Evangelists, The, 688
- Amusements of the people, 73
- Ancestry and home, 8—18
- Anglican Bishopric of Jerusalem, 166, 197, 198
- Anti-Corn-Law League, 304, 334; Lord John Russell a convert to, 336
- Antinomianism, 529
- Anti-Papal agitation, 434
- Anti-Slavery agitation, 476; meeting at Exeter Hall, 476; Mrs. Beecher-Stowe in England, 476; address to the women of America, 476
- Antwerp, 267
- Appendix, 777
- Apprentice system, The, 76—80
- Archbishop of Paris, Murder of, 653
- Arethusa training-ship, The, 615
- Arguments of prophecy, The, 702
- Argyll, The Duke of, 705, 719, 775
- Aristocracy in Europe, Life of the, 481
- Armenian Church, The, 716
- Arnold, Dr. 174
- Arnold, Mr. Edwin, 726, 759
- Art of speaking to children, 353
- Artizans' and Labourers' Dwellings Company, 690
- Ascot races, 55, 181
- Ashley, Lord (*see* Shaftesbury, Seventh Earl of)
- Ashley Mission, 755
- Ashley, Sir Anthony, 8; daughter of, 8; her marriage, 8
- Ashley, The Hon. Evelyn, 498, 506, 507, 534, 600—604, 605, 686, 716, 718, 719
- Ashleys and Coopers, 8, 17
- Assassination of Mr. E. Drummond, 241; of Lord Frederick Cavendish, 733
- Astronomy as a study, 49, 62
- Asylums (*see* Lunacy)
- Athanasian Creed, The, 664
- Attempts on the Queen's life, 157, 411
- Auberon Herbert, The Hon., on prayer, 690
- Audit dinners at St. Giles's, 450
- Auricular confession, 464
- Austro-Sardinian War, 557
- Autumn manœuvres in Dorset, 664
- Avenue of beeches at Brockington, 16
- Baden, 360
- Balaklava and official stupidity, 498
- Ballot, The, 70; in America, 151, 655—657
- Banks, Mr. Geo., 39, 317, 468
- Baptist Missionary Society, The, 253
- Baptist Society for Foreign Missions, The, 551
- Barnum, Mr., the American showman, 459
- Barrow and Donkey Club, The, 646
- Bartle Frere, Sir, 690
- Basle, 361
- Bates, Mr., and French finance, 454
- Baths of surprise, 50
- Bathurst, Lord and Lady, 42; letter from Lord Bathurst, 53
- Beaconsfield, Lord (*see* Disraeli)
- Beaufort, Duchess of, 234, 335
- Bedchamber question, The, 129, 130
- Bedlam, 50; horrors of, 50, 52
- Beecher-Stowe, Mrs., 476
- Belhaven, Lord, at Wishaw, 385
- Bentinck, Lord Wm., 63
- Bible, Revision of, 640, 733, 738; study of, 733; defence of, 744
- Bible Society, Translations of, at the Great Exhibition of 1851, 437; agents of, in China, 477, 478
- Bickersteth, Rev. E., 209, 421, 422, 461
- Binney, Dr. Thomas, 685
- Birmingham and London Railway, 125
- "Bishop Maker," The, on his defence, 606—612
- Bishopric of Jerusalem, The, 198
- Bishops, Opposition of, to the Religious Worship Bill, 513, 514
- Black Boy Alley, 260
- Bleaching and Dye-Works Bill, 375
- Blind, Indigent, 145
- Blue Books, Value of, 741
- Board of Education, 132, 135
- Board of Health, 417; its work, 417—419; Lord Ashley resigns Chairmanship of, 426; sanitation, 478; antagonism to, 479; a new master, 479; old Board extinguished, 480

- Board Schools, 643, 644
 "Bobby," Derivation of, 74
 "Bokhara," Burnes, 236
 Bologna, 95
 Books for students, 71
 Booth, Mr. and Mrs., 726
 Bosnian refugees, 701
 Bowles' opinion of Cranborne, 24
 Bradlaugh, Mr., at Northampton, 686, 718, 727, 732
 Brahminism, A dying effort of, 544
 Brewster, Sir David, 386
 Bribery at elections, 472
 Brickfield children, 654
 Brieg, Switzerland, 93
 Bright, Right Hon. John, 265; opposes Ten Hours Bill, 291; millowners' advocate, 293; apology of, 294; factory legislation, 302, 333, 378; relays and shifts, 372, 373; mills at Rochdale, 340—342; subdivision of parishes, 409; Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, 434; India Bill, 550; Palmerston's estimate of, 603
 British and Foreign Bible Society, 358, 437—439
 British Orphan School in Paris, 392
 Broadlands, 172
 Broadmoor Asylum, 571
 Broadwall Infant Ragged School, 350; its founder, 383
 Brockington Avenue, 16
 Brougham, Lord, 32, 36, 304, 368, 378, 514
 Broughton, Lord, 79
 Bulgarian atrocities, The, 698, 705
 Bull Ring, Birmingham, 136
 Buller, Charles, Death of, 407
 Bunsen, Baron, and his mission, 198, 199, 203, 563
 Burdett, Sir Francis, 47, 742
 Burglars and emigration, 405
 Burgundy, Plains of, 91
 Burial of Nonconformists, 742
 "Burking" system of the newspapers, 485
 Burnes, "Bokhara," 236
 Burning questions of the day, 188
 Busby, Dr., 20
 Butler, Dr., at Harrow, 22, 25
 Cabal, Sir A. Ashley and the, 9
 Cabul, Affairs at, 240
 Calico print-works, Children in, 320; Bill introduced, 320, 332
 California and the gold diggings, 450
 Calvin's Commentaries, 528
Cambrian Quarterly, 40
 Cambridge House parties, 605
 Cannes, 103
 Canning, Lord, Indian Proclamation of, 548—550
 Canning, Mr., 30, 32, 33; provision for his family, 30; illness and death of, 39
 Canon Law, 432
 Capital punishment, 411
 Cardinal Wiseman, 429; his manifesto, 430
 Cardwell, Mr. (Viscount Cardwell), 208
 Carisbrooke Castle, 718
 Carlsbad, Visit to, 266, 269
 Carlsruhe, 360
 Carlyle, Thomas, 391
 Carnival of Nice, The, 102
 Carolina, 349
 Carse of Gowrie, The, 143
 Castle Howard, 149
 Catacombs at Rome, The, 99
 Catholic Church in England, The, 206
 Catholic emancipation, 47, 60, 325
 Catholic Switzerland, 92
 Catholics, A friend of the, 30, 32
 Cattle plague in Britain, The, 600
 Cattle, Wild white, 146
 Cavour, Count, 475; on Italian freedom, 556, 561
 Centenary of Sunday Schools, 415
 Central Board of Health, 398
 Chalmers (Dr.), in Tron Church, 28
 Chambers, Mr. Thomas, 648
 Chancellorship of Oxford University, 455
 Changanier, General, 424
 "Characteristics," The, 14; the controversy it occasioned, 14
 Charity Organisation Society, The, 672
 Charleston, 349
 Chartist movement, The, 162, 163, 173, 232, 390, 393
 Chatsworth, 149
 Cheap bread, 181
 Cheap trains for workmen, 571
Chickster training-ship, The, 614
 Child labour in 1833, 76, 77; in mines and collieries, 164, 221—224; in calico print-works, 320; half-time, 339, 340, 654
 Children, Cruelty to, 223, 242
 Children in slavery, 164
 Children's Dangerous Performances Act, 757
 Children's Employment Commission, 175, 242, 320—322, 586, 624, 654
 Chillingham Castle, 146
 Chimney-Sweepers' Bill, Hostility to, 158; apprentices, 160, 494, 516, 585—588
 China and Christianity, 477; mission to, 478
 China War, The, 236
 Chinese difficulties, 537—540
 Chisholm, Mrs., and colonisation, 436
 Cholera, Outbreak of, 417, 418, 485; Scotch memorialists, 485
 Cholmondeley Castle, 234
 Christ, Second Coming of, 237, 271, 385, 422, 523, 529
 Christian heroes in India, 548—549
 Christian Sabbath, Defence of, 419 *et passim*
 Christianity in Russia, 487; in India, 566—567
 Christians in Turkey, 486, 487
 Christmas at St. Giles's, 205
 Church appointments, 606—612
 Church Congresses, Objections to, 650
 Church extension, 158
 Church Missionary Society, 198
 Church nominations, 500
 Church of St. Agostino, 99
 Church Pastoral Aid Society, 113, 114, 124, 522, 578, 674, 740
 Church patronage under Lord Palmerston, 606—612
 Church reforms, 112, 664, 674—676, 740
 Cistercian Nunnery, 235
 Citizenship of Tain, 429
 City Arabs, 347
 City of the Plague, The, 417
 Civil War in America, The, 573
 Clanricarde, Lord, and Sunday postal labour, 419
 Clarendon, Lord, on the return of the Jews, 493; death of, 649
 Clergy and people, 263
 Clergy, The, and spiritual destitution, 410
 Clerical vestments, 625
 Climbing boys, 583—588; death of a boy, 587
 Clouds in the East, 486
 Coal bearing, 222

- Cobbe, Miss F. P., Birthday address of, 722
 Cobden, Mr. Richard, 117, 227; Factory Bill, 227; exposure of factory districts, 291; children in print-works, 321; reduction of hours of labour, 339, 378; the Chinese difficulty, 537; Palmerston's opinion of, 603
 Coercion Bill, Irish, of Sir Robert Peel, 343
 Coincidence of names, A, 349
 Colenso, Dr., 591
 Coliseum at Rome, 97
 Collieries and female labour, 443
 Colliery Bill, The, 224; opposed by Cobden, 227; supported by Palmerston, 230; becomes law, 231; the Press on the, 234; repeal of, 238, 263
 Cologne Cathedral, 268
 Colonisation of Palestine, 168
 Combination Laws repealed, 73
 Commemoration Day at Oxford, 181
 Common Lodging Houses Bill, 469
 Confessional in the Church of England, The, 464, 678, 679
 Conservative working men, 623
 Continental Sunday, A, 274
 "Conversation" Sharpe, 32
 Converts to Rome, 324
 Convocation, Revival of, 463
 Cooper, John, 8; marriage of, 9; son of, 9
 Cora Linn, 146
 Corn-Law agitation, 179—183; Col. Napier on, 196; Sir R. Peel, 220, 318; George Banks, 317; change of opinion concerning, 334; Lord Ashley on, 335, 338, 339; Melbourne on, 335; Free-traders and protection, 335; a prophecy, 335; Peel's conversion to Free-trade, 338; Royal assent to Corn and Customs Bill, 343; repeal of Corn Laws, 380
 Corporation and Test Acts, Repeal of, 30
 Costermongers' movement, History of, 645—648, 666, 672, 685
 Costers' Hall, Opening of, 725
 Cottage accommodation, 448, 449, 640
 Cotton famine in England, 578
 Cotton mill near Pottendorf, 273
 Cotton supply, 573, 574
 Cotton trade, The, 75
 Council on Education constituted, 185
 County Lunatic Asylums, 308
 Coursing at Oxford, 9
 Cowper, fifth Earl, 65, 91; death of, 536, 537
 Cowper, Lady (*see* Palmerston, Lady)
 Cowper, Mr. W., 299, 316, 385, 602
 Cowper, the poet, 333
 Coventry, Lord Keeper, 9
 Crabtree, Mr. Mark, 182, 191, 194
 Cranborne Chase, 24
 Cremation, 361, 456, 768
 Crichton Castle, 140
 Cricket Clubs for Cottagers, 450
 Crimean War, 486—489; mismanagement in the commissariat department, 498; the Coalition Government resign, 499; Sanitary Commission, 503, 505; death of the Czar, 505; peace declared, 535
 Criminal Lunatics, 571, 572
 Crippled children, 568
 Cropley Ashley, sixth Earl of Shaftesbury, 14, 15
 Cropley, Sir John, 13
 Cruelty in asylums, 53
 Cruelty to animals, 72, 96
 Cruelty to children in schools, 411
 "Cry of the children," The, 77
 Crystal Palace on Sundays, The, 572
 Cumberland, Duke of, 69
 Cumloden, 406, 407
 Curious episode, A, 472
 Customs at Oxford, 9
 Danish question, 597
 Day of humiliation, 503
 Dean Law, 731, 734
 Dean Stanley, 677; death of, 724
 Dean's Yard flower show, 677
 Debt, Fear of, 634
 Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, 648, 757
 Deer at Cranborne, 24
 Defenders of Religion and its enemies, 527
 Democracy, Progress of, 481
 Denison, Archdeacon, 594, 595
 Denison, Mr. Evelyn, 41, 272
 Depression in trade, 232
 Derby, Lord, Ministry of, 452, 453; on Convocation, 463; defeat of, 465
 Desantis, a presbyter, 474
 Devonshire, Duke of, 149
 Dickens, Charles, Letter from, 120; on Ragged Schools, 260, 658
 Dillwyn, Mr., Lunacy Commission of, 700
 Discipline of suffering, 670
 Disraeli, The Right Hon. Benjamin, 152, 325; (Lord Beaconsfield) 453, 464, 619, 621, 627, 631, 673, 690, 691, 709, 720
 Disruption in Scotland, 264
 Dissenters' Chapels Bill, 306
 Distress in Ireland, 409
 Divided parties, 36
 Divine authorship of the Bible, 521, 522, 526, 527
 Divine Providence, Operations of, 523
 Dog, Death of a favourite, 39
 Dogmatic truth, 522
 Donkey, Presentation of a, 647
 Donkeys and ponies of costers, 647, 759
 Drainage Bill, 196
 Dressmakers and milliners, 285, 516
 Drummond, Mr., Assassination of, 241
 Drunkards Bill, 713
 Druses and Maronites in Syria, 563
 Dryden on the first Earl, 10; on the second Earl, 12
 Dublin Mansion House Relief Committee, 334
 Duchy of Lancaster, 500
 "Duck puddle" at Harrow, 23
 Dudley, Lord, 44
 Duel, Challenge to a, 472, 473
 Dugdale's mill, 313
 Dunkeld, 143
 Durham Letter, The famous, 430
 Dutch fair, A, 363
 Duty on imported food, 453
 Dwelling-houses of the poor, 347, 352, 353, 354, 687
 Dying gift, A, 21
 Early closing movement, 534
 Early factory legislation, 78
 Early reformers, Fanaticism of, 143
 East India Company, 57, 248; opium traffic encouraged by, 249; opium monopoly questioned, 250; debate in Parliament, 253; the Ameers of Scinde and the, 286; indictment of the, 287, 549
 "Ecce Homo," 591
 Ecclesiastical appointments, 538, 544, 605
 Ecclesiastical Courts Bill, 628, 660, 681, 682
 Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, 435
 Edinburgh, 141
 Education and Bible reading, 33

- Education and ignorance in England, 71, 73, 104, 242, 381
 Education and local rates, 515
 Education Bill, The, 643, 644, 662
 Election expenses in 1830, 66, 67
 Elementary education, 132, 135
 Elgin, Lady, 668
 Ellenborough, Lord, 239; on Scinde, 286, 549, 550
 Ellice, Rt. Hon. Edward, 170, 171
 Emigration of ragged scholars, 399-401; grant made, 401; farewell address, 401; scheme before Parliament, 415; grant withdrawn, 416; a letter on the, 416, 417; Miss Portal's bequest, 421; donation from the Queen, 421, 422; progress of, 468
 Emperor of France, 506
 Emperor of Russia in England, 311
 Employment Commission, 516
 England and Russia, 486, 487
 English influence abroad, 507
 English liberality, 597
 English workmen in France, Flight of, 391
 Eselbach, Steamboats at, 269
 "Essays and Reviews," 590, 639, 686
 Esterhazy, Prince, 273
 Evangelical Alliance, The, 365
 Evangelical party, 519 *et passim*
 Evangelisation of Italy, The, 573
 Evangelisation of the East, The, 599
 Evening classes for young men, 450
 Evening communion, 743
 Exeter Hall Special Services, 542; inhibition issued, 543; action of the Nonconformists, 543; of the Bishops, 543; the Services legalised, 544
 Exhibition of 1851, 437
 Extra-mural Interment Bill, 426, 478
 Facilities of Worship Bill, 678
 Factories and mills in India, 692, 712
 Factories, Mr. Grant on, 194; Col. Napier on, 196; Education Bill, 245; debate on regulation of labour in, 290-298; reports of inspectors of, 290
 Factory Bills, 194, 196, 215, 219, 226, 228; Palmerston's support, 228; approved by Queen and Prince Albert, 229; the Ten Hours Bill passes, 368; its advantages, 374
 Factory labour, Evils of, 292
 Factory legislation, 49, 54, 75, 76-80, 163; opening of schools, 73, 84; apprentice system, 76; white slaves, 78; Mr. Sadler's Bill, 80, 83; a Royal Commission, 86; report issued, 88; education of children, 104; Act of 1833, 104; found inoperative, 114; amendment thereof, 116; Colnden's opinion, 117; Regulation Act, 118; inquiry into Mills and Factories Act, 163; report of Commission, 177; Lord Ashley's Bill, 215; opposed by Peel, 215; approved by Queen, 229; Extension Act of 1864, 242; Education Bill, 245; progress of legislation, 313, 367-369; retrospect, 378; friends and foes, 378, 379; the Bill of 1874, 703; Factory Consolidation Bill, 704; Factories and Workshops Act, 704
 Factory operatives and the Countess of Shaftesbury, 568
 Factory tour in Lancashire and Yorkshire, 186, 313, 341
 Fairbairn, Mr., the engineer, 451
 Fallen among thieves, 405
 Famine in England, Threatened, 334; in Ireland, 380
 Fanaticism of early reformers, 143
 Farm schools, 615
 Feargus O'Connor, 233, 390
 Female education in the East, 770
 Female suffrage, 651
 Field Lane Ragged School, 259, 261, 437, 468
 Fielden, Mr. John, M.P., 367-369, 371
 Fighting men in the House of Lords, 472, 473
 Fire insurance offices and climbing boys, 162
 Fishbourne, Admiral, 726, 727-731
 Flax mill at Pottendorf, 273
 Fleet ditch, 260
 Flower Girls' Mission, 670, 758, 774
 Flower shows, 677
 Foreign taste, 476
 Forster, Mr. John, 693
 Forster, Mr. W. E., Education scheme of, 643, 644, 721
 Forum at Rome, The, 97
 Fountains in Swiss villages, 362
 Fox Maule, Mr. (Lord Panmure), 120
 France and her resources, 454
 France, England, and Russia, 486, 487
 Franco-Prussian War, 649
 Frankfurt, Free city of, 269, 277
 Fraudulent bailiff, A, 584
 Frederick William of Prussia, 197; godfather to the Prince of Wales, 203; in England, 214
 Free industries, 242
 Freethinking Germans, 361
 Free-trade (*see* Corn-Law agitation)
 French aggressions in Tahiti, 289
 French and English Sundays, 532
 French Emperor visits England, 506
 Frere, Sir Bartle, 690
 Freshmen at Oxford, 9
 Friend (The) of the friendless, 52
 Friendly Societies, 73
 Friends and foes, 336
 Fry, Mr., 243, 249
 Fry, Mr. Wm. Storrs, 312
 Fry, Mrs. Elizabeth, illness of, 311, 384
 Fugitive notes, 28, 104
 Fugitive slave law, 459
 Funeral reform, 361
 Future judgment, 525
 Gaelic life, 143
 Galloway House, 385, 406
 Garbett, Rev. James, 208-213
 Garden allotments, 450
 Garfield, General, Death of, 724
 Garibaldi, General, and Italian freedom, 556, 560; invited to visit England 561; in England, 596
 Garter, Order of the, declined, 492; accepted, 576-578
 Gates of Somnauth, 239
 Geneva Red Cross Association, 499
 Geneva, Visit to, 92, 484
 Genoa, 474
 Gent, Mr. Joseph, 349, 350, 706, 710, 750
 George IV., 155
 George Yard, Whitechapel, 709, 747
 German life, 360
 German philosophy, 361
 Ghent, City of, 359
 Gifts and Legacies, 769
 Girls' refuges, 615, 649, 704
 Gladstone, The Right Hon. Wm. Ewart, 113, 201; favours Fuseyism, 210; Colliery Bill, 230; Collegiate institutions, 238; on Dis-sent, 307; *non-placet* at Oxford, 323; Vice-President of the Board of Trade, 324;

- Maynooth grant, 326; Ten Hours Bill, 376—379; Ministerial aspirations, 500; resigns office, 508; the Manchester school, 596, 599; Palmerston's estimate of, 603, 612; love of power, 621; Irish Church, 627; Premier, 632; Dr. Temple's appointment, 639; Education scheme, 644; female suffrage, 651; Public Worship Bill, 683, 684; on "the stump," 684, 736; Bulgarian atrocities, 698, 705; Irish Land Laws, 719; Home Rule, 764
- Glasgow Blind School, 145
 Glasgow, freedom of the city, 658
 Glasgow Home for Incurables, 141
 Glasgow Registration Court, 145
 Glasgow riots in 1848, 390
 Gleaning in the cornfields, 144
 Gobat, Dr., Bishop of Jerusalem, 358
 Goderich, Lord, as Premier, 39
 Golden Lane Mission, 645—648
 Gordon, Mr. Robert, 52
 Gough, Mr. J. B., 496, 672
 Gould, Mr. Nathaniel, 79
- Graham, Sir James, 245; Education Bill, 245; as a peacemaker, 245; on teaching of Scripture, 245, 247; the opium monopoly, 250, 257; Twelve Hours Bill, 290; advice to Lord Ashley, 291—296; unpopular, 298; character, 257, 298; Vice-royalty of Ireland, 300; Lunacy Laws, 309, 316; Irish Secretaryship, 319; supports Lunacy Bills, 332; resigns office, 508; death of, 578
- Grant, Mr. Philip, 194, 367, 378
 Grant, Mr. R., on the Jews' Disabilities, 387
 Granville, Lord, 65
 Great Exhibition of 1851, The, 437
 "Great Unwashed," The, 181 *et passim*
 Greek brigandage, 649
 Greek chair at Oxford and Dr. Jowett, 594
 Greville, Mr. Charles, 303, 304
 Grey, Sir George, 373, 379, 388, 395, 444
 Grindelwald glacier, 362
 Grotto of shells at Cranborne, 17
 Guildhall meeting of Ragged School Union, 720—722
 Guizot, M., 166, 170; on the appeal of the Queen of Tahiti, 289
 Gurney, Mr. Samuel, 249
 Guthrie, Dr., 383
 Gutter children, 466
- Habeas Corpus Act, Introduction of, 10; suspended in Ireland, 408
 Habitual Drunkards Bill, 713
 Haldane, Mr. Alexander, 462, 497, 499, 517, 536, 573, 595, 598, 611, 638, 643, 650, 674, 679, 698, 714, 731; death of, 735
 Hampden, Rev. Dr., 388
 Handel, the composer, 14
 Hanway, Jonas, 159
 Hardinge, Lord, 345, 346, 419
 Hargreaves, Mr. J., and the spinning jenny, 75
 Harrow and its associations, 22, 25
 Harrow Churchyard, 414
 Harrow Hill and philanthropy, 25
 Hartington, Marquis of, 558, 701
 Harvest home at St. Giles, 537
 Havelock, Sir Henry, 548, 552
 Health of Towns Act, 398
 Heber, Bishop, Death of, 55, 61
 Heidelberg, Palace of, 276
 Herbert, Mr. Sidney, 508
 Herschel, Sir Wm., 736
 High Church party, The, 113
 "High morality" at Court, 193
- Highland hamlets and Hottentot kraals, 143
 Hindley's Factory Bill, 116
 Hoare, Mr. Joseph, 769
 Hobbhouse, Sir John, 79
 Hoffman, Prof., 361
 Holborn Hill and its alleys, 1
 Holland House, 756
 Holland, Mr. George, 709, 769
 Holloway, Mr. Thomas, 572, 573
 Holloway Sanatorium, The, 572
 Holy Land, Interest in the, 126, 197
 Holy places in Palestine, 486
 Holyrood House, 141
 Homburg, Visit to, 638
 Home of the Ashleys, 15
 Home Rule, 764
 Homeless boys, 613
 Homes for the insane, 308
 Honours to worthy men, 606
 Horne, the Rev. Dr., 20
 Horner, Mr. Leonard, 73
 Horrors of Bedlam, 50—52; of the factory system, 76
 Horticulture in India, 46
 Hours of labour, Restriction of, in factories, 79
 House of Lords a Register Office, 484
 Household Suffrage Act of 1867, The, 70, 623
 Houses of Detention, 471
 Housing the poor, 352, 440, 759
 Hudson, Mr., at Turin, 475
 Hume, Mr. Joseph, 32, 250, 368, 410
 Humanising the working classes, 424
 Humanity and the name of Ashley, 310
 Husbandry in India, 46
 Huxley, Prof., on religion, 650
 Hyde Park riot, 619
- Ibrahim Pasha, 165
 Idle ecclesiastics, 410
 Immorality in France, 424
 Improvement Building Companies, Metropolitan, 469
 Impure literature, 747
 Incarnation, The, 525
 Indigent Blind Visiting Society, The, 145
 Industrial classes and emigration, 415; refugees, 467
 Industrial Exhibition of 1851, The, 437
 Industrial legislation, Necessity for, 3, 4
 Industrial schools in counties, 473
 Inglis, Sir Robert, 227, 318, 445, 515
 Inherited estates and new difficulties, 448, 449
 India, 45, 54; work for, 54; conversion of, 57; agriculture in, 46; mills and factories in, 712
 India Bill, 550
 Indian cotton, 573, 574
 Indian famine, 574
 Indian Mutiny, The, 544—550; subject of special prayer, 545; fund for relief of the sufferers, 545; origin of the insurrection, 546, 547; Lady Canning on the mutilations, 547
 Insane, The (*see* Lunacy)
 Insanity of the poet Cowper, 333
 Inspiration of the Scriptures, 521, 522, 526, 527, 744
 Insurance Offices and climbing boys, 158—163
 Insurrections at Berlin and Vienna, 393
 Intemperance, Evils of, 672
 Interlaken, 363
 Interment Bill, 426
 Inventions, Progress of, 75
 Inverary Castle, 406
 Inverness, 143

- Iona and Staffa, 680**
 Ireland and England, Severance of, 638
 Ireland and famine, 364; in distress, 408
 Ireland and the Irish, 326
 Irish Church, The, 105; temporalities of, 112, 306, 630—637
 Irish Coercion Bill, The, 343
 Irish Registration Bill, The, 177
 Italian freedom and the Papacy, 556; events leading to war, 556; war declared, 557; opinions of Persigny, Cavour, and Garibaldi, 558—561; annexation of Savoy and Nice, 561
 Italian honour, 651
 Italian scenery, 96
 Italy, 91, 573

 "Jack Cade" legislation, 298, 304
 "Jack Ketch's" warren, 259
 Jackson, T., City missionary, 404
 Jerusalem and Jewish people, 123, 167
 Jerusalem Bishopric, 198, 200; first Bishop, 199; his death, 329; second Bishop, 358
 Jews at Carlsbad, 270
 Jews in Parliament, 126, 167, 170, 177, 200, 388, 447, 501, 553
 Jews in Russia, 731
 Jews, Return of the, 48, 328, 493
 Jews' Society, The, 215, 328, 616, 761
 Jocelyn, Lord, 182, 495, 537
John Bull and Lord Ashley, 30
 Jones, Mr. Ernest, 390
 Jowett, Dr., and Greek chair, 594
 Joy, Mary, Death of, 636
 Jubilee of London City Mission, 761
 Jura Mountains, The, 91
 Jurston Street Ragged School, 350
 Jury question in India, The, 59
 Justification by faith, 521
 Juvenile delinquency, 471
 Juvenile mendicancy and crime, 471
 Juveniles in workshops, 624, 625

 Kay, Mr. J., and the fly shuttle, 75
 Keble, Rev. John, 206, 207, 213, 323
 Kingdom of Italy, 103
 King's College, 56
 Kinsaird family, The, 142
 Kossuth in England, 450; reception, 450

 Labourers' Friend Society, 347, 384, 394
 Labourers' holiday at St. Giles, 484
 Labouring classes, 174, 393, 570, 630
 Labouring Classes' Tenements Houses Act, 760
 Laity and the Church, The, 365
 Lamartine, M., 425
 Lancashire Cotton Famine, The, 578
 Lancashire operatives, Condition of, 75—77
 Land of Promise and the Jews, 403
 Landed proprietary, Opposition to the, 314
 Lansdowne, Lord, 507
 Law, Dean, 677
 Law, Value of, 187
 Lawrence, Sir Henry, 548
 Lawsuits, 596, 631
 Lawyers and their practices, 483
 Leigh, Miss, House of Refuge of, in Paris, 704
 Letters to Lord Ashley from Lord Aberdeen, 283, 491; Mr. Barnum's agent, 459; Lord Bathurst, 43, 53; Rev. E. Bickersteth, 209; Mrs. Canning, 30, 34; Charlotte Elizabeth, 209; Hon. William Cowper, 209; H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland, 69; Archdeacon Denison, 594; Earl of

Derby, 617; Mrs. Fry, 265; General Garibaldi, 560, 596; Mr. W. Gregson, 213; Sir Henry Hardinge, 345; Hon. Russell Lowell, 724; Lady Charlotte Lyster, 722; Lord Macaulay, 552; Mr. J. Bowen May, 572; J. R. McCulloch, 85; Lord Mornington, 473; Sir Moses Montefiore, 633; Col. Napier, 196; Miss Nightingale, 505, 581; Bishop of Oxford, 594; Lady Palmerston, 502, 509, 510; Lord Palmerston, 500, 576, 582; Sir E. Peel, 109, 123, 187, 215, 238, 241, 246; H.R.H. Prince Consort, 229, 395, 396, 457; Dr. Pusey, 593; Mr. Roebuck, 375; Lord J. Russell, 381, 418; Mrs. Southey, 139; Mr. Robert Southey, 64, 85, 90; Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, 708; "Tiny," 750; Caroline Walker, 416; Daniel Webster, 151, 156; Duke of Wellington, 31, 38, 39, 42, 45, 65, 68, 133; Archdeacon Wilberforce, 212

Letters from Lord Ashley to Lord Aberdeen, 283; Hon. Evelyn Ashley, 489, 506, 517, 518, 719; Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Ashley, 716; Mrs. Canning, 35; Count Cavour, 561; Mr. Crabtree, 194; H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland, 69; Archdeacon Denison, 595; Earl of Derby, 617; Admiral Fishbourne, 729; General Garibaldi, 560; Mr. Gladstone, 632; Mr. Haldane, 463, 497, 519, 595, 601, 611, 640; Mr. Kirk, 633; Mr. Wm. Locke, 349; Hon. Russell Lowell, 724; Archbishop Manning, 653; Lord Mornington, 473; Emperor Napoleon III., 489, 490; Mr. Richard Oastler, 83; Mr. W. J. Orsman, 646, 648, 666, 725; Mr. Roundell Palmer, 207; Lord Palmerston, 163, 489, 490; Lord Panmure, 504; Sir Robert Peel, 110, 184, 215, 241, 247; Mr. S. Plim-soll, M.P., 674; Dr. Pusey, 211, 593; Lord John Russell, 413; Lady Shaftesbury, 661, 662, 663; Short-Time Committee, 216, 369, 370; Mr. Robert Southey, 63; Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, 709; "Tiny," 750; Et. Hon. S. H. Walpole, 627; Duke of Wellington, 67; Canon Wilberforce, 763

Levees of Mr. Speaker, 651

Library at St. Giles's House, The, 16

Life peerages, 518, 536

Lindsay, Lord, Travels of, 123

Linlithgow, 142

Literature, Efforts in, 54

Liverpool, 136

Liverpool, Lord, 32, 34

Livingstone, Dr., at Wimborne St. Giles, 18

Local rates for the education of the poor, 515

Lock, Mr., Memorandum to, 46, 59

Locke, John, and the Shaftesbury family, 12; as tutor of the third Earl, 13; choosing a wife for his master, 13; the Earl's friendship for, 13

Locke, Mr. Wm., 349, 428

Lockhart, "Life of Scott," 123

Lodger franchise, The, 623

Lodging-house for newsboys, 651

Lodging-houses for the working classes, 384, 440; inspection of, 440, 446; Charles Dickens on, 446; the new Bill on, 469

London City Mission, 348, 351 *et passim*

London Missionary Society, 478

London poor, The, 466

London Society for the Improvement of Factory Children, 83

London Thieves, 404

Londonderry, Lord, 238, 263

Longford Election Committee, 220

- Lord's Supper in mission rooms, 743
 Loretto, An incident at, 96
 Louis Napoleon (*see* Napoleon III.)
 Louis Philippe, 166, 389—391
 Lowe, the Right Hon. Robert (Lord Sherbrooke), 616, 621
 Lucca, Duke of, 102
 Lunacy Question, 49; treatment of lunatics, 50, 309, 310; the asylums, 51; retreat at York, 51; Lunacy Board, 52; neglect of lunatics, 52; Gordon's report, 52; Lord Ashley's speech, 52; Lunacy Act, 56, 57; Commission in Lunacy, 124, 220; working of the, 235; report of, 307—310; Irish criminal and pauper lunatics, 309; new Government Bill, 316; regulation of asylums, 330, 331; better treatment of the insane, 331; efforts of Pinel, Tuke, and the Society of Friends, 332; a lunacy case, 386; Hoxton Asylum, 411; a work of seventeen years, 442; criminal lunatics, 571; asylum for middle classes, 571, 572; an Amendment Act, 579; Mr. Dillwyn's Committee, 700; alleged abuses of the law, 765, 766
 Luther Commemoration, 758
- Macaulay, Mr. T. B. (Lord Macaulay), 302, 379, 391, 551, 552
 Macgregor, Mr. John, 437
 Macgregor, The, 28
 Mackenzie, Rev. A. H., 618, 651
 Macleod, Dr., 144
 Madhouses (*see* Lunacy)
 Madiai, Persecution of, 457; mission from England, 457
 Malmaison, Burial-place of the, 17
 Malta College, 443, 599, 600
 Mammiani, M., 475
 Manifesto of the Czar, 487
 Manning, Archdeacon, joins the Roman Church, 435
 Manor House at Cranborne, 24
 Manual of Geology, The, 702
 Maoris, The, 344
 Maria Millis, a faithful nurse, 20, 24, 26
 Marlborough, Duke of, 45
 Maronites and Druses, The, 563
 Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, 648
 Marsh, Miss Catherine, 524, 726, 767
 Martineau, Miss Harriett, 279, 378
 Maule, Mr. Fox, 120
 Maurice, Mr. F. D., and the Oxford Address, 272
 "May Chairs," 438 *et passim*
 May Meetings, 453 *et passim*
 May, Mr. J. Bowen, 572
 Maynooth College, 324; Endowments Bill, 325; the Grant, 325, 501
 Mayo, Lady, 664
 Mazzingia, Mr., pardoned, 475
 M'Caul, Rev. Alex., 128, 499
 M'Culloch, John Ramsay, 85
 McIlvaine, Dr., 674
 M'Naughten, Daniel, 241
 Medici, Grand Duke of, 101
 Mehemet Ali, 165—170
 Melbourne, Lord, 105, 108, 112, 123, 128, 235, 264, 335, 407
 Memorials of the Ashley-Coopers, 17
 Mendicancy Bill, The, 473
 Merchant Shipping Bill, The, 673
 Metropolitan Drapers' Association for Early Closing, 358
- Metropolitan Improvement Building Companies, 469
 Metropolitan Improvements, 570
 Metropolitan Police Force, The, 74
 Metropolitan Ragged Schools, 351 *et passim*
 Metternich, Prince and Princess, 273, 392
 Middle-class patients at private asylums, 309
 Milan Cathedral, 93
 Military bands in the parks on Sundays, 533
 Militia Bill, The, 452
 Miller, Roger, of Broadwall, 383, 384
 Millhand injured at Stockport, 187
 Milliners' and dressmakers' hours, 516
 Milliners, Protection of, 1
 Millowners' Commission of Inquiry, 87; report of, 88
 Millowners' Manifesto, 299
 Mills and factories in India, 712
 Milton, Genius of, 455
 Mines, Children in, 76, 77, 78, 164; report of Commission, 221; disclosures, 221—242; repeal of Colliery Bill, 238, 263; "trappers" in, 221; female and child labour in, 443; Consolidation Act, 704
 Mismanagement in the Crimea, 498
 Mission to China, 477, 478
 Mission work in London, 686
 Model lodging-houses, 355, 440, 446, 469
 Moderate drinking, 672
 Monmouth, Duke of, taken at Cranborne, 24
 Monod, Rev. A., in Paris, 423
 Montefiore, Sir Moses, 493, 632, 633, 726
 Montgomery, Rev. Robert, 145
 Moody and Sankey, Messrs., in London, 688
 Moore, Mr. George, 699
 Moore, Rev. R., 45, 202, 598
 Morality, Political, 36
 More, Mrs. Hannah, 108
 Mornington, Lord, and the care of children, 472; challenges Lord Shaftesbury to a duel, 472, 473
 Morpeth, Lord, 79, 112, 240
 Moses, Song of, 530
 Mothers' meetings, 494
- Napier, Col. W., 196
 Napier, Sir Charles, 286; Ameers of Scinde, 287
 Napoleon III., 489, 506, 628
 Nasmith, David, and the City Mission, 351
 National Defences Bill, 452
 National education, Scheme of, 242
 National prayer and national thanksgiving, 497, 661
 National School Society, 107
 Navarino, Battle of, 42
 Needlewomen, Distressed, 285, 315, 316
 Negro slavery, 460; proposed address to the women of America, 460
 Neology, 590, 688; its creed, 592
 Nestorian Christians, Massacre of, 283—284
 New Zealand, Reverses in, 344
 Newbattle Abbey, 140
 Newby, 148
 Newcastle, Duke of, and the Crimean fiasco, 499
 Newman, Dr. J. H., 100, 207
 Newspapers, "Barking" system of, 485
 Nice, Carnival at, 102
 Night Refuge for the Destitute, 261, 467
 Nightingale, Miss Florence, and her nurses, in the Crimea, 503; return of, 536; the Sanitary Commission, 503—505; the Indian Commission, 581
 Nissards, The, 102

- Normanby, Lord, 196
 Northumberland, Duke and Duchess of, 147
 Novel practice, A, 262
 Nuisances Removal Act, The, 398
 Nuremberg, 275

 Oastler, Mr. R., 115, 163, 367, 379, 636
 Oath of allegiance, 387, 732
 Oban, 144
 O'Connell, Daniel, 84, 120, 239, 326, 378, 379
 O'Connor, Feargus, 233, 390
 Œcumenical Council, 745
 Ohio, Bishop of, 674
 "Oliver Twist," 120
 Open-air preaching, 723
 Opening of Museums on Sundays, 732, 768
 Operatives of England, Address to the, 87, 194; presentation to the Countess of Shaftesbury, 568
 Operatives of Lancashire, 186, 333
 Opium trade, The, 238; with China, 248; as a revenue for India, 249; debate in Parliament, 251; and the Bible, 252; effect on the Chinese, 255; death of an able ally, 312; further debates in Parliament on, 538—540, 541, 725
 Orsman, Mr. W. J., 645, 666, 685, 686, 725
 Ostend, Port of, 277
 Outcasts' resting-place, 2
 Overloaded ships, 673, 674
 Oxford and the Tractarians, 206
 Oxford, his attempted murder of the Queen, 158

 Paget, Mr., defends needlewomen, 285
 Pakington, Sir John, 515
 Palestine, Colonisation of, 168, 197
 Palmerston, Lady, 152, 502, 509, 605, 637
 Palmerston, Lord, 122, 139, 152, 187, 171; defends the Jews, 279; opposes the Ameers, 288; defences of the coast, 322; resigns, 452; Board of Health, 480; famous reply to Scotch memorialists, 485; Sweeps Bill, 494; forms a Cabinet, 500, 531, 558; offers Shaftesbury a seat, 500; Sanitary Commission, 505; Church appointments, 507, 606—612; life peerages, 518; popularity of, 540; offers the Garter, 576; illness of Prince Consort, 577; friendship for Shaftesbury, 582; illness, 599; career, 600; closing scenes and death, 602—604; enemies, 603; funeral at Westminster, 604; reflections, 605; statue to, 631
 Panmure, Lord, 120, 503—504
 Papal aggression, Feeling against, 430, 435; action of Catholics and Puseyites, 432—435
 Papal Bull, A, 429
 Paper Duty Bills, 562
 Papists and Positivists, 436
 Paris International Exhibition, 627
 Parish church of Wimborne St. Giles, 17; register of, 17
 Parishes, Sub-division of, 409
 Parissau Sundays, 532
 Parke's funeral, 43
 Parley, Peter, 156
 Pastoral Aid Society (*see* Church Pastoral Aid Society)
 Patriotism and the Gospel, 41
 Patronage, First bit of, 63
 Pauper lunatics, 51—54, 579
 Payne, Mr., Assistant-Judge, 642, 643
 Peace of Villafranca, 561
 Peace rejoicings in 1856, 535

 Peckham Asylum, 315
 Peel, Sir Robert, 35; forms a Cabinet, 108; resignation, 112; again Premier, 128—131; a misunderstanding, 189; appointments, 189—191; the new Cabinet, 195; Irish difficulty, 239, 306, 307, 343; attempted assassination of, 241; a Cabinet of dolls, 319; Corn Laws, 334; resignation, 337; abolition or protection, 337; a convert to Free-trade, 338; defence of the change, 342; accident to and death of, 427; eulogy on, 428; funeral of, 428
 "Peeler," Derivation of, 74
 Peerages to mercantile men, 536
 Peers for life, 507, 536
 People's Park at Halifax, 551
 Peripatetic schoolmasters, 475
 Permanent refugees, 467
 Perponcher, M., 475
 Persecution of Jews in Russia, 731
 Persecution of the Madiai, 457; mission from England, 457
 Persigny, Count, on Italian unity, 558
 Peter Parley, 156
 Petter, Mr. G. W., 714, 715
 Philanthropy and Harrow Hill, 25
 Philistines in the Cabinet, 36
 Philosophy, Fanciful errors of, 41
 Piracy in Chinese waters, Alleged, 537
 Pisa, 102
 Place-hunters, Political, 507
 Plains of Sharon, 168
 Plecys, Burial-place of the, 17
 Plimsoll, Mr. Samuel, and British seamen, 673, 674
 Police Acts, The, 73
 Polish insurrection, The, 579—581
 Polish refugee, A, 483
 Ponsonby, Lord, 200
 Poor Laws, 74
 Poor man's friend, The, 26
 Poor, The, 347; their sufferings, 454; displacement of, by building improvements, 469; in Paris, 423, 424; in London, 466
 Pope Pius IX. and the Papacy, 365
 Popery, Progress of, 127
 Poppy, Cultivation of, 252
 Popularity of Ragged Schools, 355
 Portal, Miss, and Ragged Schools, 421, 767
 Portrait by Sir John Millais, 700
 Portraits and their story, 743
 Potato blight, 334, 380
 Poulet-Thompson, Mr. (Lord Sydenham), 115, 116
 Poulett, Lord W., 504
 Practical Christianity, 174
 Prague, 271
 Prayer, 418; its efficacy, 525; for the dead, 495
 Preaching, English, 476; in simplicity, 522; manner and style of, 741
 Preaching smooth things, 529
 Precious letter, A, 416; a comment thereon, 417
 Press, "Burking" system of the, 485
 Prince Consort, 154; Collieries Bill, 229; the poor, 352, 394; Labourers' Friend Society, 394—397, 411; Industrial Exhibition of 1851, 423, 437; the Madiai, 457; illness and death, 576—578
 Prince of Wales, 203; national thanksgiving for recovery of, 661
 Print-Works Bill and women and children, 420
 Private lunatic asylums (*see* Lunacy)

- Privy Council, Committee of, 132
 Progress of inventions, 75
 Prophecies of the Bible, 178, 328, 455
 Protection in 1851, 453
 Protection of the poor, 3; of girls, 771
 Protestant Alliance, 458
 Protestant Defence Committee and its work, 464
 Protestantism and Religious Liberty, 520
 Protestantism, in Turkey, 198; in Switzerland, 93; on the Continent, 476; in France, 489—491
 Protheroe Smith, Dr., 602, 603
 Public Health Act, 397; benefits of, 554
 Public Worship Bill, Uniformity of, 630, 631, 681—684
 Punch, Ridicule of, 383; "No Popery," 434
 Pusey, Dr., 99; doctrines, 201, 206; correspondence, 210, 211, 242; the Thirty-nine Articles, 323; *non-placet* at Oxford, 323; supporters of, 324; reconciliation with, 592, 593; in harness, 639, 640; death, 735
 Quaker letters, 491
 Quakers, The, and Lord Ashley, 333
 Queen of Society, The, 152
 Queen Pomare, of Tahiti, 288, 289
 Queen Victoria, Her Majesty, 125; bedchamber question, 129; the household, 130; coronation, 154, 155; marriage, 155; attempts upon her life, 158, 230, 411; visits to, 125, 130, 315, 394, 407; death of the Prince Consort, 576—578; death of Lady Shaftesbury, 667
 Radicalism in England, 32, 112, 156
 Ragged Schools, 259; Charles Dickens on, 120, 260; the Union, 261, 347; Mr. S. E. Starey, its founder, 348; first President, 349; Mr. Locke, Hon. Secretary, 349; school meetings, 350, 351; additional schools, 356; Roger Miller at Broadwall, 383, 384; voluntary emigration, 397, 415; hospital system, 399; Government grant, 401, 415; address to emigrants, 401; boys in the colonies, 402; young thieves, 403; anecdotes of the boys, 403; a precious letter, 416; bequests, 419; donation from the Queen, 419; French Protestants, 424; Great Exhibition and the, 437; progress of the, 466; gutter children, 466; zeal of teachers, 466; a presentation, 567; Sir Moses Montefiore and the, 633; Board Schools and, 643; death of an old friend of, 642, 643; comment on the, 660; flower shows in connection with the, 676, 677; Rev. C. H. Spurgeon and the, 707—709; George Yard, 709; presentation to the President, 720; the One Tun School, 734; school workers, 747, 749; girls and their patron, 752
 Raglan, Lord, 496, 499, 504, 535
 Raikes, Robert, 159; statue of, 718
 Railway mania in England, 15, 330
 Railway, Opening of London and Birmingham, 125
 Raleigh, Sir Walter, 356
 Ranyard, Mrs., 711
 Rationalism in England, 206
 Ratisbon, Visit to, 275
 Ravensworth Castle, 147
 Red deer, 146
 Reeve, Canon J. W., 706
 Reform Bill, The, 66, 70, 80, 557, 616—618, 621
 Reform League procession, 619
 Reformation, the battle of, 206
 Reformatory and Refuge Union, 752
 Reformatory work in London, 469
 Reforms at Wimborne St. Giles, 418—450
 Refuge for the Homeless, 2, 615
 Refugees and industrial classes, 467
 Regulation of mills and factories in India, 712
 Relief of the Clergy Bill, 690
 Religion the basis of Government, 33; in practice, 39, 56; in China, 477, 478; of the future, 526
 Religious activity in 1846, 358
 Religious and Philanthropic Societies represented at Westminster, 777—780
 Religious liberty in France, 489; in England, 510
 Religious question in schools, 644, 662
 Religious Services in theatres, 563—566
 Religious views, Unpopular, 519—520
 Religious Worship Bill, 511, 512; opposed by the Bishops, 512—515, 544; Archbishop Tait's Bill, 544
 Reminiscences of Harrow, 22, 25
 Renan's "Vie de Jésus," 591
 Repeal of the Corn Laws, 335
 "Repeal Year," The, 239, 284
 Republic of San Marino, 96
 Republicanism, Progress of, 481
 Reschid Pasha, 167
 Rescuers at work, 2
 Reverence and true religion, 726
 Revised Version of the Bible, 641, 642, 733
 Revival gatherings, 688
 Revival of Convocation, 463
 Revolution in France, 389; in China, 477
 Rewards to agricultural labourers, 484
 Riots in 1829, 73
 Ripon Cathedral, 148
 Ritualism, and its votaries, 618—619; clerical vestments, 625, 626; Royal Commission appointed, 627
 "Rob Roy" and the Shoeblacks, 437
 Rockborne, Village of, 8
 Roebuck, Mr., on affairs of Scinde, 287; Ten Hours Bill, 300, 340, 367; violent speech, 302; an apology, 374; defeated at Bath, 382; foreign policy, 427; Anti-papal Titles Bill, 434; Crimean War motion, 499
 Roman Catholicism, 30, 47, 60, 428—430, 434, 501
 Roman profligacy, 59
 Rome, a visit to, 96—99
 Rookery of St. Giles, 348
 Rosenenth, on the Clyde, 428, 705
 Ross's Priory, 266, 386
 Rosslyn Castle, 140
 Round table at St. Giles's House, 16
 Roundell Palmer, Mr., 207
 Rous, Admiral, 183, 300
 Rotatory chair in asylums, 50
 Rotterdam and its fair, 363
 Rowland Hill, the Rev., 235
 Rowton Castle, 40, 126
 Royal Titles Bill, The, 693
 Rugby and Eton, 315
 Russell, Lord John (Earl Russell), 112, 116; opium trade, 256; the Amerees of Scinde, 288, 379; Irish Church, 306; defenceless state of the coast, 322; a convert to abolition of Corn Laws, 335; supports the Ten Hours Bill, 295, 340—342, 378; laity and Church, 365; education, 381; the Prince and the poor, 395; subdivision of parishes, 409; Sunday labour, 419; Board of Health,

- 426; eulogy on Sir Robert Peel, 428; the Durham letter, 430; Minister for Foreign Affairs, 465; resignation, 499; at Social Science Congress, 553; Palmerston's opinion of, 603; death, 705
- Russell, Lord Wm., 156
- Russia and Turkey, 486
- Russian tyranny, 487
- Rye, Miss, 711
- Ryots and opium, The, 252
- Sabbath, The, 72; defence of, 419; labour in Government offices, 420; observance of, 531—534. (*See also* Sunday)
- Sadler, Mr. M. T., M.P. for Newark, 79; loses his seat, 80; his Factory Bill, 80
- Saffron Hill Ragged School, 260
- St. Alban's, Holborn, 618
- St. Giles's House, Cranborne, 8, 15; architecture of, 16; library, 16; great hall, 16; an historic round table, 16; avenue of beeches, 16; remarkable grotto, 17; yew-trees, 17; parish church, 17; monuments, 17; registry, 17; mortgage paid off, 693
- St. Giles's Refuge, 613
- St. Peter's at Rome, 97
- Salisbury, Lord, Act of, for dwellings of the poor, 760
- Salt monopoly of India, 62
- Salvation Army, The, 726—731
- San Lorenzo, Church of, 101
- San Marino, the Republic of, 96
- San Remo, 102
- Sanitary Commission for the Crimea, 503, 504; instructions to the, 505
- Sanitary reform in London, 478
- Sardinia and English sympathy, 557
- Savings Banks, 73
- Savoy and Nice, 561—563
- Saxe, Marshal, Tomb of, 361
- Scenes in the House of Commons, 293, 673
- Seamstresses, Distressing condition of, 316
- Second Advent, 237, 271, 335, 422, 493, 523, 524, 545, 680, 735
- Secularists, Defeat of, 644
- Seeley, Mr., M.P., 286, 494, 499, 596
- Seeley, Mr., the publisher, 342
- Seeley, Professor, 639
- Sensus Communis*, 14
- Servants' Provident Institution, 411
- Schism in England, 743
- School Board and Ragged Schools, 179
- Schools of thought, 526
- Science and Revelation, 526
- Scientific studies, 48
- Scinde, Affairs in, 286; treatment of the Amceers of, 286; East India Company, 286; motion concerning, 288
- Scotch memorialists and cholera, 485
- Scotland and the Scots, 141
- Scott, Sir Walter, 142
- Scouring the lanes and alleys, 353
- Scutari, Hospitals of, 498; Miss F. Nightingale at, 499
- Shaftesbury, First Earl of:—Birth, 9; parentage, 9; boyhood, 9; lawsuit by a boy, 9; Oxford, 9; physical strength, 9; marriage, 9; M.P. for Tewkesbury, 9; many-sidedness, 9; the Cabal, 9; raised to the peerage, 10; Lord High Chancellor, 10; Dryden's opinion of, 10; committed to the Tower, 10; Habeas Corpus Act, 10; indicts the Duke of York, 11; charge of high treason, and result, 11; flight to Holland, 11; death, 11; estimates of his character by Hallam, Macaulay, and Hume, 11; John Locke's opinion of, 12; anecdote of, 204
- Shaftesbury, Second Earl of:—Early marriage, 12; tutor, 13; a wife chosen for him, 13; Dryden's lines, 12; family, 13
- Shaftesbury, Third Earl of:—Author of the "Characteristics," 13; nature of his philosophy, 13, 14; M.P. for Poole, 13; visits Holland, 13; as an author, 14; controversial works, 14; style, 14; ethics, 14; articles of religion, 14; critics, 14; Voltaire and the "bold philosopher," 14
- Shaftesbury, Fourth Earl of:—Taste for literature, 14; his marriage, 14
- Shaftesbury, Fifth Earl of:—Succeeded by his brother, 15; his life and work, 15
- Shaftesbury, Sixth Earl of:—Cropley Ashley, brother of the Fifth Earl, 15; M.P. for Dorchester, 441; Chairman of Committees, 15, 441; character, 15, 441; manner and habits, 441; railway mania, 441; Chairmanship of Committees, 441; death of, 440—442
- Shaftesbury, Seventh Earl of:—His birth, 19; home influence, 19; Maria Millis, the housekeeper, 19; first prayer, 20; religious training, 20; school at Chiswick, 20; harsh treatment, 20, 714; young life crushed, 20; death of Maria Millis, 21—26; mistaken ideas of education, 21; graduating for work, 22; Harrow, 22, 27; new influences, 22; religious questions, 23; St. Giles's House, 23; natural history and science, 24; a young philanthropist, 25; drunken undertakers, 25; fragments of autobiography, 26; Oxford, 27; first-class in classics, 27; an old student friend, 27; an early Diary, 28; birthday thoughts, 29; a jotting, 28; M.P. for Woodstock, 30; refuses office, 34; at Boyle Farm, 39; at Lord Bathurst's, 39; in Wales, 40; studies Welsh, 40; facing the future, 43; Commissioner of the India Board of Control, 45; schemes for India, 45; Catholic Emancipation, 47, 48; studies Hebrew, 48; affection for the Jews, 48; science, 48, 61; treatment of lunatics, 50; Committee of Inquiry, 50; first speech in Parliament, 52; Commissioner in Lunacy, 53; literary aspirations, 54; factory legislation, 54, 77; his motto, 55; debate on lunacy, 56; early friendship, 56; chooses politics, 58; pecuniary affairs, 58, 63, 366, 482, 483, 582, 583, 596, 631, 634; restlessness and despondency, 62; M.P. for Dorchester, 64; marriage, 65; returned for Dorset, 66; Reform Bill, 70; books for the people, 71; the working man's friend, 72—74; education of factory children, 104; love for Alma Mater, 106; joins National School Society, 107; note-book of passing events, 106—108; a Lord of Admiralty, 109; a letter of sympathy, 120; word-portrait, 121; begins a Diary, 122; declines a good post, 131; Board of Education, 132; visits Scotland, 136; with the blind, 145; estranged from and reconciled to his father, 151; a magistrate, 154; rescues a climbing boy, 162; a social reformer, 165, 182; Oustler in Fleet Prison, 184; tour in Lancashire, 186; post in Royal Household declined, 192, 193; address to the Short-Time Committee, 194; office in Prince Albert's Household

declined, 195; an ecclesiastical commissioner, 195; a new ally, 196; the King of Prussia, 197, 199, 200, 214; Chevalier Bunsen, 198, 201; power of reading men, 204; Cripple Dodd, 204; Tractarians, 206, 207; correspondence with Pusey, Keble, Wilberforce, 210—213; a Socialist ally, 218; the great Jacobin, 225; the Afghan speech, 235; assassination of Mr. Drummond, 241; condoles with Peel on his escape, 241; "pious" slaveholders, 241; education of the working classes, 242; opium trade in Parliament, 248—257; Ragged School Question, 258; Dickens on his labours, 260; a novel practice, 262; Continental tour, 267—278; present from Jerusalem, 271; perilous speech at Sturminster, 280, 317; affairs in Scinde, 286, 288; Queen Pomare of Tahiti, 288—290; Government Factory Bill, 290—298; a notable speech, 292, 293; a remarkable scene, 294; attacks on Lord Ashley, 301; places Antony at School, 311; visits Parkhurst, 311; tour in factory districts, 313; an address to Lady Ashley, 314; visits Rugby, 315; bulls of Bashan, 317; Irish Secretaryship, 319; Print-Works Act, 321; defenceless state of the coast, 322, 323; Tractarian movement, 323; Maynooth, 326—328; May meetings, 328; railway mania, 330; the Lunacy Bills carried, 330—332; Chairman of the permanent commission, 332; overcoming Moloch and Mammon, 333; Society of Friends, 333; resigns his seat on the Corn Law Question, 338—340; "slumming" in London, 347; Ragged School Union, 347; becomes President, 348; a coincidence, 349, 350; London City Mission, 351; housing the poor, 352; Society for the Improvement of the Labouring Classes, 352; Prince Consort, first President, 352; the art of speaking to children, 353; an amusing colloquy, 355; begging circulars, 356; Switzerland, 359—361; German philosophy, 361; illness of his son Maurice, 363; agitation to repeal Ten Hours Bill, 371; vilified by former friends, 371; accepts Government proposal, 372—374; effects of the Bill, 374; friends and foes, 378, 379; famine in Ireland, 380; day of humiliation, 380; supports Lord John Russell's education scheme, 381; contests Bath, 381; opposed by Mr. Roebuck, 382; returned as M.P. for Bath, 382; lodging-houses, 384; Sheriff Watson and Ragged Schools, 386; portrait presented by Short-Time Committee, 386; a lunacy case, 386; oath of allegiance, 387; French Revolution, 389—391; revolutions and pop-guns, 393; Sanitary Bill, 393; Prince Consort presides at Labourers' Friend Society, 396, 397; Board of Health, 397; accepts chairmanship, 398; emigration scheme, 394—404; lazy ecclesiastics, 402; a strange experience, 403—404; fallen among thieves, 405; his son Antony enters the navy, 406; schemes of labour, 408; sickness and overwork, 409; in palaces and hovels, 411; illness and death of his son Francis, 411, 412; grant for emigration, 415; outbreak of cholera, 417, 418; the citizenship of Tain, 429; replies to Dr. Wiseman, 432; Popery in England, 433; supports

the Government Bill against titles of Roman Catholics, 435; secession of Archdeacon Manning, 435; Mrs. Chisholm's colonisation scheme, 436; voluntary schools, 436; "no fellowship with Roman Catholics," 436; origin of the Shoeblack Brigade, 437; President of the British and Foreign Bible Society, 438—439; death of his father, 440; new career, 442; review of past achievements, 442—444; farewell to the House of Commons, 445; takes his seat in the Lords, 445; inspection of lodging-houses, 446; warming "Nova Zembla," 447; at St. Giles's, 447; sweeping reforms, 448—450; leaves Brook Street for Grosvenor Square, 453; the American showman, 459; visits the Madiai, 459; negro slavery, 459—461; a new ally, 462; poor of London, 466; stopping crime in the seed, 467, 468; new enterprises, 469—472; challenged to fight a duel, 472; declines the invitation, 473; Youthful Offenders Bill, 473; on a Continental tour, 474; with the Waldenses, 474; Count Cavour, 475; Foreign and English preaching, 476; Anti-Slavery agitation, 476; reply from the women of America, 476; Mrs. Beecher-Stowe, 476; an address to the women of America, 476; a good joke, 477; sanitary reform, 478; Board of Health extinguished, 481; upon private charity, 482; touching incident, 483; among lawyers 483; register office, 484; rewards to agricultural labourers, 484; religious liberty in France, 489; freedom of Tain, 491; Order of the Garter declined, 492; accepted, 576—578; bereavements, 494—499; war in a Christian spirit, 498; offered a seat in the Cabinet, 500; declines, 502; mismanagement in the Crimea, 503; organises a Sanitary Commission, 503; members of the Commission, 503; instructions, 505; offered a seat in the Cabinet, 508, 510, 617; Religious Worship Bill, 510, 543, 544; death of his son Maurice, 517; religious views, 519, 520; religious themes, 523—530; moves a vote of censure on the Indian Government, 544—550; presentation to, 567; preparation of speeches, 569; death of his daughter, Lady Mary, 571; Church and State, 596; with Garibaldi, 596; death of Dowager Lady Shaftesbury, 600; death of Lord Palmerston, 602—604; career, 604—612; furnishing training-ships, 613—615; on the loss of early friends, 615, 616; Reform Bill, 616—621; speech thereon, 622—624; Ritualism, 618, 625, 627, 630; Paris Exhibition, 627; received by Napoleon, 628; Ecclesiastical Courts Bill, 629, 635, 636; Irish Church, 630; Public Worship Bill, 631, 631—634; peerage for Sir M. Montefiore, 632; state of society, 633; rejoicings on the birth of Lord Ashley's son and heir, 638; Bible revision, 641—642; Board Schools, 643—644; costermongers, 645—648; Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, 648; Italian honours, 651; female suffrage, 651; wedding day, 653; self-analysis, 658; illness and death of the Countess, 666, 667; death of Lady Constance, 668; the "Emily" Loan Fund, 670; temperance, 672; flower shows, 676, 677; mission work in London, 686;

- Shaftesbury Park Estate, 690; urged to visit America, 691; Royal Titles Bill, 692; sent for by the Queen, 694; Mr. Dillwyn's Lunacy Commission, 699, 700; death of his brother, 701; Factory Consolidation Bill, 704; his friends, 706-711; Mr. G. W. Petter's proposal, 714, 715; Sunday School Centenary, 717, 718; snapping of old ties, 720, 734; his eightieth birthday, 720; a bitter trial, 734-736; anecdotes of contemporaries, 742; defence of the Bible, 743, 744; Young Men's Christian Association, 744-746; reminiscences, 747-753; summary of labours, 754-760; freedom of the City of London, 760; Home Rule, 764; inflexibility, 765; closing scenes, 771-773; his death, 773; his funeral, 773; service at Westminster Abbey, 774; interred at St. Giles's, 775; conclusion, 776
- "Shaftesbury Bishops," The, 606
Shaftesbury Park Dwellings, 690
Shaftesbury training-ship, 724
Sharon, Plain of, 168
Sharpe, Mr., M.P. for Rochester, 32
Shekinah of Governments, The, 23
Shelleys at Florence, 101
Shoeblack Brigade, Origin of, 437; a presentation, 567
Short, Bishop, of Adelaide, 27
Short-Time Committees, 80, 87, 89, 194, 313, 339-342, 369
Siena, 101
"Sir Babbins," 91
Slave Trade, 25, 136, 167, 240; "pious" dealers, 241; in America, 454, 460, 461; Stafford House meeting, 476; Exeter Hall, 476; address to American women, 460, 476
Smith, Dr. Southwood, 195, 577
Smithies, Mr. T. B. 649, 706, 710
Smoke Abatement Act, 478
Social Science Congress at Liverpool, 553-555; at Bradford, 568; at Manchester, 619
Socialism in England, 173, 623; in France, 455
Socialist doctrines in 1851, 454
Socialistic ally, A, 218
Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes, 352; Prince Consort as first President, 352, 394
Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, 198
Society of Friends, opposition of, 333
"Soliloquy, or Advice to an Author," 14
Song of Moses, The, 530
South, Sir James, 48, 62, 628
Southey, Robert, 63, 64, 71, 85, 90, 105, 137, 138, 139
Southwood Smith, Dr., 195, 577
Special prayers, 497
Speech, First, in Parliament, 52
Speeches, Preparation of, 569
Spurgeon, Rev. C. H., 707-709, 762
Stagnation of trade in 1829, 73
Stanley, Dean, 677, 678, 724
Stanmore Priory, 407
Starey, Mr. S. R., 348
Steamships on the Atlantic, 125
Steephill Nunnery, Camford, 235
Stillington, Bishop, 24
Stowe, Mrs. Beecher, 459-461, 476
Strand, The, and Exeter Hall, 4
Strange scene at Harrow, 25
Strasbourg, 361
Stratford de Redcliffe, Lord, 504
Strathfieldsaye and its recollections, 37, 39
Strauss, Death of, 685
Street Arabs under examination, 399; habits, 400; emigration, 400; benefits of the scheme, 402
Strickland, Miss, 385
Striking incident, A, 25
Studley Royal, 143
Studying the Scriptures, 733
Sturminster speech, The, 250; effect at home, 317
Sturt, Mr. H., 526
Sub-division of Parishes Bill, 409
Sugar Duties Bill, 305
Sunday, Postal deliveries on, 420; closing of public-houses on, 531; bands in the parks on, 533; trading on, 533; services in theatres on, 563-566, 623 (*See also* Sabbath)
Sunday Schools, 73, 85, 159; centenary of, 717
Sutherland, Duchess of, 461, 476, 631
Sutteeism in India, 46
Sweeping chimneys, 158, 160
Sweeps Act, 493, 494, 585-588
Swiss Catholics and Protestants, 92
Syria, Christians in, 563; successes in, 165, 171
Tahiti, Island of, 288; Queen Pomare appeals for English aid, 288; imprisonment of the missionary Pritchard, 289
Talookdars of Oude, 548
Tankerville, Earl and Countess of, 146
Teetotal movement, The, 672
Telegraph messages, First experiment with, 125
Temple, Dr., 639
Templemore, Lord, 681
Ten Hours struggle, 79-90, 115; Government Bill, 290; opposition of Cobden, 291; Mr. Bright, 293; Graham, 293; a scene in the House, 293, 294; Peel's famous query and popular answer, 295; tactics of the Ministry, 296; millowners' manifesto, 299; Bill viewed commercially, 301; Macaulay in favour, 302, 343; opposed by Peel, Rous, and Roebuck, 302, 343; amendment defeated, 302, 343; female labour restricted, 305; operatives of Lancashire, 333; free-traders, 339; Bill reintroduced, 339; feeling in factory districts, 341-343, 366; Mr. Fielden, 366; assistance of the *Ten Hours Advocate*, 366; Bill becomes law, 369; benefits of the Act of 1847, 369; system of "relays," 371; petitions to abolish the Act, 371; test case, 372; summary of legislation, 376-379; sowing and reaping, 388, 620; operatives and the Countess of Shaftesbury, 568
Terrier "Paste," The, 39
Test and Corporation Acts, 30
Testimonial—to Francis, 414, 481; to Lord and Lady Shaftesbury, 567
Theatres and religious services, 563; Lord Duncannon's opposition, 565, 566
Theological themes, 590-595
Thiers, M., 166
Thieves' missionary, 404
Thomson's "Seasons," and where written, 16
Tractarian movement, 206-208, 264, 322, 323, 429-435, 463
Trade depression and riots, 232
Traffic in children of the poor, 76
Training-ships for boys, 614, 615
Trees (Old) at St. Giles's House, 17
Tronchin, Col., at Geneva, 508
Trossachs, Visit to the, 142
Troubled state of the country, 211

- Truck system at Wimborne St. Giles, 449
 True religion, 525, 527
 Trusteeship, 421
 Tukes, Family of, 332; build retreat at York for lunatics, 332
 Turin, City of, 474
 Turkey, A defence of, 487, 489
 Tuscany, Grand Duke of, 457
 Tyndale's statue, 761
- Ultramontane policy in England, 432—434
 "Uncle Tom's Cabin," 459, 460
 Underground workers, 220
 Undertakers, The, and *The Times*, 479
 United States of America, 454
 Universal suffrage in France, 452
 Unseaworthy vessels, 673, 674
 Useful Knowledge Club, 32
- Vagrant Act, 471
 Vagrant's hiding-place, 1
 Valhalla, The, 275
 Van Mildert, Bishop, 147
 Varna, Stores at, 493
 Vaudois Church, The, 475
 Vaughan, Dr., 412
 Venice, and its gondolas, 95
 Ventilation Bill, 196
 Verney, Sir Henry, at Harrow, 22
 Verwood, near Wimborne, 15
 Vestments Bill, 626
 Vice-Royalty of Ireland, 300
 Victoria (*see* Queen)
 Victoria arches in Holborn, 1
 Victoria Institute, 616
 Vienna, 272
 Villafranca, Peace of, 561
 Village of Wimborne St. Giles, 17
 Vischerhorn, Peaks of, 363
 Viterbo, 101
 Vivisection and cruelty to animals, 696, 713, 755
 Voluntary Schools, Defence of, 436
 Vyner, Mr. and Lady Mary, 143
 Vyner, Death of Mr. F., 649
- Wages in public-houses, 757
 Waldenses, Visit to the, 474, 475; and Sardinia, 515
 War in a Christian spirit, 496
 Water supply for the metropolis, 426, 478
 Watercress and Flower Girls' Mission, 670, 671, 753
 Watson, Sheriff, of Edinburgh, 337
 Webster, Daniel, 150, 151
 Wellington, Duke of, 31, 36, 45, 178; recollections of, 31, 36; advice, 38; a minister, 44; Chancellor of Oxford University, 106; anecdotes of, 179; in charge of London, 393; the death of Sir R. Peel, 428; death and funeral of the, 455, 456
- Welsh language and people, 40
 Wemyss Castle, 680, 705, 754, 753, 762
 Wengern Alp, 363
 Westminster Reading-Room, 402
 Weyland, Mr., 711, 767
 Whig opposition, 502
 Whigs, and Canning, 36; and Prince Albert, 181; motions of, 240
 White slaves, 217
 Wilberforce, Archdeacon, 213
 Wilberforce, Bishop, 431; High Church party, 544; conciliation, 593; death, 679
 Wilberforce, Canon Basil, 762—764
 Wilberforce, Wm., 25, 378
 Wild white cattle, 146
 William IV., 155
 Williams, "Missionary Enterprises," 385
 Williams, Mr. George, 761
 Williams, Mr. H. R., 706, 726
 Williams, Mr. Wm., 615, 711
 Williams, Rev. Isaac, 207
 Wilton, Salisbury, 235
 Wimborne Minster, 545
 Wimborne St. Giles, 8, 15—18; its church, 17; its register, 17; its monuments, 17; its almshouses, 18; the village of, 18; the schoolhouse, 18
 Window Gardening Society, 677
 Windsor Castle, 125, 131
 Wiseman, Dr., and the perverts, 324; made a Cardinal, 429
 Woburn Abbey, 518
 Woman's influence, A, 749
 Women in Factories, Protection of, 89
 Women's suffrage, 651
 Word-portrait of Lord Ashley in 1838, 131
 Working-classes, Condition of, 72; interests of, 182; education of, 242; hours of labour, 290, 296; and Bible reading, 333; lodging-houses for, 440
 "Working-man's friend," The, 72
 Worldly honours, 491
 Worship of intellect, 592
 Wright, Mr. Thos., the prison philanthropist, 451, 452
 Wurtemberg, 276
 Wycliffe Commemoration, 761
- Yew Trees at St. Giles's House, 17
 York Minster, 148
 Yorkshire Central Short-Time Committee, 194
 Young Men's Christian Association, 353, 744; benefits of, 745; address to the, 745; the gymnasium, 746, 747
 Young thieves in the slums, 403
 Young Women's Christian Association, 758
 Youthful Offenders' Bill, 473
- Zion, Site on Mount, 198

THE END.



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